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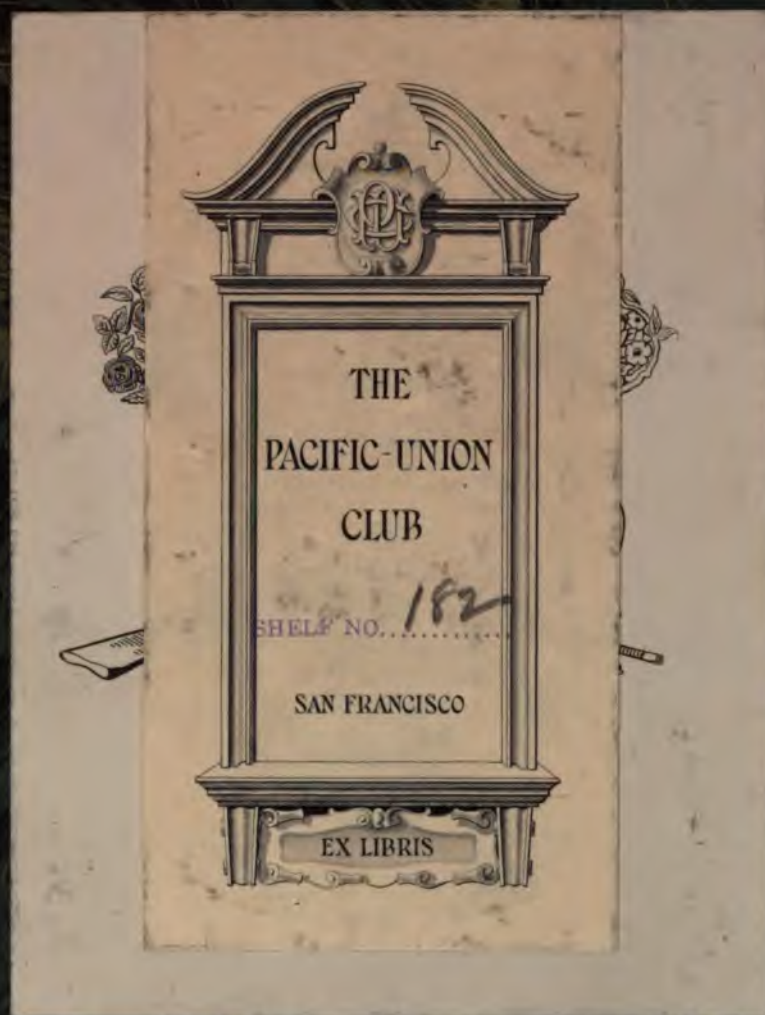
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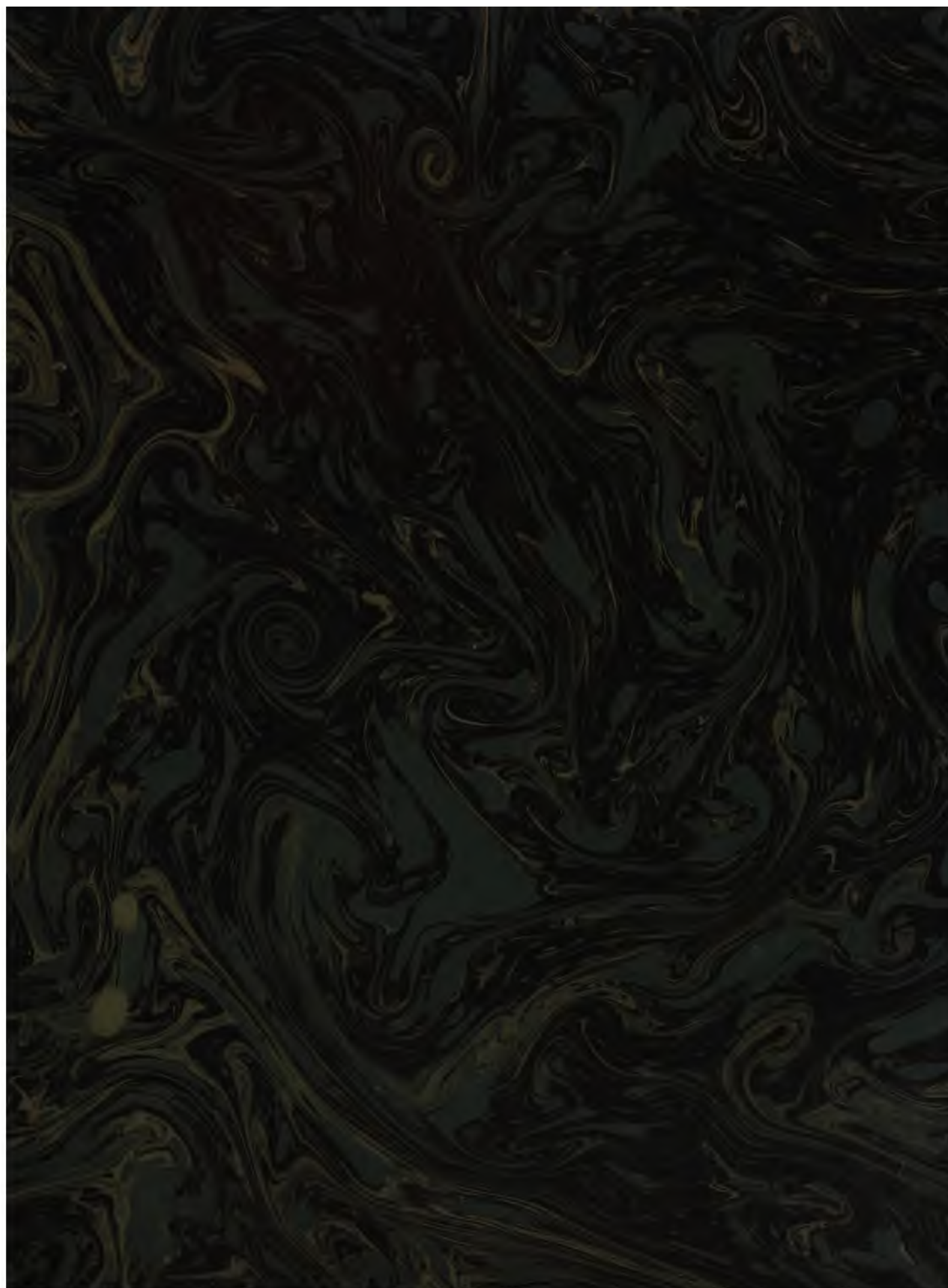
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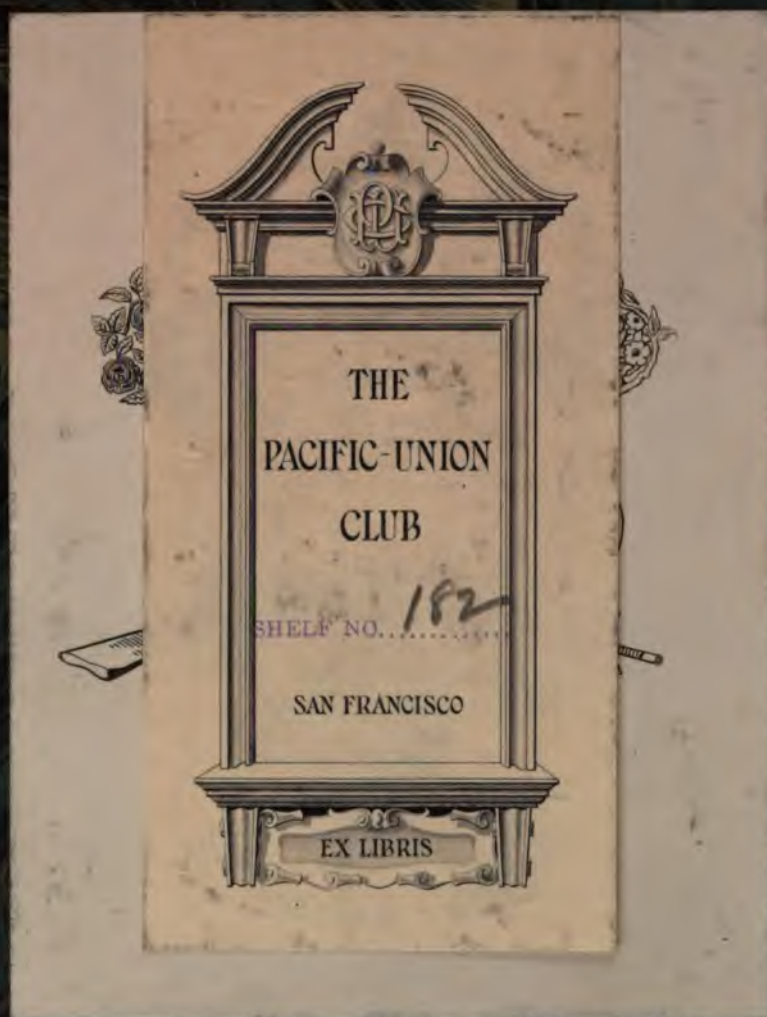
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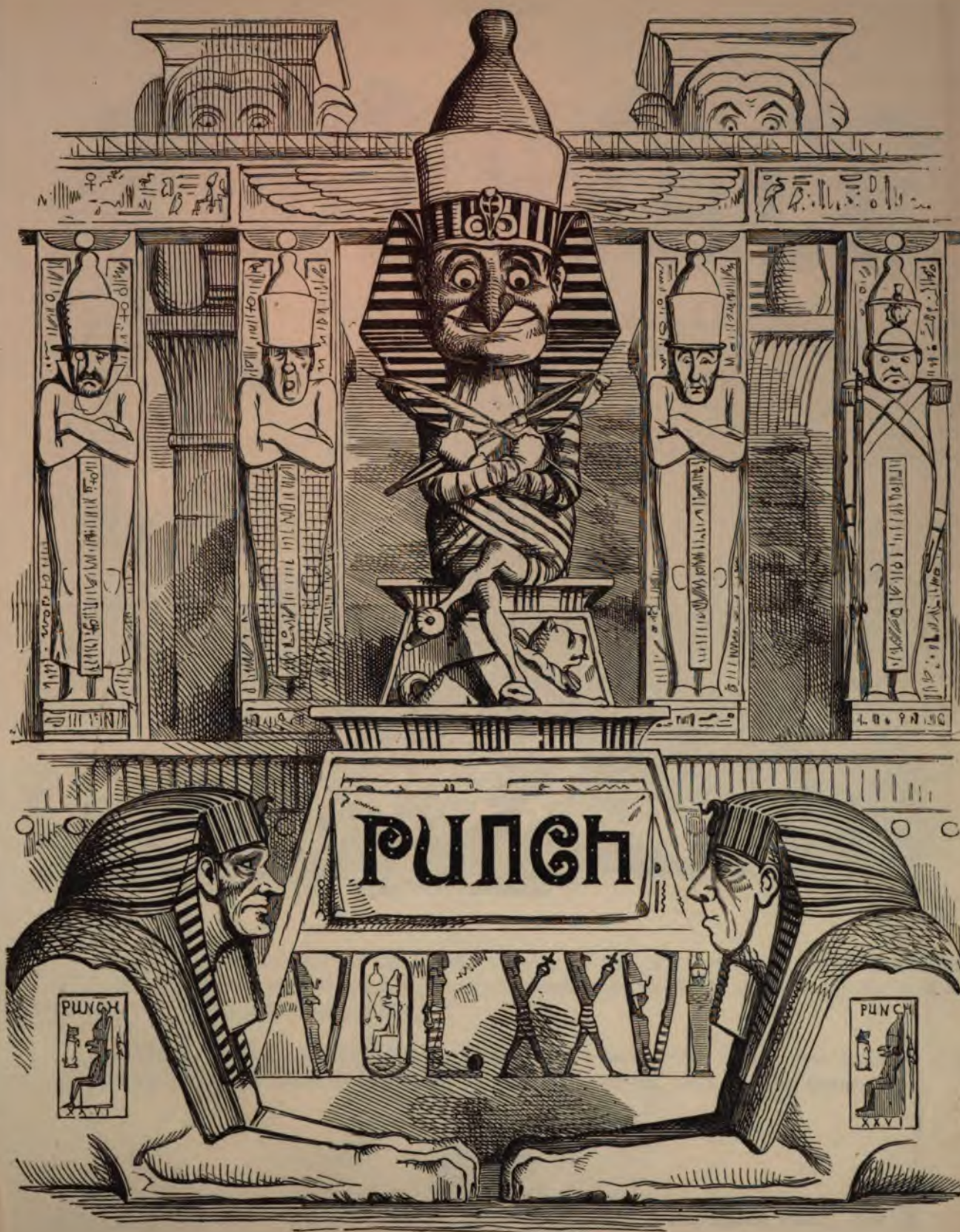
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1854.

LONDON:
BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITEF LANE.



delighted and enlightened generation—at the Crystal Palace; a fitting place, as it was pleasantly observed to him by the Court functionary above-named, wherein to dedicate to the Royal Consideration the brilliant and varied wonders of his last completed Book.

Magnificently printed in letters of virgin gold on white satin—"the worms were hallowed that did breed the silk"—was the Royal Command, to the following brief but heart-warming summons:—



"Buckingham Palace, June 26.

"MR. PUNCH is commanded by HER MAJESTY to attend at the Crystal Palace, at Two o'Clock to-morrow, to present to HER MAJESTY his Twenty-Sixth Volume."

"Morning Dress."

MR. PUNCH will not attempt to describe the attitude of the British nation on this event. No sooner was it made known to the world that he had received the Royal summons—no sooner was it an assured truth that he would take his blithesome way to Crystal-crowned Sydenham, than the whole population in the line of his progress made every possible demonstration in order to glorify and do honour to so great an event. Every possible sort of tapestry decorated the balconies. Hearthrugs and patch-work quilts vied with one another; and multitudinous brass bands made resonant the welkin with the air—"See, the Benefactor comes."

Arrived at the Palace, MR. PUNCH—his new volume under his arm—contemplated for awhile the People's Eden, in which the mighty gardener JOSEPH is planting so many Trees of Knowledge. And at once soothed and strengthened by the beauties around him, he awaited the Royal summons.

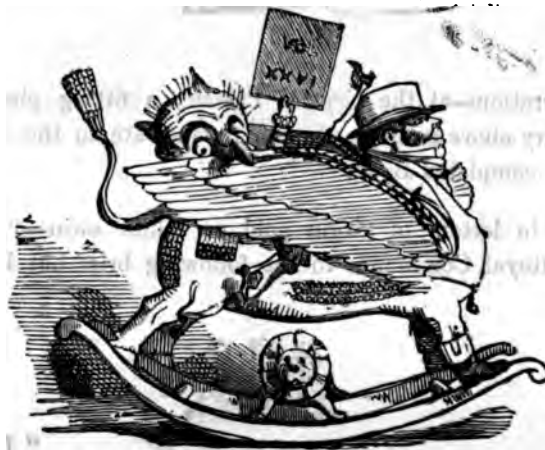
HER GRACIOUS MAJESTY—punctual as the sun—arrived at ten minutes to Two o'Clock, and as Two sounded from the belfry of Sydenham church, MR. PUNCH—duly called by the LORD CHAMBERLAIN—was face to face with her resplendent MAJESTY.

That Crystal Knight, SIR JOSEPH PAXTON—having received the Royal Command to such effect—introduced to the QUEEN, with whom were PRINCE ALBERT and the Royal Children,—MR. PUNCH and his Volume. MR. PUNCH was about to lay his book at the Royal Feet, when HER MAJESTY condescendingly desired to receive it in her Hand, and having beneficently smiled upon it, gave it to SIR JOSEPH, with orders that it should be added to the Five and Twenty Tomes of PUNCH—all of which are enshrined in a delectable Cabinet in the Royal Private Apartments of the Crystal Palace.

HER MAJESTY was thereupon graciously pleased to visit the PUNCH COURT—a Court hitherto most enviously neglected by contemporary literature, no notice of it having hitherto appeared in any of the newspapers. The inspection of MR. PUNCH's Court having been honoured by many musical laughs, the QUEEN returned to her Chair, and declared

The Twenty-Sixth Volume of Punch Published.

Vivat Regina.



Introduction.

VOLUME XXVI.—JANUARY TO JUNE, 1854.

THE ABERDEEN CABINET.—1854.

First Lord of the Treasury	EARL OF ABERDEEN.
Lord Chancellor	LORD CRANWORTH.
Chancellor of the Exchequer	RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.
President of the Council	EARL GRANVILLE.
Lord Privy Seal	DUKE OF ARGYLL.
Home Office	VISCOUNT PALMERSTON.
Foreign Office	EARL OF CLARENDON.
Colonial Office	DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.
Admiralty	RIGHT HON. SIR J. R. G. GRAHAM, BART.
Board of Control	RIGHT HON. SIR C. WOOD, BART.
Secretary at War	RIGHT HON. SIDNEY HERBERT.
First Commissioner of Works, &c.	RIGHT HON. SIR W. MOLESWORTH, BART.
Without Office	LORD JOHN RUSSELL.
Without Office	MARQUESS OF LANSDOWNE.

POLITICAL SUMMARY.

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AT the beginning of 1854, there was but small hope of the continuance of peace, and a war with Russia appeared to be inevitable. The fearful massacre at Sinope had destroyed all confidence in the Czar, and "coming events" began "to cast their shadows before." The bad harvest which had extended to England, France, and Italy, produced anxiety for the future, and the commercial interest suffered greatly in consequence. The agriculturists, however, were generally more prosperous and contented than at any period during many previous years, and the account of the revenue was also satisfactory.

The QUEEN opened Parliament in person, and the Session promised to be a busy one. The speeches on the Address were more than usually interesting, and continued to be so, as the conduct of the Ministry on the Eastern Question was, necessarily much discussed.

Another subject was mentioned which had great public interest. It had been freely asserted in some of the Liberal papers that PRINCE ALBERT was unduly interfering in matters of State, and LORD ABERDEEN felt it to be necessary to notice these assertions in his place in the House of Lords. He said:—

"I will for a moment advert to this odious charge, as having assumed a sort of character of consistency which calls on me to treat it more seriously than anything so despicable ought to be treated. (*Hear, hear!*) I will just recall to your Lordships—what you have seen in the course of the last few weeks—the persevering manner in which these scandalous and groundless imputations have been cast on the illustrious Prince to whom I refer. (*Hear, hear!*) The House must know what are the constitutional position and functions of this illustrious Prince; that he is the adviser of the QUEEN, in the capacity of her husband and most intimate companion, is beyond all doubt. I will not describe the manner in which this relation has been maintained between these two illustrious persons, but I will say that to propound that

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the husband is to remain silent and see his wife in difficulty and embarrassment, and not be allowed to give her a syllable of advice, is to propound a very different state of that relation from what I understand by it. (*Hear!*) It has been studiously asserted, that this is a novelty; that it was SIR R. PEEL who introduced it, and that LORD MELBOURNE did not permit his Royal Highness to exercise those functions which he exercises now so advantageously for the country, for I can only say it is always extreme matter of regret when his Royal Highness absents himself from the Council. I appeal to noble Lords in this House, of whom there are several, who have had the means of knowing, of hearing, of profiting by the wisdom, the prudence, the judgment of his Royal Highness. I ask them to say whether, in all they have seen or heard, a single syllable has ever emanated from the Prince which has not tended to the honour, the interest, and the welfare of this country. (*Loud cheers.*) It is quite possible that a person of the ability and thought of the Prince may entertain opinions on particular matters from which Ministers may differ; but recollect that it is the Minister only who is responsible; and if HER MAJESTY should choose to follow the opinion of his Royal Highness—which she has a perfect right to do—the Minister has his remedy; he has but one—which is respectfully to resign his position. In order to finish this odious subject, there is one more topic on which I have to dwell. What has been studiously circulated, and, I think, more actively insinuated than any other part of these accusations, is the interference of his Royal Highness with the Army and with the Horse Guards. Now, my Lords, I have to say, that so far from a shadow of foundation belonging to this accusation, it does so happen that—in the year 1850, I think it was—it was a great desire of the DUKE OF WELLINGTON to make such arrangements at the Horse Guards as would enable PRINCE ALBERT to succeed him as Commander-in-Chief. The Duke proposed various arrangements which would, he thought, tend to render sure his acceptance of that situation, and strongly recommended it to the QUEEN; but his Royal Highness, with that sound judgment which distinguished him, felt that it would interfere with the duty he owed to his Sovereign and wife in the situation he filled, and he therefore on that ground, and on that ground only, declined the situation which the Duke was desirous of providing for him. I need scarcely notice all the miserable calumnies that have been uttered with respect to the Prince's interfering with promotions, or any interference with the business of the Army, because you must recollect, my Lords, that he is a field marshal in the Army, that he is a colonel of the Guards, that he holds a command in the Army, that his son will be in command of the Army, and that he may be—God forbid it should ever happen!—Regent of this kingdom; and to say that he is not interested in the Army is monstrous, and cannot be imagined. But, beyond that general interest he takes in it, in the position he occupies, I deny utterly that on any occasion, at any time, as far as I have every reason to believe and to know, either under the DUKE OF WELLINGTON or under any

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noble friend now at the head of the Army, has there been any interference of any kind with the conduct of the business of the Army. (*Hear, hear!*) I have thought it right to say this, and I felt it my duty to do so—though, my Lords, it is one which I am ashamed of fulfilling." (*Cheers.*)

It is impossible to summarise within any reasonable space the progress of affairs which culminated in the Crimean War, and a few of the leading facts only can be given. On the 15th of December of the preceding year, fifteen days after the melancholy catastrophe at Sinope, the ambassadors of the four great Powers, England, France, Austria, and Prussia, communicated to the Ministers of the Sultan a note embodying the conditions on which peace should be restored between Russia and Turkey.

To this note RESCHID PASHA, on the 31st of December, addressed an answer, in which he accepted on behalf of the SULTAN the proposition of the Allied Powers, and expressed a hope that a period of forty days would be sufficient to obtain from St. Petersburg a definitive answer whether the Czar would or would not likewise assent. This favourable reply of the Ottoman Porte was communicated to the Conference of Vienna; and on the 13th of January, the Plenipotentiaries assembled in that city drew up a protocol, in which they declared their approval of RESCHID PASHA'S answer. This protocol was forwarded to St. Petersburg for the consideration of the Russian Government.

But before the protocol was communicated, the representatives of England and France at the Court of St. Petersburg, SIR G. H. SEYMOUR and M. DE CASTELBAJAC, had verbally informed COUNT NESSELRODE, the Russian Chancellor, of the resolution taken by the Western Powers to cause their combined fleets to enter the Black Sea, and to protect from attack the ports and coasts of Turkey. Upon this COUNT NESSELRODE wrote to BARON BRUNOW, the Russian Ambassador in London.

On the 4th of February, four days after the receipt of this note, which BARON BRUNOW declared to be unsatisfactory, that diplomatist, who had for many years resided, and been highly respected in England, had an interview with LORD CLARENDON for the purpose of announcing the formal suspension of diplomatic relations between the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA and the British Government, and in a few days after this he closed his embassy and quitted London. On the 7th of February LORD CLARENDON wrote to SIR G. SEYMOUR at St. Petersburg, directing him to withdraw from that capital with

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every member of the embassy; and at the same time similar instructions were forwarded by the French Government to their *Chargé d'Affaires* there, M. DE CASTELBAJAC.

Then followed the affair at Kalafat, between the Turks and the Russians with alternate success, the Turks displaying first-rate military qualities.

On the twenty-third of March, ten days after the signing of the Treaty of Alliance between England and France for the defence of Turkey, the Russians crossed the Danube, and the first British cannon was fired by the Navy, on the 22nd of April, in revenge for an insult offered by the Russians in firing upon a flag of truce. The fortifications at Odessa were subjected to a fire which lasted ten hours, and did not cease until most of the batteries were silenced or destroyed. BARON OSTEN-SACKEN, in command at Odessa, positively denied to ADMIRAL DUNDAS, in a letter dated April 14, that the Russians had fired upon a flag of truce. CAPTAIN LORING, who commanded in our flag of truce, reiterated his accusation in another letter to ADMIRAL DUNDAS, dated April 21.

The long promised Reform Bill of LORD JOHN RUSSELL was brought before Parliament, but for Government reasons was subsequently withdrawn, after giving rise to some very dull debates, and very lively personalities.

The Session ended in August, and it may be as well to add here, that several important changes in the Cabinet occurred during the Session. LORD JOHN RUSSELL was placed in a definite office as Lord President of the Council, in the room of LORD GRANVILLE, substituted for MR. STRUTT as Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, from which office and the Ministry the latter personage had been somewhat unceremoniously excluded. The discharge of the duties of War Minister having been found incompatible with those of the Secretaryship of the Colonies, with which they had hitherto been combined, a fourth Secretaryship of State—that for War—was created. This office, notwithstanding a strong popular feeling in favour of LORD PALMERSTON, was conferred upon the DUKE OF NEWCASTLE. The appointment of SIR GEORGE GREY to the Secretaryship of the Colonies, which was thus vacated, completed the re-arrangement of the Government. These changes, made with so little apparent reason, naturally provoked the suspicion of some hidden necessity—some want of cohesion and restless cause of unsettlement within the Cabinet, which tended considerably to weaken it.

NOTES.

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| <p>PAGE</p> <p>3 Hint and Hypothesis.—This article refers to an opinion very generally entertained at the time, that the PRINCE CONSORT was improperly interfering in matters of State.</p> <p>5 Dangerous.—See preceding paragraph.</p> <p>11 War-song for the Money Market assisted largely in defeating an attempt to raise a loan in England for the Russian Government.</p> <p>15 The Compliments of the Season to my Lord Aberdeen.—See <i>Notes</i> to Vol. XXV.</p> <p>18 American Literature.—There is no international Copyright Act between England and America, and therefore English authors are robbed with impunity by American publishers.</p> <p>24 Fun in a Fossil.—Fact.</p> <p>29 A Pilgrimage to Russia.—This suggestion was apparently acted upon, and a deputation from the Peace Society went to St. Petersburg. See p. 44.</p> <p>51 Fatal Effects of wearing "All Rounder" Collars.—Those once fashionable instruments of torture were, some of them, made of four thicknesses of linen stitched together and strongly starched.</p> <p>66 Black Monday and What it is Coming to, preceded the declaration of War with Russia by a few days only.</p> <p>97 Proverbial Precaution.—MR. STURGE, MR. PEASE, and another, composed the deputation from the Peace Society to the EMPEROR NICHOLAS.</p> <p>106 Our Elective Selves.—The initial letter ridicules the outrageous designs on cotton shirts, then much worn by fast young men.</p> <p>109 Preparations for War.—The one policeman of Herne Bay was long a popular myth with <i>Mr. Punch</i>.</p> <p>117 "After Dinner" Debates.—For explanation of initial letter, see p. 107, "The Crozier in the Ball Room."</p> <p>119 Mr. Justice Talfourd, Kn., D.C.L., died March 13th, at Stafford. He expired on the Bench while in the exercise of his functions as a Judge of Assize. His Lordship was feelingly deploring the want of sympathy which existed between the higher and lower orders, and urging the superior ranks of society to take a more lively interest in the welfare of those beneath them, when his voice became somewhat thick and</p> | <p>PAGE</p> <p>inarticulate. He fell forward into the arms of his second son (who acted as his marshal) and almost instantly expired. MR. JUSTICE COLERIDGE thus spoke of him at the Derby Assizes:—"He had one ruling passion of his life, the doing good to his fellow-creatures in his generation. He was eminently kind, generous, simple-hearted, of great modesty, of the strictest honour, and of spotless integrity."</p> <p>To the Felonious.—The Burnham murder was distinguished by its sickening atrocity. A groom, named HARTO, murdered MARY STURGEON, a housekeeper. He was convicted on very minute circumstantial evidence, and subsequently confessed his guilt. He was executed at Aylesbury.</p> <p>Fancy Portrait—Mr. Sturgeon.—MR. STURGEON was 151 a contractor for Hay to be sent to the East.</p> <p>Missing—George the Second.—Restored to his place in 168 Leicester Square, 1863.</p> <p>Monsieur Clicquot.—The late KING OF PRUSSIA. 182</p> <p>Military Mess-Beer.—Initial letter, a portrait of the 183 EARL OF C—D—G—N.</p> <p>Taste in 1854.—<i>Villikins and his Dinah</i> was an old 191 comic song made popular at this time by MR. F. ROBSON, the actor.</p> <p>Fellow-Feeling—The Bombardment of Odessa.— 195 The EARL OF ABERDEEN had some family connections residing at Odessa, and had been very tolerant of the proceedings of Russia.</p> <p>Seasonable Gardening.—When Vauxhall opened (it was 233 said) rain always followed.</p> <p>Lines to the First Lord of the Admiralty.—For SIR 241 JAMES's former doings at the Post Office, See Vol. VII.</p> <p>Vegetables for the Army.—It had been the practice 245 up to this time to allow Colonels of regiments a certain sum to clothe their men, and it was generally supposed that some of them made "a good thing" out of their allowances.</p> <p>"Come, now! Move on!"—The foreigner's name was 260 WAAGEN.</p> <p>One of our Contributors, &c.—When the Crystal 266 Palace first opened at Sydenham, there were elaborate guide-books for each department in the building.</p> <p>Not a Nice Business.—The Shoe-black was LORD 271 A—RD—N.</p> |
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VALENTINE'S DAY.



"DON'T MOVE THERE! WE SHALL CLEAR YOU!"

CAPER SAUCE.

A VERY scrupulous maiden lady of our acquaintance classes the Ballet among the indelicacies of the Season.

THE MATRIMONIAL CIRCUS.—The only ring in which the whip should not be used, is the wedding-ring. Whenever it is used, you may put it down as a badly-managed circle that is a disgrace to the ring.—WIDDICOMB.

DRAMATIC TRUTH.—A promising actor should perform as well as promise.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?—More than some people think. Don't open a sausage-shop in Cat-eaton Street.

PROPER DIGNITY.—Stand no sauce from any servant but your cook.

WHEEY is the soup likely to run out of the saucepan?—When there's a leak in it.

REMARKABLE DREAM.—An inveterate punster having fallen asleep, dreamt that Mr. Hobbs had picked Teddington Lock.

PROVERB (for a Temperance Meddler).—You may take a Teetotaler to the Pump, but you cannot make him drink.



A CASE OF REAL DISTRESS.

Fox-hunter. "HERE'S A BORE, JACK! THE GROUND IS HALF A FOOT THICK WITH SNOW, AND IT'S FREEZING LIKE MAD!"

PROPHETIC.

THE National Debt will be paid off by Mr. BRIEFLESS with a draft on the well-known and highly respectable Bank of the Serpentine.

THINGS IN SEASON IN JANUARY.—Cold chops, flounders (in slippery weather), and (cork) soles.

EARTHENWARE AT SEA.—In the stormy ocean every vessel is a pitcher.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF BRIBERY.—It is with the votes of men, as with their actions: it all depends upon the way in which you treat them.

ADVICE TO FARMERS.—Feed your poultry well, and you will insure full crops.

NOTE BY A POLICEMAN.—A Quaker is seldom taken into custody, and never collared.

SYMPTOMS OF AN EARLY SPRING.—The Green Bushes are seen at the Adelphi as early as November.

SELF KNOWLEDGE.—An undergraduate who had been plucked, meeting an ass grazing on waste-land, saluted him as a Fellow Commoner.

WHERE should lard be kept? In the larder.

MONTHLY MEMS. BY A CABBY.

JANUARY.—Cruel 'ard weather. Bad entertainment for man an' 'oss. Rough your cattle and your tongue. If you drives a night-cab, get inside when on the stand, pull up the winders, and smoke. Bacca airs the vehicle, and you can, if objected to, say it was the last fare. Much may be done at the second-rate skvares, where they gives parties, by keeping up proper ties with the linkman. Encourage aristocratic connexions, wch there is generally a public 'andy about the mews, and draining a pot at your expense will make him strain a pint in your favour. Strawbands about the legs is much worn this month; and your 'oss's rugs will make a comfortable rap. As for the 'oss, he's the master's look out, and you needn't care a rap for him.

FEBRUARY.—A sludgy month, bad for chilblains, and consequently good for cabs. Parliament opens, wch the Cabman

will not forget wot he owes to his horder, and never leave his rank to take up anything so low as a Hen P. You may be 'alled by Mr. Fitznort if you stands opposite the 'Orme Office. Let him 'all. The more he 'alls the better. Remember to keep a few bad tizzies about you. The man as asks for change for a bob deserves no better. If anything is left in your cab, bone it. 'Eaven 'elps them as 'elps themselves; and if Cabbies doesn't 'elp themselves, who 'll 'elp 'em, I'd like to know? Wooden-soled shoes is recommended for watermen in this month, as they are obligated often to be gutter perchers. A silk 'ankwercher twisted round the 'at is nobby, and keeps out vet.

MARCH.—A blowy month; but a good blow out is the last thing likely to come in a Cabby's way, now-a-days. Don't stand no March airs from customers. But wotever you do, avoid the Beak, for a Cabby in the Police Court now-a-days is like this blessed month in the Almanack—he goes in like a lion and comes out like a lamb.

CRACKERS FOR PARTIES.

THE LORD MAYOR always draws his own Coach. It is one of his duties as a Mare.

The author of *The Lily and the Bee* is the WARREN who "does" the poetry for the Blacking advertisements. It is bootless to speak of the polish of his style.

The *Morning Herald* is generally regarded among newspapers as the Cock of the Walk.

The "King-maker" EARL OF WARWICK, of HENRY THE SIXTH's time, was the old original "Erl King."

The *Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin* is a latch-key of the ordinary kind.

NAPOLEON's last ride at Waterloo was met by the advance of the English foot, strengthened by a WELLINGTON and a BLOCHER.

MR. BRAMAN, the lockmaker, has a very large Eastern connection. In fact, they quite worship him there.

SPORT IN THE SUBURBS.—A young gentleman at Clapham went out snipe-shooting among the adjoining Willas.

HOW TO HOAX PUNCH.—Pay threepence a week, and you may take Punch in.

WHAT THE VEGETARIANS LIVE ON.—Gammon and Spinach.

THE DOCTOR AND THE DANCING-MASTER.—One practises the healing art and the other the toeling art.

AN INSOLENT LACKEY.—Steam is a servant that occasionally blows up its master.

A LOW STYLE OF NATURALIST.—The connoisseur of spars, 'nd the zoophytng mac.

A HABBIT THAT CAN'T BE CURBED.—A Welsh Rabbit.

CHARACTER FOR HAND-WRITING.—A good text-hand indicates an orthodox clergyman.

MORAL FOR SPORTING SWELLS.—It is strange that the aristocracy should be the chief patrons of the Turf, because it is an institution not calculated to teach us respect for our betters.



PATERFAMILIAS INSISTS THAT THE GIRLS SHALL WEAR VERY STOUT BOOTS IN THE WET WEATHER; BUT THE GIRLS DON'T AT ALL LIKE "THE NASTY GREAT UGLY CLUMSY, THICK THINGS!"

THE WATCHMAKER'S VICE.—Did you ever find your watch repaired on the day by which you were promised it should be? Not you; and the reason is that watchmakers, by the nature of their business, acquire a familiarity with time which doth breed a contempt for it.

DRAMATIC PROPERTY.—An original play is copyright, but a piece taken from the French is copyhold.

NATURAL HISTORY FOR BOARDING SCHOOLS.—A young lady who had heard that there were cygnets in the Thames, went up to Richmond in a steamer, expecting to see some seals.

THE DODO.—The poor extinct old Dodo, on whose back so much nonsense has been put, was only the male bird. The female of it was "THE DON'TDON'T."

THOUGHT TO GO SHOPPING WITH.—The greatest bargains at the most tremendous sacrifices of linen-draperies are all stuff.

LEGAL.—The proverb says, "A fool keeps his own counsel;" and BRIEFLESS says, "He only wishes some fool would keep him."

MONTHLY MEMS.

By A. CARBY.

April.—Look out for April fools, every day of this month as well as the first. Weather given to change, but don't you follow its example. The Cabman as carries anything under shillins (unless bad tizzies as above pintoed out) may go further and fare was and was. Season begins to get lively, and 'Anson Cabbies is in request among swells. The Guards' Club is good for them as can go the pace, but the Rag and Famish ain't no good, nor the literary clubs. Avoid the neighbourhood of Westminster 'All. It's 'ard to say if a Hem P., or a lawyer is was. One made the Haet and tother knows it.

THE WATER CURE A FACT.—The Water Cure has been introduced in a peculiar class of cases. A bucket or other large vessel of the wholesome fluid is suddenly emptied over the patient, and the cure is instantaneous and certain. The diseases thus cured are those numerous affections comprehended under the term shamming; but it has long been known that plain water is the best of all remedies for plants.

HOW TO LOOK AT THINGS.—One-sided views are sometimes the best—for instance, if you are taking the portrait of a person who squints.

COCKNEY HAGIOLOGY.—St Mary Axe. Of the biography of this saint little has been recorded, but her name indicates the probability that she was of an inquiring mind.

FACT FOR YOUNG SPORTSMEN.—The easiest bird to catch in a trap is the greenfinch.

PROBLEM FOR ARTISTS.—To paint a clergyman from a model which is not a lay figure.

A CRICKETING PARADOX.—Any eleven can make a score.



THE FINISHING TOUCH TO A PICTURE.

Artist. "Now, DON'T HESITATE TO SAY IF YOU SEE ANYTHING I CAN ALTER OR IMPROVE."
Candid Friend. "Hm! Well! No! I DON'T SEE ANYTHING—UNLESS, PERHAPS, YOU-A MIGHT REPAINT THE PRINCIPAL FIGURES, AND—I—YES—I SHOULD CERTAINLY GET A NEW BACKGROUND IN."

MAXIMS FOR THE POLICE.

HONESTY is the best policy—
When you see a loose fish, "hook it"—if the fish don't.

Between two cooks a policeman often comes to the ground.

Necessity is the mother of invention; so when you find it necessary to make a charge against somebody you have locked up, invent one.

He was a fool that said, "Strike, but hear." A policeman should strike here, there, and everywhere.

DISGUSTING EXHIBITION.—A brute in human shape lately undertook, for a trifling wager, to devour (uncooked) 12 cabbages, 18 spring-greens, 2 ropes of onions, and 10 artichokes. We understand that the only excuse given for this disgusting performance was, that the fellow was a Vegetarian.

THE BLINDNESS OF FORTUNE.—It is just as well that fortune is blind, for if she could only see some of the worthless persons on whom she showers her most valuable gifts, she would immediately scratch her eyes out!

A SENTIMENTAL SCREW.—A mean author told his wife that he did not pain him so much to see natural flowers fade, as to behold artificial ones go out of fashion.

TOBACCO AND TOTAL ABSTINENCE.—A female lecturer (of the curtain class) says that she has no objection to the pipe without the bowl.

THE SPORTING BODY AND LIMBS.—A large proportion of the Members of the Turf are Legs.

ALLOWANCE TO WITNESSES.—For a nervous witness no allowance is made by a bullying counsel.

A DANGEROUS RIVAL.—Be your pretensions as a lover what they may, you are sure to be cut out by your tailor.

FROGS IN FAMILIES.—Are relations who croak.



FLY-FISHING.

MR. BUNGLE ALWAYS MAKES HIS FLIES ON THE BANK OF THE STREAM. HERE IS ONE OF HIS MOST SUCCESSFUL EFFORTS.

PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1854.

MONTHLY MEMS By A CARRY.

MAY.—A pious and pleasant month about Exeter. 'All. Quakers is no good; but awakened females may be worked, as many is from the country, and can't stand bad language. Reading a tract on your box is a good draw. Also Greenwich parties begins, and parties taken in to (white) bait. Trafalgar and Crowns and Cepters never axes no questions after dinner; but Ships and Hartichokes is no gentlemen. Spring onions is now in fashion, and relishes well with a slice of dubble Gloucester. The Darby may be calculated on, and the sveeps, JACK-IN-THE-GREEN, and my lord and my lady. In takin' a fare to Hepsom, mind you never drives your own 'oss, and gets your money fast, for there and back. You are safe to lose your fare, and in course, there's no 'arm if you can pick up afresh 'un 'ome—the fresher the better. Turn up the cushions for spoons, wick loose silver is hoften left about by gents after lunch, and it is your dooty, accordin' to the Hact, to restore miswin' property. If you don't know who it belongs to take it to your uncle's, and it will be off your 'ands and mind. Zephyrs is now fashionable, and heverything looks green, includin' customers, a great comfort to Cabbles and lovers o' nature.

PROPHETIC.—A novel entertainment will be given at the Mansion House by a Cabman, who, while before the Lord Mayor, "entertains" the idea of pleading guilty to a summons for insolence.

DELICACY AND REFINEMENT.—At the Misses SPOONBYN'S Select Establishment for Young Ladies, tuition is provided in arithmetic in all its branches—except Vulgar Fractions.

HINT ON YACHTING.—A steam yacht will be found more economical to keep than any other, as it admits of the application of the screw principle.

TASTE IN BUILDING.—An architect—of his own fortune—says that he cares about no capital but that which belongs to a column of figures.

A PROBLEM (to be worked out by a newly married Young Lady).—A sufficient quantity of linen for the manufacture of her husband's shirt being given—to make it.



Frederick. "NOW THEN, WILLIAM, WOT ARE YER WAITIN' FOR?"

William. "WHY, I WOS A-THINKIN' VETHER I SHOULD WEAR MY MOOSTARCHERS LIKE THIS HERE OR LIKE THAT HARE."

THE DISAPPOINTED ONE.

IMPROMPTU AFTER EVENING PARTY

It must not be—nay, Maiden, nay—
Thy prayer, alas! is futile quite:
What tho' I pledged my hand to-day,
I cannot dance with thee to-night.

'Tis not that I have ceased to love
The whirling waltz, or fast galop:
Nor that I hold myself above
A mild and quiet "carpet" hop.

'Tis not that I intend a cut
That thus thy wish I disappoint:
Nor has some fairer rival put
Thy nasal organ out of joint.

'Tis not—but why these fables moot?
Dissimulation's art I scorn:
'Tis simply that a curs'd tight boot
Has sadly pinched my favourite corn!

HOW TO PRUNE YOUR ACQUAINTANCE.—This pruning can be done either by cutting, or by throwing cold water. A combination of both systems will, doubtless, do a great deal; but if the pruning-knife is judiciously applied in cutting off the dinners and suppers which the acquaintance principally come to eat, it is astonishing what a number of them will drop off, more especially those dead branches which are not worth retaining. The quantity of grub you will get rid of in this way will be enormous. An old scarecrow erected on your grounds, by getting your mother-in-law to come and live with you, is not a bad plan for pruning your acquaintance, as it is sure to frighten a certain number away.

PRESERVES WITHOUT SUGAR.—Take turnips, beans, barley, wheat, oats, rye, or clover, in any proportion of acres; to these add a few young plantations and coppices, and do them in covers: stock with hares, partridges, and pheasants, and set keepers to watch. Trout in rivers may be preserved the same way. These preserves are expensive; but very filling: they fill the County gaols.

ADVICE TO ALL WHO ATTEND EPSOM RACES.—Avoid Rooks, whether in or out of Pigeon pies.

Why should people who wish to lead peaceable lives, never go to evening parties?—Because hops produce great bitterness.



THE POLICE WEAR BEARDS AND MOUSTACHES. PANIC AMONGST THE STREET BOYS.

MONTHLY MEMS.

By A CADDY.

JUNE.—As the weather is 'ot in doors, cold without may be recommended. A deal of pleasure excursions may be expected. 'Ampton Court can be recommended. It's astonishing 'ow the Maze, and the pictures, and the 'oss chesnuts in Bushey, gets into peoples' 'eads. Also parties is now plenty; but mind you don't give up to parties wot was meant for mankind—that is, money. Remember, if you drives a gent to an 'op or an 'opra, to wait till he comes out, and say he told you. Time's money. Leave off under veskits, and sport a flower in your button'-ole.

HINT TO THE HOOKED.—If you desire to be released from a rash promise of marriage, breathe vows of love continually after eating onions.

DISCOVERY IN A CHOP HOUSE.—The reason why a waiter always wears pumps, is because his business is to dance attendance.

"DON'T TOUCH ME, OR I'LL SCREAM!" as the engine whistle said to the stoker.



Indignant Party. "WHAT! A SHILLING FOR THE TWO MILES, AND A SIXPENCE BESIDES. WHY, YOU DON'T CALL ME AN EXTRA PERSON!"

Cabman. "OH! DON'T I THO'!"

POLICEMEN'S GARDENING OPERATIONS.

JANUARY.—Turn over common lodging-house beds, and pull out superfluous shoots where they are too closely planted together. Pick up fruits of intemperance, and plant against wall.

FEBRUARY.—Pull up insolent cabmen, and place them under cover till morning.

MARCH.—Look after the sowing of wild oats and throw cold water on the operation.

APRIL.—Watch young sprigs of nobility, and prune where they have a tendency to run wild.

MAY.—Transplant young greens when picked up to sheltered spot and protect early tulips.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY preserves peace without family jars.

HOW TO WEED YOUR FRIENDS.—Any particular misfortune will weed them. For instance, if you give them a violent turn with an imaginary Bankruptcy, or send a fictitious Insolvency cutting through the whole field of them, you will soon have it well weeded. In short, harrow them in the best way you can, and the weeds cannot fail being collected by the harrowing process. When you have got them in a heap, you had better scatter them to the winds.

AGREEMENTS.

THERE is no duty on agreements between policemen; but all policemen, when on duty, are expected to agree—especially in giving their evidence. When one of the public refuses to come to an agreement with a policeman, the duty will depend on the number of words; but it is sometimes the practice, if the words are numerous, to substitute an indenture for an agreement, by administering a broken head; and thus the duty would seem to amount to two half-crowns.

EXTREME PHILANTHROPHY.—A Teetotalter has started in a whaler with the philanthropic object of seeing whether he cannot convert the Bottle-nose whales to temperance, and induce them to turn away from the Bottle.

WHY should a gentleman, on paying a visit to a widow, take her a supply of tobacco?—Because he finds her in weeds.

WHY is there more Catholicism than Protestantism in Ireland?—Because the former is the religion of the Mass.



PATERFAMILIAS MAKES HIMSELF INDEPENDENT OF HOTELS.

MONTHLY MEMS.

By A. CARR.

JULY.—Parties begin to go out of town. Look out for luggage, with a reasonable quantity depends on the fare. Unprotected females has no right to hazy, and always carries most. If they lay it on you, you lay it on them.—N.B. People as goes by train can't stand a wrangle. If your fare's in an 'urry for an express, drive slow; you may worry likely be too late, but you'll get the same fare back again, and wot's the bodds to you? You can't distress your master's 'oss, unless it's made worth your wile. Notbeany.—*Never carry no change.*

THE CHINESE STATE SUGORON.—It is probable that the Chinese Empire will be broken up by the insurgents; in which case the aid of the celebrated Poo Loo will probably be invoked to reunite the smashed China.

MEDICAL EXPERIENCE.—A fast young medical student who had been plucked at the Hall, and remanded at the Insolvent Court, remarked that he had got more credit out of his profession, than in it.

THE EYE OF THE LAW.—This eye, we are told, is getting so dreadfully weak, that it is about to advertise for an artied pupil.

PUTTING THE CART(E) BEFORE THE HORSE.—This is done when a groom gives his steed the choice of beans or oats.

HOW TO HEDGE WITH PROFIT TO YOURSELF.—The best way to put up with offence, is to meet it with a Ha! ha!

THE JULIEN ERA terminated on July 12th with the Bal Masqué at Drury Lane Theatre.



POULTRY FANCIES.

NAUGHTY LITTLE BOY A "COCHIN" IT FOR THROWING STONES AT THE FOWLS.

GARDENING OPERATIONS FOR JULY.

(For Fashionable Mammas.)

Put your gold frames in muslin bags, and cart away loose furniture to the Pantechinon. Calculate the relative advantages of foreign, as compared with English Husbandry, and cultivate whichever promises to yield the greatest profit. Cut your box at the Opera, and look forward to Spa watering for the autumn. Transplant the elder branches of your establishment to the seaside, and the younger sprigs remove to the nursery. Hoe your tradesmen their bills for the season, and lay plants to run up fresh ones at the place you think of vegetating in. Graft paper-slips on window-frames, labelled "To Let," and stick your servants on board wages. Clear out your husband's purse; or, if he is rather backward this year, shut him up in back kitchen; and, screening yourselves, like mushrooms, from the daylight, drill the policeman to say "the family have gone out of town for the season."

PORT, BUT NOT IMPORT.—You seldom meet with a glass of genuine old port; most of the wine so called being no more than elder-ly.

HOW TO FORCE A COMPLIMENT.—The heat of a ball-room is the most efficient for this forcing.—It remains to be proved whether the compliment, like a pine-apple, is any the sweeter for the forcing, though it is very clear that the frame of mind, in which a compliment is generally forced, cannot be filled by the most generous warmth of feeling; or else it would never think of forcing that which will not come of its own free accord.



POULTRY FANCIES.—THE PETS.

Old Lady. "WELL, HE HAS GROWN; AND, REALLY, I THINK HE MIGHT LEAVE OFF THOSE FROCKS, AND HAVE A SUIT OF CLOTHES LIKE HIS BROTHER'S."

MONTHLY MEMS

By a CARRY

AUGUST.—Parliament's mostly up this month; and it would be well for the Cabbies if it never come down agin. In the dog-days 'osses' mouths must be washed out, especially down the road; and if your fare's a rite sort, he'll see your mouth washed out too. If 'ired for a distance, drive by time, and remember, he that uses the vip spills the 'oss. As Cabbies would all be done by their fares, if they could, mind you do them as you 'd be done by. Avoid hoysters this month.

CONVEYANCES.—The simplest form of conveyance is the stretcher. An ordinary mode of conveyance is by the collar, when the party is technically said to "stand seized." Sometimes a simple conveyance has peculiar appendages; as when a party is taken by the skirts of the coat, which establishes another party in the character of "tenant in tail." The ordinary draft conveyance is the police van.

QUERIES, TO WHICH WE PAUSE FOR A REPLY

Is any account of the dome of St. Paul's to be found in the Domesday Book at the British Museum?

If "Day breaks," as the almanacks prophesy, will that affect himself only, or will the bankruptcy extend to the firm of "DAY AND MARTIN?"

THE ONLY ONE.—Every man believes the "only honest lawyer" to be his own—until the "honest lawyer" has sent him in his bill of costs.

HOW TO GET A FAMILY TREE.

You may get a tree of this kind at any time, at Herald's College; and you may have it planted in any county you like. Decorate it with as many old branches as your imagination can find wooden material for, and sprinkle it with all the ancient leaves you can sweep together off the various battle-fields of your country. By this means you will get a very pretty Tree.

CURIOUS CHINESE DEFINITIONS OF MAN.

The Inquisitive Man thrusts his head into a beehive.

The Contented Man cuts his own hair.

The Extravagant Man keeps his coals in a volcano.

The Hasty Man drinks his tea with a fork.

The Reckless Man is like a dog in a sausage-shop.

The Passionate Man picks his teeth with the tail of a dragon.

THE LAW'S DELAY.—If, in the celebrated arbitration-case of PARIS and the Apple of Discord, the three goddesses—VENUS, JUPITER, and MINERVA—had been each defended by counsel, we wonder when the case would have come to an end? The apple would have been thrown into Chancery as a matter of course, and the chances are that the celebrated judgment would not have been delivered at the present day!

A CURIOUS CHANNEL OF COMPARISON.

WATER is, in many points of view, a singular reflection of Periodical Literature, which we were not aware of before we had looked into it. For instance, it comes out in sheets, and when a sufficient quantity is issued, it is collected into volumes, but how many sheets of water make a volume, we cannot say. The frost will bind a volume of water in a variety of ways, and it is astonishing the number of volumes every year that are "bound in Russia;" and there is this further resemblance between Literature and Water, that, send them up by any high pressure you please, they are both physically sure, after a short time, to find their own level.



YACHTING.

THE SPARE BED (BERTH WE MEAN) ON BOARD OUR FRIEND'S SCHOONER.

FICTIONS OF THE LAW.

THAT a person is at liberty to ill-treat his wife to any extent he likes, providing he does not exactly kill her. (This fiction was very popular at one time, but is becoming now a little out of date.)

That a man is at liberty to take his wife to Smithfield Market, and to sell her for a pint of gin. (This fiction is in great circulation on the continent, and is in large demand amongst French novelists. The fiction has been dramatised more than once.)

That any such sale is valid, and that the husband is at liberty to marry again, and to sell and to marry as often as he pleases.

That Shooting the Moon is a legal sport—specially sanctioned and provided for by the Game Laws.

That a man ever recovers his property by going to law.

That there ever were two such persons as JOHN DORR and RICHARD ROE.

That the QUEEN, whose name is most unwarrantably used on writs and other legal documents, knows anything of the way in which you are being served out.

That all persons are equal in the eyes of the Law—or else how comes it then that "the longest purse" generally wins?

That the Law recognises no distinction between rich and poor; when a rich man can divorce his wife by paying a couple of thousand pounds, and a poor man cannot obtain a divorce without going to the workhouse!

FALLACY OF APPEARANCES.—At the richest dessert, after the most sumptuous dinner, it may be often observed that the fattest and jolliest-looking men are given to pine.

A POLICEMAN'S SCALE OF CHARGES.

A serious charge	is	A loaded cannon.
A charge of infantry	"	Half-a-dozen boys in custody
A charge of cavalry	"	A horse taken to the Green-yard.
An interesting charge	"	An "unprotected female."
A night charge	"	Half-price at a theatre.
A heavy charge	"	The National Debt.
An infamous charge	"	The usual bill at an hotel.

THE RITES OF HOSPITALITY.

If Hospitality has its "rites," it has also its wrongs. For instance:

If Hospitality gives you a bad dinner and a bad glass of wine, would you call that a "rite," or a wrong?

If Hospitality takes the warmest seat near the fire, and leaves you shivering at the other end of the room, should you instance that as a "rite," or a wrong?



THE MOUSTACHE MOVEMENT

Fred. "HOW DO YOU LIKE THE ALTERATION, BLANCHE?"

Blanche. "WHAT ALTERATION, DEAR!"

Fred. "WHY, HANG IT!—HAVEN'T I CUT OFF MY BEARD AND MOUSTACHIOS!"

CURIOUS CHINESE SAYINGS.

WHEN a man seeks advice and won't follow it, they compare him to "a mole that's continually calling out for the newspaper." A drunkard's nose is said to be "a lighthouse, warning us of the little water that passes underneath."—If a man is fond of dabbling in law, they say "he bathes in a sea of sharks."—The father who neglects his child is said "to run through life with a wild donkey tied to his pigtail."—The young wife of an old man is compared to "the light in a sick bedroom."—Their picture of ambition is "a Mandarin trying to catch a comet, by putting salt on its tail."—And mock philanthropy has been described by one of their greatest poets as "giving a mermaid a pair of boots."

NEGATIVE WISDOM.

We never knew a "Selling off," where the purchasers were not included in the Selling.

We never met an English tourist who could drink a glass of Continental beer without inwardly regretting it.

We never eat an oyster opened by an amateur, that didn't taste like spilt periwinkle mixed with gravel walk.

We never knew a "plain" cook (by advertisement) who would condescend to dress herself as plainly as her dinners.

We never met a cockney so sanguine of longevity as to hope to live to see the river Thames deodorised.

We never knew a shop-boy take to betting, whose "settlements" did not lead eventually to a penal one.

And we never knew a London wife who did not "for the children's sake" require change of air in August.

MONTHLY MEMS.

BY A CARRY.

SEPTEMBER.—Town gets flat, and you must look sharp. Gents and 'esses ankers after waterin' places. If pulled up about distance, swear through thick and thin, but avoid pedometers. "Measures, not men," doesn't suit Cabbies. Drains is werry wholesome, and if neglected, is apt to bring on fevers and colera. Avoid nuripe fruit — especially 'winkles.

OCTOBER.—Weather gets raw, and Cabbies should be dressed accordin'. Leaves begin to fall, so let Cabbies look to their licenses. Little doin' in town, but of that little Cabbies has a right to their share. Masters can't expect any money this month, so you grab all you get, and spend it, wick it's no use pullin' you up if you've got nothink.

HOW TO GROW A PINK OF FASHION.

This Pink must be planted in the most aristocratic soil. The mould should be the very mould of form. It grows mostly in the open air, and Belgravia may be looked upon as the great nursery for these Pinks. Several favourable specimens, also, have been reared at the theatres, the Italian and French operas, and similar fashionable forcing houses. It is met with in great profusion at the balls of the nobility. The latter specimen, however, cannot bear the daylight. It is put into a hot bed the first thing when carried home in the morning, and there it remains closed up and almost dead until the evening, when it just begins to lift its drooping head. It is about twelve o'clock at night that it is seen to the most blooming advantage. Your Pink of Fashion is watered with a liquid called champagne, and, if it is at all faint, a little piece of chicken and ham, and a few crumbs of bread, applied to the mouth of the delicate flower, will revive it wonderfully. It is a very tender plant, though it has been known to bloom for two or three seasons. The greatest care, however, is requisite to keep it from the cold, for its beauty is so sensitive, that the slightest neglect will nip it in the bud. The Pink is of several colours, but the white with a beautiful maiden blush is the specimen the most preferred. This Pink usually carries its head very high, and, though not distinguished for any particular amount of scents, still it is eagerly taken in hand in society for its (s)talk. The Pink of Fashion is mostly single, but cases of double Pinks have been recorded. The double (or married) Pink, however, does not excite one half the interest of the one that is single.

HOW TO MAKE BITTERS.

A BITTER COMPLIMENT.—Ascertain in what a person is most deficient, or what he requires or wishes for most, and then compliment him slyly on it, as if he actually possessed it. That is a "Bitter Compliment."

A BITTER TRUTH.—If a person has any defect, such as a club foot, or a squint, or bad teeth, or an ugly wife, or has lost a leg, or his hair, and you remind him of it; or if he has been guilty of anything he has reason to be ashamed of, such as writing in the magazines, or riding outside a penny omnibus, and you make allusions to it before company — that is what constitutes a "Bitter Truth."

SHAVING BY MACHINERY.—The only shaving by machinery that we are acquainted with is shaving the Ladies, as practised in the flinendrapsers' shops; and that is done in such an easy off-hand manner that the operation has become quite mechanical.



CONCLUSIVE TABLE-TURNING EXPERIMENT MADE AT GREENWICH.

"THERE, OLD FELLA! HOPE YOU'RE SATISFIED IT GOES ROUND NOW."

"OH YESH! THERE'S NO MISTAKE!"

[These subjects are submitted, very respectfully, to the Reverend (f) Gentlemen who hold so much conversation with Furniture.]

SONG OF THE HAT-TURNER

BY ONE WHO HAS MOVED IN THE HIGHEST CIRCLES.

ALL round my hat I turn until I'm ill O!
All round my hat, spite of Mr. FARADAY
And when anybody asks me the reason
why it turns so,
I tell him what from reason sounds far,
far away.

Some say the action's muscular, and some
it is galvanic,
While others call it humbug in a scientific way:
And some there are assign it to an agency
Satanic,
And vow the devil's in it if there's not
the deuce to pay.

Yet all round my hat I still persist in
turning,
Unheeding what the sceptical and scientific say:
And tho' perhaps a character for verdancy
I'm earning,
I've nothing else to turn to for whiling
time away.

POP GOES THE QUESTION.

"Pop goes the question," has often led people a very pretty dance. It has been a pop that has always been exceedingly popular, and is revived from time to time, as much from necessity as fashion. The step is a very decided one; but though usually regarded as difficult, yet a little boldness and address is all that is required to make the gentleman a rapid proficient.

The steps are taken as follows:—Gentleman advances and bows to lady; chasso to lady's side; hands across; balance, and set (on a chair). Lady (makes) advances, and retreats (into herself); gentleman follows (up his advantage), and balance (on the chair); lady's chain (of endearments); cavalier soul; set (to work); right and left (with small talk); heads round (with excitement); down the middle and up again (with prepared speeches); gentleman takes lady's hand; lady withdraws it; poussette; right and left; hands across; gentleman drops on one knee, and turns the lady (to his purpose); grand round (of arm about the waist). Pop goes the Question!

This step is generally concluded by the figures joining hands, and uniting in a ring. The usual finale to the step is childish in the extreme.

AIDS TO REFLECTION FOR LADIES.—The side-lights of a looking-glass.



REMARKABLE CASE OF TABLE TALKING.

Table (loquitor). "DON'T YOU BELIEVE HIM, MUM—I'M NOT MAROGANY, BUT I'M VENEERED AND SECOND-HAND."
[Table dances about on its legs for a considerable time and vanishes in a blue flame.]

AN ENORMOUS STRAWBERRY.

THE long-lost son of a Victoria melodrama is discovered with a Strawberry on his left arm, which brings him in £5,000 a year. This is supposed to be the largest price ever given for a Strawberry yet! The Strawberry is exhibited every evening at the end of the third act.

TO POLICEMEN ABOUT TO MARRY.—When you are about to marry, visit as many cooks as you can, so as to give you the widest possible area for your choice. Avoid housemaids, whose occupation does not admit of the accumulation of much dust to come down with; and remember that there is nothing like kitchen-stuff for greasing the wheel of fortune. When married, a policeman will be justified in living above his station—if he can get a room there for nothing.

When may a Lawyer's clerk be considered most unfortunate?—When he's engraving.

KNOW FOR A PUBLIC DINNER.—A dry toast is but poor entertainment; but when well buttered, it is palatable.

CURIOUS ANOMALY.—Men call money "blunt," and yet talk of cutting off their heels with a shilling.

WHY does a man become a Chimney-sweep?—Because it suits him (soots him).



THE STEEPLE-CHASE.

First Sporting Gent (reads) "CAUTION.—No horseman will, on any account, be allowed to follow the racehorses over the steeple-chase course." DEAR ME,

HOW PROVOKING! I SHOULD A LIKED TO HAVE TOPPED OVER THIS BROOK!"

Second Gent thinks they had better not interfere with any of the Regulations.

BARS OF THE WOOD.—Children whose maintenance is provided for by a Board.

HAMLET'S ADVICE TO LADIES.—"Put your bonnet to his right use; 'tis for the head"—and not for the poll.

ECENTRIC SPIRITS.—It is odd that visitors from the other world should rap at tables instead of doors.

PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1854.

MONTHLY MEMS.

BY A CABBY.

NOVEMBER.—Fogs this month may be turned to account in many ways by the industrious. Always take time-fares. You can always lose yourself, and the thicker the fog is, the thicker you can lay it on. Also, remember fares taking change can't see the colour o' your money. If you've a spite at your master, now's your time to pole an 'oss. Likewise remember, articles left in a fog ain't so likely to be mist. If you've got a great coat, now double the cape, or look out for rheumatics.

DECEMBER.—The Hact says you ain't to leave the stand, but you can keep the pot a bilin' by makin' slides on the pavement. If old gents tumbles down, sarves 'em right for walking in such weather. Remember barrels of oysters, and reasonable luggage, and cod-fish, should be charged as passengers. Pretty pickins at the railway stations; what with turkeys and geese, it's hard if a poor Cabby can't drop into a Christmas dinner. Goose-clubs comes off, and Christmas boxes at the theatres; but avoid the pantomimes, wick children only reckons two as von, and fathers o' families is shocking bad pay—always 'aggles, and tries to shove in an odd 'un. In conclusion, let Cabbies stick together, and they'll soon make COMMISSIONER MAYNE turn tail. If you goes to church, mind you prays for Ma. FITZROY as druv us to desperation. I wonder where he expects to go if hever he gits into a cab!

A BOOTLESS JOKE.—The ready-made shoe-shops only keep one size, for each shoe is a foot long.

UNREASONABLE BUTCHERY.—Critics are not satisfied with an artist's picture being hung, drawn, and quartered (in the Royal Academy), but they must afterwards proceed to cut it up.

QUALIFICATION FOR LADY'S GROOM.—As bridegroom, a young man is preferred who has no character to produce from any last place.

OUTSIDE PHILOSOPHY.—A good name for a brilliant superficial Philosopher—one who merely touches on the surface of things—would be "ELECTRO-PLATO."



LITERAL.

Young Lady. "PRAY, CABMAN, ARE YOU ENGAGED?"

Cabman. "LOE BLESS YER, MISS, WHY I'VE BIN MARRIED THIS SEVEN YEARS."

HOW TO PLOT OUT AN EVENING PARTY.

SIFT card-rack for most respectable acquaintances. Frame invitations with lace-borders. Sweep drawing-room quite clean, and shoot rubbish into back bed-room. Map out an artificial parterre on floor with chalk. Sow seed for seed-cake. Gather mustard for sandwiches. Bent about the bush for gooseberries, and put them in bottles, to come up as Champagne. Order in old man from green-grocer's, and put Berlin bags on his hands for gloves. Buy slip for new dress, and gather flowers in the Burlington Arcade for your hair. Put the young twigs in their beds, but the elderly plants stick in library with cards. Lay traps for rich young men. Plant your company in rows and couples, and set musicians in full blow in corner of drawing-room. When they are a little faint, water them with Sherry. Hang wallflowers round the room. Dig for compliments, and run up a flirtation wherever you can fasten one. Above all, nail a husband, or else your plot will be without its greatest ornament and centre.

A THING NEVER SEEN.—A man does not grieve so much over the loss of his hair. He will even dispense with the services of a wig, but you never saw a woman yet appear in society with a bald head!!!

THE HEAD AND THE HEELS.—The highest classical and mathematical attainments may be insufficient to procure any standing in society; but the most elementary instruction in dancing places the student in the first position.



PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

DISMAY OF MR. JAMES JESSAMY ON BEING TOLD THAT HE WILL SPOIL THE WHOLE THING IF HE DOESN'T SHAVE OFF HIS WHISKERS!

PUZZLES FOR CHRISTMAS.

ASCERTAIN the weight of public indignation, and find the number of scruples it contains.

FANCY yourself at Smithfield Market, having the care of two Mad Bulls, and ask yourself if it would be possible to drive the Mad Bulls into Thame Oxon.

A PUZZLE FOR STAUNTON.—A (aged 6) and B (aged 9) are playing at Chess. A snatches all the men off the board, when B making a sudden move upsets the table. Who wins the game?

REDUCC to a square yard the who'e of any given cabman's unmeasured abuse.

A DELICATE FEMALE.—A good Cook deserves this appellation. She is always doing nice things, and is accustomed to mince matters.

IMPORTANT TO BUTCHERS.—A new Joint-Stock Company is about to be formed for the purpose of supplying the public with cheap meat.

WANTED FOR A MISDEMEANOR.—The horns of a dilemma: the teeth of a storm; a fragment from the brink of destruction; one of the hinges of fate; the tool of a party; buttons from the dress of the judge of history.

NO END OF WINE.—When you have drunk as much sparkling Champagne as ever you can get, you can go on drinking still. THE PLEASANTEST SORT OF CHRISTMAS-BILLS.—Play-Bills.

AVOCAL FOR TABLE RAPPING.—When the rapping spirits make mistakes in rapping out answers by the alphabet, it is because the answer is understood by the letter and not by the spirit.



FROZEN-OUT FOX-HUNTERS.

EXTENSIVE PLEASURE.—Whatever amount of "cooling" there may be in our Honeymoon, we may be pretty sure of having a fearful amount of "bill-ing."

WHY do we know that CLEOPATRA did not wear Pockets?—Because she puts her *Wiper* in her Bosom. THE TUG OF EVENING FASTEN.—The White Choker.

PHILOSOPHY OF ENLARGED CIRCUMSTANCES.—The Man in Possession stands to the Attorney in the relation of logical sequence; the latter is connected with your Causes and the former with your Effects.

BON-VON MOTTO.—For the British Museum Catalogue. "It was not for an age, but for all time."

THE SIGN OF A MAN WHO DRINKS.—The public-house Sign.

WHY is a hen sitting, like a painted coat of arms hung up for a person's death?—Because it is a hatch meant (hatchment).

TURKEY'S REAL DANGER.—Christmas-time.

THE HEIGHT OF INCONVENIENCE.—There is a man, somewhere in America, who is so tall, that he is obliged to run up a ladder every time he brushes his hair.

HAS the man who was "taken by surprise" come back?

Illustration

NEW YEAR'S EVE IN GUILDHALL.

AN APOLOGUE FOR ALDERMEN.

THE Pigeons of Guildhall, meek emblems of civic innocence, had folded their wings within their nests, and were slumbering in peaceful forgetfulness of the hall wherein "the love of the turtle" had so often kindled "the rage of the vulture" in the breasts of those to whom a fifth basin had been denied.

Occasionally a dyspeptic dove, fancying himself the inhabitant of a pie, would start from his uneasy dream, flap his wings, and utter a plaintive coo, but this passed, as one may say, in a *coup d'œil*, and silence once more reigned in the hall. GOG and MAGOG, contrary to their usual custom, preserved an unbroken taciturnity, and stood knitting their shaggy brows and blinking their great eyes in profound and painful meditation. But the clocks which now chimed out the mystic hour of nine aroused these worthies from their reverie, and springing lightly from their pedestals, they began to illuminate the hall, by dipping several rods of office in moonshine—a process which, as Gog surlily remarked, would give light enough for civic purposes. This done, they unbolted the great door, and gave admission to a crowd of men and women attired in festive though quaint garments, but wearing on their countenances an anxious expression traceable, no doubt, to the cause which had

"Sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
The native hue of sturdy Gog and Magog."

Those colossal warders, stationed on either side of the door, received the names of the visitors, and took the cloaks, hats, and swords of such as were disposed to give them up. We should observe that before the door was opened, Gog laid his cap on a little table before him, and placed in it two rose nobles, three or four marks, and some smaller coins, as baits for the generosity of the guests.

"Good MASTER FROWICKE," said JOHAN DE GISORS, a grave citizen, to a graver, and a grocer, who walked in with him, "I shall have you to understand that mine eyes have seen to-night that of which they were in no way fain. I did but go down Basing Lane to look how my old house of Gerrard's Hall bore itself, and to gladden me with the sight of its bravery, and lo! it was clean gone, and in its place were, I know not what new buildings of great size, but of small beauty. I espied in the street an old wife, who sold a baked fruit, about the bigness of an apple, the like of which I had never seen, and, quoth I, 'Good wife, where is Gerrard's Hall?' 'Gone to the Cristial Pallage, Sir,' quoth the wife, 'You'll see it there some day, Sir, along with the house of POMPEY, I'm told, Sir.' Conceive now, MASTER FROWICKE, what I felt on hearing this. Had it been one of the nine worthies, whose house they were to show with mine, it had not moved me so much. But who was this POMPEY? I trow the magnates of this city should have stayed, ere they dealt thus with the dwelling of a chief citizen and of a benefactor to the city. We were wont to say, MASTER FROWICKE, that an Englishman's house was his castle; but, methinks, if they deal thus with his castle, he must needs have an elephant, as well, to help move it."

"You speak sooth, worthy Sir," said KATHERINE HARDEL. "I also went down to the Smethefelde to look upon my Hermitage, for you know when my master, WILLIAM HARDEL, quitted the mayoralty and this life, our King, HENRY THE THIRD, gave me forty feet of land to build an hermitage thereon, in which hermitage I lived an ankeresse for many years. Marry it was pleasant to look out from my cell on the green fields and pleasant pastures, which the Hospitallers and the nuns of Clerkenwell and the canons of St. Bartholomew held, and to hear the fowles singen and maken merry, and to see the sote flowers springen in the meades, and the young maids and bachelors walking in the summer evenings by the side of Turnmill Brook. And, had I minded such vanities, I might have seen therefrom many joustes and tourneys, and many noble deeds of arms, done to win a look from ladies' eyes, amongst which it were unbecoming in me to say that mine had once been held the brightest. And now in place of the sweet pastures I could find nought but houses of the worst kind, and pens for cattle where the lists had been used to stand; and when, thinking that the wretchedness of the place might mortify the flesh and sadden the spirit, I asked of a boy if ever an anker dwelt there yet, he made answer, that he knew no house with that sign thereabouts, but that

the Three Drovers, in Long Lane, had good mild ale, and that their early purl was *stunning*, whereat I marvelled much."

DAME KATHERINE'S lamentations loosened the tongues of all in her neighbourhood. "Where are the walls?" cried one. "In the sewers," answered another. "Where are the wells, and brooks, and bosses of fair water?" asked a third. "Choked with dirt, or turned into ditches," replied a fourth. "I found the chapel wherein I was baptised and married," said a fifth, "doing service as the cellar of a broker's house. The fellow told me that some people, whom he called a society of antiquaries," (here Stow and REYNE WOLF groaned audibly) "visited it about once in twenty years to note the progressive accumulation of dirt in it. One of them wanted to buy and take away a quaint corbel that had grinned at me during mass for fifty years; but the broker and he had not as yet been able to agree upon the price."

"My masters and mistresses all," said Gog, in his blandest tones, "while you are lamenting the disappearance of objects naturally dear to you, the institutions of the City are themselves threatened. Charges, often made in the old time against the magnates, are now bruited about on all hands. They are accused of using the power their station gives them to advance the interests of their own relatives. Dost thou remember, worthy MASTER GERARD BAT, how, when the King made thee refund forty pounds which thou hadst taken, during thy Mayoralty, from the Victuallers, thou didst murmur '*Hœu! Domine, ex his possem filiam meam maritare!*' If thou dost, thou canst sympathise with the modern magnates. They are accused, too, of wasting the revenues of the City, just as thou, SIMON FITZ-MARY, didst in thy shrievalty; for the which and for other *pravas et detestabiles mores*, thy aldermanate was taken from thee. Thou, SIMON, wast the founder of Bethlehem Hospital, and it concerns thee to know that a Governor of that house whose name differs but little from thine, is one of those men, and seeks to excuse their conduct. And, moreover, they are accused of taxing the commonalty to benefit themselves—a fault which thou, GUILIELME CUM BARBA, didst allege against thy compatriots. It will soothe thy perturbed spirit to know that those who play thy part now-a-days are

like to be more successful than thou wert, and that the magnates are like to come by the worst."

At these words a great clamour arose in the hall, but presently Stow was heard to say: "We have heard our good friends MASTER GIZORS and DAME HARDEL to speak at length of changes in this city, whereof, indeed, I have set down somewhat in a little book of mine own; and MASTER GOG hath assured us of yet further changes to be passed upon those by whose neglect those alterations first complained of came about. Now in respect of buildings and their decay, I have not only read in old records of dwellings destroyed to make room for yours—as, indeed, some report that a Roman temple stood where MASTER GIZORS dwelt in after time—but I have seen hearths and pavements of Roman brick and tile dug up some twenty feet from under the houses which you and your fathers built. And in regard to civic government, MASTER HENRY FITZ-ALWYN, here, will tell us that before his time the city was ruled by port-receives and provosts, and that the aldermen had no part in its government until he had been some time mayor. Whence I conclude that all things in this city are in a continual flux and change, and that the manners of the coming age will surely overcome those of the present time, as the buildings of to-day are reared upon and overcrowd those of yesterday, and as one generation of citizens hides its predecessors and their works under the dust of its feet:—a piece of doctrine, which may go far to comfort thee, MASTER GIZORS, and to reconcile thy friends, MASTER GOG, to their inevitable fate."

The hall-keeper, dozing by the fire in his lodge, was roused by the sound of voices in the hall. "Drat it!" said he to his wife, "I could a sworn I'd locked it; them plaguey boys must have got in. I'll stop their larks." He rose and peeped into the hall, but no sight or sound met his eye or ear. It was empty, dark, and noiseless. "Werry odd," said he, as he returned to the fire, "It must have been them pigeons;" and Gog and MAGOG, who heard him, shook on their pedestals and chuckled, one to another, "The pigeons! Ha! ha! ha! the pigeons!"

COMMON INFORMATION.



other delicacies of the season, are much more common. Other affections, of a more sentimental nature, contracted in consequence of polking, waltzing, and Schottische dancing, are likewise common: and *Pop Goes the Weasel* has become so common as to be a bore. Holly and mistletoe are common—the latter giving occasion to a ceremony both common and—just now—proper. Christmas-boxes are common to postmen, or ought to be, considering how wretchedly that deserving class of men is paid. This festive period is not the time for considering whether, amongst common things, the House of Commons ought or not to be included, together with the Common Pleas, the Common Council, and the Common Serjeant, legal or military, as also Doctors' Commons, amongst the various institutions which were—originally at least—intended for the good of the community. We will only express our conviction that it is very desirable to promote a knowledge of common things; for the knowledge of common things is less general than the knowledge of common places; however, although we may be saying what has been often said before, we wish the reader a happy new year.

RATHER TOO NICE.

AN extreme Teetotaler of our acquaintance has declared his inability to sympathise with Turkey, for fear of being accused of an adherence to the Porte.

CHRONOLOGY OF REMARKABLE EVENTS.

Prospectively calculated by our own Clairvoyant.

- 1854. City Improvement begins. Temple Bar and LORD MAYOR'S Show end.
- 1856. Restoration of the bonnet to the crown of the head.
- 1857. Act passed for the Relief of London Lodgers. Prohibition of barrel organs, cats, blunt knives, and door chains.
- 1859. Teetotalism introduced among the London Cabmen. No less than three take the pledge at once.
- 1880. Something useful done by the Sanitary Commissioners.
- 1881. Great excitement prevails in literary circles. A London Author gets a cheque from a New York Publisher.
- 1899. Cultivation of genuine Havannah Tobacco Plants at Richmond ends.
- 1900. A clean street seen in the City.
- 1901. Publication of MR. JAMES'S 2,000th Novel.
- 1919. Completion of the Library Catalogue at the British Museum—up to the letter H.
- 1920. A racing prophecy fulfilled.
- 1933. Ventilation of the House of Commons effected.
- 1945. A London lady for a wager walks down Regent Street with her husband without stopping at a shawl shop.
- 1980. Maine law introduced into England—for an hour or two.
- 1999. Starvation of Curates ceases.
- 2000. Restoration of a borrowed Umbrella to its rightful owner.
- 2001. Apparition of a Policeman at the moment he was wanted.

The Ins and Outs of Palmerston.

It appears that the Home Secretary is again "in," or rather, that he has never been "out;" or, at all events, not so regularly and completely "out" as those who have been speculating on the break up of the Ministry. If his Lordship left the Government rather abruptly, he at least made up for it by the rapidity of his return, and we can only hope that, on this occasion at least, it will not be found that "quick returns" lead to "small profits."

To Parents and Guardians.

A MARRIED PUNSTER receives a few Pupils at his Residence, and has now a vacancy for SIX, at the moderate premium of Three Hundred Guineas. The Pupils are instructed in every branch of the Joking Art, including a solid course of Conundrums, and every other requisite of a sound facetious education. There is a resident Professor for the foreign *jeu de mot* department, and it will be the constant aim of the principal to bring the minds of his young charges into a condition that will qualify them for the honourable profession to which they aspire. References can be given to the Parents of young Punsters. There is a play-ground for practical joking. Inclusive terms, Three Hundred Guineas per annum.

QUESTIONS FOR THE REVEREND N. S. GODFREY.



naturally cautious in purchasing second-hand furniture; for a table that has passed its life in a gambling-house, for instance, might have become so dreadfully loose, that no reliance could be placed upon it. Such a table seems to have fallen into the hands of the REVEREND N. S. GODFREY, for on its being asked "How many lies have you told us to-night?" we are told that "the table rapped briskly thirty-eight times," as if the mendacious bit of furniture was revelling in the fact of his having extensively humbugged his reverend questioner. As we are told by this pious authority that the table always begins with "a crack," we cannot be surprised at the immense number of "cracks" to which it confessed at the close of the conversation. Perhaps, however, the last might have been the greatest "crack" of all; and we should therefore be glad if the REVEREND N. S. GODFREY would tell us, why the confession of a series of "cracks" should be more entitled to credit than any other "crack" to which the table may give expression.

THE FIRST DOG OF EUROPE.

In a good book in which MR. CRUIKSHANK (we do not mean our Temperate friend, GEORGE) describes the African Gold Coast, he says—

"The Africans are exceedingly fond of pictures in their rooms. GEORGE THE FOURTH, in his Coronation robes, may be seen disputing for space with *Punch* and his *Dog Toby* as they appear in the frontispiece of his publication."

Mr. *Punch* has a loftiness which happily renders him perfectly indifferent to all insult; but is requested by *Toby*, who is of a more excitable disposition, to say that he is quite incapable of such a dispute as is here attributed to him. Where GEORGE THE FOURTH, with or without his coronation robes, is admired, *Toby* declines to compete for homage, and nothing but the ignorance of these poor blacks can excuse their hanging GEORGE within perfume-reach of *Toby*. However, *Toby* hopes that missionary exertions may teach these Africans to set a juster value on public characters.

A SEASONABLE CONUNDRUM.

WHY is a cold the best exercise for the nose?—Because the former usually sets the latter running.

ALL IN THE DOWNS.—The way in which ladies at present wear their bonnets has been called the "neck plus ultra" of fashion.

HINT AND HYPOTHESIS.

SUPPOSE a young Foreigner crosses the sea,
In a vessel with Mammon not quite overladen,
And, coming to England, the good luck hath he
To win the kind heart of a true English maiden.

Suppose that her hand goes the way of her heart,
And friends who have loved her from childhood right dearly,
Settle, gladly, on him, from all charges apart,
An income—we'll say thirty thousand pounds yearly.

Suppose they invite him to banquet and *fête*,
Exhibition, review—every sight you can mention;
Present him with jewels, and pictures, and plate,
And load him, in fact, with all kinds of attention.

Suppose that they take him to lay a first stone,
And are eager to offer him trowel and hammer;
And when he makes speeches, they honour the tone,
Applaud the good sense, and forget the bad grammar.

Suppose all is done that the best friends can do,
From punctilious politeness to punctual pay-day,
In part, that he pleased them all round at first view,
In part for the love which they bear to his Lady.

Now, suppose that his wife has a trust of her own,
Conferred by her Guardian, not much of a burden,
Responsible, though, to that Guardian alone,
Like the place MR. JARNDYCE bestowed on DAME DURDEN.

That so wisely and well she administers rule,
Understanding her work, both in letter and spirit,
That her Guardian (suppose that his name is JOHN BULL)
Would floor the best man who should question her merit.

Now, if her young spouse, who has drawn such a prize,
Behaves like a trump the first years of their union,
And even takes pains, by a graceful device,
To bring her and her neighbours in closer communion.

If he joins, like a man, in the sports of her friends,
Goes shooting, and fishing, and hunting, and yachting,
And comes out so well that the prejudice ends,
That foreigners can't help intriguing and plotting.

What a favorite he grows with the high and the low,
(With person, and sense, and accomplishment gifted)
But suppose that—talked over by people we know—
He lets us observe that his tactics are shifted.

That he meddles in matters which one might believe
His former good taste would enjoin his eschewing,
While, concerning some others, he ought to perceive
A graver objection to do what he's doing.

That he talks to his wife on her Guardian's concerns,
Over which she should have unrestricted dominion,
And is oftentimes greatly displeased when he learns
She has done any business without his opinion.

That when she's disposed, at the urgent desire
Of her Guardian, to order some hostile proceedings,
He seeks to dissuade her because it appears
Some friends of his own wish to settle the pleadings.

That he's losing the name he so quickly acquired
By a gentleman's highminded scorn of disguises,
Giving up the frank bearing old BULL so admired,
For mysteries the hearty old fellow despises.

Supposing all this—or a portion at least—

Mr. *Punch*, who knows neither to fear nor to flatter,
Believes that the wind will set strong from the East
The day JOHN BULL JARNDYCE gets wind of the matter.

Caution to Wags.

GENTLEMEN are particularly requested not to make any jokes before ladies in frosty weather, as the lips of the gentler sex are so affected by the cold, that the slightest laugh occasions them to crack.

CON BY A COUNTRYMAN.

Q. WHEN is an Ox not an Ox?

A. When he's turned into a meadow.



OUR DEAR OLD PATERFAMILIAS TAKES HIS OFFSPRING TO SEE THE PANTOMIME. UNFORTUNATELY, "THE ROADS" (AS THE CABMAN SAYS) "IS SO ORRIBUL BAD AND SLIPPY," THAT HE IS OBLIGED TO WALK WITH HIS DARLINGS THE GREATER PART OF THE WAY HOME.

THE DOMESTIC REFORMER; OR, HOW MR. PATERFAMILIAS MADE HOME HAPPY.

*The Action passes in the Villa of MR. PATERFAMILIAS,
in the neighbourhood of London.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MR. PATERFAMILIAS, (a man of an inquiring, but by no means robust mind, addicted to making swans of all his geese, with a strong scent for mares' nests, and an unconquerable habit of writing to the "Times.")

MRS. PATERFAMILIAS (a lady whose most earnest wish is "for peace and quietness," but who looks up to Mr. P. as the impersonation of all that is profound in science, and elevated in public spirit).

MISS P., MISS LAURA, MISS EMILY, MISS MATILDA, and "TOT" (young ladies from sweet twenty-two to chubby six).

MASTER P., MASTER GEORGE, MASTER HENRY, MASTER NEWTON (young gentlemen from audacious sixteen to inquiring seven)

SCENE I.—Showing how Mr. P. broke out all of a sudden, after a severe course of Blue Books, in a determined effort to regulate his house and household on rational and sanitary principles.

The Drawing-Room of Mr. P.'s Villa. Time—After Dinner.

MR. P. entrenched in Blue Books at a round table, with a reading-lamp. MRS. P. at work. The young ladies variously employed, at Crochet, Berlin Wool, the last New Novel, &c. &c. MASTER GEORGE attempting to teach a Scotch terrier to walk on his fore legs. MASTER NEWTON (so-called after SIR ISAAC), who is a miniature of his father, with a great turn for the philosophy of common things, engaged in a mysterious experiment—with an ounce phial, a glass tube, and a tumbler of water, with which he is making a surreptitious slop under the table.

Miss Laura (to Miss EMILY, in explanation of the principles of her crochet pattern). You drop two—count six—pass four—

Mrs. P. (in an under tone). Hush! my dear. You'll disturb your father. [A howl from the ill-used and much enduring Scotch terrier.

Miss Emily. Oh, GEORGE! How can you?—

Mr. P. It's perfectly impossible to read in this room. GEORGE, give over teasing that dog, will you, Sir.

George. I wasn't teasing him, Pa. I was only teaching him to walk like the Clown's dog at Astley's. He can nearly do it.

Mr. P. There, my dear; you see the consequence of taking your family to such places. Their influence is really enough to counteract all one's efforts to direct their minds usefully and scientifically.

Mrs. P. I'm sure, my dear, I'm very sorry; but at Christmas time, you know—

Mr. P. (severely). The money expended in a box at the theatre might be so much better bestowed. Is there not the Polytechnic?

George (eagerly). Oh! ain't it jolly, with the diving bell and the electrical eel?

Mr. P. I refer to DR. BACHOFFNER's Chemical Course, GEORGE.

George. Well, that's good fun enough, when he blows himself up, you know, and makes such stunning nasty smells.

Miss Laura (deprecatingly). Now, GEORGE, how can you be so horrid?

Mr. P. My dear, that boy has not the least turn for science.

Mrs. P. (mildly). Hasn't he, my dear? I'm sure I used to think he would have, he was always so fond of gunpowder.

Mr. P. Happily, our dear NEWTON is a gifted child.

Master Newton (whose modesty is his least recommendation). Yes, Papa, I like science, and I know all about latent heat and carbonic acid gas, and manganese; it's in my mineral kingdom.

Mr. P. (proudly). That's a good boy. Here's sixpence, my dear. What will you do with it?

Newton. Buy a graduated scale, papa, for my bottle here. I'm making a thermometer. [Holds up his apparatus meekly.

George (aside to the young philosopher). Oh—you young humbug—you know you'll buy bull's eyes.

Mr. P. (examining the apparatus with parental interest). What's this? Isn't it really delightful, my dear, to watch the scientific bent of this dear child? What is it, my dear?

Newton. Well, you see, papa, air expands with heat, and gets lighter, and, so (here a sly reference to his book), if I insert in this bottle half filled with this water—you know—this tube—you know—and put it before the fire—the air will heat in the bottle, and the water will fall



"DANGEROUS!"

in the tube, because the pressure would be so great on the surface, you know—and if I could graduate it—you know, papa, it would be a thermometer.

Mr. P. (in ecstasies). Delightful—most interesting; my dear—did you follow the chain of reasoning?

Mrs. P. (vaguely). Oh—yes—it was very clever—I'm sure—quite beautiful. How ever he learns it all!

George. I saw him cribbing it all out of the book.

Newton. I didn't, then.

Mr. P. (boxing GEORGE'S ears). You mean and envious boy, detracting from your brother's credit, in this way. Go to bed, Sir, this instant.

[GEORGE retires crest-fallen.—MASTER NEWTON triumphs in another shilling.]

Mr. P. (turns to the girls). My dears, if I could only see you employing your time a little more rationally—more like your youngest brother.

Miss Laura. Oh, Papa, only think if we were all to go making such messes about the house as NEWTON does.

Miss Emily. And look how black all the ends of his fingers are.

Newton (proudly contemplating them). Ah, that was making hyperphosphate of carbon, out of my "*Little Chemist*."

Mrs. P. When you burnt yourself so dreadfully.

Mr. P. Dear boy!

Mrs. P. Yes, my love; but it really is very dangerous. One chemist's quite enough in the family. If the girls were to take to it, I really don't think I could sleep in my bed.

Mr. P. Pshaw! (he turns back to his Blue Books.) Very interesting report this on the Ventilation and Warming of the House of Commons, my dear.

Mrs. P. Is it, my love? (abstractedly.)

Mr. P. Yes. DR. REID'S evidence is curious—and DR. ARNOTT'S peculiarly valuable. He shows, to demonstration, that in our houses the first principles of ventilation are habitually neglected.

Mrs. P. Indeed! How very interesting.

Mr. P. He proves, clearly, that in respiration, the oxygen which enters the lungs takes away the carbon from the blood and returns as carbonic acid gas, which is poison—that, in fact, we are continually poisoning the air we breathe.

Mrs. P. Gracious goodness, JOSEPH! Why, you don't mean to say—

[The young ladies pause in their work, and listen with wide open eyes and ears.]

Mr. P. Simply, my dear, that you, and LAURA, and EMILY, and MATILDA, there—and indeed I myself—are all at this moment giving off the most poisonous exhalations; and that it is a mercy, considering the wretched principles on which this house is built—and all houses, for that matter—that we are not found dead in our beds every morning.

Mrs. P. I declare you're enough to frighten one to death, JOSEPH!

Chorus of Young Ladies. Oh, Papa!

Mr. P. It's a melancholy fact, my dear; I've had it on my mind some time, but I'm determined to remedy it.

Mrs. P. (timidly). I hope you're not going to try any experiments, my dear, because, you know, they come very expensive.

Mr. P. Experiments, MRS. PATERFAMILIAS; how can you call by the name of experiment a practical recognition of a great principle of nature?

Mrs. P. (humbly). Oh, I'm sure I didn't mean to do that, my dear.

Mr. P. I'm determined to have the house ventilated, MRS. PATERFAMILIAS, and I've been consulting these Blue Books on the subject. You see I'm suspended between the two principles—of the *plenum* or *vacuum* movements.

Mrs. P. (in the purest innocence). Oh, indeed, my dear.

Mr. P. Yes, the *plenum* principle, you see, is that which blows pure air into the house, so as to force an equal quantity of foul air out; the *vacuum* principle, that which extracts the foul air from the house and so allows the entrance of an equal quantity of pure air.

Mrs. P. Oh! but shan't we suffer dreadfully from draughts, my dear?

Mr. P. We shall get rid of our own poisonous exhalations, MRS. PATERFAMILIAS, which, as a father of a family, I consider it my duty to do at any risk. I shall speak to MR. BELLOWS—the great practical and consulting chemist, you know, my dear—about it to-day. The work cannot be begun too soon.

Mrs. P. (who feels a vague dread of what is hanging over her). Well, I hope it won't require much doing to the house, my dear.

Mr. P. That, MRS. PATERFAMILIAS, is a secondary consideration. My first duty is to my family; my second to my species. I shall communicate the results of my experience to the *Times*.

(These results we hope to show our readers in the next number.)

ANOTHER DEFINITION.

BONNET. An article of dress which no lady of fashion, nowadays, ever thinks of putting on.

VOICES OF BOXING NIGHT.



So long as we live we shall remember the "Voices of the Night" of the 26th of December, 1853, as they played on the drum of our affrighted ear at Drury Lane Theatre. But amid all the cries of various descriptions that burst forth from the noisy multitude, there was one which excelled all the rest, and reminded us of the cry of EXCELSIOR, so powerfully described by LONGFELLOW. The reminiscence has thrown us into a poetical fit, of which the following convulsive effort is the immediate consequence.

The Pantomime commenced at last:
The Clown across the stage had passed;
A youth, with frantic energy,
Commenced the wild eccentric cry,
"Hot Codlins!"

His throat was hoarse, he paused beneath
The pressure of exhausted breath,
But straightway through the audience rung
The shout—the whoop from tongue to tongue—
"Hot Codlins!"

The youth, with superhuman might,
Raising his voice beyond its height,
Cracked it, and with a spectral tone
He 'twixt his lips went on to groan—
"Hot Codlins!"

"Don't try it on," the poor Clown said;
"I've not a note in all my head—
I cannot sing." But far and wide
The audience with one voice replied—
"Hot Codlins!"

"O stay!" the manager expressed;
"The weary clown requires rest."
A voice responded, "All my eye!"
And then again arose the cry,
"Hot Codlins!"

"Think of the work he has to do,
Tumbling about the whole night through."
This was the argument polite.
A voice replied from gallery's height—
"Hot Codlins!"

In the last scene, where fays combine
Round Harlequin and Columbine,
To bless the fond and grinning pair,
A voice cried through the startled air—
"Hot Codlins!"

A little boy upon the ground
Under the gallery-seat was found,
Still in a shrill abortive squeak—
Trying the oft-heard words to speak—
"Hot Codlins!"

When the poor Clown had gone away,
And on his scissors-bedstead lay,
In lodging very near the sky,
Up to the attic came the cry—
"Hot Codlins!"

GOOD NEWS FOR HONEST MEN.—Railway directors are beginning to fall out among themselves.

IMPERIAL CRIMINAL DISCIPLINE.



be cut, hacked, smashed, and beaten to pieces. So that if MR. GREENACRE deserved to be hanged once, the EMPEROR NICHOLAS would receive his deserts only by being hanged a great many thousand times; which is more than could be accomplished by the utmost ingenuity of MR. CALCRAFT.

Would it be preferable to try the benevolent system with the AUTOCRAT, and endeavour to reform him and soften his heart by means of solitary confinement, or an emendatory diet, combined with the exhortations of a zealous chaplain? Should we do well to shut the despot up in a model cell with a bell and a bible—giving him leisure to meditate on the text "*Non confundar in eternum*?"

Or should we do better by placing him where "our rarer monsters are"—amongst his kindred in the pit with the pole in the middle of it at the Zoological Gardens?

PUNCH'S SCHOOL OF PRACTICAL DESIGN.

IN consequence of the publication of a letter from the Department of Science and Art informing us that the Department "will be glad to receive drawings executed in ink lines of any peculiar objects likely to be known and recognised by children," we have much pleasure in submitting a few specimens which we think any child will be able to recognise. Considering that the object of "the Department" is to supply "examples which the scholars may take home and copy," and that the time employed in learning the art of drawing, "will not amount to perhaps more than forty hours in the year," we feel that the amount of proficiency likely to be attained will be about equal to the artistic effort required for copying the specimens we furnish. The "Department" recommends for imitation the example of a Master at Chester who has upwards of 1000 scholars under his charge.

"He draws an object on a black board in the presence of the class, explains the mode of holding the pencil, &c., the point for beginning the object, shows the principal lines of construction, &c., catechizes the children about the form of the object and its meaning. Leaving some parts unfinished, he asks them if he has drawn it complete? if not, where it is incomplete? how it is to be made complete? &c., and thus excites considerable interest in the work among the children. He summons the classes to show their work on their slates. He then selects examples of the best and worst performances, and criticises them in the presence of the children."

Having taken a black board, we proceeded to draw upon it a round body, thus—



and our pupils having recognised a hoop, we went on to ask the most intelligent of them how the round body might be transformed into an animal. A dirty-faced little fellow, who had received in all twenty-three minutes of tuition, sagaciously suggested "legs," showing that he had detected the "incompleteness" of the figure with a sharpness that the "Department" of Science and Art would greatly admire. Following out the

hint of the pupil, we transformed the round body into



and having inquired of the class what was wanted to complete the drawing, we were met with loud cries of "head" in all directions. This we at once supplied, and we arrived at the annexed result



when a scholar more astute than the rest demanded the addition of "eyes, nose and mouth," which, as will be seen from the sketch that follows, gave us the drawing of a perfect animal—



It then became our pleasing duty to ascertain the extent to which the drawing would meet with recognition, and the class of animal to which it would be assigned by our youthful pupils. This led to some uncertainty, for there arose a variety of shouts, in which we distinguished the names of several different animals. One pupil recognised in the drawing "a cat," another shouted that it was "a dog," a third said it was "a hare," and a fourth remarked, that as it was not like any animal that he had seen, "it might be the hippopotamus."

Hoping to be more successful with an inanimate object, we drew the following—



and had the satisfaction of hearing a general cry of "cab" from the whole class, which proved to us that our mode of tuition—in conformity with the system of the Department of Science and Art—had been eminently successful.

We shall be happy to comply with the request expressed in the circular of MR. COLE, and will furnish the "Department" with any quantity that may be desired of the material of which the above are specimens.

CHILD'S PARTY IN DOWNING STREET.

(Described by good MR. PUNCH for his young friends.)

"COME, my dears," said old GRANDMA ABERDEEN, as she sat minding the child's party in Downing Street on New Year's Eve—for they had begged so hard to sit up and hear the year rung out, that the soft-hearted old lady could not refuse them—"come, you have romped about long enough, and I am fond of peace, you know. Draw your chairs round the fire, and we will have some quiet game. MASTER CRANWORTH, you sit down on that cushion, and MASTER CLARENDON, please to put that bit of lighted cane out of your mouth. No smoking here. PAMMY and JOHNNY, why do you look so cross at one another?—you have had a miff again, I know. For shame upon you! CHARLEY WOOD, my dear, you are always in good humour, get between those two. GLADDY, my child, put down your slate, you are an industrious boy, but there is a time for everything. Now, who will tell me a story?"

"I will, Grandma," said little JOHNNY RUSSELL. "In the time of KING JOHN, there was a thing called Magna Charta, which—"

But here, Mr. Punch is sorry to say, MASTER PAMMY and one or two others burst into a very rude laugh, and said that JOHNNY RUSSELL was always beginning stories about Magna Charta.

"I will ask a riddle," said smart MASTER OSBORNE. But they all said they would not hear any of MASTER OSBORNE'S riddles, because he learned them out of the end of the *Boy's Own Book*, and of course they knew them all by heart.

MASTER PAMMY then proposed cross questions and crooked answers, but Grandma reminded him that they were all going to a party on the 31st, where that game would be the chief sport of the night. So, after some discussion, Grandma proposed that they should all tell one story.

"All of us in one story, Grandma?" said little JOHNNY RUSSELL. "That will be funny. We have never been in that before."

"The way is this," said Grandma. "One of you will begin and tell anything he likes, and go on telling it until I call to the next, who must immediately carry on the story in his way, and so on with the next, until you have all done. It is a favourite game in many places, and great fun; and each boy will show his character by the way he carries on the story."

There was great applause at this; and each boy began knitting his brows and thinking as hard as he could. After a few minutes, GRANDMA ABERDEEN called to JOHN RUSSELL to begin. They all set up another laugh, supposing they should have Magna Charta again; but JOHNNY, who is a cool, self-possessed little fellow, smiled, and went on steadily enough.

"There was, once upon a time, a very big giant, whose name was NICK, and he dwelt in a city built on piles by an icy river. He wore great black boots, and a moustache, and when he drove about his kingdom, the poor horses were made to go so fast, that they often fell down dead—for he was a cruel giant. He loved to tear people from their happy homes, and send them down dreadful mines, where the sun never comes, or to shave their heads and make soldiers of them, and have them half-starved until they were killed in doing his wicked work. Also, he was a great liar—"

"My dear," interposed Grandma, "I do not like this beginning. Perhaps you do not know all about the poor giant, who may have been a good creature and done these things for the best."

"I know him," shouted that audacious PAMMY, "and of all the rascals—"

"Hold your tongue, Sir," said Grandma, "it is not your turn yet. Go on, JOHNNY, but be gentle in your language."

"This NICK," continued JOHN, who now began to hesitate, "this NICK was hem, a—a—a despot. In our happy country we have a—a—a constitution, which is a long word, and I will explain it. In the days of KING JOHN, there were noblemen called Barons—"

"Go on, MASTER GLADSTONE," said Grandma, seeing the party grew impatient.

"Barons," continued MASTER GLADSTONE, speaking very fluently and gracefully, "who, weary of the despotism of their ruler, conceived that there were three courses open to them. One was to kill him, as in the case of KING CHARLES; another was to expel him, as in that of KING JAMES; and the third was to compel him to sign a charter of freedom. This latter they adopted, but I am free to confess myself unable to discover what this has to do with MASTER RUSSELL'S narrative. I will therefore say that this NICK, being one day in a great rage, determined to rush into a neighbour's kingdom, and commit all kinds of ravage. He sent soldiers and ships, and to throw people off their guard, he said his prayers very loud. Now this neighbour had some strong friends, who wished to save him, so—"

"So what, MASTER CLARENDON?" said Grandma.

"So," said MASTER CLARENDON, "they wrote a lot of pretty notes, not in very good grammar, I believe, to NICK, telling him he didn't ought to do such things, and offering that the neighbour, whose name was ABDUL, should give him money to keep off and leave him alone."

But ABDUL wasn't going to stand this, so he up with his flag, and comes out to fight NICK, and, by Jove, walked into him like—"

"Like what, MASTER MOLESWORTH?" asked Grandma.

"Like a savage," said MASTER MOLESWORTH. "For in an old book which I am very fond of, called Hobbes, it says, that man's natural state is a state of war, and I agree with that person to a certain extent. If we are prepared to concede that the best condition of a human being is that which is most like nature, there need be no hesitation in going to battle whenever we can. But wiser philanthropists hold—"

"What, MASTER PAMMY?" said Grandma, observing that this would not do.

"Their tongues," said MASTER PAM. "I don't know what ABDUL'S friends did, but I fear they behaved like cowards and donkeys. But if I had been one of them, I would have said to the others, 'Let's stand by that plucky ABDUL,' and I would have wasted precious little time about note-writing. I'd have sent ships to smash his city of piles, and when the rascal came back from robbing his neighbours he should have found his own house in a blaze, and what's more, I would have said to the people he oppressed, 'Here's swords and guns, go it.' And I would have gone on, sinking his ships and burning his cities, and hanging his thieves until he fell down in his boots and begged for mercy, and paid all the costs, and I fancy he'd be glad to keep in his own place for the next fifty years."

MASTER PAM got quite excited, and made all the others excited also, and they began to hurrah him; but he very much displeased Grandma by his violence, and she was going to read him a severe lecture, when the game was brought to a sudden end by the Bells dashing out into a full chorus. So they all wished one another a happy new year, and



MR. PUNCH WISHES YOU THE SAME.

Table Showing the Probable Duration of Life.

(100 Representing the chance of living longest.)

	Years.
Railway Traveller	1
Reader of the <i>Morning Herald</i>	1
Vegetarian	3
Member of the Peace Society	4
Table-Mover, or Balloonatic	7
Parliamentary Reporter	8
Husband of a Strong-minded Woman (unless he runs away from her)	9
Distressed Agriculturist	99
A Constant Reader of <i>Punch</i>	100

Protestant Irish Priests.

It appears that Protestantism is making way in Ireland, even among the Priests themselves. At least, some of those reverend gentlemen are protesting strenuously against the Income Tax, on account of their incomes being derived from voluntary contributions—in that respect precisely resembling physicians' and barristers' fees. Consistently with this Protestant principle, they also object to the Confessional, in as far as it involves disclosures to the Tax Commissioners.

THE GOLDEN MEAN.—Misers.



VERY INCONSIDERATE.

(N.B. SPOONINGTON has just been endeavouring to impress his companion with the idea that he is quite a blast man upon town.)

Little Newlad. "HALLO, SPOONINGTON, HOW ARE YOU? WHY, YOU'VE GOT 'STICK UPS,' LIKE ME!"

BOXING NIGHT AT THE PLAY.

COME with me, and your umbrella take; your wrapper, and your hat;
Let the latter be your Gibus—for you 'll have to fold it flat.
Come with me; for on a voyage of discovery I'm bound,
Of the sundry Christmas pieces I intend to make the round.
We have entered the theatre; oh, how free this land of ours!
Free the gallery to pelt us with some miscellaneous showers.
With the peel fresh from the orange we are greeted as we sit,
Subject to a thousand questions in the middle of the pit—
Questions of domestic comfort—questions we have heard of old—
As to the maternal mangle having recently been sold.
While these scenes are being acted by the audience around,
On the stage there's something passing wrapped in mystery profound.
Actors to and fro are walking, with their hands upon their hips,
And we see that they are talking by the motion of their lips:
One who seems to be the hero rubs his hands about his hair,
And we come to the conclusion he's a lover in despair;
Now, a lady in white muslin blows her nose with deep intent,
And we gather from the action that her father won't consent;
Now, a veteran, white-headed, paces fretfully the stage,
Surely 'tis the heavy father in a true dramatic rage—
With each sign of irritation, with each tapping of his head,
Comes a shout from British public, comes a cry of "Go to bed!"
Enters now another actor: by his most eccentric clothes,
By the corking of his eyebrows, by the painting of his nose,
By the faces that he's making (they're the ugliest he can),
We, with critical acumen, know him as the funny man.
Now, the hero and the lady in the muslin clear and white
With a burst of indignation from the stage take sudden flight.
Now the curtain has descended ere the opening piece is done,
And the audience is eager for the pantomimic fun.
Comes the business of the evening, comes the overture at last,
Made of airs from all composers, slow, and moderate, and fast;
Every school is represented, for 'tis usual to tack
All together, DONIZETTI, BLEWITT, VERDI, BALFE and BACH.
Now again the curtain rises, and the pantomime begins,
Compound strange of noise and splendour, tricks and changes, groans
and grins,
Kicks and cuffs, and flying women, making us with wonder stare,
At the sight of heavy mortals living—for a time—on air.

Ah! the poet from the effort of description feebly shrinks;
Ah! beneath the weight tremendous his imagination sinks;
Seeing always is believing, seeing only can explain,
All the pantomimic wonders they're enacting o'er again.

HIPPOCRATES AND BACCHUS.

A SOCIETY has been formed for the purpose of procuring the legislative prohibition of the sale of fermented liquors, except for medicinal purposes. Should a law to that effect be enacted, the only question will be, what purposes are, or not, medicinal; but that question will be rather what is termed a poser. For example, melancholy is a disease, and if brandy-and-water is permitted to be taken in cases of mental depression, there will be no end to keeping spirits up by pouring spirits down. A dram is a popular and efficacious remedy for a pain in the interior, but if that is to be allowed as an excuse for taking it, the majority of the population will be constantly having stomach-aches. Some people may think to settle the difficulty by referring it to medical men, who, however, naturally, would be too happy to prescribe liquor to healthy applicants in the hope of getting them for real patients. An English Liquor Law, treating strong drinks as drugs, would at any rate be a boon to the medical profession. For one draught that a physician now prescribes, he would have to prescribe thousands, if in him were vested the privilege of prescribing draughts of ale. One wonders in what terms a doctor would frame his recipe for the complaint that deans and chapters, for instance, are apt to be troubled with after dinner. Perhaps in some, such as the following—*Rq. Vin: Alb: Hispan: seu Rubri quant: suff: cuius sumatur cyathus subinde, urgente siti:* which would be a technical order for unlimited port or sherry. Or the generous medicine might be ordered thus: *Rq. Vin: Cynensis Oij: gradatim, post prandium, hauriend: et rep' si opus fuerit*—a bottle of any wine you like to be drunk by degrees after dinner, and repeated if necessary. Another prescription might be given for a bowl of spiced wine, concluding with the direction, *fiat Episcopus, statim sumendus*—let a Bishop be made, to be taken immediately. Small glasses of brandy might be prescribed *pro re nata*—occasionally, and an alcoholic mixture might be ordered by the formula *Misce pro pileo dormitorio, hora somni sumend:*—mix for a nightcap to be taken at bed-time. In surgery-windows we should see, in great gilt letters, such inscriptions as *Carevisia Londinensis. XXX Opt: or BARCLAI PERKINORUM et Soc. Integra.* A new feature would have to be introduced into medical education, and the examiners at Apothecaries' Hall would require candidates for their diploma to understand the Beer Engine.

THE CZAR'S TE DEUM.

HARK! what hymn to Heaven ascendeth,
Whilst his knees the Tyrant bendeth!
Thanks for murder, havoc, ruin,
Is the pious roar of BRUIN.

Thanks for shot and thanks for shell
On defenceless men that fell,
By no Angel turned askew,
To their deadly mission true.

Thanks for unrestricted Might,
Not as triumphing in fight,
Not as having victory won,
But a wholesale murder done.

Thanks for licence, such as needs
For Imperial acts and deeds,
That great Czar who rules the region
Whose inhabitants are Legion.

A SMALL TRACT ON TEMPERANCE.

TEMPERANCE will never be effectually preached by a Pump. To throw cold water is discouraging; and the Pump, moreover, affords a handle to ridicule. If he wants to deliver an effectual discourse on sobriety, the Apostle of that virtue had better take his stand on the barrel—which vessel should contain light French Wine admitted at a considerably reduced duty. The only way to induce the British public to relinquish its present drinking habits, is, to give it something better to drink. That is to be found in the draught which cheers the heart without getting into the head; and now that the French alliance has become so desirable, one of the wisest things we can do is to pledge amity with our neighbours in their own cup.

A LAST ATTEMPT.—Q. When is the weather most like a crockery shop?—A. When it's muggy!
[Reader faints.]

THE QUACK'S DIARY.

THE following Diary has been kindly forwarded to us by MR. BUCKET of the Detectives. It was found in the pocket of a gentleman who was under his care for some hours:—

JANUARY.—Got up rusty suit with black reviver; washed and starched white choker, and dressed for conversazione of Hahnemann Society. Wrote circular to Duchess and other members of Aristocracy, accompanied by Prospectus of Homœopathic Sanatorium. Looked up several East India Colonels, with constitution weakened by warm climate. Tried it on upon others debilitated in body and mind. Took apartments in Belgrave; baited with globules and fished for gudgeons; too many anglers already, no bites: forced to cut my *unlucky*.



FEBRUARY.—Signed lease of Mansion in the country with 100 acres, Trout-stream and Cascade, to open as Hydropathic establishment. Advertised forthcoming work on "Water Cure in Hydrophobia." Also advertised Douche House; advertisement got me some credit, on which contrived to rough it on my chop and glass of sherry.

MARCH.—Impressed strongly with necessity of raising the wind. Landlord wanted to be off his bargain for Douche House—had been making inquiries about my respectability. Agreed to cancel lease for consideration. Name of month suggested march with Teetotallers; they making Demonstration; which joined; afterwards addressed meeting from Platform—and wound up evening at Hole in the Wall.

APRIL.—Spring coming on, idea of Greens suggested Vegetarian dodge. Let beard and moustaches grow, parted hair down middle, and went about delivering lectures. At Manchester and Salford immense success of "Tea without Shrimps." Tried in agricultural district "Trim-mings but no Leg of Mutton;" hissed off boards; and narrowly escaped being put under pump.



MAY.—Sign of potential mood—suggested new Possibility of Doing. Turned attention to Electrobiology; of which gave demonstrations

at Literary and Scientific Institutions at 1s. a head, reserved seats 2s. Felt real liking for subject. Delusions highly interesting; wonder if it would be possible to pass off silver over counter for gold?

JUNE.—Town now full of Superior Classes. Gave Mesmeric séances and Consultations with Clairvoyance, at new lodgings in May Fair. Sacked lots of money from ladies of rank robbed by servants, by giving information as to missing property through Somnambulist put into communication by Magnetism with Thief. So went on till one fine morning, when Somnambulist bolted with all the cash.



JULY.—Resolved to turn the tables on Fortune in a direct straightforward manner by Table Turning. By aid of pals lending hands, easily made Mahogany talk with legs. Sermon published by reverend gent., proving trick caused by evil spirits—brought great addition of visitors, and increased receipts very much.

AUGUST.—With growing experience and study of human nature, got on to Spirit-Rapping, by assistance of clever but uneducated Medium, being Gipsy, and spelling wrong. Rooms crowded with persons of wealth and fashion conversing through Medium with JULIUS CÆSAR, LORD BACON, NAPOLEON, and departed friends. Making no end of money till sceptical Editor came, investigated, and exposed hoax in his paper—whereby smashed.

SEPTEMBER.—On the first, recollected I had to pursue my game; shot over the water, and set up as Lecturer on Astronomy in Lambeth Slums. Drew horoscopes, cast nativities, gave advice about courtship and matrimony, and hooked flats by shoals, though mostly small fry.

OCTOBER.—Reminded by the falling leaf to make the most of time, added magic and fortune-telling to the astrological plant. Showed servant-girls their sweethearts in mirrors; exhibited the apparition of any person living or dead; and sold philtres, amulets, charms, and children's cauls.



NOVEMBER.—Blown up at last! Maid-of-all-Work, to pay me from week to week for helping her to get a husband by the stars, robs mistress; is had up, and accuses me, who am lagged and committed as a rogue and vagabond!

DECEMBER.—The year closes dull and drearly on me, though warmer than is agreeable, at the Crank.



WAR-SONG FOR THE MONEY MARKET.

LET all good folks that man disown,
Who'd basely do a Russian Loan,
To Coventry, the catiff, send him,
And may the Silent System end him!

Let no man traffic with a traitor
Than MITCHELL or O'BRIEN greater;
Afford him either fire or fuel,
Or mix his physick or his gruel.

Let no attorney be so tender
As legal aid the wretch to render,
Although to save him from a prison,
And keep off CALCRAFT from his wizen.

If such a miscreant can be married,
May he be by a vixen harried,
A woman who in debt will run him,
And cause her tradespeople to dun him.

His dinner be, for having sold
His country, neither hot nor cold,
And by his cookmaid's constant blunder,
Either much overdone or under.

May he with aches and pains be troubled,
With crippling rheumatism doubled;
The toothache and the headache rack him,
And the tic-doloureux attack him.

Chaps crack the villain's hands in notches,
Break forth upon him blains and botches,
Boils, lichen, impetigo, tetter,
And scabies that won't get better.

When from his domicile he sallies,
May all the boys from all the allies
As sparrows tease an owl, flock after
His dirty heels with shouts and laughter.

Let howls and yells of execration
Attend on his perambulation,
And for his mean and hateful action,
The whole world hiss him to distraction

Conundrums for the Times.

WHEN may we consider ourselves to be completely under the Empire of the Ottoman?—When we recline on a too easy sofa and fall asleep under its luxurious influence. Where are we most likely to find the key of the Baltic?—In DAVY JONES's locker.

CURE OF SHOALS.

A CONTEMPORARY states that the income of the Church of England exceeds £5,000,000 Spiritual destitution, if it exist in England is starvation in the midst of plenty. The clergy, so endowed, ought to cure souls at the rate of herrings.



MAKING THE BEST OF A BAD JOB.

"AH! YOU MAY LAUGH, MY BOY, BUT THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A COLD BATH TO MAKE YOU STRONG AND HEARTY!"

THE DOMESTIC REFORMER;

OR, HOW MR. PATERFAMILIAS MADE HOME HAPPY.

SCENE 2.—MR. PATERFAMILIAS has had a Ventilating Apparatus—of the most complete kind—constructed and adapted to his house, by the distinguished practical and consulting chemist, MR. BELLOW. It consists of a pump for forcing in the external air, worked by the water-pressure got from a pipe leading from the reservoir upstairs to the cistern in the kitchen; a warming chamber, where the air is heated by hot-water vessels, on a plan of MR. BELLOW'S own; a mixing chamber, where the warm air is cooled down to any temperature; a series of apertures in the floor and skirting-board of every room in the house, to admit the heated air; a ventilating shaft for drawing off the vitiated air, which communicates with all the chimneys in the house, and to which access is given by valves near the ceilings. Of course the bricklayers have been in the house for a month. The bills are left to the imagination of the reader. Open fires have been sternly suppressed. Colds are prevalent in the family. But the poisonous proceeds of human expiration are got rid of, and the scientific principles of ventilation triumph.

Scene as before.

MRS. P. seated, contemplating the place where the grate used to be in a disconsolate manner. MISS LAURA and MISS EMILY much wrapped up, and looking blue about the nose.

MR. P. (reading to them from a scientific treatise). "When a person is placed in condensed air, he breathes with increased facility; he feels as if the capacity of his lungs was enlarged; his respirations become deeper and less frequent; he experiences in the course of a short time an agreeable glow in his chest—(pausing, and to his daughters) My dears, don't you experience—"

MISS LAURA. A-tch-ew! A-tch-ew!

MR. P. (sternly). LAURA!

MISS LAURA (dolefully). Oh, Pa, I've such a dead-ful cold by head. A-tch-ew!

MISS EMILY. A-tch-ew! Ad so have I—le-ally, Papa. A-tch-ew!

MRS. P. (dismally). I'm sure, my dears, I don't wonder at it.

MR. P. MRS. PATERFAMILIAS, how can you encourage your daughters in these absurd fancies? But to resume—(recommences reading) "an agreeable glow in the chest, as if the pulmonary cells were becoming dilated with an elastic spirit." (Inhalates.) Yes, I certainly feel the cells dilated. (To Mrs. P.) My dear, don't you recognise in yourself something of the kind described, since the apparatus was put up?

MRS. P. Well, I've a kind of tickling in the throat; but I thought it was influenza, my dear.

MR. P. Influenza, Mrs. P.! Ridiculous!

MRS. P. Well, I don't know, I'm sure; but ever since the house was ventilated, my dear, I don't know how it is, but, I'm sure, I've never been myself.

MISS LAURA. Oh, an' I'm so lwetchedly—A-tch-ew!

MRS. P. (shivering). Now, there, my dear, don't you feel it?

MR. P. What?

MRS. P. The draught through the floor; look how the carpet's dancing.

MR. P. That is the mixed air, admitted through the channels from the tempering chamber by the BELLOW'S valve.

MRS. P. I'm sure I don't know what it is, my dear, but my feet are as if I was sitting in an ice-pail.

MISS EMILY. And so are mine—oh dear—(hugging herself in her shawl).

MR. P. Impossible! I mixed it myself this morning at 66°—a healthy and agreeable medium temperature.

MRS. P. Oh—but only put your hand down.

MR. P. (putting his hand to the aperture). Well, I declare it does feel chilly. There must be something wrong with the valves. I'll just go and look into the mixing chamber. (Exit MR. PATERFAMILIAS.)

MRS. P. Oh, my dears, I always said how it would be, ever since your papa had in that dreadful MR. BELLOW. I declare the room's like the frozen regions; and not a bit of fire to look at—nothing but those nasty, stuffy, hot-water pipes; and all those "bricklayers' bills," too; and—

MISS LAURA (sniffing). Oh, mamma, what a dreadful sbell—dolt you sbell it, EBILY?

MISS EMILY. Oh yes, it's ollible!

MRS. P. So it is. I dare say your papa's been and done something to those dreadful valves, as he calls 'em—(A prolonged howl heard without). Oh, that's NEWTON crying! What can have happened?

Re-enter MR. P. in a state of great excitement.

MR. P. Really, MRS. P., that boy NEWTON—it's not to be borne. He's been at that hot-water apparatus again; and now he's ruined the stop-cock, and all the water's run off, and one of the boilers has got red-hot. It's a mercy the house wasn't burnt down.

MRS. P. Oh, I know it will be, some of these days.

MR. P. No wonder we were cold, with air coming in at 33°. But I've given him a good flogging, and sent for the plumber to repair the cock.

MRS. P. (groans). And then there'll be more bills, my dear.

MR. P. I beg you will not allude to bills, MRS. P. I pay them—that is sufficient.

MRS. P. Yes, dear—but, (sniffing) whatever can that smell be, I wonder?

MR. P. (sniffing). Smell!—Eh? well really—now—I do think it's like sulphuretted hydrogen?

MRS. P. It's very nasty, whatever it's like—that I know.

MR. P. (who has been hunting the smell). And comes through the air-channels in the skirting board—it's very odd. Eh—yes—I have it—you know the air tubes from the mixing chamber pass under the cellar—MRS. P.—depend upon it there's a cesspool somewhere, and some of the emanations of it have been taken up into the air-tubes.

MRS. P. It's enough to poison one.

MR. P. Yes—dangerous—decidedly dangerous; what a comfort we've found out its existence. We must have it looked to to-morrow. The gardener can go to MR. BATT'S, and ask him to send up a couple of his men—my dear—to sound for the cesspool.

MRS. P. Oh, MR. P., more of BATT'S men! Do consider. We haven't had 'em out of the house a week as it is, and those bricklayers always make a bill—al-ways.

MR. P. MRS. P., do you expect that, as the father of a family, I will consent to remain quiet with the consciousness that a cesspool is poisoning the air I breathe—and my children? Mc CAN shall speak to BATT'S. I insist upon it.

MRS. P. Oh, very well, my dear, if you insist upon it.

[A cloud of smoke is precipitated into the room from the exit valve communicating with the ventilating shaft. MISS LAURA and MISS EMILY go off in a prolonged chorus of sneezes and coughs.]

MRS. P. Oh, we shall all be smothered!

MR. P. Smoke coming down! It's contrary to the laws of nature. It must be from the fire in the ventilating shaft. How very unaccountable!

[Smoke continues to pour out; MR. P. rings the bell violently.]

MRS. P. Open the windows, LAURA.

MR. P. (sternly). No—you'll entirely derange the ventilating system.

Enter SPRAGGS, a boy in buttons, with an air of consternation.

MR. P. SPRAGGS! What is the meaning of this smoke?

SPRAGGS. Oh—if you please, Sir—MASTER GEORGE'S terrier, e'd got a rat—untin' it up stairs—and the rat he went through the flue door into the ventilatin' shaft—and the terrier 'e went arter 'im—and MASTER GEORGE thinks e've stuck fast in the flue, Sir—and the smoke can't get out, I think, Sir, and so it's a comin' down stairs heverywhere like heverythink.

Mrs. P. We must open the windows.

Mr. P. Confound that boy! Send him to me this instant, SPRAGGS.

[Exit SPRAGGS.]
What's to be done. (Tugs at the valve.) I'll shut the valve. Hang it, it won't work! I'm afraid we must open the windows after all.

Enter the HOUSEMAID.

Housemaid. Oh, if you please, Sir, here's the pipe from the cistern up stairs been and burst with the frost, Ma'am, and the water's runnin' all down stairs like torrents into the front drawin room.

Mrs. P. Oh, gracious me! the furniture will all be ruined.

[Rushes out.]
Mr. P. And the action of the ventilating pump will be stopped! How very provoking! the whole apparatus brought to a stand-still; and when it was working so beautifully too, and now when I've had all the grates removed. What is to be done? I must see BELLOWS directly.

[Exit Mr. P.]
Miss Laura (to Miss Emily). Oh, EMILY, don't you hope it'll all have to be takel dowl agaid? A-teh-ew!

Miss Emily. Oh yes, that I do! A-teh-ew!

SCENE closes in a duo of sneezes.

"THE CRY IS STILL THEY COME!"



HE speculators in religious catchpennies, which, thanks to the spirit of cant, seem to be the most lucrative concerns of the present day, have adopted, apparently, the old pantaloon cry of "Somebody coming," to gain attention to their wares and merchandise. "Somebody coming," or "Something coming," is the theme of several of the new "serious" literary dodges with which Paternoster Row is at present inundated by those who are looking out for the best mode of making a market of popular cant or popular hypocrisy. The idea first originated among the political quacks who used to be always talking about the "Coming Man;" but it is now transferred to the pious portion of the world of humbug, who have been

attracted by the "Coming Struggle" to an extent that the "serious" booksellers have found largely conducive to their profit.

The idea is being again worked in the form of a publication called the "Coming Crisis—not yet;" the words "not yet," being apparently added to admit of future speculations in which "The Coming Crisis—a little nearer," and "The Coming Crisis—come at last," may be made available. We confess ourselves perfectly sick of the cry of "coming" which is being perpetually raised by the pious book trade, and we shall be delighted when instead of "Coming! coming!" we may be justified in saying "Going, going, gone!"

Tricks of the Telegraph.

THE telegraph has been playing some odd freaks during the recent snow storms. The wires have somehow got huddled together in such confusion, that they have mixed up the messages and have answered questions as to the price of stocks, with a jargon of irrelevant matter about news from New York, the Russian question, and the last quotation of Turkey in the Norfolk markets. We wish the papers had published a selection from the cross readings of the electric telegraphs, which might have furnished the material for a few "Nuts to Crack" at Christmas time.

MORE FREE THAN WELCOME.

THOUGH it is certainly no privilege to be "free of the City," it would be undoubtedly very desirable to "get free of the Corporation" at the earliest opportunity.

THE LETTER OF THE LAW.—The "Letter of the Law" must be *ε*. It expresses a quantity that is unknown.

MORAL FURNITURE MART.

MESSRS. GREENWOOD, VARNISH, VENEER, AND CO. have the pleasure to inform the Nobility, Gentry, and Public in general, that, in compliance with the prevailing taste, and under the especial patronage of several

CLERGYMEN OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND,

they have got together an extensive assortment of Talking Tables, Loquacious Lounging Chairs, Garrulous Sideboards, Eloquent Sofas, and other articles of Cabinet Work, peculiarly adapted to conversational purposes.

MESSRS. G., V., V., AND CO. have taken care in the selection of their stock to avoid those Tables and other articles of Talking Furniture that have been detected in rapping out falsehoods, and an arrangement has been made for keeping

A Clergyman on the Premises,

who submits every piece of furniture to a scrupulous examination before it is exposed for sale to the customers of this establishment. It is the constant aim of the Reverend Gentleman who superintends this department of the Mart to test the veracity of even the most trifling piece of goods, and thus it is impossible for any article of mendacious mahogany to remain without discovery.

MESSRS. G., V., V., AND CO. have recently added to their extensive stock a number of

MORAL DINING-TABLES,

warranted to turn away with disgust from any vinous excess, and to turn over their leaves, in order that the propriety of turning over a new leaf may be suggested to some of those assembled round them. Attention is particularly called to an extensive stock of

Talking Sideboards,

which, by the new system of Spirit Rapping, will divulge the secrets of the cellaret, and apprise the owner of any attempts that may have been made by servants, or others, to tamper with the wine, or to open an unlawful communication with the spirits.

SEVERAL PAIRS OF CARD TABLES,

warranted to kick against any attempt to cheat, and to be up to all sorts of games, so that if there should be any deception in the deal it would at once be exposed in the mahogany or rosewood.

Among the enormous stock of Turning and Talking Furniture, may also be enumerated a large VARIETY OF WARDROBES, some of which will not only turn themselves, but will also turn an old coat, or other article of dress, with the utmost neatness.

As nearly all the furniture sold at the Moral Mart is of the talking description, it may be said to speak for itself; and anything further that could be said for it would be quite superfluous.

THINGS NOT GENERALLY KNOWN.

THAT "Pop goes the Weasel" was composed by HANDEL.

THAT JOAN OF ARC derived her name from being a *compagnon du voyage* with NOAH.

THAT the London synonym for "civility" is "cabman."

THAT GEORGE FOX, the Quaker, was a lineal descendant from the celebrated GUY.

THAT the Commissioners of Sewers take in needlework.

THAT the screw-propelling principle was first applied to omnibuses.

THAT a dish of whitebait consists of fried curl-papers.

THAT the Beef-eaters at the Tower are, without exception, strict vegetarians.

Time out of Mind.

LAW, we are sometimes told, will shorten our days, but the law of the County Courts seems to add to our days in a most extraordinary manner, for according to a recent return the County Courts sat 8570 days in the last twelve months. Law proceedings will multiply figures as far as costs are concerned, but we were not aware that such an effect could be produced by law on the number of days in a year, as to turn 365 into 8570. It is certainly a long and heavy day on which we go to law, and probably the calculation above noticed may be based on the principle that every day, to a man engaged in litigation, is as long as some twenty or thirty days of the ordinary duration.

THE POETRY OF NATURE.—At present, like a quantity of modern poetry, it is, in most of its branches, only so many dead Leaves covered with Rime.



THE WEATHER IN THE PARKS.

Skate Proprietor. "Now, MARM! 'AVE A PAIR ON."

LONDON IN AN-ICE MESS.

Snow Hill has for once maintained a right to its title, and several small passages of London life, including Cranbourn Passage, and the Turnstile, Holborn, have been in a condition to suggest recollections of a passage of the Alps on a scale somewhat limited. London has, in fact, been almost blockaded by the snow, and Holborn Hill has been a sort of little St. Bernard, while Ludgate Hill has supplied a Simplon of a mitigated character.

The most seriously Alpine feature of the Metropolis, however, came on with the thaw, when avalanches began to fall from the house-tops with a rapidity truly alarming to the startled pedestrian. We ourselves were very nearly called to share with Mont Blanc a kind of mountainous monarchy, by being crowned with "a diadem of snow" as we passed along the Strand, and received a concussion which would have melted the heart of any less hardened snowball than that which fell upon us.

The south side of the water has been a kind of Arctic region, and the small sprinkling of cabmen has supplied a few living bears to give truth to the picture. Those intending tourists who have not much money to spare may save themselves the expense of a visit to Switzerland, for what with MR. ALBERT SMITH'S Mont Blanc, and the snow-capped suburbs of London, there has been quite enough Swiss scenery visible without going beyond "the four mile radius."

TURNING DAY INTO NIGHT.

Most of the Theatres are turning day into night, by giving Morning Performances of their respective Pantomimes. We have no objection to this arrangement, though we think we ought to protest on behalf of the unfortunate Pantaloon, who gets a double allowance daily of those kicks and cuffs, for the endurance of which he is annually called into a brief existence at Christmas-time. It is lamentable to reflect on the fact, that the unhappy Pantaloon can get no rest either by day or by night, now that the practice of opening the Theatres in the daytime during the holidays has become general. We can only suggest that in place of a single Pantaloon, the management should provide itself with a pair of Pantaloons, to stand the wear and tear of double performances.

THE HEALTH OF THE CITY OF LONDON.

Good living is sure to tell upon the corporation at some time or other, and we see a painful instance of it in the City Corporation, which is on the point of breaking to pieces from the abuses it has so freely indulged in for such a number of years. Good living has been the ruin of its Corporation.

THE ROUND OF FOLLY.—Hat-turning, and table-moving.



THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON TO MY
LORD AB—RD—N.

SOMETHING—AT LAST—IN A NAME.



employed for the purpose of driving the delegates into anything absurd or mischievous, to which they have sometimes rather too great a tendency.

AT a recent meeting of delegates in London, the secretary announced that "he had waited on Mr. PRIGGER, an influential cabman." PRIGGER may be personally a very respectable man; but the name, in connection with the cab trade, is certainly curious. There is something rather rich in the idea of an "influential cabman," and we should hardly have been more surprised to hear of an "eminent costermonger," or a "distinguished dustman." We looked, with some curiosity, to see the mode in which the "influence" of the cab fraternity can be brought to bear on the strike, and we find it to consist of a "warm" offer to convey the parties "in a fly" to the most likely places to obtain assistance. We only hope that the aid of the cab-drivers will not be em-

STARTLING FACTS BY TELEGRAPH.

LAST week, in consequence of the snow, Liverpool was in a state of isolation from the rest of the world, there being no traffic by rail or news by letter, and indeed nothing by which any idea could be formed of the doings or the condition of the Liverpoolians. Of course indefatigable efforts were made to open the communication with the Metropolis; but all was in vain, for the ordinary electric telegraph had got into a state of entanglement through the ice and snow, thus baffling all hopes of hearing anything from Liverpool. Bills were falling due in London, and were being dishonoured for want of "advice," commercial firms were falling into discredit, and all for the want of communication with the north, when at last, after almost superhuman endeavours, it was announced that the Magnetic Telegraph had succeeded in bringing news from Liverpool. Everybody rushed to the second edition of the morning papers to drink in the long looked for news, when public curiosity was put in possession of the fact, that by tremendous energy a communication had reached London, bringing the news that "COTTON IS QUIET."

We cannot judge of the effect of this intelligence on the commercial world, but, to us, it seems as though the result of the telegraphic achievements had, after "much cry," ended in "little wool," though there might be a fair supply of cotton. We had no idea that the condition of this raw material was of such vital consequence as to make it paramount to every other subject of curiosity. We shall, henceforth, look out for the bulletins about cotton with unprecedented anxiety and interest. If we can only be assured by the paper on our breakfast table that "cotton has had a quiet night and is better," we shall, in future, feel a peculiar satisfaction, and we should perhaps rest contented with the knowledge that "cotton is not worse"—or worsted.

GETTING DRUNK WITH A PURPOSE.

A MOVEMENT is now on foot to put a legislative stop to all drinking of every kind of beer or spirit, "except for medicinal purposes." Whether it will be an improvement to saturate society with water instead of moistening it with malt, is a question we leave to those who delight in dry discussion; but we must warn the friends of total abstinence that the exception "for medicinal purposes" is sufficient to throw the whole question overboard. We never yet knew an old woman who could not find a "medicinal purpose" for every glass of grog she happened to have a fancy for. If an Act of Parliament should ever be passed to prohibit spirit drinking, except for medicinal purposes, it will be absolutely necessary to add a schedule of imaginary maladies which shall be declared to be not within the exceptions allowed by the statute. In this schedule we would comprise that anile ailment familiarly known as the "wind," which has caused the consumption of more brandy and water by elderly females in one month than has been imbibed by the most inveterate toppers during an equal period. We must also guard the legislature against the allowance of "spasms" as a ground of exception to any measure for the prohibition of dram drinking, for there is no doubt that any woman of a certain age can command "spasms" at any moment, when she is desirous of calling up "spirits from the vasty deep" of the cellaret.

BAYONET AND CHISEL.

A SENTIMENTAL NARRATION.

I PASSED the Palace in the Park,
In sooth it was a weary trudge.
The snow with trampled mud was dark,
And all was slide and slush and sludge,
Wherein I greatly feared to lose
My nice new Yankee over-shoes.

I kept at distance from the dome
Where dwells our Sovereign (when in town),
Because I thought my short way home
Was Birdcage Walk, of old renown.
But I could see (and therefore state)
Two men stood near that Palace gate.

One was the sentry—on his head
The fabled skin that warms the bear.
He ceased awhile his measured tread,
And watched the other working there.
For this, a sculptor, chiselled what
He thought adornment. I thought not.

A huge tarpaulin sound and black
Shrouded the artist like a cloak,
The sentry leant his manly back
Against his box, and thus he spoke—
At least 'twas thus to Fancy's ear;
For I was too far off to hear:—

"My friend, whose skilful plastic art
Creates such graces out of stone,
I feel a certain pang at heart
When thou art gone, and I'm alone,
That thou can'st do such things as these,
While I can only stand at ease.

"Mine was a country life, my friend,
Away from art and all its lore,
Until kind Fortune deigned to send
Recruiting Serjeant HENRY MOORE.
He came—I drank—I took his tee,
And am the soldier that you see.

"Yet do not think I speak in spite,
Or envy thee thy well-earned gains,
For that I know would not be right,
(Thanks to our pious chaplain's pains)
And warmly I appreciate
Thy work upon our Sovereign's gate."

He ceased. His artist-friend replied—
Fancy, once more, the short-writer—
"Soldier, thou speakest, by my side,
Words would do honour to a mitre,
And I am proud to hear thy lip
Commend the ornaments I chip.

"Yet do not mourn, thou gallant heart;
Our ways in two directions run—
Thou in grand deeds to bear a part,
I to record them when they're done.
And yet 'tis pleasant, friend, to feel
We're fellow-workers with the Steel.

"And when thy Bagnet, in the flank
Of Russian slaves, has bid them flee,
This humble Chisel, friend, may clank
To bid some marble speak of thee.
And thus, though each in different way,
Are we not colleagues—Brother—say?"

Thus Fancy deemed that at their stations,
The Sculptor and the Soldier talked.
But briefer were their observations
As heard by one who nearer walked.
Soldier. "That blessed wind is Eastly."
Artist. "Confound the day—it's Beastly."

THE CONVERSATION OF FLOWERS.

Do flowers converse? Yes, certainly; or else what is the meaning of "Flowers of Speech?" Besides, we have a standing proof of the conversation of a flower in its (s)talk.



WHEN COALS ARE SO DEAR, IT BEHOVES EVERY FAMILY MAN TO SEE THAT HE GETS THE PROPER NUMBER OF SACKS FOR HIS MONEY. PATERFAMILIAS DOES HIS DUTY LIKE A MAN, ALTHOUGH THE COALS ARRIVE JUST AT HIS DINNER-TIME, AND THE WEATHER IS RATHER INCLEMENT.

THE INCOME-TAX MADE EASY FOR IRISH PRIESTS.

(To MR. PUNCH.)

"SIR, YER HONNER, "THO I don't pertend to pryde miself on my privat carrieter. I'm punctual and consenshus in the dischargde of my publick dooties—wherein there's a good many of your great pollytickles Swels, I've heerd, rayther like me. I allus pays my Taxis on Principal, more partieler as I gets my own Livin by them as I levvy upon the Commonnaty. Not to mince the matter I'm what you calls a Prigg, unles you prefers the planer and more straitforrad Hanglosaxun igspresshun of Thefe. From that Callin and Hockypashun I drives a Hinkum considerable above anunderd Powns, upon the ole of witch I pays Hinkum Tax regler like a man.

"I admires the Hinkum Tax. It's a tax arter my own art—comin down on a chap with a sort of summons to stand and deliver, and fork out is tin at wunce. So, I takes a sort o delite in payin of it, and if so be as I makes any horror in calculatin the rite Summ, I sends the differens in to the CHANCILER OF THE IGSHECKER hunder the ed of Consience Money. I pade a putty good part of the £4,758 14s. 6d. as was sent to Guvment hunder the same.

"My callin bein agin the lors in coarse can't be Speccifide in my Sheddle, but that don't stand in the way of Acquitting myself of my Hobligashuns to the State. I puts it down—accordin to the advice of a respeckble Solicitor—as 'Unrecognised Industry.'

"Sitch being the Case in Regard to my Hinkum Tax, I can't conceave wot Difficulty that oly and reverent boddy the Roman Cartholick Priestes of Hireland can possibel ave about returnin theirselves for theirs. They calls theirs a illegal Relidgun. So is mine. Nevertheless I renders SEIZER his Doo fair and Honnest. Wy can't they Return their Perfeshun as 'Unrecognised Hindustry' like your Umbel Servant,

"Tode in the Ole, Jan., 1854."

"BARRINGTON SHEPPARD."

"P.S. There's this Differens betwene me and the Priestes besides, that my Hinkum comes hout of the pockets of the Ritch, and theirs hout of the Pittyance of the Pore.

"B. S."

FASHIONABLE VISITING.—The parties care no more about the visit than a duck would, if you were to give it a caul.

A PARODY WITHOUT AN ORIGINAL.

(So far as the writer knows.)

O, HAD I but ALADDIN's lamp,
I'd rub it every day,
And so would save the costly stamp
On bills I seldom pay.
And if I had ALADDIN's lamp,
I'd dress me out so fine,
And folks who now won't see the scamp,
Would ask me home to dine.

Yes, had I but ALADDIN's lamp
(A modest "but," you'll say),
I'd sack my laundress, MISTRESS GAMF,
And keep a JEAMES so gay.
And if I had ALADDIN's lamp,
In better boots I'd go,
For these old things are precious damp,
By reason of the Snow.

Simplicity in High Life.

A DISTINGUISHED Lady, who moves and rides and waltzes in the very highest circles, sent round lately to her French hairdresser (MONSIEUR ISABORE) for "a pot of the best Russian Ultimatum."

THEATRICAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE THEATRE OF WAR. We are enabled to state that the appearance of MR. BULL, so long underlined, will positively take place in a short time. He will appear in the revived drama of *The English Fleet*.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.—"STEELE'S Select Works."

SEASONABLE SLIPPERINESS.

We do not think the slipperiness of the streets could have occurred at any more seasonable period than at Christmas time. Many a person who could scarcely walk—many a respectable person, who was so unsteady in his gait that occasionally he could not help himself from falling down—many a husband, whose disordered dress betrayed how often he had been measuring his length upon the pavement, attributed it entirely to the slipperiness of the streets. The frost could not have occurred more opportunely for such persons, though we think it is rather hard to attribute the slipperiness of their behaviour entirely to the condition of the public thoroughfares. For instance, we have heard of a gentleman who, upon being told by his wife who was sitting up for him in the parlour that he could not walk, excused himself by saying "itsh sho eggstchweemly swipp-swipp-schwipperry, my dear."

GOODS IN GREAT DEMAND.

THE pedlar for whose wares there is most demand must be he who carries the "pack o' nonsense."

PHENOMENON OF TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

AN individual who, from having been a sot, turned teetotaler, has become so sober that he sometimes sees only the halves of objects.

A THOUGHT FISHED UP IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE.—Women's eyes, like shallow fountains, are easily filled, and easily dried up again.

NEXT MORNING HEADACHES.—The shooting pains and penalties for infringing the laws of Nature.

THE SECRET OF RISING IN THE WORLD.—Idleness is like the nightmare—the moment you begin to stir yourself you shake it off.

INSCRIPTION FOR SURGEON'S HALL.—Surgeons are the angels of this world—they are constantly redressing injuries.

"THE DEAR DEPARTED."—Venison.

BACKGAMMON.—An absurd game, which ladies play with a Bonnet.

A COUNTY COURT RHADAMANTHUS.



PEOPLE are all agreed that the man who would lay his hand upon a woman otherwise than in the way of kindness is a villain, and that mal-treatment of the gentler sex ought to be a whipping matter; but we shall also mostly agree that a moderate punishment would have amply satisfied the ends of justice, and the interests of society, in a case of outrage upon a lady describable in the following terms:

"The offence complained of was of the mildest character, TURNER being accused of merely holding up his fists in a threatening manner towards the complainant over the shoulder of a man who stood before her."

Such is the statement of the County Courts'

Chronicle—a paper of which the contents are generally creditable to that Bench whose judgments it records; but which in the present instance relates the fact that the above-mentioned TURNER, for simply flourishing his fists at a MISS BLACKSTONE, behind somebody else, was sentenced by MR. J. B. PARRY, Q.C., the Judge of the Berkshire County Court "to £50 damages with full costs and immediate execution." Why?

"The lady admitted at the trial that she was not even alarmed by the conduct of the defendant."

Everybody will suppose that the reason why damages of so swinging a character were inflicted on TURNER was, that MR. TURNER was a millionaire to whom fifty pounds were as five shillings are to persons in average circumstances. Were the case so it would reflect great credit on the judicial wisdom of MR. J. B. PARRY, Q.C. It would be a practical lesson in the science of fining, and might lead to an improvement in the system which levies the same penalty for the same offence on a drayman and a duke. But no. The defendant is described as

"THOMAS TURNER, a labouring man, with a family of young children, and who is also town-crier."

We are further informed that TURNER's goods were taken under the legal process shortly after the judgment, but were insufficient to pay the costs; and that

"At a subsequent court the Judge, after inquiring into TURNER's means, ordered that the damages and costs should be discharged by monthly instalments of 6s., thus in effect alienating a considerable portion of his weekly earnings for seventeen years prospectively, or subjecting him, in default of payment, to repeated imprisonments during the whole of his future life, a process which, so far from cancelling the debt, would materially increase its amount by the addition of the heavy fees of the court upon every fresh imprisonment. The sum now due from this poor man amounts to £38."

The foregoing facts were stated in a deputation that waited on LORD PALMERSTON with a memorial signed by the leading inhabitants and the clergy of the borough, praying the noble lord for inquiry into MR. PARRY's decision. The MAYOR of WALLINGFORD, who headed the deputation, also called the attention of the HOME SECRETARY to the facts that there was discrepancy in the evidence on which the conviction was based; that TURNER, being unable to pay the first instalment of 6s., increased by costs to £2 1s. 6d., had been committed to Abingdon Gaol for thirty days; and that his family are now dependent for support on the Union funds.

LORD PALMERSTON—who has generally a proper answer for everybody—promised to look into the matter. In the meantime it may be suggested that some power of appeal should exist from County Court judgments, seeing they may possibly be such as JUDGE JEFFERIES might have pronounced, particularly if JUDGE JEFFERIES had been as JUDGE PARRY was—both Judge and Jury. For, unfortunately, the QUEEN's prerogative of mercy does not extend to judgment on civil process; and JEF—that is, PARRY acted strictly within his jurisdiction by mulcting TURNER to the uttermost farthing that he is empowered to impose.

A ROUND OF POLITICAL STORIES BY THE CHRISTMAS FIRESIDE.

A Story about a Statue to PRINCE ALBERT. By the City Corporation.

A Fusionist Story about two Houses. By the COMTE DE CHAMBORD.

A Scotch Grievance Story. By the EARL OF EGLINTOWN.

A Yankee Story about Repudiation. By UNCLE SAM.

A Pretty Little Story about Reform. By LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

A Terrible Story upon the same subject. By BENJAMIN DISRAELI.

A Curious Story about Resignation. By LORD PALMERSTON.

Several Awful Stories about peace, the violation of treaties, the orthodox faith, &c. &c.

By the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

The Old Story about War. By MR. COBDEN.

THREE THINGS THAT ARE ALWAYS FLOURISHING.—A Trumpet, a Schoolmaster, and Punch.

MASQUERADE REGULATIONS.

It appears that the masquerades in Naples, which used to be exceedingly lively, have become proportionably stupid from the authorities having published a long list of things which it is declared unlawful for masqueraders to say to one another. In the belief that, an English masquerade being already the stupidest thing in the world, any official interference must produce the opposite effect, and render such matters more amusing, the Lord Chamberlain announces that henceforth it shall be unlawful for anybody to utter any of the following *faceties*:

1. My eye! what a Guy you look.
2. Your wife's in the boxes.
3. You must have robbed the till to hire that dress.
4. Know you? Everybody knows you.
5. Twig his legs. What drunsticks!
6. Why, you are disguised—in liquor.
7. And you, for once, as a gentleman.
8. Here we all are.
9. Wouldn't you like some beer?
10. I wish you'd fetch some beer.
11. What 'ud you give for some beer?
12. Come out and get some beer.

(Signed) BREADALBANE.
(Countersigned) PUNCH,

but under protest, inasmuch as the above list contains all the wit (except pokes and zoological noises) he ever gathered at an English *bal masque*, and therefore he apprehends that this regulation will silence the gay revellers altogether.

STANZAS FOR THE SENTIMENTAL.

On a Tear which ANGELINA observed Trickling down my Nose at dinner time.

NAY, fond one! I will ne'er reveal
Whence flowed that sudden tear:
The truth 'twere kindness to conceal
From thy too anxious ear.

How often when some hidden spring
Of recollected grief
Is rudely touched, a tear will bring
The bursting breast relief!

Yet 'twas no anguish of the soul,
No memory of woes,
Bade that one lonely tearlet roll
Adown my chiselled nose:

But, ah! interrogation's note
Still twinkles in thine eye;
Know then that I have burnt my throat
With this confounded pie!

Why be Ill?

THIS question has been put to the world by DR. FORBES WINSLOW in the last number of his journal, and from the answer he gives to it, we learn the fact that many of us are ill simply because we are ill-disposed; or, in other words, that any one who wishes to make himself an invalid, finds a valid excuse for doing so. The doctor quotes BURTON, who talks of a priest that "could separate himself from his senses when he list," an achievement not very uncommon among the priesthood of the present day, for we find many of the clerical profession who take leave of their senses with the utmost ease, as the Reverend Table-talkers can testify.

TEETOTAL DEFINITION.

A SPIRIT LEVEL.—Drink, that lowers man to the level of the beast.



"WANT YOUR DOOR DONE, MUM?"

MORE EFFECTS OF THE SNOW-STORM

(From our Own Penny-a-Liner.)

WE have several important additions to make to the list of casualties and inconveniences occasioned by the great snow-storm.

THE EARL OF ABERDEEN was about to take some steps in the right direction, but, from the slippery state of the streets, his lordship was compelled to stay at home, and content himself with writing a kind note to the Russian Embassy.

MR. COBDEN, MR. BRIGHT, and the other leading peacemongers, were about to convene a meeting, at which they intended to pledge themselves to attempt, in the case of Turkey and Russia, the "arbitration" and "pacific interference" which they have advocated in so many tons of tracts. But the snow rendered it impossible for them to show that their advocacy had ever been in earnest.

LORD GUILDFORD intended to have paid into Court several thousand pounds of income improperly received by himself, but the snow was so thick that his lordship's carriage could not get to his banker's.

The General Post Office designed to have delivered the morning post letters in the City at least five minutes before the evening mails went out, but this time the snow afforded a really good excuse for a delay which is now habitual.

MR. FITZGERALD FITZMONTAGUE FITZHARRINGTON was going, as he had promised, to his tailor's, to pay a portion of the bill which has been running for three years, but the snow hindered him from walking and there were no cabs to be had; so, much to his annoyance, he was obliged to abstain from going, and to spend the money in giving a little square dinner at LIMMER'S. He has been so much affected by the circumstance that he has been unable to see the tailor since.

The Nelson Column people had fully made up their minds to go to Charing Cross and have another look at the vacant face of the pedestal, and consider whether some of these days something might not be done towards seeing about the suggesting the completion of the work, but the snow caused the postponement of these active measures until next year.

The Gas Directors actually did meet, and agree that it would be a very sad thing if they had to cut off the gas and leave London in total darkness. And then they went home, the snow, we suppose, preventing the Directors from directing that a large bright oil lamp should be provided for each gas-post, so that we might be at least no worse off than our fathers.

MR. FREDERICK BLOBS, of Camberwell, had proposed to take his wife and children to see a pantomime, but on account of the snow he was compelled to leave them at home and go by himself, the state of the streets also sending him round by a certain tavern near the Haymarket, and preventing his getting to Camberwell until four in the morning.

A CHAUNT BY A QUIET FAMILY.

AIR—"Ye Spotted Snakes."

YE cornets shrill, with double tongue,
Growling serpents, hence retreat:
Flutes and fiddles, old and young,
Come not near our quiet street.

Chorus.

Tipsy swell, from tavern "Free
And Easy," cease Lulliete:
Lulli—lulli—lulli—ete!
Never horn, nor harp, till morn
Come to Pop the Weasel nigh:
So may we not sleepless lie.

Droning bagpipes, squeal not here;
Hence, ye long-linked trombones, hence.
Ophicleides, split not our ear;
Clarionettes, do no offence.
Tipsy swell, &c.

Parsons on the Ice.

AMONG the skaters in the parks last week were several Reverend Gentlemen, who distinguished themselves by the ease and grace of their movements. A few of them made some very awkward slips, and there were several whose backsliding was so perfect, as to be evidently quite natural.

GOOD NEWS FOR ALDERMEN.

THE longevity of the ass has been recently put beyond all doubt by observations of the zoologists.

OUR WASTE-PAPER BASKET.

(Supported by Involuntary Contributions.)

MEN make their chief sacrifices to Love before they marry; women (poor creatures!) after.

Night-dreams are the many-coloured mental patch-work made from the spare clippings of our day-thoughts.

Little children are the lilies-of-the-valley of life.

A title is frequently nothing more than the crest stamped on a silver spoon.

The most solemn duties are generally the most readily undertaken. How many a man would, with pleasure, be your second in a duel, or stand godfather to your child, yet would strongly object to the loan of a five-pound note!

The "lines of life" that a woman cares most to see in her hands are the marriage lines.

Fast men, like fast rivers, are generally the shallowest.

Good intentions, like the waxen wings of Icarus, melt with the morning sun.

A hasty marriage too frequently turns out a mourning suit that's run up in four-and-twenty hours.

Candid truths, like candied fruit, are all the better for having the stones picked out of them.

A Valentine is the first letter which a young girl learns in the Alphabet of Love.

Poor relations, that have been flung aside, often turn up and prove of value when least expected—like bank-notes that have been found, before now, in a waste-paper basket.

UNSEASONABLE DISCUSSION

A PAINFUL discussion has lately been going on in the newspapers. We allude to the Kilt controversy. The bare allusion—as we will venture to say—is calculated under existing circumstances to inflict pain on any mind of common sensibility. With the thermometer at zero, the snow on the ground, the sea-gulls up inland, the skaters on the Serpentine, and the Thames nearly frozen over, the very mention of a kilt is enough to give anybody a cold. How could the cruel Scotchmen think of raising such a question in this bitter weather! The debate, indeed, in the dog-days, would have been agreeably cooling and refreshing, and it ought in mercy to have been adjourned to this time six months.

THE GIFT OF WORDS.—"Bless you, my children."—*The Christmas-box of a Rich Father.*

THE RUSSIAN LOCHINVAR.



HE big-booted Czar had his eye on the East,
For treaties and truces he cares not the least,
And save his good pleasure he conscience hath none,
He talks like the Vandal and acts like the Hun.
So faithless in peace, and so ruthless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of King like the big-booted Czar?

He stayed not for speech, but, with sabre and gun,
He rushed into Turkey, though cause there was none;
But when he got near to the old Iron Gate,
He found certain reasons which urged him to wait.
For down by the Danube stood OMAR PASHA,
Prepared to encounter our big-booted Czar.

So he drew up his legions—serf, vassal, and thrall,
His footmen, and horsemen, and cannons, and all,
Then out spake bold OMAR, his hand on his sword,
In an attitude fitting an Ottoman Lord,
“O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to see ST. SOPHIA, you big-booted Czar?”

“I’ve long asked your homage, my suit you denied,
And my holy religion you’ve scorned and decried,
So now I’ve come down with this army of mine,
The rights and the wrongs of the case to define,
And you have not a chance, for the Mussulman star
Must pale when it looks on the flag of the Czar.”

He flung down his challenge, the Turk took it up,
(Remarking on slips ’twixt the lip and the cup)
And deigned to his logic the briefest reply,
“That the claim was unjust, and its proof was a lie,”
And he brought up some thousands of swords as a bar
To further advance by the big-booted Czar.

So before Oltenitza the battle took place,
And the Russian thought proper to right about face,
For the guns of Stamboul had a menacing boom,
And a bombshell sent flying the DANNENBURG plume,
And the Cossacks all grumbled, “’T were better by far,
To eat tallow at home than dine out with the Czar.”

One hint would not do, nor one word in his ear.
The despot commands, and his men persevere—
So again to the breezes their standards are flung,
And Kalafat echoes the war-trumpet tongue,
And the Ottoman, charging, has scattered afar
The ill-fated troops of the big-booted Czar.

There was wild disarray in the rear and the van,
The Moslem they rode, and the Cossacks they ran.
There was racing and chasing—’twas pleasing to see
The Russ as well beat as a Russian can be.
May this, and much worse, be all fortune of war
That awaits the old pirate, the big-booted Czar.

THE ORTHODOXOMETER OR THEOLOGOSCOPE.

“ENLIGHTENED PUNCH,

Clapham Athenæum.

“You, and all who share your benevolent disposition, will be delighted to learn that I have discovered a very simple but effectual contrivance for the settlement of all religious disputes now pending, or hereafter to be raised. A clergyman in this neighbourhood (whose name I suppress, out of consideration for his modesty, and at his own urgent request), having discovered that the rotation of tables which has attracted so much attention lately is entirely produced by a diabolical possession of the said tables, and having further ascertained that they are quite unable to revolve if any pious book be laid upon them, though its bulk be ever so trifling; but that they will curvet, caracole, and oscillate under any weight of profane or heterodox literature, first

furnished me with the idea of the Orthodoxometer or Theologoscope. My method of using the instrument is very simple. I take a table of any wood (though the Dodonese oak is best suited to the purpose) and either of homely or fashionable make, for one great merit of the invention is that, as one table is quite as fully possessed as another, the Orthodoxometer is within the reach of the highest and the lowest in the land, of the Speaker of the House of Commons, and of the meanest professor of the pea and thimble. Having placed on my table the book, or books, whose orthodoxy or moral fitness is called in question, I cause a number of practised table-movers to place themselves *en rapport* with the table, in the usual fashion, and I invariably find that the number and rapidity of the oscillations, or revolutions, is in a direct ratio to the amount of objectionable matter contained in the books. I have thrown the results of my last experiment into a tabular form, as being the one best suited to the subject, and I now submit them:—

Books Subjected to Test.	Bulk of Books.	Condition of Table.
BUTLER'S Analogy	Small Octavo	Stationary.
PALEY'S Evidences	Do. do.	Same result.
BENNETT'S Sermons	Large do.	1 Revolution per minute.
BISHOP OF EXETER'S Pastoral Letters	Do. do.	10 Do. per do.
DR. MAC HALE'S Do. Do. . . .	Do. Quarto	100 Do. per do.
MR. NEWMAN'S Orations	Do. do.	Oscillations furious.
The Complete Works of DENIS and LIGUORI	3 vols. in Folio	Revolutions too rapid for computation.

“Having ascertained the correctness of these data by repeated experiments, I caused the *Acta Sanctorum*, in one hundred folio volumes, kindly lent to me by MR. PANIZZI, to be brought up from the van in which they had travelled from the British Museum, and piled upon the table. The consequences were fearful. No sooner were the operators *en rapport* with the table, than the whole mass, after moving round for some minutes with a gradually increasing rapidity, broke into a series of the most violent bounds and plunges, stretched four of the operators on the floor, and finally floundered through a party-wall into the next house, to the infinite alarm of the occupant, an old lady, who was in the quiet enjoyment of her tea, and *Bell's Weekly Messenger*. This last decisive experiment will convince you of the great merit of a discovery which will unquestionably put an end to much heart-burning and strife, since rival theologians need hereafter do no more than submit their works to the critical opinion of the writing table on which they have committed them to paper, instead of waiting for the equally certain but more remote verdict of posterity. In proof of the extreme accuracy and delicacy of my table's perceptions, I may state, that when the first edition of ‘DREINCOURT on Death’ was placed on it, it preserved its wonted tranquillity, but that, under the second edition, which contains DEFOE's lying account of MRS. VEAL's apparition, it gambolled in a playful and quite jocular way. Its sense of propriety is also very nice, for when a single number of *Punch* was placed on it, our united volitions could not move it; but it revolved rapidly under some cwt. of the daily and weekly papers, until we had cut out some trials and a quantity of advertisements, when it appeared satisfied and became stationary. I am having a large table constructed, to be ready against the May Meetings, in order that the speakers may use it as a rostrum. It will be of great strength, so that the heaviest speakers need be under no apprehension, and I confidently hope that it will be an unspeakable comfort to the orator and his audience, since, so long as it is stationary, the one will know that he is uttering, and the others will be sure that they are hearing, nothing objectionable. Should my invention come into general use, MR. DRUMMOND has promised to carry a Bill through Parliament, providing that no Orthodoxometer or Theologoscope shall ever be seized or distrained upon for rent, taxes, or other debts. We may reasonably hope that persons connected with the church will not attempt to seize these instruments in lieu of tithes or church rates, because such a seizure would either lay them open to the charge of burking a witness against their teaching, or would be a stifling of testimony favourable to themselves. I shall be very happy to show you or any friends my mode of operating, or to test any books of whose fitness you may entertain a doubt, and

“I am, respected *Punch*,

“Your admiring and obedient Servant,

“EUSEBIUS HUMM.”

The Prophetic Guide.

Two clerical gentlemen have been carrying on an amicable discussion, in the columns of a serious contemporary, as to the interpretation of the biblical predictions concerning Babylon and the Euphrates. These worthy individuals may be allowed to settle affairs of this kind in their own way; but, in so doing, they will act wisely by attending to the proverb that suggests an analogy between future events and chickens in the shell.

CANNON BALL-ROOM MUSIC.

WHAT a knack have the composers of fashionable dance-music of turning all things "to favour and to prettiness!" The attention of our readers may have been arrested by a lithograph in the music-shop windows, representing a cannon with the Russian standard leaning against it on one side, and the Turkish on the other, crossed saltier-wise; a pyramid of round shot underneath it, and in the back-ground smoke, amid which cavalry are skirmishing. This pretty picture constitutes the exterior of a musical publication, denominated the "War Galop." We have not, so far as we know, had the advantage of hearing this composition, and therefore we cannot say that it has not a high purpose. Perhaps it is calculated to excite reflection whilst it inspires gaiety, and to appeal to the heart as well as to move the heels.

"Amid the joy and the uproar" of the ball-room, it may tend to awaken pity and compassion for the sufferers by shot, shell, sabre, lance, and the other implements of destruction by which the ENEMY OF MAN and the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA are permitted to wreak their malice on the human race. Chords and movements, imitative of the groans of the wounded and dying, peradventure mingle with the lighter measure, which is tripped in the blaze of drawing-room glory by elegantly dressed persons of both sexes.

The "War Galop," possibly, illustrates the real thing so called, and spelt with two I's, as actually performed on the field of battle over the backs and stomachs and fractured limbs and faces of unfortunate crippled soldiers. It may serve to warn young ladies what frail things are the limbs and features of handsome officers, polk they never so charmingly. If so, let due credit be given to the composer of the "War Galop:" one D'ALBERT—or ALBERT—and we hope ALBERT will limit himself to the inoffensive means of music in advocating a peace-policy.



It's a Way they have in the City.

AT one of the Mansion House dinners lately, after loud cries had been raised for the carriages of the different Lords and Bishops, and equally loud responses had been given when their turn came to obstruct the thoroughfare, a young man amused himself by bawling out, at the top of his voice, "TEMPLE BAR IN FLEET STREET STOPS THE WAY!"

NAKED SIMPLICITY.

A "TRUE HIGHLANDER" writes to express his indignant surprise that any possible objection can be taken to the Highland costume, as affording insufficient winter clothing. He "wad like to see the chiel," he says, "wha'd show him a warmer covering than bare skin."

GOOD INTENTIONS.—Good intentions, like the waxen wings of Icarus, melt with the morning sun.

THE DOMESTIC REFORMER;
OR, HOW MR. PATERFAMILIAS MADE HOME HAPPY.

SCENE 3.—MR. PATERFAMILIAS *has the Gas in.*

Time—After Breakfast.

Mrs. P. (laying down the newspaper). Coals up again; forty-three shillings a ton! It's awful! And our winter stock not laid in yet.

Mr. P. That's lucky.

Mrs. P. Lucky, my dear?

Mr. P. Yes; because I have determined on dispensing with coals altogether.

Mrs. P. Do without coals, Mr. P.? Why you might just as well think of doing without candles.

Mr. P. I trust very soon to be able to abolish in my house that most costly and unscientific mode of illumination, *Mrs. P.*

Mrs. P. Good gracious! Well, it's bad enough to be without a cheerful coal-fire; but if we're to live in the dark, one might as well be an Esquimaux at once.

Mr. P. Why will you always rush to conclusions, *Mrs. P.*, in that most illogical manner? I say, I trust to be able to dispense with coals and candles, not with light and heat. On the contrary, both are most essential to the healthy development of the human animal.

Mrs. P. Well, my dear, I'm sure I could never get on without them, suffering from cold feet as I do.

Mr. P. My intention, *Mrs. P.*, is to have gas laid all over the house. *Mrs. P.* Oh, my dear, you know what happened at the SIMKISSes, when they had it. Pray do consider—

Mr. P. My determination is the result of much and anxious consideration, *Mrs. P.*

Mrs. P. You know it got into their store-closet and blew up the boy. And then there's DR. LETHBY'S evidence—he's a scientific man, you know. It was in the *Times* last week all about the ammonia getting into the ground, and causing dreadful smells, and oil of vitriol destroying French polish, and books, and I don't know all what—

Mr. P. I have no doubt DR. LETHBY'S conclusions are sound. He is a man I much respect. We owe to him the detection of many of the poisons which we habitually eat, and drink, and breathe. But I intend my gas to be purified. MR. BELLOWs has invented an admirable apparatus for the purpose.

Mrs. P. Oh, but remember his ventilating contrivance, my dear—what a nuisance that turned out—and the expense too.

Mr. P. (waving his hand dictatorially.) Enough, *Mrs. P.* Expense is no argument with me, when there is a sound principle to be asserted and an example to be set to my fellow-men. (*Looking out of the window.*) Here's the gas-fitter with the estimate I asked for.

Enter SPRAGGS.

Spraggs. Please, Sir, here's MR. SOCKET.

Enter MR. SOCKET, hat in hand.

Mr. P. (who is an excellent customer). Ah, SOCKET. Take a chair. You've brought your estimate?

Socket. Good morning, Mum. Yes, Sir—that is, a rough eye estimate, you know, Sir, and I think we can make a good job of it, Sir.

Mrs. P. But the expense, MR. SOCKET?

Socket. Oh, bless you, Mum—nothing to speak of—nothing.

Mrs. P. Yes, but how much?

Socket (reluctantly). There'll be the pipe from the main down the front garden for the 'all lamp, say forty-two foot half-inch iron-welded tubing at sixpence, and there'll be the 'all lamp—that's according to fancy, you know. Then the double-cone burner and moon-holder—I put 'em in at five shillings, though there's many charges five-and-six; and, let's see, you've twelve rooms including dining and drawin'-rooms—then's centre chandeliers in course—suppose we reckon twenty-four argun, at from 3s. to 3s. 6d.; and you'll want—let's see—say 300 feet half-inch zinc tubing, at 7d., and the bends and springs, diminishers, caps and plugs, brass-cocks, minor joints and linings, and the brackets for the staircases and kitching—Oh, they'll not 'urt you, Mum.

Mrs. P. Yes, but how much altogether, about?

Socket (driven to a total). Oh, bless you, Mum—speaking by rule of thumb—about a matter of £30 or £35, I dare say, more or less, that is, done at my prices. There's some fitters would make a job of you, but that's not JOHN SOCKET'S plan, as you know, Sir.

Mrs. P. (overwhelmed by the total). £30 or £35!

Mr. P. But think of the saving! Perhaps you are not aware, *Mrs. P.*, that a valuable little practical work, "Hints to Gas Consumers," makes out that "five cubic feet of purified coal-gas, consumed in a 15 hole argand burner, yields a light equal to 15 candles during one hour, and its cost is six-tenths of a penny!"

Mrs. P. (who does not believe in figures). Well, but we never burn twelve candles, my dear—not at once.

Mr. P. The little treatise proceeds to show, that the light from a pound of candles costs 7d.; an equal quantity of light from sperm oil costs 11d.; an equal quantity of light from whale oil costs 5d., and an equal quantity of light from gas costs 2d. 2d. Mrs. P., against 7d. Don't talk to me about the first cost of introducing into my house so vast a saving as this!

Mrs. P. (driven from her financial ground, in which she is as weak in arithmetic as strong in conviction). But the smell, my dear?

Mr. P. Pshaw, Mrs. P., mere prejudice. As the little treatise remarks:—"The odour of coal gas is a most valuable quality; its presence, in an unburnt state, being thereby infallibly indicated, and a fair warning given, that either by accident, mistake, or carelessness, something is going wrong."

Mrs. P. (bitterly). Oh, I dare say we shall know that soon enough.

Mr. P. (to SOCKET). Well, SOCKET, I think you had better set about it to-morrow; and if you'll come into the kitchen, SOCKET, we'll just consider about how it can best be laid on for cooking—(to Mrs. P.)—instead of the range, my dear—an enormous saving, and a source of heat over which one may exercise perfect control. Come, SOCKET. [Exit Mr. P. with SOCKET.]

Mrs. P. In the kitchen, too! and instead of the range. Oh, what ever will cook say!

SCENE changes.—The Kitchen.

MRS. FIERY-FACIAS discovered in a high state of inflammation, and in the solitary exercise of her mysterious functions. To her Mr. P. and SOCKET. MRS. FIERY-FACIAS looks upon the intruders with angry dignity, pauses in her work, and folds her arms under her apron.

Mr. P. (blandly). Do not let us interrupt you, Cook. We shan't be a minute.

Mrs. F. Oh, as long as you please, Sir, in course. My work can wait—which I know my place—leastways I ope so.

[MR. SOCKET proceeds to make mysterious eye-calculations in different places; at last he approaches the range.]

Mrs. F. Now, young man, I'll thank you to leave my range alone, if you please.

Mr. P. MR. SOCKET merely wishes to take the measure for the gas stove, Cook. (To SOCKET.) I think it had better be placed to one side of the fireplace—there'll be more light.

Socket. Well, yes, Sir, I think it had. In course you'll have the range took out.

Mr. P. Yes, and the fireplace bricked up, as we shan't want it.

Mrs. F. (who has been gazing from one to the other—in a state of condensed emotion too strong for words—breaking out with intense civility). I beg your parding, Sir, might I pass a remark?

Mr. P. Certainly, Cook.

Mrs. F. Which the young man mentioned taking out my range.

Mr. P. Yes. You see, as I'm having the gas in, I am determined to embrace an opportunity of setting up one of the new patent gas-cooking apparatuses.

Mrs. F. I beg your parding—gas what—if I might make so bold?

Mr. P. (affably, but rather alarmed). Gas-cooking apparatuses—you know—in which every culinary operation is carried on with the utmost economy and comfort—no scorching hot fires—no danger of setting yourself on fire, Cook—no waste of coals—no.

Mrs. F. (struggling with herself). I'm obliged to you, Sir, I'm sure; but I ope I've not lived professed cook in families of distinction now this eighteen year come Martinmas, and the best o' characters from all my last places, to 'ave to dress a dinner at a nasty, stinking, singing, busting gas-pipe, at my time o' life! No (rising into sublimity), Mr. P.! no, never!—not if I was to be roasted to a cinder afore that identical range; wick just you keep your 'and off—is it your fire? No, never! that I can assure you, Mr. P.—wick you know if I've giv satisfaction or not; but if my range goes I goes. (Mr. P. attempts in vain to speak.) So don't think it, a-comin' here—(her grief begins to wrestle with rage)—measurin' and pryin'. No, Sir! and—(here grief gets the upper hand)—turnin' things upside down—wich I wish you may never live to repent it, you and your accomplices—(with a bitter glance at poor SOCKET)—when you're all poisoned, down to that blessed boy NEWTON, that I made caudle for his poor dear mother—which I'm sure she don't approve no such goings on—(sobbing bitterly). Apparatuses, indeed! but go I will; and I give you warning then and there, Sir! and you ought to be ashamed of yourself; and you may search my boxes—(throws herself into a chair, and begins drumming with her heels).

Mr. P. Confound it! Cook—here—Cook—don't be a fool, woman. Socket (sententiously). It's wonderful how they sets their faces agin' gas generally, does the cooks.

[Cook's drummings become more violent. Housemaid rushes in in consternation. Mr. P. looks conscience-stricken, SOCKET alarmed. Scene closes.]

Enter Mrs. P.

Mrs. P. Oh! Mr. P., I knew how cook would take it! (The results in our next.)

LONDONDERRY AND LINDLEY MURRAY.



URELY LORD CHESTERFIELD is not the only nobleman whose name will go down to posterity at the foot of his letters. There is another noble Lord whose epistles to his tenants are as remarkable as those which the first named Peer addressed to his son. Here is one of them: but such is its profundity that it must be analyzed in order to be understood, and requires to be presented to the intellect by pieces at a time:—

"The MARQUIS OF LONDONDERRY, on leaving Ireland for the present, is grateful to be able to announce to his tenantry the pleasure he receives from the reports of the office."

What office? A Government Office? A Police Office? A Lawyer's Office? The Office of the MARQUIS OF LONDONDERRY,

is that the Office? and does the noble Lord keep an office? and if so, how many clerks does he keep, and at what salaries? However, from the report of the office, whatever it is, concerning his tenantry, he has learned

"That they are reducing, by every effort, the large amount of arrears on the estate."

What estate? Perhaps that was specified in the original document; in the copy of it which we quote, the only estate mentioned is Ireland at large, on leaving which country LORD LONDONDERRY says that he is grateful—meaning, perhaps, gratified—to be able to announce to his tenantry the pleasure he receives from the reports of an indefinite office, that they are reducing the large amount of arrears on this estate. LORD LONDONDERRY, at this rate, beats LORD BATEMAN. Half of the single county of Northumberland only formed the estate of that noble Lord, but the whole of Ireland appears to belong to LORD LONDONDERRY. Be this as it may:—

"He believes, and hopes, his last counsel to them has neither been impolitic on his part, nor injudicious to the interests—"

"To" for "in respect to"—we presume—the interests

"Of the farmers on that very large and improving property."

Ireland, happily, has at length become an improving property, and it certainly is a very large one. It surely must be the estate which the noble Marquis alludes to. Did any one ever know that he was so extensive a proprietor? He proceeds to say—addressing the tenantry of Ireland—

"And he again calls upon them by every sense of honesty and duty, and that happy bond of loyal attachment and affection so long established and prevailing between his family and themselves, to persevere and continue to struggle and liquidate their rents due and their just and long standing obligations to him; and he assures them now that when their conduct is directed and restored to a proper reliance on their landlord, instead of being misled and deceived by others, they may entirely rely on an oblivion of the past, and a return of that indulgence, consideration, and paternal interest he has always been most anxious, as their friend and counsellor, to show them."

"December 17."

"VANE LONDONDERRY."

The pathos of the conjuration of his tenantry, "by every sense," &c., "to persevere and continue to struggle," &c., is exquisite, and there is great art in that employment of the appropriate language of distraction which immediately follows, and which represents their conduct as directed and restored to a proper reliance on their landlord, instead of being misled and deceived by others. In the same fine strain of bewildered emotion he assures them that they may rely on an oblivion of the past, whereas he has before mentioned a happy bond of loyal attachment and affection as having long prevailed between his family and themselves, and proceeds to promise a return of that indulgence, &c., which he has always been most anxious to show them, and of which the return would seem to be the return of the past rather than its oblivion.

If the MARQUIS OF LONDONDERRY is of a truth the landlord of all Ireland, he has indeed land and beeves. Overstocked with the latter, he disposes of his bulls in his letters.

A CONUNDRUM RUNNING ABOUT FLEET STREET.—Why is Temple Bar like a lady's veil? Because it must be removed to make way for the 'busses.

MOTTO FOR THE MINISTERS.—"Fortiter occupa Portum." Applied—Stick to the Porte.



SOMETHING THE MATTER WITH THE KITCHEN BOILER.

(Affectionately Dedicated to PATERFAMILIAS, whoever he may be.)

AN AUTOCRAT CARVED IN EBONY.

PLUTARCH—had he been now extant—might have been supplied by PRESIDENT ROBERTS, of Liberia, with a good case for a parallel. The following statement, respecting a neighbouring sable potentate, was made by the dark President in a Message to his ebony senate and sooty House of Representatives. Having related that the ruler in question, by name GEORGE CANE, had failed in his promises, invaded a contiguous territory, and was meditating mischief, he said—

"With GEORGE CANE war seems to be a ruling passion. No persuasion, I fear, will restrain him from shedding the blood of his defenceless brethren. But that he must be checked, gentlemen, is certain. Common safety requires it—justice and humanity demand it—and these claims are not to be resisted. If, therefore, it shall be established that GEORGE CANE is still carrying on his predatory wars, some measure should be speedily adopted to restrain him."

Every word that PRESIDENT ROBERTS uttered respecting GEORGE CANE is equally applicable to another chief of savages more numerous, and of a different complexion from GEORGE CANE'S. One chief, to be sure, is black, and the other is white; but if the former has a black skin, the latter has a blacker heart, and is a worse blackguard. It may be surmised that GEORGE CANE is a nickname, indicating that the monarch so called is accustomed to beat his subjects, precisely as his Imperial fellow might be denominated NICHOLAS KNOT.

It is much to be wished that LORD ABERDEEN had, some time since, spoken out as much to the purpose about NICHOLAS KNOT as PRESIDENT ROBERTS spoke concerning GEORGE CANE.

Rhymes for Infant Senators.

RIDE a cock-horse to Westminster Cross,
To see my LORD ABERDEEN ride the high horse,
For the Parliament meets on the Thirty-first,
And then some bubbles are going to burst.

WHEN will the Registrar of the Prerogative Court of Canterbury give up his sinecure?—When he is no Mo(o)RE.

HARD LINES FOR LOVERS.

A KINDLY person writing to the *Times*, under the signature of BALM OF GILEAD, on the subject of cipher advertisements, suggests the following as a method by which lovers who correspond by means of them may secure the secrecy of their correspondence:—

"If the affectionate pair will get two copies of some particular English dictionary (or what is better, the pages and words in each page) in some arbitrary way (as by beginning in the middle, &c.), and, adopting signs for the varieties of inflection, use the numbers for the words, they may publish their turtle doveries in perfect safety, as no calculation of alphabetical chances could avail against them."

Love sometimes sharpens the intellectual faculties, and may therefore, in certain cases, enable its victims to understand the foregoing complicated directions. But more generally the tender passion disturbs the mind; and it is doubtful whether many young persons, actuated by sincere mutual affection, would be able to make either head or tail of them.

Fun in a Fossil.

THE world of scientific gastronomy will learn with interest that Professors OWEN and FORBES, with a party of other gentlemen, numbering altogether 21, had an exceedingly good dinner, the other day, in the interior of the Iguanodon modelled at the Crystal Palace at Sydenham. We congratulate the company on the era in which they live; for if it had been an early geological period, they might perhaps have occupied the Iguanodon's inside without having any dinner there.

The Fog in the Theatres.

THERE were very scanty audiences at the Princess's on both nights of the Fog. The Fog was so intense at one time that you could hardly distinguish MR. CHARLES KEAN from one of the supernumeraries. We have not the slightest doubt that, if this fact could have been previously known, the Theatre on both nights would have been crowded to the ceiling.



DOUGHTN'T THE TURK TO BE MUCH OBLIGED TO HIS KIND FRIENDS (?) FOR THEIR
PROMPT AND GENEROUS ASSISTANCE.

JANUARY 21, 1864.]

GREAT FALL OF CHRISTMAS BILLS



A MOST frightful fall, one of the greatest that has been known for many years, visited the Metropolis and other parts of the country, on the first of the present month, and continued throughout the week with more or less severity. The fall was composed of an almost incessant shower of Christmas Bills, which continued to pour into almost every house in every thoroughfare. The bills that fell in some places were so extremely heavy and numerous, as to form almost an avalanche, and preclude all hope of liquidation under a very lengthened period. In some instances the bills fell with such rapidity, as to keep the door almost constantly open, and it was quite unsafe for the inmate to

venture to the door, lest the bills—some of which were of tremendous size—should be thrown into his face with an alarming impetus. The only hope of meeting the overwhelming force of the bills was by an endeavour to raise the wind inside the house; but this attempt was successful in only a very few instances. So penetrating was the fall that the bills found their way through the letter-boxes, down the areas, and even under the doors, when the inmates, knowing what to expect, had kept the doors of their houses closed against the approaching enemy. We heard of several instances in which persons were found completely over head and ears, from the quantity of bills that had come in upon them. In some cases the inundation was so extensive that the parties were unable to leave their abodes, in consequence of the thoroughfares in the neighbourhood of their houses being rendered impassable by the bills that poured in from them.

We have heard it rumoured that, should the inconvenience continue, it is the intention of a number of benevolent gentlemen to form themselves into a society for clearing off the bills of those who, though they cannot be said to be "snowed up," are, undoubtedly, "hard up," owing to the position in which they are placed by the cause to which we have alluded. The activity shown by the boys in offering their services to clear away the snow might be imitated with advantage by the affluent, who would present a most pleasing spectacle, if they could be seen going round with purses, instead of brooms, in their hands, and addressing the inquiry, "Want your bills cleared?" to the poor unhappy victims of the Christmas inundation.

We have heard of some parts of the world in which the "falling dew" has had a fearful effect on the inhabitants; but we never witnessed anything to equal the effect of the "falling dew" of the Christmas bills, in throwing a damp on the spirits at the season of festivity.

MRS. JANE GIMLET ON THE FESTIVITIES OF THE SEASON.

"Yeast Lane, Grinnidge, Sixth of Jenuaryhatingfiftyfore."

"ONNERD SUB,

"In coorse it didnt ort to be ekspekted that an ooman as ave live eooke at fiftene puns wage, and ave Missus RUNDLE at her fingurs hendz, shoud hide her talons from the world, and consekwently at this festif seeson wen hevery yun is a givin of routes or swarry newseyals or petty soopys wich is the Frenshe for wite soop an game an hentrays, or taydansangs wich means week kneegus an makyrouns, or conwersatchyons, wich air a big word but dont mean much for its only tee an koffee and miksd biskits an such like weksations of an ungary sperrit—at this festif seeson I sumtimes rewisits the spere to wich I were wuns akustumd and hastonishes Missusses with my long heksperiense an my short crust-ses. An so tother day wen REVEREND

SLOCUM SMITH's heldest dorter wich is now Missus POPKINS (an ave married a gentelman in the Bank of Hengland or the Funs or the nasshynal dett or sum of them publik institushuns) felt called upon to giv a party, wich in coorse the world expek it of her as i heard her say, it were but natteral she shoold send for me to elp her kooke secin as her digesting ad bin famylier with my pastry from a child, and many was the gingerbread nut I'd made with a littel fizzik in it for her wen she were a littel thing not hier than the kitshen dreser. So in coorse bein summonsed I went to her ouse herly on the day wen the party was to be, wich was a month ago cum neks Tooseday fortnite, and lor! the pukker an the trubel she were in to gratify the world's hekspektashuns were a warning to all as thinks they cant ave enuf of satiety. I ses nuthin of takin hup the carpet in the drorrin room an scrubbin of the flore, an a charking of crowns an liops an hunikorns an reaths an trew luvvers knottes hall hover it, wich Mr. POPKINS he got a krook in his bak by gettin hup at siks in the mornin to du it afore he went to towne, an a stoopin' so long on a hempety stummie, an I ses nothin of caryin hall the funitur of that rume 'ceptin' the pianner up into the hatik wich it were orful to see how it skratshed the paper hof the walls in the narrer passidges and got itself miksd up with the banysturs an gammed up in the landins, an woodent go round korners no ow, an i ses nothin about takin down the bedds in too huther rumes, an arrandging wun for tea an clokas, and the huther for cards an tatytates, an kuverin the children's bedds with chintses to make them looke like setees an sofees, an reethin of the stares an the shandy leers and the picturs with hevergrenes, and settin out the route setees, an a lot more. I ses nuthin of all this, bekorse its only ouse-mades wurk, an ow Missus POPKINS could go and busy herself about it, an a flyin in an out an hup an down with a dustur in one and an a fether brush in the hother, wen the supper must ave been a lyn evy on her, passes my weke hunderstandin. In coorse it wood ave bin much better for er to ave sat down quiet and wipped the cremes all day, insted of lettin little SOPHEE (her heldest) do it, wich the child made herself uncommon hill by tastin hevery five minnits as the natur of childering is. An lor! she mite ave helped me in a many more things than she did, for she honely spun sum shugur an bete up about fitef heggs, an made a pound cake, and blanshed sum harmonds to make a edgeog, an buttered my moldes an pattepanes, an cut the paste in strips for the hopen tartes, an washed all the plate an chinee an glas, an cut hartificial flours hout of turnips, an dekkyrated the dishes, an rubbed arf a duzin lemons with shugur for the punch, an rote a plan of the supper tabul showin were we wos to put the dishus, and copyed a lot of motters out of potry bookes on to bits hof colured papur, an ropped barlyshugur kises up in em, an a few more trifuls not wurth namin; an of coorse she ort to ave staid with me hinsted of going an washin the children's eds, an doin of the gurls' airs, an hironin hout their froks an sashes, and gettin up of MASTER TOMEE his best tunik (wich he had spoilt it wuns by pullin of the rasbery cremes on to hit as it wos a hairing), an settin hout the kandels, and sortin the kards, an rubbin of a lot of kid gloves with bred, and puttin buttons on Mr. POPKINS his shirt, an starching his ruffels, an a takin up a fray in his silk weskit, and cleenin his shiny boots with creme, an a lot more littel hods and hens of no consekwens; but then she is but yung an a poore delikit creature, and young missuses seldom nose were to gif there eye, and were not, and is soon nokked up with doin of nuthink. An by an by down cums Mr. POPKINS from Lundun with the hisetur pattees from PUSSETS, leastaways with the houtsides of em in a paper bag, an the hinsides in a galypot redy to be otted an put into the krusteses wen wanted; and then he cums a fussin down into the kitshen, an a runnin in an out of the seller, a drorrin of is corks and decanting of his Marselly, an his Montylardo, an his Madedeerer, an his torney port, an a hangin of littel tikkets on the decanters (wich they wos needed, as there were a strong famly likeness atween hall the whines), ban a miksin of is punch an smakkin of his lips, and olding of his ed on wun side wile he tasted it, and a turnin up the wites of his hyes as if the pupils wos a going into his ed to see if the punch had got there fust, wich it were aggerawatin to behold. An wot was wuss, he ad brought down with im a bottel of gellee an a bottel of blank manger from a chepe shop; an in coorse becin cold they woodn't cum hout of the bottels tho he brok the neks hof an cut his finger, an tuk on so as it were orful to here, and wood ave shoked REVEREND SLOCUM SMITH if he cou'd a none ow his son-in-lor was a cussin an a swearin, an all becos he hadn't the sens to stan the bottels in ot water akkordin to the printed direkshuns wich the shopman giv im. Howsumnever we got it all rite at last, an he an Missus POPKINS went hof to dress; an wen I take a pepe at them through the chinke in the drorrin rume dore, they wos a waiting for their gesteses quite calm an beautiful—she in a wite lase gownd with a hapron trimmin in three threes dubble edded (as i here the dressmaker a sain), a sittin at the pianner, an playin of it quite aksidental like as if she didn't expek no one, an he a standin afore the fire, with wun elber on the mantilpeece, an wun hand a playing with his air, an a trying to look as if he didn't no wot the supper ad cost im. It were all beautiful then; but ow it turned hout u shall here another day from ure umbel chareoman,

"JANE GIMLET."



THE MOUSTACHE MOVEMENT.

Foot Boy. "WELL, SIR, MASTER HIS AT 'OME, BUT HE'S CONFINED TO HIS ROOM. HE'S A GROWIN' OF HIS MOOSTARSHERS, AND AIN'T ALLOWED TO SEE NOBODY BUT HIS 'AIRDRESSER."

WHEN GROG MAY BE TAKEN MEDICINALLY.

(As soon as the Law for the Prohibition of the Sale of Liquors comes into operation.)

Grog may be taken medicinally:

After goose, or duck, or pork, or Irish stew, or any delicacy of the season, into which onions may have seasonably entered.

Invariably after salmon.

When there is any washing being done at home.

When the painters are in the house.

When a person feels faint, and doesn't know what is the matter with him.

When a friend turns up after an absence of several years, or when you are parting with a friend whom you do not expect to see for several years.

When a person has the toothache.

When a person has lost at cards, or when a person has come into a large property.

When a person has met with a great misfortune, or made a tremendous bargain.

When a person has quarrelled, and when a reconciliation has taken place.

When a person is riding outside a stage-coach, or is on a sea-voyage, or goes out between the acts of a five-act tragedy, or before ascending in a balloon, or after coming off the jury of a Coroner's Inquest, or when you are sitting up for your wife, or when a friend drops in to smoke a cigar;—and in fact, upon all suitable occasions of sadness or merriment, when a person feels rather low, or feels in very high spirits.

Commercial Festivities.

We learn from our social reporter that in spite, or perhaps rather, we should say, in consequence of the weather, the season in commercial circles has been a very festive one. Many an ice party has been got up suddenly by business men in London, while at Liverpool the brokers have been entertaining each other with a series of snow-balls.

Phrenology for the War Office.

In the event of war with NICHOLAS, it will be unnecessary to excite the Destructiveness or Combativeness of HER MAJESTY'S subjects. The only thing requisite will be to appeal to their Benevolence; for doubtless every Englishman will consider it a charity to subscribe for the extermination of a gigantic vermin.

THE NOBLE HERCULES.

THE papers inform us that "LORD BROUGHAM is expected to leave his chateau at Cannes." Of course he will leave it at Cannes, for he will not think of attempting to bring it with him. We know the power of his Lordship in moving the House of Lords, and we are aware that in former days the House of Commons has been carried away by his power; but the announcement that he "will leave his chateau at Cannes" is rather unnecessary. Any attempt to bring his chateau with him would be a waste of that energy and thought which we are glad to hear he still possesses, for higher and more useful purposes.

THE (CHURCH) WARDEN OF WINCHESTER'S GLEE,

ON THE OCCASION OF HIS COMBAT WITH THE MASTER OF ST. CROSS.

Air.—"The Red Cross Knight."

Blow, Warden, blow thy trumpet now,
And thy triumph sound on high;
For the paupers have fought by thy own true hand,
And have won the victory!

The Warden had known their grievance long,
And at length to the *Times* wrote he:
"I see that the Master of St. Cross
With its funds has been making free."

Then boldly the Warden his good cheque drew,
And instructed his men of law:
"Gainst the proud Usurper of St. Cross,
Now wage ye a legal war."

Full soon the Master drew in his horn,
And "peccavi" shouted he:
Now the beef be hung both for old and young,
And the poor feast merrily!



HOW YOUNG GENTLEMEN FROM SCHOOL GO TO SEE A PANTOMIME NOW-A-DAYS.

Your Literary Women.

LITERARY women (says JENKINS) remind him of beautiful flowers, that have been withered and dried between sheets of blotting paper.

THE MANCHESTER CONVICTION.

THE BEST BAIL FOR PRESERVING THE PEACE.—A Bala of Cotton.

JUDICIAL JESTING.



ACCUSTOMED as we are to such matters, we have not often noticed a finer instance of the transition from "grave to gay" than was exhibited the other day by the Deputy Assistant Judge at the Middlesex Sessions. The Jury had just found a prisoner guilty, when

"MR. WITHAM thought it a serious case.

"The constable remarked that the offence committed by the prisoner was called 'putting the mug on.'

"MR. WITHAM.—Indeed! Then I shall put the mug on him, and sentence him to penal servitude for four years."

The Deputy Assistant Judge commenced by calling attention to the "seriousness" of the case, and then, taking a cue from a constable, proceeded to indulge in a

jocose remark before sentencing a prisoner to four years penal servitude. "I shall put the mug on him," was the elegantly witty observation of the judicial functionary; but whether the learned gentleman suited the action to the word by literally "pulling a mug," as the slang phrase goes, at the unfortunate prisoner, the report does not enlighten us.

A PILGRIMAGE TO RUSSIA.

WE have read of arduous pilgrimages, undertaken in the enthusiasm of faith. This would be just the season—both in the primary and secondary sense of the word—for such a display of earnestness on the part of the Peace Society. Now that the weather is so cold, and the times are so hot, what could be more suitable in every way to existing circumstances, than a deputation from that pacific association to bear the olive branch to the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA?

Do not those gentlemen and ladies see how much wiser would be the course of offering NICHOLAS the Pipe of Peace, than that of sending a fleet into the Euxine and bidding him put that in his pipe—and smoke it?

The procession of peacemakers might approach the throne of the Autocrat in characteristic drab—as good as with backs bare to the knout; MR. BRIGHT might precede, performing on the dulcimer; MR. CORDEN might follow playing a violin, and the rest of the delegates might come after, making music with "flutes and soft recorders," *cornets à pistons*, and all other instruments of harmony—which, of course, would be exclusive of drums and fifes.

Music "drew iron tears down PLUTO's cheek." Might it not even elicit some drops of pity from the eye of NICHOLAS? It hath charms to move the savage breast—or beast. Possibly it could mollify the heart of the Russian Bear.

ANSWERS TO CONUNDRUMS.

WE are sorry to say we have mislaid the questions to the following. However, we print the answers, as we consider them far too good to be lost. As soon as the Questions are found, they shall be published.

1. Because it's Candle-house (*scandalous*).
2. Because the one axes his way, and the other weighs his axe.
3. An Alley-gaitor (*alligator*), and a Gutter Percher (*gutta percha*).
4. The difference is this—in the first place the roll is mustered, and in the second the mustard is rolled.
5. When it's a niche-in (*an itching*) of BURNS.
6. Because six postage stamps are equal to one kick.
7. AMELIA's waxy-natur (*vaccinator*), and MURPHY's Tête-à-Tête-or ('*tatur-tatur*).
8. The one's Civil, and the other Militia is (*malicious*).
9. Because formerly it was Nile (*nihil*), but now it is Summit of Mont Blanc.
10. Because he's made an impression with sealing-wax (*ceiling-whacks*).
11. The reason why St. Martin's Lane is so full of dentists is because they know well enough that their customers would never come to them unless they were first driven by a Long Acher (*Acre*).
12. Because it is easier for him to hire his stand than it is for his opponent to stand his ire.
13. Because he throws his arms round his Sairey railing (*his avrey railing*).

"BREACHES OF DECORUM."—A Highlander's trowers.

THE OLD HALL OF WESTMINSTER.

WRITTEN ON THE FIRST DAY OF TERM.

SOMEWHAT back of the Abbey wall
Stands the ancient Westminster Hall;
Across its pavement to and fro
Gaunt barristers their shadows throw,
And from its station in the Hall,
A voice seems muttering to all—
"Plaintiff—Defendant;
Defendant—Plaintiff."

Half-way down the Hall there stands
An usher, beckoning with his hands;
'Neath the roof of massive oak
Stands this usher wrapped in his cloak,
With voice sarcastic to all who pass,
Saying, "Whichever he is, he's an ass—
Plaintiff—Defendant;
Defendant—Plaintiff."

By day, his voice is low and light;
But, in the silent dead of night,
A ghostly whisper seems to fall
In echoes along the vacant Hall,
Along the ceiling—along the floor,
And seems to say at each court-house door—
"Plaintiff—Defendant!
Defendant—Plaintiff!"

Through days of Term, in November dank;
Through days of Hilary, sittings in *banc*;
Through every time of legal change,
E'en through the long vacation's range,
As if 't were the demon of strife and law,
The voice repeats those words of awe—
"Plaintiff—Defendant!
Defendant—Plaintiff!"

In that Hall there used to be
Banquets and hospitality,
When Coronation cannons roared,
Nobles feasted at its board;
But, like the skeletons at the feast,
The usher's echo never ceased—
"Plaintiff—Defendant!
Defendant—Plaintiff!"

There groups of lawyers' clerks have played,
There briefless barristers have strayed.
O, brieflessness! thou time of ease,
Of conscience free from ill-got fees,
Of pocket unoppressed by gold
From clients negligently sold.
"Plaintiffs—Defendants!
Defendants—Plaintiffs!"

In that Court there sits, in black,
The occupant of the Woollen Sack;
There, on a cushioned bench below,
The officers sit in a dismal row;
And through the door, upon the stair,
Stand like the pictures of despair—
"Plaintiff—Defendant!
Defendant—Plaintiff!"

All are scattered now, and fled;
Suitors are married—suitors are dead!
Some are grown deaf, and some are blind;
Some are for costs in prison confined;
And if you ask the reason why,
The old Hall's echo makes reply—
"Plaintiff—Defendant!
Defendant—Plaintiff!"

Plaintiff here—defendant there;
Nothing for both but constant care;
And death and life their course shall run,
Before the Chancery Suit is done.
The dirge of Law and Equity
Peals for both incessantly—
"Plaintiff—Defendant!
Defendant—Plaintiff!"

THE SUFFERER'S COUNTERPANE.—Chloroform.



THE MOUSTACHE MOVEMENT.

"MY EYE, TOM. WHAT A 'ORRID BORE IT MUST BE FOR THE HORFICER SWELLS, NOW WE'VE TOOK TO WEARIN' OUR MOOSTASHERS. THE GALS CAN'T TELL HUS FROM THEM, NOW!"

AN UNGRATEFUL SUBJECT.

THERE is actually such a journal as the *Dumfries Courier*. Our old friend is not a myth but a newspaper. A gentleman, Mr. WILLIAM R. M'DIARMID, has actually written a letter to the *Times* dated from the *Courier Office*, Dumfries. In this communication Mr. M'DIARMID strongly advocates the warming of houses by hot water. There are so many families in which discord prevails, that housewarming by hot water may be said to be already very general. Still, the peace of families would, in one respect, be materially promoted by the plan proposed by Mr. M'DIARMID; for where the source of warmth is water, it is impossible that children can play with the fire, and by that means burn their fingers; so that the large amount of screaming which arises from that cause would be prevented. Persons about to marry would be saved considerable expense in fire-irons and fenders, and persons who have married, the hire of charwomen for the scrubbing and cleaning necessitated by dust and smoke, and the cost of the dresses and furniture spoilt by them. Those sweeping measures which it is necessary—under a double penalty, that of fine and of fire—to institute with reference to chimneys, would be in part superseded, and no gentleman, except a smoker, would be required to consume his own smoke. Transactions with the coal-merchant—which are not pleasant when coals are £2 a ton—would be reduced to a convenient scale: as the material in question would only be required for the purposes of roasting the joint and making the pot boil, the latter of which operations would be much facilitated by the diminished expenditure. That the substitution, however, of the hot water pipe for the grate would increase the comfort of the domestic hearth can hardly be said, as the hearth would be abolished; and the good old Christmas custom of gathering round the fire and telling ghost stories, could hardly be maintained in the absence of anything to gather round but a heated cylinder.

Calling Names on the Turf.

WE perceive from the Sporting Intelligence of the *Field* that there is a horse called SIR PETER LAUREN. Surely there must be some mistake, for the name in question was obviously intended for another animal.

LIST OF PRICES FOR PUFFS IN A PANTOMIME.

	£	s.	d.
To a Greengrocer, for puffing his Gunpowder Tea, and the use of red-hot Poker	5	0	0
To a Perfumer, for puffing his Bear's Grease, and trying same on old hair trunk	5	0	0
To Ditto, if a Bear is introduced in any way in allusion to Russia, and a joke is made to hang thereon	10	0	0
To a Foulterer, if a Turkey is introduced in the same way in allusion to the war at present raging on the Banks of the Danube	10	0	0
To a Wine Merchant, if his Sublime Forte is brought in with equal ingenuity	10	0	0
To a Butcher, whose Shop affords Clown an opportunity of stealing the Sausages	10	0	0
To a Publican, whose Shop is made a Spirit-medium of Advertisement	10	0	0
For a Placard on a Wall, or a Board carried across the Stage	5	0	0
For a Simple Allusion	2	10	0
For a Trick	5	0	0
For Ditto, with a joke appertaining thereto	7	10	0
For Half a Scene	15	0	0
For Ditto, with practicable doors and windows	20	0	0
For an entire "spill and pelt" Scene	40	0	0
For Ditto, with numerable flats, tricks, changes, and first-rate jokes thrown in—all complete	50	0	0

* All Properties to be found by the Advertisers.

* No Money returned, in the event of the Pantomime not being a success.
Vivat Puff, no matter whether from Reginas or Principes.

Railway Bailiery.

ONE of our "Railway Libraries," we observe, begins its series with an "Essay on the Guillotine." We shall not stop to question if a subject such as this be exactly fitted to beguile the tedium of a journey. For ourselves, we certainly on such occasions incline to lively reading in preference to deadly. But, although we may admit the contemplation of death is perhaps nowhere more suitable than on a railway, still we cannot help thinking it is somewhat superfluous to draw a passenger's attention to any other engine of destruction than the railway engine.

GENT WRITES TO PUFFING PERFUMER.



"MADAM,—I have tried your invaluable Pomade, and have now a handsome pair of whiskers and moustachios." Requesting you will send me another Pot,

"I am, your obliged Servant,

"FREDERICK SPOONBILL."

"Wolverhampton, Jan. 10th, 1854."

* May difference of opinion never alter friendship.—Punch.

ONE OF THE WONDERS OF HIS AGE.—An Admiral on active service at the age of ninety.



THE ROMANCE OF ADVERTISING.

A FASHIONABLE STORY.

[Mr. Punch had intended to give the following puffs in an engraving, according to the custom of his Parisian contemporary. But the retiring character of every member of Mr. Punch's staff of artists (not one of whom can be prevailed upon to withdraw himself from intense study to mingle in society, and observe the fashions) interfered with his purpose, and he has been obliged to enlist literature in the required service.]

[ADVERTISEMENT.]

The brilliant saloons of HAUTNOBLESS HOUSE, one of the finest of our Metropolitan mansions,* were filled with a gay and glittering throng. Wit flashed, grace charmed, and Beauty, enhanced by the power of VELVETEEN'S LOTION,^b smiled upon the scene. Nor was Music wanting to complete the fairy-like illusion. One of TWANGLETON'S magnificent grand pianos,^c (thirteen octaves and a half, and treble action) touched by the white and taper fingers of the elegant and Honourable LAVINIA MONTMORMINGTON, pupil of SIGNOR PIZZICATO,^d gave forth its sparkling yet dulcet tones. All was gay and gorgeous, and as was beautifully observed by an accomplished reporter,^e who waited in the hall, "the lights shone o'er brave women and fair men."

But appearances deceive. Were all hearts gay, as that delicious music pervaded the halls? Was there a delightful smile on every lip when the lovely performer, abandoning Italian melodies, sang, with unutterable sweetness, the new, original, and highly effective ballad "Dash from thy Broe that Diamond Wreath," and instantly made it the song of the season?^f Let yonder graceful couple answer. Place *aux dames*. Whose sylphide form lightly presses yonder beautiful couch of ebony and crimson velvet, richly carved back, and scroll?^g Her face is lovely in its pensiveness, and her toilette—who shall worthily describe its simplicity of exquisite richness?^h—that perfect *corsage*,ⁱ that delicate pink satin, under blonde,^j those inimitable bracelets, malachite and pearl,^k that classic wreath, purple grapes and silver leaves,^l that gossamer fan,^m those tiny slippers,ⁿ into which the foot of CINDERELLA might try to enter in vain. She has a grief, that charming creature, and though her richly brodered handkerchief^o falls upon the superb carpet, and contrasts in its cobweb lightness with the nobly artistic strength of the Aubusson,^p she heeds it not.

Do you know that handsome guardsman, leaning on the boldly carved chimney-piece,^q and apparently wrapped in admiration of the superb vase upon it, as the beauty of that *chef d'œuvre*^r might well deserve? He is faultlessly attired. How elegantly fits that coat, how neatly sits the vest, how easily, yet how tastefully, fall those matchless trousers.^s The very studs^t in his nobby shirt-front^u bespeak the scholar and the gentleman. What an aristocratic foot, how well *chaussé*.^v How delicate the aroma^w which exhales from the kerchief he presses to his lofty brow. That is AUGUSTUS CHARLES PLANTAGENET DE HORSELEY DOWN, for whom a hundred heiresses sigh, and who sighs for her who presses that ottoman.^x

They occasionally steal a glance at each other, and when their eyes meet, the lofty forehead of AUGUSTUS and the fair complexion of ARABELLA—why conceal her name?—are suffused with crimson. She plays nervously with her pretty mother-o'-pearl *bat* tablet,^y and he turns, affecting to admire the new, piquant, and fascinating engraving—"Beer, Sir?"^z But this cannot go on. It is observed by the songstress, who has concluded her brilliant ballad, and she approaches them with arch mischief in her glance.

"Silly—silly—silly babies," exclaims the high-bred beauty (who was educated at MADAME PAVILLON'S fashionable Establishment, and is one of its numerous successes). "So they won't speak, won't they? Then they shan't. Come with me, AUGUSTA, dear."

A look of unutterable remorse from DE HORSELEY DOWN, and the two sylphs have fled. He flings himself into an American rocking chair,^{aa} and its easy and delightful motion sends him into a quiet slumber.

When he awakes, a light hand, gloved à *merveille*,^{bb} is on his arm. "O, for shame, AUGUSTUS," says the HONOURABLE MISS LAVINIA. "Actually asleep. Then you owe us two boxes of gloves"—mine five and a quarter—AUGUSTA'S you may find out for yourself, and here is her hand to look at. Is it not pretty?"

"O! if she would let me hold it for ever!" said DE HORSELEY DOWN, enthusiastically.

"I dare say she will, if you ask her prettily," replied LAVINIA, "for I have been talking to her about you, and she confesses that, until she knew you, she never—"

"Nay, LAVINIA," said the blushing AUGUSTA, "This is unkind. But if AUGUSTUS—I mean CAPTAIN DE HORSELEY DOWN—really means—"

Need we go further, or say that on that day two months the most elegant bridal breakfast^{cc} ever furnished by MESSRS. UNIVERSAL AND CO. was spread in HAUTNOBLESS HOUSE, or that the neatest wedding carriage (a Basterna) ever supplied by the same parties^{cd} stood at its door?

(To be continued when more ADVERTISEMENTS come in.)

* To be let from August to January. Apply on the premises.

^b Large bottles, 5s.; small ditto, 3s. 6d. Sold by all perfumers.

^c Manufactory, where all sizes may be seen, 96, Squalor Square.

^d Will be in England next week. Address, Quadrant.

^e Publishing Office of the *Tufts*, 6, Crawley Street.

^f Published by DOUGRELL and DEARBY, Music-sellers, Hatcliffe Highway.

^g Made by VENEER and Co., Tottenham Court Road.

^h MR. and MRS. STATTAPES, Oxford Street.

ⁱ MADAME VENTADOUR, Court Milliner, Holborn.

^j ISAACS, HART, and Co., Houndsditch; also old clothes of every kind bought for Australia: parties waited on.

^k TINSEL, Exeter Arcade.

^l MISS PASTERBOARD'S Repository, Clapham Lower Road East.

^m MRS. VAMPER, which also supplies the Royal Theatres.

ⁿ HEMMING and MAKER, Regent Street.

^o TAPIEFRANC et CIE., Paris, France.

^p CHISELUM GIBBONS, New Road, where tazzas, tombstones, and other articles of vertu may be had cheap.

^q BISKITT, Lowther Arcade.

^r WHEEDLE, DOO, and NARBUM, Tailors, West End.

^s ISAACS and Co. again.

^t SNODD and GENT, Shirtmakers, City.

^u PUMP and THAMPER, the Little Mud-boot, Holborn.

^v MURRISON and PACHOOPLY, Perfumers, Hoxton (hair cut in the *ne plus ultra* of fashion, charge 3d.).

^w ISAACS and Co. again.

^x TRASH and Co. (also a stunning assortment of spicy prints, plain and coloured, the very thing for swells up to snuff).

^y Manor House, Wapping. (A pupil wanted on exchange principles, small-coal man's child preferred, but butcher not objected to.)

^z CRACK and BLISTER, Furniture Warehouse, City Road.

^{aa} By WOODSTOCK and SEAMS, Strand.

^{bb} Which, as he is a man of taste, no doubt he bought at W. and S.'s last mentioned.

^{cc} See the advertisements daily.

^{cd} The last remark applies with increased force.

Nicholas' Great Sham.

It seems that the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA is favouring the claims of the COMTE DE CHAM-BORD, in the hopes, we suppose, that the COMTE, when he comes to the French throne as HENRY THE FIFTH, will help him in his designs against Turkey. Should these insane hopes ever be realised, the Eastern question will reduce itself to a question of bottles, on which occasion, we hope, LORD PALMERSTON will act as the Judicious Bottle-holder:—to descend to the cellar, the question will be between a bottle of Sublime Porte and Cham-Bordeaux.

THE TYPE OF CONCEIT.—An author having his love-letters printed.

THE DOMESTIC REFORMER; OR HOW MR. PATERFAMILIAS MADE HOME HAPPY.

SCENE 4.—*What came of MR. PATERFAMILIAS having the Gas in. MR. SOCKET's arrangements being completed, and MRS. FIERI-FACIAS replaced by a cook of more advanced ideas, a dinner-party has been arranged, at which the merits of the gas-cooking apparatus are to be triumphantly displayed before a distinguished circle, including MR. BELLOWES, the great practical and analytical chemist; MR. TOTTLE, the eminent statist; MR. TAMMY, the well-known gourmet, his lady (authoress of "The Philosophy of the Kitchen"); MR. KECKSBY, Mrs. P.'s uncle, from whom she has expectations, and whom MR. P. is desirous to convert from his stubborn adherence to old ways, &c.*

Before dinner. MR. P.'s dressing-room. MR. P. is putting the last touch to his white waistcoat. MRS. P. in attendance. The gas is on, and leaping wildly in the burners.

Mr. P. (sniffing). No, Mrs. P., no. I cannot say that I smell anything.

Mrs. P. Then it must be the cold in your head, my dear. I'm sure I smell it, all over the house—and do look, Mr. P., how it's jumping up and down! It's been doing that ever since it was lighted. I hope it's not going to blow up, as it did at the SIMKISSES, you know.

Mr. P. The smell is imaginary; but there certainly is considerable oscillation.

Mrs. P. (alarmed). Eh?—Considerable what, dear?

Mr. P. Oscillation—tremulous, irregular movement, Mrs. P. Would you look in my pocket for the little treatise with a green cover—the "Hints to Gas Consumers," I mean—it will no doubt explain the cause, and suggest the remedy.

Mrs. P. (looking for the little treatise). Oh, if we're to have those nasty troublesome fitters in again! (Pausing abruptly.) By the bye, talking of the fitters, have you got in Socket's bill yet?

Mr. P. (uneasily). Yes, yes.

Mrs. P. (timidly). And how much is it, my dear?

Mr. P. Why, there were considerable deviations, you know—

Mrs. P. (pertinaciously). But how much does it come to?

Mr. P. (still more uneasily). Of course, eye-estimates can only be approximate—

Mrs. P. (doggedly). How much did you say, Mr. P.?

Mr. P. There certainly appears to be more tubing charged than I was prepared for, or Socket either; and then the replacing of the cornices, and the taking up the boarding in the hall of course were not included in his calculation.

Mrs. P. He said from £30 to £35, you know.

Mr. P. Well, it certainly comes to more than that.

Mrs. P. It's £50—I'm sure it is, Mr. P.—£50, if it's a shilling.

Mr. P. (striving in vain to change the conversation). Eh! isn't that a ring at the front door?

Mrs. P. (dolorously pursuing her train of thought). I always thought how it would be. I'm sure it's more than £50. It was £64 at the SIMKISSES, you know. But that's the way—if you had only let me settle with the man first! Only to think—£50! and that smell all over the house.

Mr. P. (who has completed his toilet). MRS. PATERFAMILIAS, I must beg you to withhold any further remarks in this tone. The expense is my affair. And what is a paltry sum of £72 compared to the ultimate saving!

Mrs. P. £72 for poisoning all the family, and perhaps blowing us all up in our beds, like balloons! But I hope you don't mean to pay it?

Mr. P. (authoritatively). How long are our guests to be kept waiting, Mrs. P.?

Mrs. P. At least, I hope you'll put the gas out before we leave the room. I declare I'm afraid to touch it.

Mr. P. (majestically turning off the gas). Beautiful invention! Entirely dispenses with the necessity for bedroom candles, that fruitful source of accidents in families (Groping his way towards the door, he tumbles over his cold-water bath.) Confound the bath!

Mrs. P. At least they saved one from breaking one's shins. (Snappishly.) Where are you, Mr. P.?

Mr. P. (who has with some trouble reached the door). Here, my dear.

[They grope towards each other in the dark, and exeunt. MRS. P. in the worst possible humour, Mr. P. a little cowed, but still firm in his allegiance to gas.]

SCENE changes.—The Drawing Room.

Guests assembled. The odour of the gas very decided. The centre chandelier winking violently. A slight but general sniffing pervades the party.

Mr. Bellowes. Yes. I distinctly detect the presence of sulphuretted hydrogen.

Mr. Kecksy. Umph! I perceive a very nasty smell; if it wasn't for the ladies, I should say—stink.

Mrs. P. So I've been telling MR. PATERFAMILIAS; but, of course, he can't smell it.

Mr. Tottle. After all, the quantity of that deleterious agent must be insignificant. Let me see; this room is about 20 by 15, and 9 high—um—might I trouble you for a pencil, MR. BELLOWES? (BELLOWES hands him one.) That gives us about 2,500 cubic feet of air. Six burners—the escape from each burner in half a minute 72 cubic inches; about 1/250th of the total quantity of air in the room. A mere trifle, you see, my dear Madam.

Mrs. P. (not a bit dashed by this imposing array of figures). All I know is there's a dreadful smell.

Mr. Kecksy. That I can answer for.

Mrs. Tammy. Suppose we opened a window?

Mr. Kecksy. And give me my death of cold; thank you, Ma'am.

Mr. Bellowes. If you'll allow me, there is a beautifully simple test for detecting the presence of the highly deleterious gas we are now inhaling. Might I trouble you to ring? [Mrs. P. rings.]

Enter SPRAGGS.

Mr. Bellowes. Oh, would you fetch a small bottle you will find in my hat in the hall? It's labelled "POISON." [Exit SPRAGGS.]

Mrs. P. Good gracious, MR. BELLOWES, you don't mean to say you go leaving poison about like that, with such a boy as NEWTON in the house, too!

Re-enter SPRAGGS with phial.

Mr. Bellowes. It is to avoid accidents from the inquiring disposition of the younger branches of families that I have it so conspicuously labelled. It is a saturated solution of acetate of lead. (He assumes the lecturer's tone and manner, suiting the action to the word.) You will observe, I moisten a piece of writing-paper with the solution. TOTTLE, will you unscrew one of those burners?

[TOTTLE jumps up on to one of the best worked chairs.]

Mrs. P. (in agonies). Oh, mind, those chairs aren't strong, MR. TOTTLE, and you're such a weight.

Mr. Bellowes. I hold the paper over the stream which issues from the pipe; should the gas be impure it will communicate to the paper a brown stain, the sulphuretted hydrogen combining with the lead and forming sulphuret of lead. (He jumps down.) Would you replace the burner, MR. TOTTLE? (All crowd round.) You will perceive, Mrs. PATERFAMILIAS, the paper is now of a dark brown colour approaching to black, and has a metallic lustre. You see your gas is highly impure, my dear Madam, shamefully impure.

Mr. P. (absorbed in the experiment). Most interesting.

Mrs. P. (triumphantly). There, my dear, I told you so.

Mr. Kecksy. So did my nose. I'll back that against any test in the world.

Mrs. Tammy (enthusiastically). Oh, what a mighty lever is science, in the present day!

Mr. Tammy (reflectively). And our dinner to-day—cooked by gas, isn't it, P.?

Mr. P. (calmly, but with pride). Everything; from the soup to the soufflé!

Mrs. Tammy. How delightful!

Mr. Kecksy (aside to MR. TOTTLE). Umph! we shall see.

Dignified appearance of the GREENGROCER at the door.

Greengrocer. Dinner is served, Mum.

[The guests are duly marshalled, and file out. An interval of ten minutes.]

SCENE changes.—The Dining Room.

The soup and fish have been removed. An ominous silence prevails.

Mrs. P. looks resigned, but a vein of secret satisfaction mingles with her sadness. MR. P. has assumed a forced cheerfulness.

Mr. P. (to MR. TAMMY). A glass of sherry, TAMMY? (They take wine.) What do you say to the turbot?

Mr. Tammy (cautiously). Eh—um—well, I couldn't help thinking—eh, KECKSY?

Mr. Kecksy. Caught in a gasometer, I should think!

Mr. P. Come, come, MR. KECKSY, you are prejudiced.

[A mournful silence.]

Mrs. P. (with impatient disgust at MR. P.'s shallow obstinacy). Oh, MR. P., how can you, when everybody must have tasted the gas.

Mr. P. Now, MR. BELLOWES, I appeal to you. Could such a flavour have communicated itself to a fish under such circumstances?

Mr. Bellowes (evading the question). Ah, you should have used my patent purifier.

[The pieces de résistance and entrées have by this time been placed upon the table.]

Mr. P. A saddle of mutton. Those are boiled fowls at your end of the table, Mrs. P. [A violent oscillation of the lights.]

Mr. Kecksy. Holloa?

Mrs. P. Yes, it will keep jumping like that all over the house.

Mr. Bellows. Ah, the cause may be easily detected. (*Rising from the guest into the lecturer.*) The first question is, is it general or partial? in the main or in the fittings? If in the former, you must apply to the Company; if in the latter, you have merely to turn off your lights one after another, beginning with that which oscillates the most, until the rest burn steadily.

Mrs. P. Oh! but hadn't we better wait till after dinner?

Mr. P. (*Wildly attempting to create a diversion.*) Let me recommend some of this saddle, MR. BELLOW. (*Nervously to TAMMY, who has been helped, and puts down his knife and fork to Mr. P.'s consternation.*) Well, TAMMY, what do you say?

Mr. Tammy. Well, I don't know, but I can't help thinking—perhaps it's fancy. Eh, KECKSY?

Mr. Kecksy. No, I'll be hanged if it is. Here, take away my plate.

Mr. P. Underdone, eh? Let me give you some nearer the point.

Mr. Kecksy (*eagerly*). No, thank you. (*Emphatically.*) My good fellow, the sooner you drop your gas-cooking apparatus the better.

Mrs. P. (*With a burst of bitter satisfaction.*) There, MR. P.! What did I always tell you?

[The chandelier, after a wild fit of flame, suddenly goes out altogether. Confusion. The voice of Mrs. P. is heard through the darkness with a Sibylline emphasis.]

Mrs. P. Oh! do sit quiet everybody, it's going to blow up!

[Mrs. TAMMY throws her arms round her next neighbour.]

Mr. Kecksy. Bring candles, can't you? Don't cling to me, somebody.

Mr. Bellows (*with the calm self-possession of science*). The introduction of a naked light may be attended with fatal consequences.

Mr. P. Really, I must apologise; it's most annoying. What can have happened? Turn off the taps, MR. BELLOW; you are calm. What can have happened?

[The ladies shriek; Mr. KECKSY swears. A general confusion. A hubbub heard in the passage.]

Enter SPRAGGS, lugging in MASTER NEWTON.

Spraggs. It's MASTER NEWTON, Sir. He've bin and let all the water out o' the meter. Cook ketched him at it, and all the lights has gone out like winkin'.

Mr. P. (*groping for his delinquent son*). Here—where is he? NEWTON, Sir, come to me this minute, I'll teach you—

Newton. Oh, please, pa, I only wanted some of the water out of the meter.

Mr. P. (*who has seized his son and is about to inflict summary chastisement*). Some of the water, Sir. What for?

Newton. Oh, please, papa, it was only to analyse it out of my "Little Chemist."

Mr. P. (*suspending his stern resolve. Proudly.*) To analyse it! MR. BELLOW, did you hear that? I'm really very sorry that my NEWTON's unconquerable scientific bent should have caused any momentary inconvenience; but I ask you all, as parents, as persons interested in the development of your children's respective intelligences, can I, ought I to punish a child like this?

Mr. Kecksy. I should say, decidedly, yes. A young rascal!

Mr. P. By the tone of that remark, I can at once guess from whom it proceeds. MR. KECKSY, Sir, I pity you.

Mr. Kecksy. Pity me, Sir! How dare you pity me, Sir? Pooh, Sir!

[He jumps up from the table. General confusion.]

Mrs. P. Oh, UNCLE KECKSY, it's my husband! Oh, MR. P., it's my uncle! Oh, do bring lights—if the gas is all turned off—oh—oh—oh—h—h—h!

[Exit Mrs. P. into hysterics. Prolonged and profound sensation. SCENE closes on the darkness.]

A lapse of five hours.

The connubial couch of MR. and MRS. P. Grand trio. MR. P. snoring; the wind howling without; and the sleet pattering against the window-panes.

Mrs. P. (*waking up with a sudden start*). Oh, gracious! (*Nudging MR. P. violently.*) My dear—my dear!

Mr. P. (*testily*). Eh—Mrs. P.! Why this violence? What's the matter?

Mrs. P. I do believe nobody ever turned off the main near the meter, in the coal-hole in the area—did you?

Mr. P. Oh, bother! Yes; of course somebody did.

Mrs. P. (*bitterly*). And you expect me to lie here and put up with an answer like that? Somebody, indeed! You never turned it off, MR. P. You know you never did.

Mr. P. Well, what can it matter? (*He is violently shaken.*) Mrs. P., will you allow me to go to sleep?

Mrs. P. What! and all the mains charged, and half the taps in the house open, I'll be bound! And you, the father of a family! Oh, MR. P., I'm astonished how you can lie there and say such things—(*nudge*)—and sleep, and snore—(*nudge*)—and let your family be blown up before your very eyes—(*nudge*)—because you're too lazy—(*MR. P.*

groans)—yes, lazy—even to get up and go down stairs, and through the area into the coalhole, and turn off the main!

Mr. P. Do you hear the wind, Mrs. P., and the sleet?

Mrs. P. And do you smell the gas, MR. P.? And do you know we may have the house full of it before morning—and the first Lucifer the servants light, we may all be shivered into a thousand pieces, and blown out into the street, through the front wall? (*Nudge.*) Do you hear, MR. P.?—are you going to get up? It's no use your snoring. I'm not going to close an eye, I can tell you.

Mr. P. (*Wildly springing out of bed, with an exclamation we will not print.*)—the woman! Now I'm up—will that satisfy you? (*Shivers.*) Ugh!—how cold it is! (*Groping for his garments.*) Wind cuts like a knife—and all those stone steps to go down!

SCENE closes on MR. P. in search of his inexpressibles.

THE SHAVING LINE IN STAFFORDSHIRE.



CORRESPONDENT of the *Staffordshire Sentinel* complains that MR. FORSYTH, the manager of the North Staffordshire Railway, has ordered all the men employed on the line, except the engine-drivers, to cut off their beards and moustaches on pain of instant dismissal, and actually did discharge some who refused to obey this truly barbarous edict.

Whether this blow at the moustache movement was struck by MR. FORSYTH off his own bat, or at the instance of his superiors, our informant saith not. Most probably the mandate to mow the chin, and reap the upper lip, was issued in the first place by the Directors; at least, we know that on most railways those gentlemen are determined close shavers. It is gross tyranny to interfere with the mugs of railway servants, except for the regulation of their indulgence in beer, and MR. FORSYTH, or his Directors, should consider that a beard does not prevent a pointsman from turning his points properly, neither has a tuft the effect of causing clerks to make mistakes in booking; moreover, that the proscription of the last-named ornament must greatly prejudice the Imperial interests.

THE LAWYERS ON THE MOVE.

WE are glad to hear that the superior Courts are about to undergo removal from Westminster Hall, for they have been at a stand still for want of business so long that anything in the shape of a move will be desirable. We understand that to avoid the contemplated expense of the removal, MR. BRIEFLESS has undertaken to move the Court of Queen's Bench for half a guinea—a sum for which he has moved it before, and will be happy to move it again whenever the opportunity is allowed him. It has been suggested that the profession has lately been such a sorry look-out in Westminster Hall, and that Law has indeed become so poor, that the Poor Law Removal Act might be resorted to for the proposed arrangement. Poor DUNN maintains the position—though he can scarcely maintain himself—that the idea of any outlay for the purpose of moving the Courts is absurd, for from the lack of business Westminster Hall is of itself a moving spectacle.

A PENNY SAVED AND A PUNCH GOT.

MR. PUNCH presents his compliments to MR. PLANCHÉ, and will trouble that gentleman to request MRS. STIRLING to make a slight addition to an exceedingly proper observation she offers, as "*Comedy*," in the very pleasant piece, the *Camp at the Olympic*. MRS. STIRLING remarks, in her very happiest stage manner,

"And who for wit in comedy would seek,
When PUNCH HIMSELF is but a groat a week?"

To prevent unhappiness and misconception, would MR. PLANCHÉ add something of this kind?

"Fourpence, I mean, to country friends supplies him,
The favoured Londoner for threepence buys him."

With this addition the *Camp* will become a charming little piece.



DURING THE FROST A CERTAIN FOX-HUNTER INCREASES IN WEIGHT, AND GETS TOO BIG FOR HIS CLOTHES.

THE SPEECH FROM THE THRONE.

As it may possibly, though not probably, be delivered on Tuesday next.
(EXCLUSIVE.)

"MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

"I am very glad to see you again, and to welcome you back to the Palace of Westminster. The weather has been uncommonly cold lately. This reminds me to mention that the ventilation of these Houses has been a good deal attended to, during the recess, and I hope you will be comfortable. If not, please to impeach the people in fault, and I will take care that they get their deserts—at least.

"I see that a good many of you have followed the moustache movement. Well, some of you are improved by it, others not. MR. SPEAKER, I observe, still shaves, but if he will search for precedents, he will find that his predecessors have often worn the ornament in question. I don't think LORD JOHN RUSSELL's looks well, and MR. ROEBUCK's is decidedly a bad colour. MR. SERJEANT SHEE I fear dyes his moustaches, or they would never be so black. But I do not see any which look so well as those of my august Consort. (H. R. H. bows.)

"I do not hear anything satisfactory about the operas, but it has been rumoured that my theatre is to be opened by SIGNOR PUZZI. If so, I suppose I shall have the pleasure of seeing you all there—my right reverend friends of course excepted. But do not neglect divisions.

"I am happy to tell you that my indefatigable MITCHELL has secured MADAME JENNY LIND, at an enormous salary. She says that she will sing at concerts only, but we shall see about that. Suppose I should 'command' the *Sonnambula*? If so, I should not wonder to learn that both Houses of you found nothing on the paper to keep you that night.

"I hear that Cochin China fowls are going out of fashion, and Bramah Pootras are coming in. I think I shall keep to the old ones. I hope you have all seen the capital pictures on the subject in *Punch's Almanack*; if not, my Ministers shall have them laid on the table of both Houses.

"I am very happy to tell you that I have given rather a broad hint to a parcel of visitors that I shall now be busy with public business, and that they must keep at home. You know that some folks will force themselves upon me, and one can't be rude. I rather think that

I shall have a flying call from my pretty young friend, EUGENIE BONAPARTE, one of these days, and she must make time to look in on you. Whether her husband will come, is uncertain. I do not know that I shall invite him, unless those Chambord and Orleans people give a party, in which case I decidedly will, to mark my sense of their conduct.

"GENTLEMEN OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS,

"I shall take it as a personal favour if you will begin business as soon as you can, talk as little as possible, and rise rather before than after twelve at night. I have privately requested MR. GLADSTONE to restrict himself to six hours' speeches, and MR. DISRAELI to ten minutes, exclusive, as regards the latter, of intervals for expressive action. As MR. MACAULAY does not say much, and the other two are about the only gentlemen you care to hear, I trust I have made satisfactory provision for your comfort. The more people you cough down the better.

"GENTLEMEN OF THE REPORTERS' GALLERY,

"I beg that you will have the goodness to condense all reports as much as possible; report no Member of the Brigade, nor any Member, be he who he may, who rises after half-past twelve. Indeed you will oblige me, as well as your wives, by retiring at that hour.

"MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

"I don't mean to be kept in town one hour after the first week in July; so whether your work be done or not, you know when to have your country houses ready.

"I have only to say that we are all quite well at the Palace, and we shall always be happy to see any of you there. Lunch is ready every day at two. I take mine with the children, but the PRINCE will receive you. Good morning to you all."

"To Persons about to Marry."

CONSIDERING the rubbish that is mostly sold at the cheap Furniture Marts, the poor deluded individuals, who buy their chairs and tables and four-post bedsteads there, generally turn out FURNITURE MART-YES.



TE DEUM!

WHO'LL CUT HIS NAILS.



they were cut; for the wretched beast goes howling about in a great rage, being evidently on a false footing, and in great pain from the awkwardness of his position. It is evident he will do injury either to himself, or to any one who happens to go near him, if some powerful remedy is not quickly applied. The case is at present interesting the attention of both England and France; and we hope in a short period to be able to announce the pleasing fact, that all the difficulties in the way have been effectually removed, and that at last the Russian Bear has had his nails cut! The sooner this great chiropodic event takes place, the better; for lately the unfortunate beast has been making such a dreadful noise, that he has quite disturbed the peace of Europe.

FREEDOM OF THE FREE HOSPITAL.

SUBJOINED is part of a biography of an eminent surgeon which appeared lately in the *Lancet*, accompanied by an illustration ridiculously faithful to the text:—

"In stature MR. HANCOCK is rather below the middle height. His countenance is animated, the features strongly marked, and the quick intelligence of a dark eye gives an expressive sharpness to lineaments, in which may be found harmoniously blended indications of kindness, intelligence, resolution, and thought. In his manner there is an admixture of serene drollery and serious consideration, combining, too, the *suaviter in modo* with the *fortiter in re*. With his pupils he is always found to encourage the industrious, to stimulate the inattentive, and, by his solicitude for the interests of all, he is deservedly considered in his school as a general favourite, and is looked up to by the students as the pupils' friend. His style of lecturing is peculiar, and partakes of the ABERNETHIAN order both in matter and manner; whilst the illustrative cases, from their point, and the occasional anecdote, from its pungency, remind us strongly of the palmy days of GUTHRIE and COOPER."

Never mind, at present, the professional question as to the system lately adopted by certain medical journals of puffing living practitioners by publishing their lives. Attention for another point. Were anybody to ask MR. HANCOCK whether he wrote the above glowing description of his own personal appearance and professional merits himself, the fittest answer that MR. HANCOCK could give would consist, to speak anatomically, first, in a contraction of the *psaos magnus*, *iliacus internus*, *biceps*, *semitendinosus*, and *seminembranosus* muscles, and then by a ditto of the *rectus*, the *vastus externus*, and *crureus* ditto, or, more vernacularly, in an elevation of the thigh and a flexion and extension of the leg, giving the *pollex pedis* or great toe a strong impulse, and causing the anterior extremity of the boot to impinge.

The Committee of the Royal Free Hospital, however, have not scrupled to put a precisely similar question to a gentleman—MR. GAY, late Surgeon to their institution—and because they were not satisfied with his answer to it, have dismissed him from his office—in which he had earned much credit and reputation, but little else, during a period of seventeen years. The daily newspaper reader will have seen that a meeting was held the other day at the Hanover Square Rooms for the purpose of considering the best means that could be adopted to protect MR. GAY from the consequences of his dismissal.

A biography of MR. GAY had appeared in the *Medical Circular*—unaccompanied by any remarks upon his features, such as the above. But it contained matter offensive to the Committee; praise of MR. GAY at the expense of their Lazaretto. It spoke slightly of the exterior

ORTUNATELY some daring Chiropodist has been cutting the nails of the tiger in the menagerie at Hull. The operation was successfully performed, and the animal has been much quieter ever since. Now we wish some one would take the Russian Bear in hand, and achieve a similar feat (no pun intended) with his nails. They have been getting dreadfully long lately, and the consequence is, that he has been wishing to come up to the scratch in all directions. It is time

of that edifice, and disparagingly of the internal arrangements thereof, in so much as the following passage amounts to:—

"It is not too much to say that the position the Hospital has assumed is almost solely owing to the exertions of MR. GAY; but for the success of his surgical operations, the Hospital would be little known."

Upon the strength of this not very strong discommendation of the Royal Free Hospital, the persons constituting its committee addressed the following polite note to MR. GAY:—

"Royal Free Hospital, July 15, 1853.

"DEAR SIR,—In conformity with a resolution adopted by the Committee of Management of this Hospital, I take the liberty of submitting to you the following questions:—

"1. Was the manuscript or proof of your Biography published in a medical paper of the date of the 30th of March last, seen by you previously to its publication?

"2. Did you supply any part of that Biography?

"3. If that Biography was published without your knowledge or sanction, have you written to the publisher to complain of any statements or allegations it contained?

"If you will favour me with an early reply, I shall be obliged, and am, dear Sir,

"Yours, &c.

"JOHN GAY, Esq."

"(Signed)

"W. H. FENN."

To these cool interrogations MR. GAY distinctly replied that he had had nothing whatever to do with the biography, either in the ways particularised, or in any other, except in having supplied the editor with the mere facts of his birth and education. For the rest, he had simply taken no notice of it. These answers were voted by the Committee unsatisfactory. They were so, without doubt. But a body of men cannot be kicked.

Treating MR. GAY as their servant—in plush—these people next requested him to write a letter to the Editor of the *Medical Circular*, in order to the correction of the *Circular's* article. A hospital surgeon will do much to keep his employment—though it be its own remuneration. MR. GAY complied; in as far as concerned the misstatements of the *Medical Circular*. But this compliance again was unsatisfactory; the Committee dismissed MR. GAY, and a Court of Governors confirmed his discharge.

Hospital Committees and Courts of Governors have a perfect right to do what they like with their own. Undoubtedly they may treat their surgeon with as much insolence and injustice as they please. They pay their guinea, and receive their power—the privilege of being able to bully and insult a gentleman is one of the chief advantages of their subscription. To talk to them is idle. The appeal lies to the College of Surgeons. When a surgeon is tyrannically and unjustly deprived of his office, like MR. GAY, let the Council of that body set a mark upon the fellow who dares to fill his vacancy. Let its members decline to meet the sneak in consultation, and let all grades of practitioners combine to hiss the snob out of the Profession.

THE AFFAIRS OF ROME AND OXFORD.

(By Electric Telegraph.)

THE dome of ST. PETER'S was illuminated last night; and afterwards the POPE gave a ball at the Vatican. CARDINAL WISEMAN and the other Cardinals attended, and all the English residents received special invitations. The cause of these extraordinary festivities was the prospect of another Tractarian member for the University of Oxford in the person of SIR WILLIAM HEATHCOTE, BART.; who, if returned for that seat of learning, may be confidently expected to carry out the views of his spiritual director, MR. KEBLE, which are supposed to be very nearly identical with those of DR. NEWMAN. The *Hildebrand*, or *Gregorian Quadrilles*, otherwise called the *Papal Lancers*, were danced with much spirit, and his HOLINESS figured in his usual style in the *Pastorale*. The *Borgia Galop* was executed with enthusiasm; and the evening concluded with the good old-fashioned country dance, in which all the company joined, of *St Ignatius Loyola*.

Deciphering Cyphers.

SOME little boys have been amusing themselves in deciphering the cyphers that appear occasionally in the *Times*. We wish they would exercise their ingenuity in translating LORD ABERDEEN—anywhere, so long as he was translated out of the Ministry—for we look upon him as being the greatest Cypher of the present day.

FIGURES THAT MUST NOT BE QUESTIONED.

THE Spirit-Rappers have not tried their skill yet upon a Multiplication Table. But, perhaps, they do not wish to rap an answer out of one, knowing that, if such a Table answered at all, it would most likely speak only in round numbers.

A COCKNEY'S QUESTION ON THE NAVY.

DOES a Port Admiral mean an Admiral who is laid down for a long series of years, and not decanted for service till he is very old?



OUR ARTIST "GOES TO NATURE."—Jan. 1854.

MRS. JANE GIMLET ON THE FESTIVITIES OF THE SEASON.

"Yeast Lann, Grinnidge, hateenth Janicaryhatingiftifore."

"ONNERD SIRR,

"As I was sain wen I leff off ritin last, the gestes was begin to cum. It were a large party for Missus POPKINS; she is none to amost all her father's congregashun, an he is quite a populous preecher. I were in the teerom, a handin of em their tees an kophees, an consekevently I see em all butiful, the ladies a smoothin out their gownds as ad got creeshed a little, an the gents a runnin their fingers thro their air, wich the ats ad flatened the top curls. It were fine to see ow silent they was, an kept hiein on another hout o the corners of their hies an purtendin to be lookin hother ways. The ladies was dressed butiful, sum in wite hover pink with wite sattin noods, an sum in pink hover wite with pink sattin noods, and huthers in airyan an delusion, an wen I see their fresh yung faces an shiny hair with long pendings of ribbond a cummin hout hover their combs an hangin down their baks like bell ropes, an their brite eyes an white neks, an see em a glidin an a slidin hin an hout as if they was too lite to walk, an brittenin hup wen they heerd the moosic in the next rume, as if they'd been a part of the toone, I felt proud of my seks, though poverty was my lot, an charin was my mishun. But the men was mostly way-faced creeturs with holler hies an thin chekes, an many on em tho yung was a gettin bald, wich I am told its the want of fresh hair and the sedingtary life as maks em grow so, wile my JON, as is twice as old, ave his ed kuvvered with air as stiff as a dore mat an as blak as a kole skuttle, wich shos the gudness of Natur in sendin air were ats is not so easy kum by, an baldness to them as can get huther kiverings. There was honely wun rele carritch, for most on em cum in cabs, wich the cabman allus asked more than is fair, an got it too, cos they woodnt be sene to argle an barge for a hodd sixpens afore cumpanee; an sum cum in ired klarenses an brooms, an cum a mincein in an sain, 'Wen air the carritches hordered?' they sez, an 'Tell the cocheman the huther carritches is hordered at tu,' sez they, as if it was their hone famly coche, and not cum hout of a muse at ten shillin for the hevenin and suffin for the driver. Missus BROWNJONES of Brownjones Park (she stud at the fontin for Missus POPKINS, an giv REVEREND SLOCUM a horgand for his church, an stands a trete of enthiums an beer to the skule children anniwally,) was the wun as cum in her hone carritch, an her grate hosses cum a prancin an a slitherin in the gutter, till they fritened Miss SMITHOMSON, as was steppin hout of the seedan (wich JONES the greengrocer, two stretes hoff, lets it hout at hateenpence a jurney), so that she let her ridicule fall into the mud, an dropped her calash off her pore old ed, an got into such a twitter as nothin could be like it, nor coodnt heven speke till she ad drank tu glasses of kneegus an

amost a pint of tee. Last of all cum REVEREND SLOCUM hisself, lookin as butiful as he do wen he preech, with his sno white ankercher in one hand, an the ring Missus BROWNJONES giv him on the huther—a purl of grate price, as I here sum wun say, tho it were a diamint. 'Ah, GIMLET!' he sez, quite affabul, 'air u ere? I am truly glad to see you. Yes, certingly, kophee, if u please, GIMLET. I am rejiced that me child does not forget the frens of her youth. A leetle more shewgar, GIMLET, an ow is ure worthy usban? Muffin? No, a finger biskit. Ow does he support the trubbel of these days of afflikshun, GIMLET? Not any more, I thank u;,' he sez. So, wen hede teed, he went into the dorrin rume, as they hall did, an I thort I shoold see no more on em, but I were mistaken, for sum on em were a goin to act sherards wich, as I heerd a gent say, is a kind of playhactin an water for them whose eds the theatur is too strong for. An so they cum into the tee rume to dress, an I elp em to mak such frites of theirselves as u never see.

"Fust, yung MISTUR TOMKINS, as are just hout of his harticles, and the sekkund Miss BROWNJONES, as is still in her teens, purtend to be MISTUR an MISSUS GRAY, wich I dessay they woodnt mind, an goes a workin hout of the tee rume into the dorrin rume, makin believe it were Regent Strete, and lookin at the things in the shops. An presently Miss BROWNJONES, leastways MISSUS GRAY, sez, 'Lor, HEDGAR,' wich is rele name air TUMMAS, 'Lor, HEDGAR,' she sez, 'wot a luvly mantel; I must ave it,' an he sez 'HANGELINA' (her name's HEMLY) 'this art can refuse u nothin,' he sez, an wen old MARM BROWNJONES heerd him say it, her face were worth lookin hat, but she sed nuthink. And so they goes into the shop, an there were MISTUR LINSEY the stokbroker, who live three dores hoff, purtendin to be MISTUR WOOLSEY, the abbadasha, an redde to shave is custummers, as they say, wich he well nose ow. An so MISSUS GRAY she buys the mantel, an MISTUR WOOLSEY he pockets the money, and MISTUR TOMKINS he wants to get her hout of the shop afore she takes a fancy to hanything helse, an MISTUR LINSEY he wants to sho her sum more harticles, an MISTUR GRAY gets her tords the dore, an so Miss BROWNJONES she puts the mantel on afore they've tuk the ticket hoff, an walks hall down Regent Strete into the tee rume with this plakcard on her back: 'This ere batiful article in the mantel only £2 3s. 6d.'

"Well then, MR. POPKINS, he purtends to be a Quaker with a brord brim an a narrer mind, as I here a gent a sain, and goes about tellin peepul they ortent to fite, and that the honely way to cure th: HEMPEROR OF ROOSHER off his orrid graspin ways was to giv im all he wanted, wich, in coorse, wood leave im nuthin to fite for, an that if we struv agin the HEMPEROR's werry nateral desires, we was to blame, an not im. An then a lot of MISTUR POPKINS' frens, to punish im for talkin of such stuff, purtends to go to his ouse at nite an cut a hole in the shutter an take out a pain of glass, an poke MASTER TOMEE thro the winder to open the dore (wich the child were delited, and wanted to break the winder in rele earnest), an goes an piks the loks an cribs the plate, an wen old POPKINS cums down in his nite cap, tells im their desires is all werry nateral, an that if he flusters em, he is purwokin em to a breche of the peece. Well then, who but REVEREND SLOCUM hisself puts on a hold dressin gownd as MISTUR POPKINS does a bit o garduin in, an a pare o trowers to match. An MARM BROWNJONES ides her velvets an sattins under hany hold close she can get, an they both sit down afore the fire, an hones an mones an sez their werry pore, but REVEREND SLOCUM he turns to an hutters a butiful discoorse about not bein cast down, till MARM BROWNJONES she cry wus than hevver, wich it come nateral to her as she do it wenever she here him preeche. An then he gits so heksited in his tork, that he flourishes the poker and hits the mantel-peege, and noks down a bit of the wainscot an tumbles hout a lot of guinees, wich ad bin idden there hever so many yeres, a purpose that he an MARM BROWNJONES mitent cum to the workus. An so the sherard hended, an hevvery one hasked his naybor, 'Ave u guessed it?' an hevvery wun sed no, till sum wun called out 'Its Mantelpeege,' an then they hall sed theyd thort of that, honely they didnt like to say, for fere they was rong. An then they fell to dancin, wich I wish they aadent, as ule understand wen u here agin

"From ure umbel chareoman,

"JANE GIMLET."

A Bald Invention.

MR. ROWLAND informs us that wearing the hat is very injurious to the hair. If this is true, Quakers ought to be the baldest of men, for they keep their hats on longer than any one else, and yet we know several Quakers who have very good heads of hair. At all events, ladies are not likely to lose their hair from any similar cause, considering the present fashion of wearing the bonnet completely off the head.

EXTREME SEVERITY OF THE WEATHER.—A Mother-in-law, coming up from the country, and bringing her boxes with her, is generally a sure prognostication of a hard winter.

A SANCTIFIED "SELL."



"They are past and gone! those merry ones,
That were so glad and bright."

The italics are our own—intended simply to call attention to the tone of piety which pervades the announcement, and suggests its purpose; rejoicing the heart of the serious reader with the expectation of sweetness.

Taste a little more:—

"Soon another circle in the great journey of life shall be attained—soon another New Year may be permitted to dawn upon our vision—soon may it be our favoured lot to mingle in the circle of love, and administer to the cheering offices of friendship; and should our spirits be chastened when we look around and behold those 'vacant places,' let each heart that pulsates in health and strength expand with gratitude to that source from whence proceed those issues of life, 'inestimable gifts'—and may the 'weary and heavy laden' look in faith to the thousand means which have been mercifully provided to mitigate their pains and to soothe their afflictions. And we may be permitted to mention, as one of the means of alleviating pain and suffering,"

the New Testament—one naturally surmises—or, at least, some tract, or set of discourses calculated to afford spiritual consolation—something powerful in that way, of strong anodyne, and at the same time awakening, properties. What comfort is offered to those who sigh for "vacant places?"—what rest is proposed to the "weary and heavy laden?"—Surely such as may be found in the unction of the Reverend OTTO SHARON, or the affectionate earnestness of MR. MANNA? Not so. No healing waters or balm of that description—but, simply,

"That extraordinary medicine, PAGE WOODCOCK'S WIND PILLS, compounded by MR. PAGE D. WOODCOCK, Lincoln."

They are to "look in faith" to the Wind Pills of MR. PAGE D. WOODCOCK. In place of references to experiences and conversions, we are informed, as touching the Wind Pills, that

"Parties of the highest respectability in all parts of the United Kingdom have given their testimony to their wonderful efficacy in all complaints of the Stomach and Bowels."

And so all the allusions to vacant places and chastened spirits are introductory to a puff of Wind Pills, and those who are "weary and heavy laden" are invited to go to MR. WOODCOCK for a patent medicine to cure complaints of the inside. WOODCOCK is a nice bird! It may, however, be natural for a Quack to quote Scripture for such a purpose as that of inducing the credulous to swallow his compounds, but that the holy *Watchman* should afford him a conspicuous place in its columns for the citation of texts and the use of sanctified slang with that object, can only be accounted for by the supposition that the holy *Watchman* has its price—which is paid by the holy *Watchman's* profane advertiser.

Railway Addresses on the Subject of Smoking.

RAILWAY GUARD to Third Class. "Where's the Man that has been smoking? He had better not let me catch him. I'll soon put his pipe out."

To Second Class. "Now, gents, smoking isn't allowed—it's a fine of forty shillings."

To First Class. "If you please, gentlemen, smoking is against the rules. I must request you to put your cigars out."

MORAL PARADOX.

A THIRST for gold is denounced as unreasonable by those who, nevertheless, deny that it is a thirst for something solid.

MEMS. OF AN OLD REFORMER.

Mem. To give up the filthy habit of smoking as soon as I possibly can.

Mem. To harden myself against the insinuations of snuff, and to put my hands in my pockets, whenever a pinch is offered to me.

Mem. Never to stop out later than eleven o'clock.

Mem. To answer my letters directly they arrive.

Mem. To summon every cabman who is impertinent or neglects to give me a ticket.

Mem. To tutor myself in better habits of punctuality, so that when I am invited out I may not arrive an hour after my time.

Mem. Only to buy those things I positively want, and never to buy anything until I have the money in hand to pay for it.

Mem. To take some energetic means to get, once and for all, out of the debt of my tailor.

Mem. To deal with my own tradesmen, instead of allowing the servants to order all the things for me.

Mem. To insist upon having all my accounts sent in regularly every week.

Mem. To entertain the deadliest hatred, and to wage the most relentless war, against that most ruinous of all systems—Credit.

Mem. To try the experiment for a short time of seeing that the cellaret, in which my wine and spirits are kept, is locked.

Mem. To examine more carefully my washerwoman's bills—and to check them always when they come home.

Mem. To ascertain what stock of linen I have.

Mem. To discontinue the folly of giving money to beggars.

Mem. To stop drinking when I feel I have had enough!!!

Mem. To forswear unlimited loo, and learn chess.

Mem. Never to be in bed later than eight o'clock.

Mem. To walk always a good hour before breakfast.

Mem. To begin to think seriously about marriage, and the policy of insuring one's life.

Mem. To cultivate good friends and pure thoughts; to endeavour to gain the esteem of all worthy people; to live regularly and respectably; to wind up my conduct with my watch every night before I go to sleep, and to examine whether it is too "fast" or too "slow;" to abandon all divans and billiard-rooms; to shave off my moustaches; and throw away my latch-key.

Mem. (most important one of all.) To put into practice the above resolutions the moment I get a little more settled.

HEAVEN CONFOUND THE EMPEROR.

AIR—"God Preserve the Emperor."

HEAVEN confound the EMPEROR NICHOLAS,

Acting at his present rate,
Vanquished, humbled, and ridiculous,

Hurl him from his high estate;

Haunted always be his pillow

By the spectres of the dead,

Foully, on Sinope's billow,

By his slaves whose blood was shed.

Down, to rise expecting never,

All his pride and glory smashed,

May he hear the screams for ever

Of the women whom he lashed;

May the sum of human sorrow,

Caused by him, his conscience wring,

With no prospect of a morrow,

To allay its poisoned sting.

If, resolved on depredations,

Right he scorn, and might defy,

Rise against him, banded nations,

Hunt him down with hue and cry,

On him, like a wild beast, hounded

Be the dogs of Europe's war;

Let him ever be confounded;

Outraged Heaven, confound the CZAR!

New Lamps for Old Ones.

ODESSA, according to the author of a new book on Russia, labours under the disadvantage of being badly lighted. It is satisfactory to know that an English company—a ship's company, in fact—has undertaken, at the shortest notice, to light up the town in question so brilliantly as actually to cause reflection at St. Petersburg, and enable the CZAR to read French and English handwriting very distinctly, even at that distance. The iron tubes are ready laid, and the parties are only waiting for a few posts.



Boy. "HERE YOU AIR, SIR. THREE PAIR O' STRAPS FOR SIXPENCE."

THE FINEST BALSAMS OF ARABIA.

FOR once in the way we feel almost inclined to recommend patent medicines. Those of which we are disposed to make such an exception in favour, are thus advertised:

"TREASURES OF THE DESERT.—The successful results of these remedies are without parallel. ALI AHMED'S Antibilious Pill, ALI AHMED'S Cough Pill, ALI AHMED'S Healing Plaster. In boxes," &c. &c.

We can well believe that ALI AHMED'S Treasures of the Desert will cure all the bile and coughs, and heal all the hurts, not mortal, that occur therein. Two considerations only restrain us from prescribing these medicinal treasures to all our bilious, asthmatic and wounded readers. We are not informed whether the Treasures which ALI AHMED derived from the Desert are to be accompanied or not, as remedies, by the diet and regimen which MR. ALI was obliged to observe during his residence in that locality. If the Antibilious Pill of ALI AHMED is to be combined with eating and drinking limited to a few dates and a little water daily, and with active horse-exercise, we should think it very likely indeed to remove, more effectually than any other pill, taken without restriction as to appetite, the worst congestion of the liver that ever afflicted an alderman. A stomach cough would as certainly be relieved by ALI AHMED'S Cough Pill, if nothing but that, besides the dates and the water, were put into the stomach; wounds likewise would cicatrise, at the same rate, under his Healing Plaster, in conjunction with the same antiphlogistic sustenance. The other slight scruple that withholds us from stamping these Pills and this Plaster with our approbation, is, that we are not quite sufficiently satisfied in regard to what they consist of. The precise details of their composition we do not require to know: but if we were only sure that they contained nothing whatever that would have the slightest effect upon the human body in its natural state, we would recommend them, assisted by the adjuncts above-specified, in preference at least to any other quack medicines, except homœopathic globules, because the latter would no doubt answer just as well under similar circumstances.

Harvest without Sickles.

MR. MECHI'S last balance-sheet exhibited a profit, but it is to be feared that next year he will encounter a considerable loss, not indeed by the failure of any crops, but by the reverse; for if the moustache movement should become general, where will be the market for razors and magic strops?

ORTHOGRAPHY FOR EUROPE.—The massacre at Sinope may be described as an atrocious Czarnage.

SONGS FOR THE POULTRY-YARD.

Now that poultry-keeping has become as fashionable as crochet, and every well-regulated young lady keeps her Cochin China in preference to a canary, we may naturally expect the mania will soon affect the inspiration of our lyric writers. We are convinced, indeed, that Songs for the Poultry-Yard will be counted very shortly with the wants of the age, and will soon supplant those senseless *Will-you-love-me-then-as-nows* with which the sentimental school has far too long afflicted us. We are, therefore, tempted to anticipate the national demand, and to supply at once a specimen which any poultry-minded maiden has our full permission to inscribe in her Album—supposing that exploded nuisance can be anywhere found extant:—

AIR—"LESBIA hath a Beaming Eye."

LESBIA hath some Cochin Chi-
na fowls of most superior breeding:
Every one too fat to fly,
So constantly she keeps them feeding.
Daily wakened by their crows
At some precocious hour she rises,
And while their breakfast forth she throws
Her pets she thus apostrophizes:
"O my Cochin China dear—
I mean expensive—Cochin China;
Most hens lay
One egg a day,
But you lay *two*, my Cochin China!"

LESBIA longed to see the show
Held lately in the street called Baker,
And so importuned me to go,
That I at length was glad to take her.
Curious breeds there were on view,
"Silver-pencilled," "golden-crested:"
"Double-combed" I noticed too,
(I'd much prefer them double-breasted!)
And there were Cochin China here,
Vastly costly Cochin China:
Chicks we've heard
By ducks are reared,
But surely geese rear Cochin China!

THE SLAVE OF THE SMASHER.

"MR. PUNCH,

"I AM a beautiful thing, though I say it that shouldn't. But my beauty is the ground of my appeal for sympathy—never withheld by the Briton from beauty in distress. It is that which aggravates the degradation to which I have been subjected. Sir, I have been cruelly abused—applied to the vilest of purposes. Read this extract from a recent money article in the *Times*:

"Persons are attempting to dispose of spurious gold-dust by offering it to money-changers in London. It consists of small pieces of some hard kind of earth electrolysed so as not to be discoverable by chymical tests. A parcel was brought to-day to MESSRS. SPIELMANN, in Lombard Street, which was completely undistinguishable from genuine gold-dust, except by its friability and want of weight."

"My sister, the Daguerriotype, in the hands of villains, has been rendered subservient to the vile arts of forgery. She, however, has had her compensation in having been also employed for the detection of rogues and thieves; but there is none for poor me. We, the offspring of Science, proud of our high birth, feel bitterly the disgrace of being under bondage to scoundrels; and I am sure that this is a kind of aristocratic feeling of which you will approve. Is it not a shame, Sir, that our dignity should be so outraged? and ought not a double punishment to avenge that fraud which is perpetrated by the misuse of the most delicate and refined inventions, and through the perversion of those wondrous—almost spiritual—powers, electricity and light? I am, Sir, your obedient Servant—and the unwilling slave of rascality,

"THE ELECTROTYPE."

Service in Australia.

A YOUNG servant girl, previous to going into service, and after ascertaining very particularly what amount of work there was to be done, wanted to know, before she could accept the situation, whether "her mistress was prepared to make herself generally useful?"

REVELATIONS FROM RUSSIA.

From our Own Correspondent.

St. Petersburg, Jan., 1854.



E see that most accounts of the state of things here which have reached your contemporaries are calculated to give scarcely any true idea of it. You are cognizant of the fact that the Emperor, in the course which he has pursued, and is pursuing, has been actuated by religious enthusiasm, but you are little aware of the extent to which he is influenced by that powerful motive. Our letters here are liable to be opened, and were I to write on this subject without proper reserve, the consequence might be a speedy relegation to Siberia. I may, however, say that His

Imperial Majesty's mental condition in reference to religion is as exalted as it is possible to conceive. It not only displays itself in frequent acts of devotion, but also in other actions, which would be misinterpreted in England, but are here understood to be indications of the prophetic state.

Of course you are familiar with the portraits of His Imperial Majesty, representing him in his military frock buttoned over his chest. This arrangement, for a mystic reason, has been reversed. NICHOLAS now wears his frock tightly buttoned up behind. It is certain that, in any case, he will present something like a front to the foe.

On some principle, equally mysterious, the CZAR has addicted himself to divers peculiarities of diet. Though suffering grievously from indigestion, and a martyr to bile, he persists, against the advice of his physicians, in eating enormous quantities of caviare, which he has served up to him swimming in DAY and MARTIN'S blacking; and this being an imported article, I wonder how he expects to get it in the event of a war.

The Autocrat used to be extremely partial to Clicquot; but he has of late abandoned that beverage for train-oil; in which liquor he compels NESSELRODE to pledge him. Consistently with this change of taste, he declares himself a Lamp-speaking, of course, symbolically—and sometimes insists on being trimmed; as, to be sure, he deserves to be.

Severe as has been the struggle which the Emperor is maintaining with the Turks, he has had to contend yet more strenuously with spiritual foes. By attendants near his person he is described as being in perpetual conflict with ghostly enemies, inasmuch, that at times he can scarcely walk a dozen yards without catching at objects in the air, which might be supposed to be flies, but are invisible to the common spectator.

Add to these things that he has betaken himself to psalmody, and goes about singing, "*Non confundar in æternum*," to the air of *L'or, c'est une chimère* from *Robert le Diable*.

You know that His Imperial Majesty is styled something more than the mere EMPEROR OF THE RUSSIANS. Were you resident here, you would have to take care how you addressed him as an earthly potentate.

Under these circumstances I must confess that I entertain slender hopes of a pacific settlement of the Eastern Question. This is the only chance. NICHOLAS—unlike most persons in his predicament—does not cultivate a beard; and his medical attendants have not taken away his razors.

GREAT MEETING OF THE IRISH BAR.

THE papers announce that a meeting of the Irish Bar has recently taken place, at which it was ultimately decided, after a very hot discussion, that "the gentlemen of the Outer Bar shall be at liberty to take half a guinea under the Common Law Procedure Act." We were not present at the meeting, but we have reason to believe that the speeches were painfully animated, the excitement intense, and the whole scene—to the last degree—distressing. Many of the older juniors were affected to tears, in speaking of the dreary prospects of the profession, and a veteran "utter," venerable with the horsehair of forty Hilarys, held up in the air his empty brief-bag with a gesture of despair that had a thrilling effect on all present. The discussion was alternately angry and mournful; but the latter was the tone that seemed to predominate. Some amendments were proposed, and among other things it was recommended that the half-guinea standard might be conveniently lowered to seven-and-six, but this suggestion was—for the present—negatived.

Letters of adhesion from the English Bar—as represented by MESSRS. BRIEFLESS and DUNUP—were read, amidst mingled feelings, in which astonishment seemed rather to prevail, and more than one member of the meeting asked hypothetically, "What either of these gentlemen could possibly have to do with it?"

We need scarcely say that we fully appreciate the estimate which the Irish Bar has put on the value of its services, and we can only hope that the readiness of the learned gentlemen to take "half a guinea" will be met by a corresponding promptitude on the part of the public in "cashing up" those moderate sums of ten-and-six, which the existence of the "outer" Bar of Ireland seems to hang upon.

THE SONG OF THE BRITISH ADMIRAL.

I'm a wonderful man of my age;
I'm gallant, and jolly, and brave;
The foe I'm prepared to engage,
For I've only one foot in the grave.
Tis true that I'm weak on my pins;
Tis true that I hobble about;
But whew! when the action begins,
Do you think I shall care for the gout?

Of practice I think I may brag;
My profession I think I should know
For I hoisted my admiral's flag
Very nearly three decades ago.
Experienced I surely must be,
As any old sailor alive,
For my very next birthday, d'ye see,
Will make me just eighty and five.

They say I can't stand to my guns
Because I am shakey a bit;
But if FATHER NEPTUNE's old sons
Can't stand to their guns—they can sit.
They hint I'm unsteady of hand;
They say that my voice is too weak
For giving the word of command,
But a shout is less shrill than a squeak.

Tis true that I'm touched in the wind,
But at sea we have plenty of gales;
And then, if I'm pretty near blind,
I wink not when danger assails
Besides, in defence of the Porte
If in battle I have to engage,
I'm one of the regular sort;
For perfection of Port is old age.

They may call me a stupid old muff,
And say I am better in bed;
But every day makes me more tough,
From the sole of my foot to my head.
Improvements, they tell me, time brings,
In all that around us we see;
If it does so to nautical things,
It must have done wonders for me.

Then hurrah! for the gallant old tar,
The Admiral jolly and brave;
Shall he tremble at death from the Czar,
With already one foot in the grave?
Then give me my crutches—who fears?
My gout I have learned to survive:
Rule BRITANNIA! hip! hip! and three
cheers
For the old boy of eighty and five!

NITROUS NICHOLAS.

THE *Standard* has the following paragraph:—

"SALTPETRE.—The prospects of war have led to increased transactions in Saltpetre, and within these two days a rise of 2s. per cwt. has occurred upon the advanced prices of last week."

The increase of the price of this supporter of combustion is, of course, owing to the operations of that incendiary who occupies the throne of Russia. It is not unlikely that NICHOLAS will invest his capital in Saltpetre to such an extent, that the name of his imperial city will be altered to Saltpetresburg.

The Bourbons and the Printer.

THE Princes of the BOURBON family have caused it to be stated that "they have no accredited organ in the press of France." At this we are by no means surprised; remembering the long antipathy between the lilies of France and printers' ink. Moreover, when CHARLES THE TENTH flung the printer's type into the streets of Paris, how soon did that type beget whistling bullets!



OUR ARTIST (AN ARDENT LOVER OF VENERIE) BORROWS A "BIRDING-PIECE OF THE PERIOD," AND BRINGS HIMSELF DOWN AT THE FIRST SHOT.

THE DOMESTIC REFORMER;

OR, HOW MR. PATERFAMILIAS MADE HOME HAPPY.

SCENE 5.—MR. PATERFAMILIAS has gone into the subject of adulterations; and, as a first step to protecting himself, distrusting the beer of commerce, determines to brew at home.

MR. P., MRS. P., and the family assembled at breakfast. MR. P. is reading the "Lancet."

Mrs. P. Another cup of tea, my dear?

Mr. P. (laying down his brochure—to himself). Dreadful!

Mrs. P. The tea, Mr. P.? Well, it ought to be good. It's DAKIN'S best Family Mixed at 4s. 6d.

Mr. P. No, Mrs. P.; the exclamation was forced from me by these distressing revelations in this valuable periodical.

Mrs. P. Yes, I wonder how you can take it in, with all those dreadful accounts of operations and cases. It's enough to make one fancy one has all of them, sometimes, oneself.

Mr. P. You mistake, my dear. I do not refer to the purely therapeutical and surgical part of the journal—interesting as this undoubtedly is to minds familiar with the mysteries of our physical structure, but to the series of analytical investigations of the adulterations of food and drink.

Mrs. P. Oh, indeed!

Mr. P. (looking at his daughters). Were chemistry, as it ought to be, a subject of instruction in our seminaries, the detection of these deleterious practices would not be left to the conductors of a scientific periodical; it would be carried on by our cooks, our wives, and our daughters—in our kitchens, Mrs. P., and our store-rooms.

Mrs. P. Well, I'm sure it's bad enough as it is, with the boys, and their caustic, and phosphorus, and gunpowder, and things—without the girls blacking their fingers, and burning their eyebrows off, and blowing themselves up.

George. It was NEWTON, Ma, would make a mine in the front garden. I told him what a jolly row there'd be, but he would.

Newton. I only wanted to find the point of least resistance, Pa.

Mr. P. (fondly). Dear child! (To Mrs. P.) I tremble for that boy, my dear.

Mrs. P. So do I, my dear, constantly—

Mr. P. Lest he should be one of the martyrs of science some day.

Mrs. P. Yes, I'm always expecting to hear of his getting himself poisoned or blown up, or going up in a balloon and never coming down again, or some dreadful end.

Laura. I wish, Papa, you'd forbid him trying experiments on my canary birds. He hung poor Dicky over one of the gaspipes the other day, and turned on the gas, and if I hadn't come in just in time,

CLOCKWORK AT THE TOWER OF LONDON.

It is to be hoped that the preparations now in progress for fixing a clock in the round turret of the White Tower will be stopped. If there were any great want of clocks in the neighbourhood, there would be some excuse for disfiguring the venerable edifice to accommodate those who do not carry watches; but as it is, the addition of a clock to that monument of antiquity will be as little useful as ornamental. The White Tower, of itself, is a sufficient indication of the lapse of Time. The clock with which it is proposed to dedecorate it, is, we understand, to be a four-faced one; which makes the matter worse: an old friend with a new face looks odd enough; but a most unpleasantly queer sort of feeling would result from beholding an old friend with four new faces.

A Tender from Norway.

THE Northern Courts may profess the observance of neutrality during our approaching struggle with Russia; but the subjoined overture, which has appeared under the form of a newspaper advertisement, is a satisfactory indication of the side to which their feeling inclines:—

LOBSTERS FROM NORWAY.—A firm in Norway is desirous of making CONTRACTS with parties in England, for LOBSTERS during this year's season.

"Season" means campaign, of course. Everybody knows what Lobsters are intended for. We are very much obliged to the friendly Norwegian firm; but trust that we are sufficiently able to fight our own battles with our own soldiers, and that no auxiliaries will be required by the British Grenadier.

the poor dear thing would have been poisoned. He's never piped since.

Mr. P. My dear, your brother's mind is an inductive one; far be it from me to check it.

Newton. Please, mayn't I put one of EMILY's dormice into the receiver of my air-pump, Pa?

Emily. Oh! you horrid, cruel little wretch!

Mrs. P. No wonder, my dear, when his Papa encourages him in it!

Mr. P. Once for all, Mrs. P., that boy's scientific bent shall not be thwarted by any narrow consideration for his sisters' childish fancies. I beg the subject may be dropped. To return to the adulterations.

Mrs. P. (meekly). Yes, my dear, the milk's shockingly thin.

Mr. P. That is a comparatively favourable case. The Lancet has not detected, in twenty-four specimens, the presence of any foreign agent more mischievous than common water.

Mrs. P. That's just what I'm complaining of.

Mr. P. But what is that to the adulteration of our tea? Now the sample in the caddy at this moment—its green colour is derived from the double cyanide of potassium and iron—the Prussian blue of commerce—an active poison.

Mrs. P. Good gracious, Mr. P., you're enough to frighten one to death!

Mr. P. The astringent flavour is due to catechu; the granular appearance, so pleasing in your eyes, is the result of kneading with China clay.

Mrs. P. What they make the tea-cups of. Only think!

Mr. P. And your coffee—largely compounded, in twenty-five out of twenty-eight samples, with burnt beans, chicory, and coffin-aust.

Mrs. P. Oh, horrid! I told the grocer I was sure it wasn't right; but I never thought they put coffins in it!

Mr. P. This black pepper again (taking up the castors) consists, in a great part, doubtless, of the husks of mustard-seed. This so-called cayenne pepper is largely impregnated with red-lead.

Mrs. P. (much distressed). Oh! that's what the children are always being poisoned with in the Twelfth-cake ornaments, at the coroner's inquests, you know.

Mr. P. Precisely; it furnishes a colouring matter peculiarly attractive to the young.

Mrs. P. I declare if you go on, Mr. P., I shan't dare to eat anything but bread and water.

Mr. P. (grimly). Of which the former may owe its whiteness to bones, and its lightness to alum; while the latter may be rendered poisonous by retention in a leaden cistern.

Mrs. P. (tearfully). Oh! how can you, Mr. P.? What is one to eat and drink, then?

Mr. P. It is difficult to say what article of food or drink to a scientific apprehension is perfectly innocuous. But, in some respects, we can protect ourselves.

Mrs. P. Really, I don't see anything one's safe with, unless it's hard-boiled eggs.

Mr. P. On one thing I'm determined, Mrs. P., that, for the future, we will brew our own beer.

George. Oh! won't it be jolly!

Mrs. P. (more alarmed than ever). But consider the mess, my dear! I remember, when I was staying at the WADDELS, they tried to brew in the large kitchen kettle; but it never did; and the servants all took to drink, and MRS. WADDEL had to get up at four o'clock in the morning every Wednesday, and the house used to smell so, you can't think, and it always came dreadfully expensive, and was never fit to drink.

Mr. P. The flavour, Mrs. P., is a matter of taste; but the expense is a point susceptible of arithmetical proof. I have been calculating—we pay 26s. the half-barrel; that is, 13s. per nine gallons. I find that, at the present high prices of agricultural produce, that quantity of sound wholesome beer may be made for 9s., which, at our annual expenditure of £31 12s. for malt liquor, will give us a net saving on the year of £10 8s.

Mrs. P. (with her old distrust of arithmetic). Well, it may be so by figures, but you know, Mr. P., your savings always do cost a great deal in the end.

Mr. P. Even were my calculations unsound, which they are not, considerations of salubrity alone render it a duty to introduce and encourage the practice of domestic brewing, Mrs. P. (*Mrs. P. about to speak. He waves his hand.*) Suffice it to say, I have made my arrangements.

Mrs. P. (much hurt). Well! I do think you might have consulted me first.

George. Oh, do let me work the mash-tub, Pa, it's such fun; and the sweet wort's such jolly stuff.

Newton. And I've read all about fermentation, Papa; (*to his sisters, conceitedly*) which is of four kinds, EMMY, saccharine and vinous, and acetous and putrefactive, and—

Mrs. P. (overwhelmed by NEWTON'S nomenclature). Where ever does that boy pick up those dreadful long words?

Mr. P. (impatiently). Really, Mrs. P., the shallowness of your observations is quite distressing.

Mrs. P. (apologetically). Well, but they are long—very long words, my dear, for a boy of nine years old. I'm sure, when I was a girl, I never heard boys talk so.

Mr. P. I ordered in a bushel of malt yesterday. It was to be left at the grocer's to grind.

Mrs. P. Oh! then, that was what SPRAGGS brought in last night.

Laura. That made us all sneeze so, you know, Mamma, when we looked into the bag.

Mr. P. (ringing). Then, as the malt has arrived, perhaps we'd better begin our little arrangements at once. I shall require the entire use of the back kitchen, Mrs. P., and you had better tell Cook to get the copper fire lighted at once, and—let me see—

Enter SPRAGGS.

Oh! you brought the malt from the grocer's, SPRAGGS?

Spraggs. Yes, Sir, and he says please he 'opes it won't matter, but they'd been a grindin' pepper in the mill, and BILL CHURK—the man in the shop—he's afraid there was some left, leastways the malt smelt very peppery.

Mrs. P. There! pretty beer we shall have!

Mr. P. It is not of the least consequence; the fermentation will carry off every impurity. GEORGE, you will go with SPRAGGS, and draw off the water from the small water-tub at the back door; and, let me see—we must fit it with a false bottom, for a mash-tub, you know, my dear.

Mrs. P. (tartly). Don't talk to me, MR. P., I'm sure I know nothing at all about it.

Newton. Oh! I know, Pa! there's a treatise on brewing in my "Science of Common Things."

Mr. P. You will now, my dear boy, have an opportunity of witnessing in practice what your eager curiosity has already mastered in theory.

George. Come along, SPRAGGS. We'll draw off the water, Pa, like anything, and I can make a false bottom with the top of the flour-barrel in the store-room, Ma; it's just the same size. And I'll bore lots of holes with the Italian iron. Oh! ain't it a lark!

Mr. P. (sternly). I am sorry, GEORGE, to see you find an opportunity for trivial amusement where your younger brother sees an interesting application of science to the common uses of life.

George. Oh! he's just as fond of a lark as I am, Pa, only he's such a little humbug.

Mr. P. (boxing his ears). How dare you, Sir?

George (crest fallen, to himself, as he sneaks off with SPRAGGS). Well, he is a humbug; only wait till I catch him under the water-tap!

[Exit GEORGE and SPRAGGS.]

Mr. P. (reflectively). Then we shall want a washing-tub to draw the wort off into, and a shallow vessel of some sort for cooling, and a covered tub for the gyle.

Mrs. P. (bursting out). Pray, MR. P., how do you think the work of the house is to be carried on, if you go taking all the tubs and things in this way?

Mr. P. (with dignity). I am not to be deterred from a salutary and economical household reform, Mrs. P., by any trifling remarks of that nature, and so I tell you once for all. Will you oblige me by giving orders to have the copper heated, Mrs. P.—at once, if you please.

Mrs. P. (bitterly). Pretty beer you'll make of it, MR. P., that's one comfort!

[MR. P. smiles with an air of calm superiority. Exit Mrs. P. in disgust.]

SCENE closes for the present.

A PIPE OF "RETURNS."



OME few days ago "JACK came home from sea" in the *Thetis*, expecting to be paid off, after a three years' cruise, and looking forward, of course, to the full enjoyment of all the old conventional delights that make up the *agrémens* of "life ashore" in the imagination of the British seaman. All these visions were, however, cut short by the coming on board of a Lord of the Admiralty, who ordered the crew to be "piped up;" and having told them their services would be again required by their country, told them quietly to "pipe down" again. The gallant British seaman responded without the faintest murmur to this

appeal to his patriotism; and there was even a disposition to show the cheerfulness of his consent by an incipient cry of "hornpipe," which is the usual mode of manifesting delight on the part of a British Tar; in which capacity the Lord of the Admiralty would probably have felt himself bound to comply with the demand of the ship's company. After being "piped up" and "piped down," the crew—recollecting that the present are not exactly the "piping times of peace"—determined to do their utmost towards throwing upon Russia the necessity of "paying the piper."

AN UN-POLITE LETTER WRITER.

SOMEBODY seems to be always writing letters in Somebody else's name, which letters get into all the papers, when having been read, and translated into half a dozen languages, they are suddenly declared "by authority" not to have been written by the individual to whom they have been attributed. We really should like to catch and make an example of the mischievous busybody, who devotes himself to letters in this most objectionable manner. Within the last week or two a letter, bearing the signature of the DUCHESS OF ORLEANS, has been very extensively circulated, and has been the subject of much praise on account of the spirit it was supposed to manifest. It now turns out that the Duchess not only makes no claim to the spirit, but that she reprobates the letter altogether. It is a punishable offence to forge letters of credit, and we think there should be some penalty for forging letters of discredit, which these documents certainly are, and all concerned in concocting them.

A Protectionist Dinner.

LORD DERBY gave a Protectionist dinner to his party on the 30th, sternly carrying out the principles of Protection in every particular. The meats were from the indigenous wild boars of the ancient Britons, and the white cattle, the esteemed property of our painted ancestors. Even the port wine was said to be of the home vintage, and the champagne from the native, unsophisticated English gooseberry.

A Case of Chloroform.

It is mentioned in the papers that a tiger recently had his diseased nails extracted whilst under the influence of a powerful dose of chloroform. A wretched punster of our acquaintance, on being told of it, remarked that this was certainly the most extraordinary case of *claw-reform* he ever heard of!



FLUNKEYIANA—A FACT.

Flunkey (out of place). "THERE'S JUST ONE QUESTION I SHOULD LIKE TO ASK YOUR LADYSHIP—HAM I ENGAGED FOR WORK, OR HAM I ENGAGED FOR ORNAMENT?"

A FEATHER IN THE BROADBRIM.

THERE are Quakers who can face danger without quaking; and among such intrepid Members of the Society of Friends are MR. HENRY PEASE, of Darlington, MR. JOSEPH STURGE, of Birmingham, and the gentleman from Bristol, who have proceeded to St. Petersburg with the purpose of endeavouring to induce the Czar to come to terms with Turkey. The boldness of their enterprise, indeed, amounts to temerity; and most mankind would as soon think of going to the court of KING KOSOKO, to preach mercy and forbearance to his African Majesty, unarmed. A similar, but inferior courage, has been exhibited by VAN AMBURGH and CARTER; and happy will it be if our respected friends shall succeed in exercising a corresponding influence over the brute. But the expectation is much too sanguine to be indulged in, and it must be feared that the brave volunteers of Peace are constituting a forlorn hope.

Benevolence Afloat.

THE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND—LORD DERBY's late Admiralty minister—according to the *Post* "has been more than ordinarily munificent" to the deserving poor on his estates. We are happy to add that his Grace's benevolence has also been to sea. As it was he who—for very good reasons for the time—appointed SIR FLEETWOOD PELLEW to the *Winchester*; the Duke has, in the handsomest manner, by way of reparation sent to each of the ill-used sailors of that ship, a pound of pig-tail. Having previously gone the whole hog in the appointment of the captain, this supplementary act of pigtail with the seamen was as just as it was graceful.

ARRIVAL IN TOWN.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL's luggage has arrived in Downing Street. It consists of a pill-box. It is said to contain the substance of his Lordship's intended Reform Bill.

HARD SWEARING IN CHANCERY.

THE shocking habit of swearing seems to be getting worse and worse in the Court of Chancery, if we are to judge by a string of appointments which appeared in the *Gazette* of Tuesday. From this source we learn that no less than ten gentlemen were appointed in three days by the LORD CHANCELLOR to be "Commissioners to administer oaths in the High Court of Chancery."

We cannot understand the sudden necessity that has called for the enormous accession of swearing power that must be obtained from the appointments alluded to. The machinery of equity must be materially augmented by this arrangement—as far at least as the swearing department is concerned—though we fear that many will think the horrors of Chancery are aggravated by the fearful influx of oaths that the appointments in question lead us to anticipate.

Statesmanlike Ignorance.

THERE are times and occasions when it is the profoundest wisdom of a statesman not to know when, politically, his nose is pulled; to be innocent of the knowledge, though he may suddenly tingle and glow from head to foot, of the precise moment when he is kicked. A beautiful, a triumphant living evidence to this State sagacity is NICHOLAS. The combined fleets of England and France enter the Black Sea, and the Emperor, with the simplicity of a milkmaid, begs to inquire of France and England—wherefore? Let broadsides roar, and, with the guilelessness of *Ion*, the Emperor would ask—"Is that thunder?"

A WISE MAN OF THE YEAST.

WE understand that the Mayor of a town in the West of England has sent round a Circular on his own responsibility to all the bakers of the place, recommending them during the high price of flour to leave out the yeast, as he has reason to believe that it is the yeast which makes the bread rise.



“SALUTE THE ROOSHIANs ? AYE, AYE, SIR.”

WANTED—A CASUS BELLI.

HIS footmen and horsemen—his Cossacks and guns,
On our allies the Czar is quartering;
By Sinope's shore the Euxine runs
Red with blood from Russian slaughtering;
Of England and France the fleets advance
To face him, and his to face us;
But, though ready for war, neither we nor the Czar
Can find a *belli casus*!
Oh yes! wanted a *belli casus*!
Who can give us a *belli casus*?
MRS. HARRIS, no doubt,
Was hard to find out;—
But what's she to a *belli casus*?

Without reason or ruth, the Czar passes the Pruth;
For assistance the Sultan prays us;
But what statesman can deem the mere crossing a stream
A sufficient *belli casus*?
If the Sultan can't see 'tis a mere guarantee,
His obtuseness doth sore amaze us:
We're his staunch allies, but in Western eyes,
Invasion's no *belli casus*!
Still we want our *belli casus*;
A regular *belli casus*!
Never were there two foes,
All agog for blows,
So hard up for a *belli casus*!

Says the Sultan: "Oh ho! I see blood must flow
Ere army or fleet they'll raise us;"
Oltenitza's fight is fought—"All's right!"
Here at last is your *belli casus*!"
"No," quoth England and France—"if you advance,
He resists; but a doubt still stays us;
Whether getting a whack, and giving it back
Can be called a good *belli casus*.
No—give us a *belli casus*;
A completer *belli casus*!
His conduct shows us
He's *bellicosus*,
But we don't see our *belli casus*!"

"As quiet we lay, in Sinope's bay,
The Russian butcher slays us;
He shoots us down;—bombs our town;—
Isn't that a *belli casus*?"
"Um—it might be; but don't you see
The same post that the news conveys us,
Says you couldn't resist, and 'tis hard to twist
Mere butch'ry to *belli casus*—
'Twas clearly *facinoris casus*,
For which we'd fain pull his *nasus*;
But—whatever our feelings,—
Ulterior dealings,
To ground needs a *BELLI casus*.

"Still your conduct so brave, your crown to save,
Under obligation lays us;
As your allies joint, we'll strain a point,
In default of a *belli casus*:
In spite of the shoal of Protocol
That in Stamboul's strait embays us,
Our fleets shall sail, with the first fair gale;—
That must be a *belli casus*!
To go so far may disgrace us—
But, not having a *belli casus*,
If there must be a war
Betwixt us and the Czar—
We must make our *belli casus*!"

The die is cast!—the order passed!
Three cheers the sailors raise us,
As 'neath clouds of duck, from taffrail to truck,
Sails that floating *belli casus*.
"The Bosphorus past by the fleets at last,
When once we have dared to place us
On the broad Black Sea, our faults 't won't be
If there's not soon a *belli casus*.
As the Czar is so eager to face us,
If he'd only his *belli casus*.
We've done our best
To set doubts at rest—
And behold the *belli casus*!"

"We'll salute your foul rag of a Russian flag—
We'll embrace you if you embrace us;
By the Turks though we'll stand, by sea and land!"
Quoth the Czar, "Is't a *belli casus*?
Before we fight we must know outright
Lest we sink you or you chase us,
And get coming to blows with friends not foes—
Do you mean this for *belli casus*?"
Oh, dear! can nobody trace us,
The shape of a *belli casus*?
We thought we had got one,
Now the Czar thinks it's not one.
Is there such thing as *belli casus*?



THE WIND THAT BLOWS NOBODY ANY GOOD.

"When the wind is in the East,
It's neither good for Man nor Beast."

ABOUT RATS.

THE question that has long divided the opinions of learned naturalists—"Do rats leave dangerous places?"—has very lately been again put forth, and has been submitted to the consideration of various distinguished individuals, believed to be admirably adapted to illustrate the subject. The following letters are a few selected from many received by an enthusiastic inquirer, who proposes to offer all his MSS. to the hospitable pages (for they refuse nothing) of *Notes and Queries*:—

"THE EARL OF DERBY presents his compliments to —, and though it is not his custom to make any reply to any person who may not have the honour of his Lordship's acquaintance—nevertheless will make an exception to his golden personal rule. His Lordship has no doubt whatever of the fact that rats *do* leave dangerous places.—Has himself known a rat—a very distinguished rat—that for many years dwelt and rejoiced in MR. JOHN BULL's protected barn that—on his Lordship's accession to office—immediately, without so much as licking his whiskers, quitted it."

"MR. DISRAELI has little time or inclination to discuss the habits of rats; but has no objection to inform his correspondent that for months since he has not crossed the threshold of the EARL OF DERBY, or entered the house of any other forlorn individual—(however be-starred and be-gartered)—of that bigoted party."

After such testimonials, it must surely be now received as an established fact that—Rats *do* leave dangerous places.

The would be Scourge.

Nor all his will the Russian Tyrant works:
He flogged the Nuns, but cannot thrash the Turks.

A LAND SWELL.—A Lord of the Admiralty.

SCHOOLS FOR ALL SECTS.



RICHARD's himself again: that is, MR. COBDEN has been talking very sensibly at Manchester about education as related to religion. He has not, however, solved the difficulty of combining religious with secular instruction. It may be serviceable to explain how that object is to be accomplished.

Religion is a general idea, comprehending a great variety of creeds; and religious instruction, to be complete, must consist in informing the mind with accurate notions of all of them. Partial knowledge must lead to error, which, on so important a subject, it is especially desirable to avoid.

The appointment, in all schools, of a Professor of Religious Knowledge, naturally suggests itself as the means of attaining the desired end.

But, in the first place, a sufficient number of competently qualified persons could not be found on any terms; and secondly, if they could, the sects would squabble for the appointment, each claiming it for a member of its own body, unless the candidate belonged to no denomination in particular: in which case they would all object to him.

This plan, therefore, is not feasible, unless the contending parties would consent to draw lots, or toss up for the eligibility to the situation; which is improbable.

The alternative is simple. A teacher of each form of religion must be attached to all educational institutions. Judaism, Mahometanism, Roman Catholicism, and Protestantism in all its varieties, from Lutheranism to Latter-day Sanctity, must be represented each by its Professor. A Flamen of the Fire Worship should be added if procurable, and the system would be incomplete without a Tutor in the Fetish. After an exercise with his Rabbi, the pupil should have a lesson from his Ulema, next take a spell with his Popish Priest, and then another with his Church of England Parson, to be succeeded by a lecture from the Minister of Little Bethel, followed in turn by an exposition, from a Mormonite Elder, of the faith of JOE SMITH, and the final touch to the religious "instruction" might perhaps be given by a Spirit-Rapping Medium.

Seriously, this is the only way to give religious instruction—thereby being understood an intellectual apprehension of all the facts of the subject. It would take up a good deal of time. It certainly would also cost a great deal of money; and it would not, probably, tend to implant any faith, or hope, or love, in a child's heart.

But neither will causing a child to cram creeds and gabble catechisms by rote. If religious instruction means training in religion; that is another matter. That wants Professors of Charity, Purity, Humility, and so forth: Professors whose lessons must be given out of school. Persuasion can only be communicated by personal influence; and the notion of imparting spiritual knowledge, as you would teach arithmetic, is as reasonable as would be the idea of quenching spiritual thirst by a proceeding similar to drinking brandy and water.

PLEASANT PROSPECT FOR THE RUSSIAN NAVY.

Nicholas. And so the English and French fleets have dared to pollute the Euxine—to defile our sacred Black Sea?

Menschikoff. Even so, Sire.

Nicholas. And our ships, Admiral?

Menschikoff. Prepared to burn, Sire.

Nicholas. And our sailors?

Menschikoff. Devoted to drown, Sire.

Nicholas. Be it so; burn and drown; under the circumstances, Russia can have no objection.

Fiddlers Afloat.

FIDDLERS are just now in great request in the navy. The frigate *Cressy*, fitting at Sheerness, advertises for "a good fiddler." *Punch*, therefore, begs to recommend the EARL OF ABERDEEN as being a capital hand at a scrape.

COTTON STUFF.

TAKE no heed of Aggression—allow it free scope;
What's the use of opposing the Czar or the Pope?
'T will be quite time enough your resistance to make
When you're stretched on the rack, or chained up to the stake;
And sufficiently soon to begin to cry out,
When you find your back stung with the stripe of the knout.

What matter if Russia a seaboard obtain?
Never mind till our navy she sweeps from the main,
Which I hope she won't do, if we just cease to brag,
And to sing *Rule Britannia*; and lower our flag.
Let us learn to be meek, and submissive, and tame,
And in time perhaps Commerce may make her the same.

That no foes will assail us I firmly believe,
If we only continue to spin and to weave,
Sticking closely to work in our mills and our mines,
Not at all interfering to check their designs.
So, with calico-making the end of your lives,
Never mind the defence of your daughters and wives.



"STARTLING (IF TRUE)."

First Citizen. "NOT HEERD THE NEWS, JEMMY? VELL THEN, PRINCE ALBERT, ALONG O' TWO MORE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEFS, IS IN THE TOWER, WHICH LOUIS NAPOLEON DI-WULGED HIM A-SENDIN' FI-PUN-NOTES TO THE HEMPERER OF ROOSHY (WHICH WAS A-GOIN' TO BE SUS-PENDED, MIND YER), AND BLOWED THE GAFF."

Second Citizen. "LOR!"

The Last Stage of Folly.

THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA has, hitherto, been in the habit of devoting much of his attention to opera; but he will, henceforth, be absorbed by operations of a military nature, and the only theatre in which he will be able to take any interest will be the Theatre of War. The only musical association connected with his present insanity consists in the fact that he will have to pay for it to a very pretty tune.

A SAMPLE OF RAP-FEE.

WE wish the Scotchmen who are so fond of attacking trowsers would evince their hostility by resolutely and quietly "walking into them."

THE CZAR'S WATER COLOUR.—The carnage which stained the waves at Sinope was intended to convert the Black Sea into a Russian lake.

MRS. JANE GIMLET ON THE FESTIVITIES OF THE SEASON.

"Yeast Lane, Grinnidge, twentiethyjhannicaryhatinsffifore."



ORTHY SURR,
"WHILE they was a dancin, me an MISSUS POPKINS' HANN tuk an laid supper in the dinner rume which air underne the drorrin rume, an a butiful supper it were. There were a turkee at top with his bones tuk hout an forsmete put in im hinsted, wich it saves time in hetin an purwents the gents dirtin their wite glavs by pikkin of the bones. An there was two fousls similary trefed at bottom, but they amost broke my art in respek of being Cotelhins, an avin such long legs

as coodent be trust shapebul no ow. Next the turkey, on the sentur-line, was a tung in haspect, an nex the fousls was a gallon tin of weal, as they corl it, tho it was but a quart in hall. Nex the tung was hiseter pattees, and likeaways nex the weal, an between them two dishes of pattees cum a grand senturpeege. Lowermost was a cage of barlee-shewgar with a hen in it of mottuld blankmanger a settin on twelve heggs of the same, an a-top of the cage was a floorin of pound cake made a purpose for fore hellifants to stan on, two on em wite an two pink, with their baks to wun hanuther an their trunks to the cumpance, an a holdin up a spun shewgar castul on their baks an a spun shewgar tray at the hend of heche of their trunks. The castul were full of triful, an there was rattfyces in wun tray, motters in hanuther, miksed harmont caks in a third, an Bong Bong crackers in the forth. The fore corners was two raised pies an two lobster sallets, bein wun of heche at top an bottom. Then beginnin at the top there were a dish of jennywar pastree on wun side, an a dish of gattow soocrays on the huther, then blankmanger pumpled hover with grapes, a matchin lemon jellee pumpled hover with red currants, then a shantellee basket hover against a shantellee cake, then a dish of marchangs hoppelose a dish of mealfools, an then a set of hightallyan cremes to feller a lot of rasbury wips. In coorse custuds, an jellees, an cristallized frutes, an Lack your Bong Bongs was stud about the tabul, permixious with the plate an glasses. O! it were butiful, an wen I tuk a last luke hat it afore I fetched MISSUS POPKINS down to see it, an thort as ow it were amost hall made hout of heggs an shewgar an buttur, it were quite in natur for me to ave a proud art. 'Yes,' I sez to MISSUS POPKINS' HANN, as air a gude sole an nose her plaice, an air not stuk up like sum jaks in hoffis as wont take tellin from them as nose better, 'yes! HANN, giv me heggs, an shewgar, an buttur, an Ile sho u a shaydoover, as they sez, that shall be fit for a nobulman's quizzin.' But wot air we that we shood boste? an ow sune our pride gits a fall!

"All this wile they was a dancin. At fust, it was honely kwodreels, an we could ere em a sailin an a prommynardin about hover our eds as statly as beeduls an as slo as mutes, till HANN sez, 'Lor it wont never do no ow that way. I must go an and the punch and the kneegus,' she sez, wich she tuk an did accordin. Well then they warmed hup an got the cold out o their jintes and the stiffnes hout o their feelins, and began a worltsing an a poleking till they mad the ceilin shake hover us like hanythin. 'Well,' I sez to HANN, as ad cum down agin with the hempety glasses, 'I misdout that shamdeleere! Luke how it waggles! I wouldnt wunder if the hile was to cum hout hall hover my senturpeege.' 'Lor,' sez HANN as ad got her ed turned with seein the dancin, 'ow them bellefants will shine if it does. Any ow, MISSUS GIMLET,' she sez, 'hanythin is better than them gashly kwodreels. I ate to see peepul a dancin as if they was at a berrin, but them polekers air deliteful,' an she fell a spinnin about the rume, an sez, 'I must go an and sum more punch an kneegus, an git hanuther pepe,' which she tuk an did accordin.

"Well then, down cums MISSUS POPKINS to luk at the supper, an she stud an luk at it an sez, 'GIMLET! uve surpast ureself. We shant be long a commin, for we're honely goin to danse Lar Tompeter fust, an

MISSUS BROWNJONES air goin to danse too,' she sez, an goes away agin. 'Ho! Lorry me,' I thort, 'wot ever is the Tompeter, an ow will that shamdeleere bear it an MARM BROWNJONES too, for she weys about fiftene stun, and goes as hevvy as a dray.'

"Well, I went an stud upon the stares along of HANN, with a sinkin sperrit, for I trembulled for my senturpeege, as well I mite. They was pretty quiet at first, but hall on a sudden we heros a noise like a bus a runnin hover the stones, wich it were MARM BROWNJONES agoin down the middul, or suffin of that sort, an then there cum such a crash as turned me sik to ere it. MISSUS POPKINS hered it too, an cum a runnin hout an sez 'Wot is it, GIMLET?' I coodent speke, but HANN as ave uncommon presents of mind, sez, 'Nothin, Marm! honely suppers qwite reddey, Marm, please!' Wen the cumpance hered her say that they leff hoi dancin, an stud about, simperin at each other; so in coorse MISSUS POPKINS were forsed to say, 'I think wele go down to supper if u please.' An down they cum. MISTUR POPKINS an MARM BROWNJONES fust, wich she serooged im orful in the parrer stares; an then cum MISSUS POPKINS with MISTUR BROWNJONES, a meke littel man, as ad bene in a corner hall the hevenin a sain nuthink, wich is his way; an then REVEREND SLOWCUM SMITH an MISS SMITHOMSON (it were supper enuf for her to be tuk down by him, I promise u); an then all the rest. A orrid feelin cum hover me, an I coodent move; but HANN run down an hopened the supper rume door, an hadent scarce done it wen she sings hout, 'Poleeece! Poleeece!' an goes into strong convulshuns. The cry of a feller creetur in distress brought me to, an I ran down, an Ho! wot a gashly site met my hi!

"The shamdeleere and the best part of the ceilin ad cum down a-top of the supper, and scatturd the triful hout of the shewgar castul on to the boned turkee, an filled the lobster sallets with splinters of spun shewgar, and delooged the gallon tin of weal with a bottel of tornee porte as stud by it. Wun of the bellefants was plunged ed fust into a raised pie, an hanuther was a bathin of hisself up to his middel in the lemmin jellee, an a thurd ad got his trunk in a rasbury wip as if he was a gwine to drink it, an the forth were perched upon the tung in haspect, an stud a bowin and a balancin as if he were pokin his fun at us. The hen was squashed hall off a lump with her heggs, an all the huther things was wited hover with the plaster from the ceilin, and hevery thin was shook wun upon the huther till you coodent a told a marchang from a mealfool, nor a hiseter pattee from a Lick your Bong Bong, an all the decanturs was broke an the Madedeerer an the Marselly, an the Montylarde was miksed, an resolved, as I hear a gent a wisprin, into their primmytive hellement of sherry at twenty-two shillin.

"MISTER POPKINS he went a pokin about amongst the glass an fussin to get things to rites, as the natur of husbands is, but it wort of no use, the squash were so complete. But the way his wife tuk it were wonderf. Her colour went an cum, an cum an went, an her lips got quite blue till she bit em red agin, an I see her tucker a heavin up an down, but she managed to smile as if it were only a triful. 'My frens,' say the REVEREND SLOCUM, an we sor by the rollin of his hies as he was a makin hisself up for a discoorse, but his dorter stopped him, 'Not now, Par,' sez she, 'Not now, it's for me an not for u to improve the occashun. If our frens will go up stares an dance agin, but not Lar Tompeter, please, Ile see wot I can do for em. An do take CHARLES,'—meaning her husband—'afore he cuts hisself with the broken glass.' Well REVEREND SLOCUM did luke huncommon shut up at fust, but the gents all cheered his dorter, they was so tuk with her sperrit, an so they did as she sed, an harf an hour arterwards, wen they sat down to a kuppel of barrels of hiseters, an a stiltin cheese an biskits, an a peece of cold beef, an sum am, they drank her elth in tumblers of wiskee todee, an sed it were the best supper they ever ad. An next day, MARM BROWNJONES giv her a new shamdeleere, an made it hup to her that way, but I never got no compensashun for the dammage that the Tompeter and MARM BROWNJONES did to the feelins

"Of ure umbel chareoman,

"JANE GIMLET."

Enthusiasm in Effigy.

IN the fervid town of Cupar they have been burning the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA—in effigy. How admirably does the act illustrate the reality of much popular enthusiasm! Why not burn the Russian fleet in effigy? Why not blow down Sebastopol and storm Odessa in effigy? We have small admiration for these avengers of wrong upon old clothes stuffed with shavings or musty hay; and count their enthusiasm just as much a sham as the rubbish they so heroically give to the flames.

Officering the Navy.

THE following are the new regulations relative to the physical recommendations of Admirals desirous of active service. They must not be above seventy-five, nor under seventy. They must not have been afloat within the last thirty years; as the less they have known of salt water, the fresher they will consequently be for the service.

FE-FO-FI-FUM - I SMELL THE BLOOD
OF AN ENGLISHMAN !!!



"THE WICKED GIANT WITH THE TWO HEADS.

THE AUTOCRAT AND HIS ALTAR.

THE idolatry that adores a forked animal, six feet high, as the "God of the Russians" is attended with some inconvenience. The holders of the "orthodox faith," or believers in NICHOLAS, are beginning to find the worship of that deity expensive. Over land, under sea, the following little fact has been flashed hither by electric wire:—

"The Court appears gloomy; the preparations for war have already cost enormous sums, and the Minister of Finance has laid his hands on the capitals of Loan Societies conducted by private persons."

The Nicolaitans of Russia have discovered that their divinity requires sacrifices; and that the immolation of helpless Turks is not enough for him. His own votaries must also bleed for his honour and glory, not only from wounds received, some of them in the back, on the banks of the Danube, but also in connexion with other banks, by a copious effusion of the circulating medium.

War Steamers for Russia.

Two war-steamers are being constructed on the Tyne for Russia: this is a fact well known; but what we have now to relate has been hitherto kept a profound secret. A distinguished tobaccoist has sold his wooden Highlander—who was allowed to be a striking likeness to the EARL OF ABERDEEN—for the figure-head of one of the vessels. And yet the Czar has no gratitude!

LOVE IN LOW LIFE.

BEFORE marriage the man is very much struck with the woman, and afterwards the woman is very much struck by the man.

THE BAND OF HOPE.—The orchestra of a theatre having struck in the hope of getting their salary.

LAW WITHOUT LAWYERS.

THE other day one of the Courts at Westminster was brought to a dead stand still—by that very common cause—there being no cause that could be proceeded with in consequence of the absence of counsel. All the barristers that had anything to do at Westminster had something else to do at Guildhall, and the result was a pretty to-do among the judges themselves in consequence of there being nothing doing. It seems rather an absurdity to select those barristers for work who have no time to attend to it; but, of course, if HORSEHAIR SENIOR is an attorney, HORSEHAIR JUNIOR will be instructed on behalf of all the clients of the former, or, if SERJEANT SILVERTONGUE has got a name, the pretensions of every other Serjeant or Q. C. will be ignored; and as SILVERTONGUE cannot be everywhere at once, he will perforce neglect his clients in two out of three of the Courts to which business calls him. Even the Old Bailey Bar has its favourites, and the "only recognised bully," or "the acknowledged hero of balderdash and bluster," will carry off all the briefs, to the utter neglect of the crowd of learned candidates for forensic fame who "hang out" for practice in the neighbourhood of Newgate.

The Barons of the Exchequer began a new, and we think a highly successful game, the other day, when, there being no barristers to do the business, the Bench went on without the aid of the Bar, and got through several causes in the absence of counsel on both sides. We have not heard that the suitors had to complain, and, indeed, the probability is that more substantial justice was done between them, than would have been the result if FUSBOS, Q. C., had been suffered to encumber the matter with his lumbering learning, or FUSTIAN had been allowed to confuse matters on the other side with his eloquence. When the public find that barristers who are paid to plead don't plead, and that their absence from their duty does not impede the progress of business, the public aforesaid will grow tired of paying exorbitant fees for nothing at all, and time will be saved by the Court as well as money by the suitors. We strongly recommend the precedent set by the Exchequer to the notice of the Queen's Bench and Common Pleas, for law will lose half its terrors, and more than half of its expense, if it should be found that Judges will get at the law and facts of a case without the intervention of counsel on either side.

THE NO TROUSER NUISANCE.



HERE has been lately a discussion carried on with a good deal of vehemence as to the propriety or impropriety of walking about the streets without trousers—a practice which is said to be connected with the nationality of Scotland. We regret that Scotch nationality should have nothing better than great bare brawny legs to stand upon.

We must confess we have often been disgusted at seeing a heavy looking Scotch clown without any pantaloons; and we have thought the cry against the impropriety of allowing bullocks to pass through the streets rather unreasonable, while a quantity of no less offensive calves could freely perambulate the thoroughfares. We should be glad to see the nuisance exterminated, and though at present it may be said to be "scotched" and "kilt," we are anxious for more summary treatment.

Nicholas in Danger.

CERTAIN accounts from St. Petersburg express the most affectionate fears lest NICHOLAS—outraged by the shameful conduct of the allies—should go off in a fit of apoplexy. Baths of human blood have been taken by potentates of the like kidney with NICHOLAS, it is said, with the happiest success. But, it is plain, that the remedies of one age cease to cure in another; otherwise the blood of the three thousand slaughtered at Sinope would surely have been as restorative dew to the feverish system of the Czar.

NOVELS FOR THE NURSERY.



DEEMING it hard that our rising generation should be debarred from the intellectual *pabulum* furnished to their elders in fashionable novels, and restricted to spelling-books and primers, or to infantine *historiettes* abounding alike in good children (with an occasional offender to act as Bogie), and moral lessons, we propose to give a random chapter or so of a romance suited to their capacities. For why, we would ask, when MISS JULIANA melts and kindles o'er the woes of LADY CLARE PHANTASMAGORIA, should not her youthful sister, EMMA, desist awhile from trundling the healthful but prosaic hoop, to revel in her world of romance and sentiment? Thus:

CHAPTER XL.

"Ah!" sighed the beautiful LADY ARAMINTA, gazing from the casement of her nursery at the pensive moon, "where art thou, AUGUSTUS?"

Beside her ladyship, untouched, unnoticed now, lay her neglected doll; her listless fingers clasped a new pink sash. "NODDLE," murmured the maiden, "attire me for the ball; to meet thee once more, AUGUSTUS!" she whispered musically. And now, her graceful pinafore soon laid aside, the high-born damsel languidly resigned herself to her attendant. Beauteous, youthful, scarce had she numbered seven summers, all eyes were turned on ARAMINTA at the balls and *soirées* which she deigned to honour with her presence. How to describe that loveliness? A robe of pale pink silk, with eight sweet flounces, drooped to her *genoux*, while *pantalons* of finest Mechlin completed her attire. How simple, yet how elegant! Silent and abstracted she remained during the toilette, save when NODDLE, perchance, unrolled a curl-paper too roughly; her thoughts were far away. Yes; vividly did memory depict that fatal supper, when, hovering round the Christmas tree, the HON. AUGUSTUS PECKISH (just turned of eight) strove gallantly to win the choicest *bonbons* for themselves alone; and, as the liquid sweetness soothed his spirit, murmured soft words of sympathy and love. And ah! that honied kiss, those sugared lips!

CHAPTER XLI.

IN that festive scene of light and soul, who fair as ARAMINTA? who noble as AUGUSTUS? His ardent glance thrilled through her heart; her hand pressed his, and left in it—ah, what? A pair of doll's shoes, affection's offering! Soon, twirling in the mazy polka, again he oreathed his love; and ARAMINTA, too, confided all her bitter woes.

"We'll live on sugar-candy, love, and learn no more horrid spelling." "And my hair, love, NODDLE shall not curl it, shall she? She pinches it with tongs sometimes."

"No, no, sweet ARAMINTA; say but the word, be mine! My pop-gun shall gain us food. *Nero* shall be our fiery steed, our home shall be—"

"Nay, love, I have a darling doll's house, and a new box of *bonbons*." "*Bonbons!*" cried AUGUSTUS, kindling at the thought, "*bonbons!* say but the word, loveliest, dearest! say, may I call on your Papa?"

The maiden hid her blushes and her curls on the shoulder of her AUGUSTUS's jacket, her silken socks quivering in the bliss, the rapture of that moment.

Sibthorp in his Place.

IN answer to numerous affectionate inquiries we have to state that, on the meeting of Parliament, COLONEL SIBTHORP appeared in his place like a giant refreshed, or GOG or MAGOG newly painted. We are comforted to know that he had still no confidence in Ministers, and that his voice was for war. We were gladdened to observe that his neck was clothed (or lined) with his usual thunder—that his hee-haw (we mean ha! ha!) was as bellicose as ever—and that pawing the floor of the House, he presented the magnificent image of a Colonel of Lincoln Greens scenting the battle afar—say at Kalafat or in the Black Sea.

THE MONKEY TRIBE IN ART AND LITERATURE.

IMITATION is the homage that dulness pays to wit—the acknowledgment that successful talent receives from struggling quackery. The public have been nauseated with the amount of homage of this sort which *Punch* has experienced from those who have assumed, as far as possible, his external appearance, without possessing any of his inner qualities. It would be useless—perhaps unsavoury—to disturb the ashes of the dead, and we therefore say nothing of those who have imitated—or rather aped—our outward form; but the ape tribe has become so numerous and so indiscriminate in the objects on which it lays its paws, that inexperience may sometimes be deceived by the "spurious article" and the "base counterfeit."

The "spurious imitation" mania will admit of many illustrations, and a whole series of illustrations may be met with in the numerous imitations of the *Illustrated London News*, which having become a great success, has called into existence a crowd of imitators which will eventually resemble the original in greatness—but only by the magnitude of their failure.

MR. ALBERT SMITH, the original monarch of Mont Blanc, has another SMITH dogging him about with another Mont Blanc; though we believe the latter mountain, which has been labouring away for some time, has been rather a barren speculation. In getting up an exhibition we do object to the other MR. SMITH's attempt to confound himself with the MR. SMITH by putting the name prominently forward in connection with Mont Blanc, for the obvious purpose of profiting by a case of mistaken identity. We cannot say what his pictorial views may be—for we have not seen them—but if they resemble his views of fairness, we cannot think them worth anything.

We hope these remarks will have the effect of abating what has of late grown into a public nuisance, of a very annoying, if not of a very dangerous character.



FATAL EFFECTS OF WEARING AN "ALL-ROUNDER" SHIRT COLLAR.

A Conversation in a Lodging House—Overheard on the Staircase.

Time—8 A.M. Not a Soul up.

Landlady (bawling from the bottom of the house). MARY, have you finished sweeping MR. SIMPSON yet?

Mary (over the banisters). Yes, M'm.

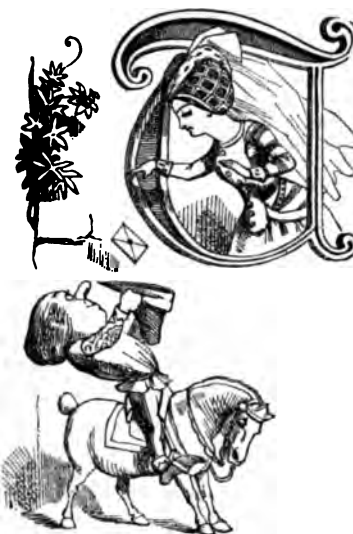
Landlady. Have you dusted MR. BRIGGS, and cleared out MR. TAYLOR?

Mary. Yes, M'm.

Landlady. Well, then, blacklead MR. JENKINS first, and then come down here, and give the Frenchman a good scrubbing, as soon as you hear the Sweeps have gone. [Exit MARY, to blacklead MR. JENKINS.]

Wanted, a Present of Slaves.

THE fire-eater, JOHN MITCHELL, it seems advocates slavery in his New York paper. Anxious to receive a present, he wishes "that he was owner of a plantation of negroes in Alabama." All in good time. He has not yet got the plantation, but one of the BEECHERS (Mrs. STOWE's brother) has, in a scourging letter, supplied the "patriot" with the lash. That,—as an inseparable element of slavery,—is something to begin with.

OUR FAST YOUNG LADY AT THE OPENING
OF PARLIAMENT.

WHEN you want, dear Mr. Punch, my opinion about the ceremony of the opening of the parliamentary season, or whatever you call it, on Tuesday? Well, I will tell you, in confidence, that it was exceedingly stupid. But I am very much obliged to you for sending us tickets, because ROSE and ELLEN MARKABY (whose parents give twice as many parties as we do—such stuck-up business though, I hate it), have long been wild to be there. Not for the sight, you know, for they are about the dullest girls going, but because they like to get among great people, and talk about them afterwards to little people. Haven't I favoured them with lists of Earls, and Bishops, and Ambassadors, who came up and were introduced to me and JULIA, that's all? Now, don't look re-

provingly at me, because you know that I do not mean any harm. When I tell you that I offered one of our tickets, for the inside of the House of Lords, to poor MRS. VULPING, who took us down, and had only red cards for the Royal Gallery outside, you will say I am not ill-natured. Now, scold, scold, scold, scold, scold, scold. Who cares for you?

"JULIA and I had very good places, and being both of us pretty girls, I think we rather eclipsed the peeresses and those sort of people about us, though, certainly, they were got up regardless of expense, as the theatrical managers say. The men in red uniforms and tags, who showed us the way in, and who, I suppose, are beades promoted to the Peerage, looked quite charmed with us. However, we walked haughtily forward, and took our seats among the aristocracy as proudly as possible. Some of the dowagers, with daughters of extreme skinniness, looked sternly at us, but most of the ladies around were very kind, and told us who the people were. I paid great attention, in order to be ready for NELLY MARKABY.

"My dear Mr. Punch, don't you ever be made a Peer. Much as I love you, I could not bear to see you in one of those red cloaks with ermine bars down it—an invention clearly taken from a sergeant's stripes, which are given him for good conduct, at least so our HESTER says, whose cousin is a soldier, and is good enough to eat all our cold meat, I believe. What Guys they look! And imagine a man being prouder of four stripes of ermine than of three, and looking down on poor creatures with only one. Talk of ladies and their rivalry about flounces! Once more, Mr. Punch, if you let them make you a Peer, you and I shall have a word of a sort.

"There was a long wait, and we got tighter and tighter, and at last our seat could hold no more, and we fairly rebelled against all new comers. But there came a grim old lady in black, with a world of diamonds, which sparkled the more, as, poor old thing, she was shaky, and had better have been at home. However, there was no setting oneself against an afflicted person, so, in a sort of flurry, I offered her my seat. She never thanked me, but took it, and I began to think I had been rather silly, when such a nice Bishop, who, it seems, had been watching us, took my hand, and with a smile, planted me down between his two daughters, and evidently told them to be civil to me. There was no need, for they were running over with good-nature—fair, plump things—very well informed, bless you, in fact I did not know half the things they did—but not a bit of stuckupishness. They made me understand the Turkish question in a minute, which *you* could never do, Mr. Punch, come.

"It was quite a House of Ladies. All down stairs, except one row of front seats (and some ladies got upon this too, and would not move), and the gallery round the place, and a great gallery opposite the QUEEN were crowded with us, and there was a Lady on the Throne, afterwards, and then the scene was complete. The Lords, too, in those gowns, looked like old women. While we were there, they had better have asked us to make a few laws, especially one against moustaches and smoking, which I told the Bishop's daughters was much wanted—but they did not seem to know people who were guilty of either.

"At last we were ordered to drop our mantles, and then came the guns, and soon afterwards the trumpets, and then the procession came in. It reminded me of a scene in one of those tragedies they used to

play at Covent Garden in Mr. MACREADY's time. I was a little thing then, and always went to sleep, but I remembered the heralds and the officers bearing crowns, and sceptres, and swords. But HER MAJESTY should have had a march played, and gone, statally, round and round the House.

"I thought the QUEEN read the Speech beautifully, though I felt quite nervous for her. What she said I could hardly understand at the time, and not much more when I came to read it. It would have been much better if she had spoken that capital and clever speech you composed for her, the other day, about Cochin China fowls and JENNY LIND.

"But what do you think, my dear Mr. Punch? As soon as the QUEEN had retired, making beautiful bows, and the Prince the same (and he looked so handsome, that I don't believe one single word against him—it's all malice, invented by ugly men. There!), the shaky old lady beckoned me to come to her. Well, I thought this rather odd; however, I went, and she asked me my name and where I lived. Which I told her. And then taking leave of the bishop's daughters put her out of my head. But yesterday, Mr. Punch, came a packet for me—it was left by a messenger who was not to wait. I thought it was some joke, and that one of my cousins in the Temple had sent a doll's cradle, or some such nonsense—they are always doing those things. A lovely bracelet—better than anything of NELLY MARKABY's or her sister's either (for all their parties), and a little note, written, Papa says, in the courtliest old French, in which a 'charming child' (that's me, but I'm not a child) 'is requested to remember that a kindness to an ugly old woman' (which she was not), 'is not always thrown away.' No name, no crest, and we have no idea who she is. So, you see, your cards, my dear Mr. Punch, have turned up diamonds (two, at least, in a snake's eyes) for

"Your affectionate friend,

"Regent's Park."

"EMMA SARA LAURA FLICK."

A Deleterious Compound.

MR. CORDEN said, at the recent Reform Banquet at Manchester—

"There are now 100,000,000 of subjects shut up in Delhi—the most miserable spectacle of fallen greatness in the world."

We can only say that if human nature is degraded in Delhi, we trust the disgrace is not altogether in-Delhi-ble.—N.B. We here fine ourselves five shillings for the above.

"Scratched" for the Derby.

THE EARL OF DERBY, at the opening of the Session, has discarded a mass of useful, if not creditable hangers-on, who did his work in the vacation. They are naturally savage, and declare that LORD DERBY ought to hoist the notice exhibited at various places on the river, "All craft making fast to this Peer is liable to be cut adrift."

FOOL! FOOL!! FOOL!!!

A CORRESPONDENT, of whose lunacy there can be little doubt, and whose position has been very properly straitened by a peculiar kind of waistcoat, has written to us to say, that having frequently seen in the papers the words MR. ROSS DONNELLY MANGLES, he should like to know whether MRS. ROSS DONNELLY washes and irons.

The Russians and the Gold Fleets.

THE *Dwina*, a heavy 50-gun Russian frigate, that we suffered to fit out in Portsmouth Dockyard, has sailed for Australia to look in upon our gold ships, war permitting. And we fitted her out. Good-natured JOHN BULL supplies the implements by which the thief proposes to pick JOHN's pocket.

THE GRAND OBJECT OF PARLIAMENT.

THE great object of Acts of Parliament, judging from their unconscionable length, seems to be to *make words*; and as by their want of grammar and general lack of intelligibility, they invariably set people by the ears, it may be said that they succeed pretty often in their object.

BRINGING NICHOLAS TO BOOK.

SOMEBODY—who, by his absurdity, proves himself to be nobody—is anxious to know why the French and English fleets have gone together to the Black Sea. Our plain answer is that the combined movement is made with the view of settling accounts with NICHOLAS by double entry.

EVILS ATTENDANT ON WEALTH.—Attendants.

STICKING UP FOR TEMPERANCE.



OUR leaders of the Teetotal Movement are calling upon the friends of Temperance to stick up for the cause in a rather unusual manner. Circulars have been addressed to the nobility and clergy, inviting their "earnest co-operation in giving publicity to an illustrated placard," containing a fearful picture of the results of strong drink, as shown by a woman with her face besmeared with blood, a few children scattered about the room with broken heads and bleeding noses, while in the foreground stands the husband, brandishing the instrument of destruction in the shape of a huge gin-bottle. This picture is, we fear, terribly true to nature; but we think it is asking too much of the dignitaries of the Church and the Senate to go about, with an utter disregard of the injunction which bids "Billstickers

beware!" and deface the walls of the Metropolis with unsightly placards.

If the call of the Temperance body should be responded to, we may expect a party of the Peerage to be seen sallying forth, pastepot in hand, looking out for dead walls, and "doing a bill" wherever an opportunity may offer. The circular promises to furnish a supply of copies to "those who will assist in placing them where they may be extensively seen and read;" so that if the BISHOP OF LONDON will kindly turn billsticker in St. James's Square, he may expect to be favoured with a quire of the Temperance posters. We do not wish to damp the ardour of the aristocratic friends of Temperance, but we think it an act of kindness to call to their minds the fact, that "STICK NO BILLS!" is a common notification in the public thoroughfares.

THE HORRORS OF FREEDOM.

WE have often heard of the horrors of slavery, but it remained for the City Corporation Commission to reveal to us the horrors of freedom, which have been declared in evidence to be sensibly felt by a large portion of the community. The objectionable kind of freedom is "the Freedom of the City," which is generally spurned, notwithstanding the profit that accompanies it in the shape of exemption from toll, which does not prevent its being regarded as—to use the wretched pun of a City wag—"an in-tol-erable nuisance." The cause of the contempt into which this freedom has fallen is the fearful possibility that he who accepts civic freedom may have civic honours thrust upon him; and this it is universally felt would be an amount of degradation that few could exist under. There is many a decent tradesman of London, or even merchant, who would consent to the position of a freeman, but recoils from the idea of becoming a LORD MAYOR—or even an Alderman—which might be the unpleasant consequence of his having, in an evil hour, become Free of the City.

One of the witnesses distinctly told the Commissioners now conducting the Corporation inquiry, that there would be no difficulty in getting the inhabitants of the City to take up their freedom, were it not for the insuperable dread they feel of being selected for City dignities. Freedom would be acceptable to many, were it not for the remote possibility of their being ultimately hung in chains—the golden chains of Aldermen. Perhaps, if a guarantee could be given that the Freedom of the City should lead to nothing beyond, there are many who would pay the few necessary pounds for the privilege of driving a cart through Temple Bar, without being pulled up by the oil-skin hatted functionary, whose duty it is to shriek out "Now then!" and demand a few coppers in the name of the City from the drivers of all waggons or carts—not adorned with the City arms—that enter the realms of Cockneydom.

SOFTNESS OF HARDWICKE.

WE find the following passage in a six-line burst of eloquence, from the EARL OF HARDWICKE in the House of Lords, on the day of the opening of Parliament.

"He could safely say himself, that he had never written or dictated any article in any paper whatever."

We have much pleasure in bearing out the noble Earl in this rather unnecessary assertion, and we have no hesitation in saying that we believe him wholly incapable of writing any article in any paper whatever. No one ever suspected his Lordship—as far as we know—of having put his pen to paper with a view to publication, and we therefore fully acquiesce in the Noble Earl's avowal of his literary innocence. The HARDWICKES are not among the wicks to which the public looks for enlightenment, through the medium of the newspapers. As one of the luminaries of the House of Lords, the HARDWICKE in question is one whom we should be sorry to snuff out, or otherwise extinguish.

GALLANT BLAST FROM THE GOLDEN HORN.

"A Turkish Poet, HALIL EFFENDI, has composed a war-song for his countrymen. It is somewhat in the style of the 'Marseillaise,' and has created the utmost furor in Constantinople."—*French Journal*.

"It is not in the least like the 'Marseillaise,' but is, notwithstanding, a very beautiful and spirited affair, and here it is."—*Punch*.

Up, wearers of fezzes!
Up, owners of turbans!
You, dwellers in Stamboul,
You, Pera suburbans!
Prepare to take part
In the battle's concussions,
And walk, like red thunderbolts,
Into these Russians.

Waves on the standard
The Shirt of the Prophet,
At least, to speak properly,
All that's left of it.
So, swords by your sides,
And your hands on their handles,
March out and demolish
The eaters of candles.

Come, from the Mosque,
Cutting short genuflection,
Come, from the slave girls
Awaiting inspection.
Come, from the coffee-house,
Leave the tobaccoist's,
Put your own pipes out,
And then your antagonists'.

Come, from the bath,
Where the grim grinning nigger
Scrapes off your skin
At a very low figure.
Quit the harem,
With its smiles and its cushions,
And make up your minds
To astonish these Rooshians.

Come, from your nooks
In the Island of Princes,
Where you eat such nice lunches
Of sherbet and quinces.
Come, from the banks
By the Sweet Waters yonder,
Where the matrons of Stamboul
Talk *double entendre*.

O Father of Cannons,
(I wouldn't be personal,
But mean MR. TAYLOR,
Who casts for the arsenal)
Soon shall your handiwork,
Blackened with powder,
Answer loud Dannenburg,
Perhaps rather louder.

Up with the horse-tails!
And up with the Crescent!
We'll cure the Czar
Of behaving unpleasant.
Who's he that fancies
The Moslem to frighten?
The son of burnt fathers!
We'll blow him to Sheitan.

A Vocalist in Danger.

A MUSICAL Periodical has an announcement, intimating that

"Mr. SIMS REEVES will be concluded next week."

We trust nothing serious is intended, though it will be a loss to the public if the extent of the contemplated design on the vocalist is to bring him to a conclusion by simply shutting him up.



THE MOUSTACHE MOVEMENT.—HOW TO FLATTER A GENT.

Mr. Noses. "GOT ANY OLD CLOTHES, SIR? (whispers) ANY LEFT-OFF UNIFORMS, CAPTAIN!"

BATTLE SONG OF BOW-BELLS.

If we must lick!—alas,
Friends of Peace—NICHOLAS,
Tooth and nail go at him,
Strike a death-blow at him.

First from the Bosphorus,
Blazing like phosphorus,
Bring your ships fast up all,
Blow up Sebastopol.

PASKEWITCH, STANKOVITCH,
Smite, file and rank of each,
MENTSCHIKOFF, GORTSCHAKOFF,
Yea, till their swords shake off.

Smash GENERAL LÜDERS, too,
And all his intruders, too;
Give OSTEN-SACKEN
A dence of a whackin'.

Make them from Kalafat,
Run like hot tallow-fat,
Their rear bay'nets scratchin',
Expel them from Matschin.

At Giurgevo tan 'em;
And hide, at Radovan, 'em,
Whop, at Kalarasch, 'em,
At Hirsova thrash 'em.

Mince 'em all, pound 'em all,
Crush 'em, confound 'em all,
The Tyrant himself if you catch—and
don't gibbet him—
Put him, brute as he is, in a den, and
exhibit him.

THE QUEEN'S SPEECH INTERPOLATED.

HER MAJESTY'S clear, silver voice was heard in every nook and corner of the building; it pierced even the dense body of Members struggling and kicking, from the Commons; although, as faithful chroniclers, we are bound to state that the royal syllables were now and then sorely hustled by a dispute, as the *Times* says, "conducted with so much warmth" by two Members, that they were now and then heard (in interpolations) above the "Speech" of their royal mistress.

The dispute of the Members has not been reported; we therefore give it, as it made itself heard through the voice of HER MAJESTY.

"I am always happy to meet you in Parliament."

("Where are you shoving?")

"I have continued to act in cordial co-operation with the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH."

("You talk of shoving! Just take your elbow out of my stomach!")

"My endeavours, in conjunction with my allies, to preserve and restore peace"—

("Don't talk to me.")

"—Between contending parties, although hitherto unsuccessful"—

("You pull my nose!")

"I will not fail to persevere in these endeavours."

("I'll knock you into the middle of next week!")

"With the view of supporting my representations, and of more effectually contributing to the restoration of peace."

"STARS AND GARTERS!"

PERMISSION has been given by the EMPEROR LOUIS NAPOLEON to several persons to wear foreign orders, and the consequence is, that CLOT BEY is at liberty to convert his bosom into a crust of paste, with the imitation diamonds of the numerous outlandish decorations that have been from time to time bestowed on him. He is, it seems, a knight of two or three different-coloured eagles, and is altogether so illustrious, that our friend CLOT may well consider himself as a portion of the clotted cream of French society. It is a somewhat remarkable fact, that the French Government, which is generally said to have established itself by tricks, should endeavour to fortify itself by a show of honours.

VERBOSITY IN LADIES EXPLAINED.—A Law-writer complementarily says, "From the way in which ladies talk, you would imagine they were paid for their words at so much a folio."

STRIKE THE FLIGHTY CZAR.

A Ballad for the Ministry.



H, leave the way, the fruitless mean,
The path 'twixt left and right,
And let your policy be seen
As clear as day's broad light;
And as we end the long delays,
That mere evasions are,
We'll show the pluck of other days,
And strike the flighty Czar.

I'll tell how Turkish maidens wept
When those they loved were slain,
While English crews, inactive kept,
Felt indignation vain;
I'll tell thee how the Czar's reply
Kept from the point afar,
Then, scorn the diplomatic lie,
And strike the flighty Czar!

THE TURKISH QUESTION SETTLED.

THE report states that along the line of procession at the opening of Parliament "several Turks in their national costume were received with strong marks of popular favour." We were along the whole line of procession, but the only Turk we saw—except the Turkish ambassador—was our old friend, SEEDY-AL-HUBBUB, the itinerant vendor of rhubarb, whose presence was the signal rather for "chaff" than enthusiasm. He was certainly much "cheered," but this arose apparently from the cup that *cheers* and *does* inebriate. There was a dispute got up between SEEDY and a customer who had been purchasing rhubarb, and when the Turk asked for the money rather imperatively, the Turkish question seemed likely to lead to immediate hostilities. Happily four policemen interfered, and we had the satisfaction of witnessing the happiest result from the mediation of the four powers.

NAVAL COOKERY.—We are glad to see that the boilers of the *Simoon* troop-ship are in course of being strengthened. We hope they will be rendered strong enough to cook the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA'S goose.



THE SPLIT CROW IN DIFFICULTIES.—A FABLE FOR THE DAY.

"A SPLIT CROW FANCYING HIMSELF AN EAGLE, FIXED HIS TALONS IN THE FLEECE OF A SHEEP—BUT, NEITHER ABLE TO MOVE HIS PREY,
NOR TO DISENTANGLE HIS FEET, HE WAS DESTROYED BY THE SHEPHERDS."

MEDICAL REFORM BILLS.



of his attendance—that is, to the smallness and not the magnitude of his services.

MR. ALDERMAN SURFEIT feels an unpleasant sensation in the great toe, which, on examining it by stooping towards it as near as he can, he perceives is swollen, somewhat red also, and rather shiny. Alarmed at these appearances he sends for DR. HEAD, who administers a judicious dose, prescribes a proper regimen, arrests an attack of gout, and receives five shillings for medicine and attendance, or at most a guinea fee. DR. HEAD goes to the Diggings; and on the next occasion DR. BLOCK is summoned to attend the worthy Alderman. DR. BLOCK tries a specific usual in such cases. It fails. He repeats the experiment with another, and another, and another specific, all usual in such cases, and employed largely in DR. BLOCK's extensive practice. Leeches, liniments, lotions, are also applied, and lastly flannel and patience are recommended by the doctor. The last of these remedies proves successful in some months. Then the doctor sends his bill—if he has not been taking his guinea a day, or so, all along—and for a series of draughts and pills, and drenches, and emollients, and refrigerants, and sedatives, and stimulants, intrinsically worth little, relatively less than nothing, together with a certain number of visits, occupying so much time, of no value to anybody but the owner, DR. BLOCK gets his fifty or sixty pounds. No wonder that DR. BLOCK lolls in a carriage whilst DR. HEAD is obliged to emigrate to Bendigo.

They manage these things better in Utopia, and so might we, by paying the physician for his cure according to its importance. Let him charge so much per disease. For a common cold, say a crown; for a bad cough, a guinea; for bronchitis, pneumonitis, pleuritis, or other acute disorder threatening life, three, four, or five pounds; so much for quinsy, so much for dyspepsia, rheumatism, gout; so much for simple, continued fever, ague, typhus, with an extra charge for *typhus gravior*; jaundice, so much; epilepsy so much; such and such a figure for St. VITUS's dance. What could be more simple, easy, and satisfactory than the following notion of a doctor's bill?—MR. JOHN JONES to JUSTUS FAIRFAX, M.R.C.S., &c.:—To Colic, 5s. 6d.; To Vertigo, 5s.; To Inflammation in the Chest, £3. 10s.; To Measles for MASTERS THOMAS and WILLIAM JONES, 10s.; To Hysteria, MISS WILHELMINA JONES, 6d.

If medical practitioners were paid in the manner above recommended, it would of course be their interest to expedite instead of retarding the cure of their patients as much as possible. In justice to them some additional allowance would have to be made for cases essentially of a chronic or tedious nature. On the other hand it may be objected that some unworthy members of the profession would cheat, by charging for consumption when the case was common catarrh, and putting down small pox when the complaint was only chicken; but there are not so many downright rogues engaged in regular practice as to give this objection much weight. On the contrary, such is the liberality of many medical men, that if the patient would give a fair price for the cure of asthma or scarlatina, no doubt the doctor would often throw influenza or nettle-rash in.

RUSSIAN COMMERCE.—Caviare to the Million.

"SCHOOLBOY" M.P.'S.

"HER MAJESTY, who is always diverted by the schoolboy impetuosity of the Members of her Lower House, appeared to be more than usually amused by the endeavours of right hon. and hon. gentlemen in the front rank to preserve their equilibrium, and to smooth down their faces into a reverent demeanour, and laughingly turned to the DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND, to whom she made some good-humoured remark."—*Times*.

MR. PUNCH would not—for any sublunar consideration—be thought capable of violating the royal confidence; but—in common with LORDS ABERDEEN and RUSSELL—he believes he will only communicate, what it will be very agreeable for the country to know, when he puts in undying type the "good-humoured remark" alluded to by our distinguished contemporary.

It was very natural that the schoolboy Members should, on the late occasion, exhibit more than usual alacrity, "surging and tumbling into the presence of royalty;" for never since QUEEN ELIZABETH presided at a bear-baiting, had there been a bear baited in Westminster from which such capital sport was expected. Therefore, we say, it was excusable in the old boys to be a little boisterous on the eventful occasion. As they "smoothed down their faces," it was charming to see how young and green many of them looked.

The QUEEN—doubtless knowing what noisy, tumbling boys are—turned to the Duchess. "Duchess," said the QUEEN.

"YOUR MAJESTY"—

"You hav'n't such a thing as a pint of nuts in your pocket?"

"No, YOUR MAJESTY," answered the Duchess, by no means surprised—it is not etiquette to be surprised at anything—"not a single nut."

"That's a pity," remarked the QUEEN, glancing down at the struggling Commons—"otherwise, what a scramble we might have had with 'em."

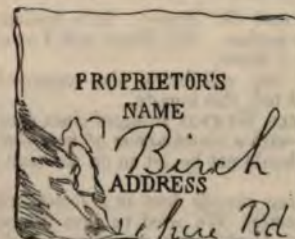
This was "the good-humoured remark," and is at the service of the future historian.

CABBY'S CABALISTICS.

A COLLECTION of cab tickets given under the New Act by some of the London Cabmen would be a curiosity of hieroglyphics which might puzzle the ingenuity of the ablest to decipher or elucidate. We beg to present the public with a *fac-simile* of the latest specimen we have received, and we shall be happy to give any reasonable reward to anybody who will furnish a key to the mystery.



Perhaps some members of the Cab Protection Society may charge us with injustice to the much abused and particularly abusive cab fraternity for having put forth only a one-sided view of the ticket, and to meet this accusation we give the other side, for the benefit of all who may be able to make anything out of it.



We can fancy some future LAYARD employed in a fruitless attempt to find the meaning of these inscriptions, or some remote GELL endeavouring to do for a Cab Ticket what his antiquarian ancestor succeeded in accomplishing with regard to Pompeii, the ruins of which enabled him to conjecture what the city was in its perfect condition.

SEBASTOPOL AT THE MORTAR'S MOUTH.—Diplomatic remonstrance will not bring the Supreme Scoundrel of Russia to reason. NICHOLAS will never be quiet till he has had a good blowing up.



HEIGHT OF POLITENESS.

Lady. "You deserve a Penny, my Boy; but I have no small change in my Porte-Monnaie."

Boy. "Oh! nang port, Mumselle, mercy tooley maim."

THE DOMESTIC REFORMER;

OR HOW MR. PATERFAMILIAS MADE HOME HAPPY.

SCENE 6.—How MR. PATERFAMILIAS brewed at home, and what came of it.—The Back Kitchen. 6 A.M.

The small water-tub by the joint and several exertions of SPRAGGS and MASTER GEORGE, has been emptied of its contents—MASTER GEORGE having, of course, kept himself in cold, and his mother in hot water during the operation. Perils by fire have succeeded perils by water. MASTER GEORGE, in converting the top of the flour barrel into a false bottom, has scorched his own trousers, and singed all the hair off one side of SPRAGGS's head; and MASTER NEWTON having in his eagerness laid hold of the poker, in the manner usually practised in Pantomimes, has burnt his finger severely. MRS. P.'s maternal heart has been repeatedly wrung, but MR. P. is firm and collected, and the construction of the mash-tub has at last been triumphantly achieved. The water in the copper boils. The malt is in the tub. The moment of the grand Beer Projection is at hand. The family are assembled in a state of nervous tension.

Newton (craning over the copper). It's boiling, Pa! I see the bubbles of air at the surface. Ah, EMMY and LAURA don't know the reason of ebullience, I know.

Mrs. P. Oh, that boy will be in the copper—I'm sure he will! Come down, you bad boy, this minute.

[MASTER NEWTON is tugged down from his perilous perch. Mr. P. (pausing—with a consciousness of imperfect information). Let me see—the water should not be let in on the malt at boiling point, I think.

SPRAGGS (who having already been in a family where they brewed, is regarded as an authority). We used to 'ave it about loo-warm, Sir, where I lived afore—leastways it was one pail o' bilin' to three o' cold.

Mr. P. (referring to his "Beer-brewer's Manual," at 2s.) Ah, that should give us about 78°, which I see is the heat recommended in this very clear little practical treatise.

George (springing to the copper with all a boy's relish for hot water and practical action). Now, SPRAGGS—hold the pail!

Mrs. P. Oh, you'll scald yourself to death, GEORGE—or your sisters—or some of us!

George (wildly dashing in the pail). All right, Ma!

Mr. P. (who pressing forward too eagerly, has had some drops of boiling water splashed in his face, angrily). Will you be careful, Sir!

George (who is already at the pump). Now the cold, SPRAGGS! [The hot and cold water are solemnly mingled in the mash-tub by MR. P.]

Mr. P. (seizing a walking-stick, and referring to his treatise, as he briskly stirs up the mixture). "Let the malt be stirred briskly round, so that it may thoroughly absorb the water"—

George (seizing a stick, and aiding his father). Hurrah!

Mr. P. (whose treatise fails him at points). How long did they stir it in the family you lived with before, SPRAGGS?

SPRAGGS. Well, Sir, that depended if it was Cook or MUSTER WADDLE—'cos Cook couldn't a-bear the work.

Newton (who has secretly possessed himself of a three-legged stool, and is peeping into the tub). Oh! I see, Pa, all the gluten's in the water already; it's just like gruel.

Mrs. P. Ah, a precious mess I'm sure we shall have when all's done!—

Mr. P. I should think the mucilage must be thoroughly extracted now. (Refers to his treatise.) "Then draw off the wort." Will you bring that washing-tub under the tap, SPRAGGS?

[SPRAGGS brings the tub and places it under the tap. The wort is run off. It is suspiciously pale, and there is very little of it.]

Mr. P. (astonished). Bless me! why there must be more of it, surely!

Newton (at the mash-tub). No, Pa. It's all out, and the malt's all sticking to the sides of the tub, like paste.

Mr. P. (musingly). What can have become of all that water?

SPRAGGS (respectfully, but still with some of the pride of knowledge). Please, Sir, there's what MUSTER WADDLE used to call the suckage, Sir.

Mr. P. Eh! the treatise makes no mention of that.

SPRAGGS. The water 'ave been and gone into the malt, Sir, that is—

Mr. P. Oh! of course; the absorption allowance must be made for that. How ridiculous! I had forgotten the absorption, Mrs. P.

Mrs. P. Oh, I dare say you had, and I hope that may be the worst thing you'll forget before you've done with all this nasty mess.

SPRAGGS. They used to put in about as much second water, where I lived.

Mr. P. Ah! exactly—yes. Of course. I had overlooked the passage referring to that. But (examining and tasting the run) isn't the wort rather pale, SPRAGGS? and not so sweet, I think, as I had expected? Just taste it, will you.

SPRAGGS (tasting). Well, it do taste rather small, Sir, I think.

Mr. P. Um,—perhaps it will acquire flavour by standing.

SPRAGGS (doubtfully). Well, I dun'now, Sir.

Mr. P. However, we must put in the second water at all events, or we shall have no quantity to speak of.

George (surreptitiously tasting the wort and squirting it out again). Er—what nasty, sickly stuff!

Mr. P. (cuffing him). How dare you, Sir?

Newton. May I, Pa?

Mr. P. Certainly, my dear, you will taste it to some profit. I am quite sure of that.

Mrs. P. How can you, MR. P! I'm surprised. You'll have those boys laid up with stomach-aches, or bowel complaints.

Newton (tasting and reflecting). I say, Pa, I don't think all the gluten can have been converted into saccharine.

Mr. P. Eh? Well, so far as I understand the treatise, I think we must be right. However, we must add the second water, or there won't be two gallons of it in all.

[With much misgiving MR. P. superintends the introduction of the second water. The wort dribbles off more abundantly, but paler than before.]

Mr. P. (struggling against his doubts). It must be pale malt. (Cheerfully.) I have no doubt when the hops are added that it will be quite satisfactory. [MRS. P. shakes her head with bitter triumph. Scene closes.]

SCENE as before. Time—12 P.M.

The hops have been added, and the boiling is complete. The beer has been run off successively into a wash-tub to cool, and into the ex-mash-tub to ferment, MR. P. keeping jealous guard over it the whole time, and with much difficulty protecting it from the unscientific curiosity of MASTER GEORGE, and the inductive experimentalism of MASTER NEWTON. It is not till he has left it finally to ferment at ease, that MR. P. has retired with feelings which can only be compared to those of a general who has won a great battle, or a diplomatist who has conducted a difficult negotiation to a successful close, and now sleeps the sleep of satisfaction by the side of Mrs. P.—N.B. MR. P. has used the celebrated "German Yeast manufactured from pure gluten." Stage dark.

Enter MASTER NEWTON stealthily, in his night-dress, guided by his scientific bent, and his sense of smell, to the spot where the beer is fermenting violently in the silence of the night. The curiosity of this youthful votary of science has been too strong for him. In his eagerness to pry into the process of fermentation, he has left his crib, and now, in defiance of the injunction of both his parents, who have placed the back kitchen under general taboo, has come down, determined to

look into the small water-cask, in which the beer has been left to ferment. He is seen to approach the cask; to place his three-legged stool by the side of it; to lift up the hinged lid and to look eagerly in. All of a sudden, he starts back, his eyes rolling wildly, and throwing up his head, drops heavily off his three-legged stool on to the flags, struck senseless by the gases of fermentation.—Note. Many of our readers may complain of this approach to the tragic; but as Mr. ROBSON observes in "Villikins and Dinah," "This is not a comic history!"

Enter stealthily MASTER GEORGE in shirt and trousers, and SPRAGGS in his stockings. Impatient to test the result of the day's work, and imperfectly informed in chemical processes, GEORGE fondly imagines the beer will be fit for drinking that very night, and has won over SPRAGGS to go with him, and draw off a surreptitious jugful, against the positive orders of Mr. PATERFAMILIAS.

Spraggs (in a whisper). My eyes! if your Pa was to catch us—

George (in whom curiosity has conquered conscience). Oh, bother! they're all fast asleep. Get a light, can't you?

Spraggs (groping). Ere's the lucifers (he gets a light), and a candle.

(He lights a candle.)

George. And I've got a jug. (Capering). Oh, aint it a lark!

[They approach the cask. Appalling discovery of the inanimate body of MASTER NEWTON! SPRAGGS drops the candle, and MASTER GEORGE the jug at the same moment. Crash and scream!]

Spraggs (recovering wildly). Fire! Murder! Thieves! Fire! Oh, Master! Oh, Missus! Oh—Fire! MASTER NEWTON! Oh!

[Distant screams are heard, as of females in distress on the first floor, which are taken up and echoed more faintly, as from females in despair in the attics. Awful apparition of Mr. P. in a night-cap and long night-shirt, armed with a poker and a night-light. GEORGE has lifted NEWTON up, and is hugging him and moistening his night-shirt with fraternal tears.]

Mr. P. (almost speechless). Gracious goodness, what's the meaning of all this? GEORGE, what are you doing to NEWTON? SPRAGGS, what in the world has happened?

Newton (opening his eyes). Eh! Oh, please, Pa! I wanted to see the process of fermentation, and I think it made me feel as if I was tipsy.

Mr. P. (overcome, and clasping NEWTON in his arms). Oh, NEWTON, NEWTON, rash but gifted child! And you, Sir? (to GEORGE. Suddenly awaking to the unscientific intentions of SPRAGGS and GEORGE.) And SPRAGGS? How came you here at this time of night?

Spraggs (basely). It was MASTER GEORGE, Sir.

Mr. P. (perceiving the broken jug). Oh, I see! Good gracious, that I should be the father of two children so unlike! (Sternly to GEORGE.) Go to bed, Sir; I shall have something to say to you in the morning. (To NEWTON fondly.) Do you think you can walk up stairs, my dear, or shall I carry you?

Newton. Oh, I can walk, Pa, I'm not tipsy now. But (after a pause) please, Papa, you won't flog GEORGE in the morning? (He puts his arms round Mr. P.'s neck coaxingly.) Will you now?

Mr. P. (in the Roman manner striving to sink the father in the disciplinarian, but, failing in the attempt). No, no, my dear, no. He shall not be punished this time; but, if ever I catch him at these tricks again! And you, Sir!

(He rushes on SPRAGGS, and relieves his mind by boxing his ears. SPRAGGS kicks and howls. Scene closes.)

THE BRITISH ADMIRAL LIFE PILL. This wonderful Pill, which is taken by most of our oldest and bravest Admirals (known, in consequence, as England's Admirals of the Blue Pill), is strongly recommended to all persons of infirm habits, who cannot move from their invalid-chairs, or are tied by a gouty leg to one position all day: no matter what their infirmities, or old age, may be, it will instantly put them in a state to undertake the most active service, and enable them to rise from a sick bed, and go through the most arduous duties at a moment's notice. Fortified with this Pill, their constitution, let it be ever so shattered, will be instantly put to rights, and capable of enduring the severest action. In the event of a long journey being requisite, distance is not the slightest object, for this Admiral Life Pill is warranted to give the person who takes it the power of going to any station, and occasionally beyond it, it having been found, after repeated trials on the temper of our seamen, to keep, not only itself, but the taker, in any climate. It will strengthen the weakest frame, and effectually stop all pains of rheumatics, or otherwise. In a word, it will make an old man better almost than a young one. Sold in Boxes, made out of the same wood of which the Winchester (SIR FLEETWOOD FELLOW, late Commander), and other notorious ships were built, at different prices, varying from the value of a screw steamer to a man-of-war. None are genuine, unless they have the Government Stamp upon them. To be had, in any quantity, for home use or exportation, at the Admiralty, who alone have the prescriptive right of disposing of them.

N.B. Numerous Testimonials from Admirals, now afloat, whose wooden legs have derived the greatest benefit from them.

Great News for Scotland.

"It has been announced in Constantinople," said the EARL OF ABERDEEN—"that I have received a hog'shead of gold from St. Petersburg." The next morning the Premier received a letter from the authorities of Aberdeen, begging to know when that hog'shead would be on tap?

CURIOUS CHINESE DEFINITIONS OF WOMAN



HE Strong-Minded Woman is a dragon in a nightcap.

The Stupid Woman hatches egg-plums.

The Obstinate Woman goes to sea in a bandbox.

The Patient Woman roasts an ox with a burning-glass.

The Curious Woman would like to turn the rainbow, to see what there was upon the other side.

The Vulgar Woman is a spider attempting to spin silk.

The Cautious Woman writes her promises on a slate.

The Envious Woman kills herself in endeavouring to lace tighter than her neighbours.

The Extravagant Woman burns a wax candle in looking for a lucifer match.

The Happy Woman died in a Blind, Deaf and Dumb Asylum years ago.

"H. BAILLIE."

THE Turks are bold at Kalafat;
And when drums beat to quarters,
E'en through Sinope's butchery,
They stood to die like martyrs.
But still we should have slighted them,
(They're getting weaker daily),
And lent a hand to NICHOLAS,
Had we been ruled by BAILLIE.
Oh, H. BAILLIE!
Unpopular H. BAILLIE!

But Turkey's right and Russia wrong
In each point of the quarrel;
The Sultan's acts are fair and straight,
The Autocrat's immoral.
Pooh! right and wrong may serve as themes
For GROTIUS or for PALEY;
But these are led by sterner stuff,
According to H. BAILLIE.
Oh, H. BAILLIE!
Unscrupulous H. BAILLIE.

When the big bully of the school
Threshes some little victim,
What generous boyish heart but burns
Till he's gone in and licked him?
We ought to take the bully's part;
And call out to him gaily,
"Hit him again, he's got no friends,"
At least so would H. BAILLIE,
Oh, H. BAILLIE!
Ungenerous H. BAILLIE!

Are not the Russian Christians?
What business have we then,
As Christians, with ships and men,
To help the turbaned heathen?
If Christian deeds 'gainst Christian name
Be put into the scale, he
Would make the deeds the name outweigh,
Religious HENRY BAILLIE!
Oh, H. BAILLIE!
Ridiculous H. BAILLIE!

The Cabinet must sorely dread
The effect of a division,
When they've against them such a most
Consistent Opposition—
"LORD ABERDEEN has moved too slow"—
Say DERBY and DISRAELI—
"He never should have moved at all,"
Argueth HENRY BAILLIE!
Oh, H. BAILLIE!
Preposterous H. BAILLIE!



Obsequious Perfumer (loq.). "MR. HAIROIL will be at liberty in five minutes, Ma'am; would you allow me to offer you a Seat?"

THE BLACK, BLACK SEA.

To a Member of the Peace Society.

On come with me, my Doye,
And our journey's end shall be,
Where the British cruisers rove
In the Black, Black Sea.

With Frenchmen by their side,
And full long may we agree
As our fleets at anchor ride
In the Black, Black Sea.

Like toad unto its hole—
Where Old Nick's have had to flee—
Into Port Sebastopol,
On the Black, Black Sea.

Where Old Nick's squadron lurks,
That so base and dastardly
Went and massacred the Turks
On the Black, Black Sea.

To venture forth, no doubt,
They are very far from free;
For they know they'd get served out
On the Black, Black Sea.

Now tell me, oh! my Dove;
Now admit the truth to me,
Wasn't this a proper move
On the Black, Black Sea?

And don't you think, also,
It had better been, if we
Had that move made long ago
On the Black, Black Sea?

REASON AND THE RAZOR.



It might have been expected that the Beard and Moustache Question would have been treated with some temper, being a subject of no importance; although it was once a matter of controversy between the Greek and Latin Churches, and by far the most substantial point on which they differed. Gallant captains wear moustaches—therefore some praise them. Swindlers wear moustaches to pass for gallant captains: musical professors also wear moustaches to pass for foreigners; wherefore others disparage them. This is not philosophy.

Although the bone of contention, Hibernically speaking, is hair, yet it has been disputed without hair-splitting—nay, without the slightest attention to common logic. Irrelevant arguments have been adduced on either side; just as if the disputants were ladies, and had, or could have, no beards or moustaches to debate about.

A futile objection to moustaches and beards has been based on the supposition that they are the badges of covert red republicanism, enmity to order, and membership of secret and treasonable societies. As if any conspirator in the drama of real life, and out of that of the Surrey Theatre, would sport a token of his designs; as if, instead of declaring himself by a rough muzzle, he would not wear the very smoothest possible face.

Beards and moustaches have also been denounced as indicating a desire to look picturesque, or grand. But everybody desires to look grand or picturesque unless he is conscious that the attempt to do so would make him look ridiculous, or unless he is too deeply absorbed in his studies, or anxious about his prospects, to trouble himself on the score of his personal appearance.

Arguments equally inconclusive, however, have been urged for letting the hair grow about the mouth and chin. Nature, it has been said,

meant it to grow there. So, Nature meant the hair to grow on the head, and the nails on the ends of the fingers; whence it does not follow that Nature did not mean hair and nails to be cut—if expedient. It has been asked: Why not also shave the eye-brows? Why not, in a measure, if ever they should grow long enough to get in the way?

The patriarchs lived long lives, and are supposed to have worn long beards; but it is not certain that the length of beard was the cause of the length of life, whereas length of life would undoubtedly occasion length of beard, if the beard were suffered to grow all the time.

It is probable that the patriarchs did wear beards and moustaches. They were wise. They would not take needless trouble. Therefore they would not shave. There was no reason why they should shave. They did not live by the exercise of invention. To them there was no need of the notions and new ideas developed in the human mind during the five minutes devoted to shaving. Moreover, their diet and beverages were consistent with the beard and the moustache. They did not mop up turtle-soup; they were not in the habit of burying their faces in frothing pots of beer. Their moustaches, therefore, and their beards were never agglutinated.

If Nature positively intended that we should wear beards, she would not have enabled us to shave without much inconvenience. She has not accorded us a similar facility of cutting off our noses. The rational conclusion is, that she meant us to consult our convenience in wearing our beards or shaving them.

The beard of man makes its appearance at the time when he arrives at the capacity of entering into the conjugal relationship. Hence it seems designed to attract the admiration of the fairer sex. Accordingly, the question of wearing it or shaving it, is one that is best determined, by being popped together with that other question, with which it is obviously connected. It is the province of woman to smooth the asperities of our nature, and it is for her to decide whether she will assert the prerogative to the extent of proscribing the use of the razor.

The views of the Bishop, the Colonel, or other commanding officer, the Official Chief, the Master of Clerks or Apprentices, may also be advantageously regarded in reference to retaining or abrading the growth under consideration.

He who is perfectly independent will wear beard and moustache if he derives comfort from so doing, unless he also incurs ridicule, in which case he will balance the positive feeling of pleasure, against the ideal pain that he may allow himself to suffer, or not, as he pleases. A man with a round fat face had better shave if he would rather not incur more derision than he is accustomed to. The same advice may be given to those whose crop, if cultivated, would be red: but in these cases all depends on the question whether the object is to create sensation, or to consult ease: please other people or one's self.

BULLETIN FROM ST. PETERSBURG.

(By Mesmeric Telegraph.)



THE EMPEROR, whose religious fervour hourly increases, has been dancing the greater part of the day.

During the intervals between these devotional exercises he addressed NESSELRODE and others in attendance on his person with great earnestness and fervour in what appeared to be an unknown tongue.

PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF had an audience with his Imperial Majesty; who administered a stern reprimand to the unsuccessful general, and concluded it by kicking his shins.

His Majesty then occupied himself with despatches from the army on the Danube, which, having attentively perused them, he desired might be cooked for dinner.

The Autocrat afterwards devoted some hours to the recreation of flying a kite, by means of which, he declared, he has drawn 60,000,000 roubles down from the sky, where they exist *in nubibus*.

Efforts, notwithstanding existing circumstances, are being made to bring about the admission of an envoy from England; and the Royal Family are trying to persuade the Czar to receive DR. FORBES WINSLOW in that capacity.

MINDING HIS Ps AND Qs.

A REMARK having appeared in the *Times* to the effect that MR. ELLIOTT GALER, who plays *Harry Bertram* in *Guy Mannering*, allows *Meg Merrilies* to lie dying in his presence, without vouchsafing her so much as a glance, that gentleman has addressed a letter to the Editor, in which he admits the fact, but explains it by the statement that he was instructed not to notice the presence of *Meg Merrilies*, until "a certain cue should be given." Perhaps the difficulty may be removed by giving *Harry Bertram* the following song, to be sung just at the situation in question.

You nursed me in my childhood,
In days that now are past,
The darkness you have scattered,
That o'er my lot was cast;
To you alone I owe, *Meg*,
My life, it is most true,
Yet dare not look upon you—
I have not got my cue.

The fatal shot has slain you,
And at my feet you lie,
Your parting breath would bless me,
It is through me you die;
But though to your devotion
Some gratitude is due,
I dare not look upon you—
I have not got my cue.

ILLUMINATED LETTERS.—Valentines.

THE GIN AND WATER DRAMA.

AT one of the cheap theatres, which peculiarly addresses itself to the taste of the million, a drama is being performed under the startling and yet familiar title of *Gin and Water*! We have no intention to analyse this singular specimen of dramatic grog, which is no doubt much relished by the audience, who are sure to drink in anything of the kind with peculiar avidity. We should have thought it rather difficult to write a play on Gin and Water, though a certain class of dramatists may have the habit of doing so. It used to be a common idea that authors drew their inspiration more successfully from gin-and-water than from the Pierian or any other spring, and the probability is, that the dramatist who has on this occasion taken gin and water into his head as a subject for the stage, has good reasons for doing so. It is to be hoped that he will not become intoxicated by success, for if he does we shall be inundated with plays of a kindred kind, and we may be expecting *Rum and Milk* to commence as soon as the run of *Gin and Water* has concluded.

If this should be the case, half the Metropolitan theatres would be converted into grog-shops, and we should be having *Brandy and Water*, in six stiff tumblers and eighteen tableaux; or, *Whiskey and Water*, in four acts and twelve toddy-spoons. We have not ventured to taste the *Gin and Water* now being offered to the patrons of the Drama; but we can imagine some effective lines which may, for aught we know, be figuring in the playbills.

MAGNIFICENT PALACE OF GIN!

And distant view of the Valley, with

THE CREAM OF THE VALLEY RISING TO THE SURFACE.

In this Scene will be introduced

THE CELEBRATED BOHEMIAN TUMBLERS,

Nightly honoured with Brilliant Overflows!!

The water employed in this stirring dramatic compound, will be furnished by the New River Company, and distributed among the

Well-known Pumps of this Establishment.

The whole will be preceded by the celebrated Overture to the *Ruler of the Spirits*.

Business of the Nation.

ON the Wednesday evening which was solely occupied in the House of Commons by MR. HUDSON'S speech in vindication of his own conduct, we may venture to observe that there was (to quote JACK RAG) nothing stirring in the House but stag-nation.

EXTRAORDINARY COURTSHIP.—MR. GEORGE HUDSON courts inquiry.

A NEW LEASE FOR LIVERY!

"PERMIT me to express my heartfelt gratitude to the LORD CHAMBERLAIN for having insisted on the observance of diplomatic costume at the opening of the House of Lords, to the exclusion from that august ceremony of the American Ambassador, who by order of his Government could appear only in plain clothes. At a time when a utilitarian materialism is denying the soul of the beautiful in costume, his lordship has nobly distinguished himself by the chivalry with which he has come forward to bell the cat. I am one of those who take delight and pride in the official uniform which we are privileged to wear. I exult, I rejoice, in the splendour of my decorations; which reflect the orient beams of the sun, and the languid glances of Beauty.

"It has been asked, with melancholy ignorance, What *is* diplomatic costume? Why may not American costume consist in plain clothes? Simply because diplomatic costume is the reverse of plain clothes. Examples are better fitted to carry conviction than vague generalities, and I give the following description of diplomatic costume as a pattern.—A bright blue coat, with yellow facings, and metallic buttons heraldically ornamented; a green vest; scarlet plush ineffables; stockings of pink silk; glazed pumps adorned with resplendent silvery buckles. A convolution of variegated cloth twist bedecks the left shoulder. The hat is surrounded by a brilliant *bandeau* of gold lace, and on removal displays a crop of well-regulated curls, imbued with odoriferous *pommade*, and snowy with farina. The apparel of which I have thus attempted a faint description is what I have the honour of wearing myself. Long may I continue to wear it; long may that gorgeous and captivating style of dress continue to be worn by our order!

"Large nuggets would not purchase the complacency which I derive from the consciousness of my grand yet graceful exterior. Thanks again, a million thanks to the LORD CHAMBERLAIN for having stemmed the tide of democratic vulgarity which would strip the diplomatic costume from state servants! If they were thus shorn of their glories, the same cruel fate would very soon be inflicted on gentlemen in private situations. I am one of those gentlemen. I belong to a cloth which has been the object of aspersion dictated principally by envy; but which may now advance its high pretensions under the express patronage of the LORD CHAMBERLAIN. You have not heard of me for a long time. The fact is, sir, I now hold an appointment which relieves me from the necessity of literary labour. I continue, however, to observe the stream of events from my footboard, which, at present, is that of the carriage of a noble earl; but in a general capacity I remain, your obedient Servant

"And old Friend,
"JENKINS."

"P. S. I cannot sufficiently express my sense of my LORD CHAMBERLAIN'S courage in daring to offend America just now, for the love of plush!"

ST. VALENTINE REDIVIVUS.



set"—"first we met"—"shady lane"—"sacred fane"—"myrtle bower"—"blissful hour"—"I'll be thine"—"Valentine." Therefore, to supply a want generally felt, and to restore valentines to their ancient popularity, we here append a couple of specimens of "Valentines *de genre*."

*The first shall be from MISS MARY SHALE to MICAH SLATE, Esq.,
Professor of Geology.*

O THOU! far harder than the igneous rocks!
Whose thoughts and feelings, by some dire mishap,
As seldom turn to my bright eyes and locks,
As if the trap you worship were *La Trappe*!
Why dost thou leave my merits for the faults
In veins of metal? Why, when I would shine
Before thee in the mazes of a waltz,
Are the coal measures quite preferred to mine?

Once, when I stumbled on the river's side,
Thy arm sustained me, and I looked my thanks;
Whereon you talked, until I nearly cried,
About "Submergence and denuded banks."

A POOR BOX FOR THE CHANCELLOR.

THE *Times* lately recommended benevolent persons to send contributions to the Police Courts, and the result has been a large addition to the funds at the disposal of the magistrates. It has occurred to us that the principle of relieving distress through courts of justice might be greatly extended, if the public would have the kindness to send donations to the judges in Westminster Hall, and to the various Courts of Chancery. If the Chancellor had a Poor Box at his disposal, we are quite sure he would find, among the ruined suitors of his Court, a vast number of objects for the exercise of charity. We know of several instances in which the unfortunate victim of equity has been compelled to take a very good suit to the pawnbroker's, because he happens to have had a very bad suit in Chancery. There was a case reported a few days ago in which fifteen counsel were engaged, and we were strongly tempted to enclose half-a-crown's worth of postage stamps to the Chancellor for the parties to the suit, but we felt that the thirty stamps would go no way at all among the fifteen lawyers, each of whom would make a mere mouthful of the two Queen's heads that would form his share of the booty. We trust that our hint will not be thrown away, and that a Poor Box in Westminster Hall will shortly be in full operation for the benefit of the unfortunate victims of law and lawyers.

Note and Query for the Slums.

It has often been asked why certain establishments for the sale of old iron, rags, bones, and other miscellaneous articles, are called marine store shops? Perhaps, because the stores are stolen in the main.

Once, when I deemed my ivory throat had caught
Your gaze,—my coral chanced to meet your eye;
And of its builders you discoursed, and thought
Less of your MARY than those Polyphi.

Ah! had my foot, which vainly courts your gaze,
But left its print upon the old red sand;
Or, had a membrane, given my form to raise
Above the swamp, replaced my small white hand;
Or, had my lot been cast in Oxford clay,
With what awakened interest, I ween,
Thou wouldst have dragged my fossil form to day,
And told the world how lovely I had been!

But all in vain I strive to touch thy heart,
And fill it with a passion like to mine;
For, though I feel each day a keener smart,
The "non-progressive" theory is thine.
Then fare thee well! since nothing seems to fire
Thy mind, save vast primæval seas of ice;
For living beauty he will ne'er admire,
Who only thinks a schistose rock is gneiss (nice).

*(Our second instance is from MATILDA MEAGRIM to EUSEBIUS
JONES, Esq., F.R.C.S., L.A.C.)*

INSENSIBLE youth, while, each day, I descry
Fresh charms in your sweet conversation,
I fear that your heart will be stopped, by and by,
By fibrinous ossification;
For though, when my hand rests a moment in thine,
A thrill through my whole frame is stealing,
Your eyes look as calmly and coldly on mine,
As if 'twere my pulse you were feeling.

And whilst, dearest Doctor, when'er I expose
My tongue to your friendly inspection;
My lips pass unheeded, as if they were those
Of a subject you'd bought for dissection.
All the doses and pills that you send me each day
To cure me will never be able;
For I throw the contents of each bottle away,
And keep nothing at all but the label.

My illness requires, to cure it, dear youth!
No potions, pills, plasters, or leeches;
For I feel every hour, there must be some truth
In what each homœopathist teaches.
Yes, 'tis like that cures like, and I'm forced to declare;
From my pains I shall never be freer,
Till, my doctor relenting, his drugs shall prepare
From CUPID's own pharmacopœa.

STATISTICS OF GRATITUDE.

THE *Family Herald* appears to be astonished at the circumstance which it relates in the subjoined paragraph:

MEN UNDER THE ICE.—From the 19th of December last to the 6th of January, in St. James's Park, 34 persons were immersed and saved; in Hyde Park, 6; in Kensington Gardens, 2; and in Regent's Park, 7; total 49, whose names and addresses are known, in addition to several who refused to give them. No subscription or donation has been received by the Humane Society from any of the above persons, with the exception of a poor boy, who requested the secretary to accept of twopence in return for the treatment he had met with.

Our domestic contemporary will perceive that there is, in truth, nothing wonderful in this apparently gross ingratitude. Except that one poor boy, the persons alluded to had simply to thank the Society for gratuitous brandy and water hot, which they voluntarily immersed themselves or let themselves in for; and for which, if not gratuitous, they could not thank the Society at all. Besides—unlike the poor boy—no doubt not one of them is worth twopence.

A BÊTISE NOIRE!

News has reached London of the death of the EMPEROR OF JAPAN, and the Court is to go into mourning for three years in consequence. We understand from a source upon which we can rely—that is to say we can if we like, but we don't—that in consequence of the expected demand for black in Japan, a celebrated London house intends sending out several bottles of Japan blacking.

"UNE FANTAISIE DE BACH,"—A Lady's Bonnet.



Man on the Grey (who comes Express pace over the Stile, and cannons against two quiet riders). "BEG PARDON, GENTLEMEN, BUT MY HORSE HAS GOT NO MOUTH."

THREATENED INVASION OF AUSTRALIA.

SOMEbody in Australia is said to be somewhat alarmed, because some Russian ship is said to be sailing about in some part of the Pacific. The nervous party, of whom there are always numbers waiting to be shocked and shaken by the wires of the electric telegraph, will of course be thrown into immense trepidation by the possibility that the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, tempted by the gold, may contemplate the invasion of Australia. Society has always a quantity of quakers ready to go off into a fit of panic at one of Rumour's faintest reports, and we hear that a meeting has already been held in Melbourne by a few tremulous inhabitants, to consider the best means of fortifying the coasts.

We shall be glad to hear of any progress that may be made in this notable project for protecting several thousands of miles of sea shore, against the one apocryphal ship now rumoured to be pursuing some apocryphal voyage, for some very apocryphal purpose, in some apocryphal part of the Pacific. For our own parts we do not believe that the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA's projects tend in any way towards the Pacific, and we hope therefore that the nervous settlers who have met to fortify Australia, will settle down quietly to the more laudable task of fortifying their own nerves.

Reform and the Czar.

"WHISHT!" cried the Irish pig-driver to a curious inquirer, touching the pig's destination. "Whisht! he thinks he's going to Cork, but I'm driving him to Fermoy." MR. COBDEN has heard the story, and duly adapted its double-meaning at the Reform Meeting at Manchester. "They think I'm going to talk about reform, but I'm only going to praise St. Petersburg."

THE RETURN OF THE ADMIRAL.

WE do not quite understand the speedy return of the fleet from the Black Sea. We hope this movement will not prove to be one, with regard to which, the truth of the old saying as to quick returns and small profits will be realised.

THE HEIGHT OF RESTITUTION.

WE do not often borrow jokes; but for once must depart from our usual custom. An American statesman assigned, as a justification of his countrymen's desire to possess themselves of the British fisheries, the circumstance that they were "very valuable." Similarly, the magnitude of the joke subjoined is our excuse for taking it from the *Times* :—

"The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER acknowledges the receipt of the first half of a £10 Bank note from 'Z. E. D.' on account of the Game Laws."

The Gregalach acknowledges the receipt of £10 from a Lowland grazier on account of black mail. What's-his-name Pasha, the Turkish Minister of Finance, acknowledges the receipt of £10 from a Rayah on account of "Haratch"—these are only faint attempts at joking after the above manner. Conscience-money on account of Game Laws!—the joke will be the death of us. The conscience that feels the obligation of such payment must be morbidly tender. It is probably a gouty conscience. Doubtless it is an expensive conscience too. PALEY could never have afforded, indeed, to keep such a conscience as that.

But hold. Perhaps the remittance came from a game preserver, and "on account of the Game Laws," means on account of the expense to which the sender had put his country in enforcing those laws against poachers. That supposition, if correct, would entirely alter the case; and ten pounds, instead of being a preposterous sacrifice would be a shabby instalment.

The Cord of Sympathy.

WE hear a great deal from poets and travellers about the Hanging Gardens of Italy. Considering the number of executions that take place under Italian despotism, we are not surprised that hanging gardens should be in request. We should expect to find in Naples, under the paternal sway of KING BOMBA, that a Hanging Garden would be very suggestive of a rope walk.

INSCRIPTION FOR EXETER HALL.—"Charity begins abroad."

ELIZABETH JONES, OF ST.-PETERSBURG, RUSSIA, TO
RICHARD COBDEN, OF THE WEST RIDING OF
YORKSHIRE.



HONOURED SIR,—As almost a *naïf* subject of his Majesty the EMPEROR NICHOLAS—(Heaven preserve the Emperor, as we sing by way of morning and evening hymn in our family of PRINCE GOTTHEWHOLEHOGANOFF)—I beg leave to thank you on the part of the English nurses (wet and dry) of Russia, whom you have righted in your beautiful speech at Manchester. A snow-ball must that heart be that did not melt at your support of my down-trod adopted country, and of English nurses in particular.

"I need not, honoured Sir, say how many years ago it was since I was engaged by an English house as wet-nurse, and sent out—assigned I think they called it—with cotton and flannels to the care of a gent in Russia, to be delivered to the noble family of the GOTTHEWHOLEHOGANOFFS in their palace of Petersburg.

"It was so beautifully timed—everything is in Russia under the telescope eye of the Emperor—that I took the baby, he will be when his father dies, PRINCE GOTTHEWHOLEHOGANOFF—that I took that blessed PETER from the month. The present Prince is a man of what is called liberal notions in the widest way, not allowing any of the servants to be flogged under his own roof, but always having 'em sent out to be punished quietly and comfortably—(they're flogged, as I've heard, at so much a head)—and then to come back into the bosom of the family, being thought none the worse of for the licking, and thinking none the worse of themselves into the bargain. But a contented mind is a continual feast.

"Well, no, the Prince being fond of all sorts of liberties (as is whispered; not but what the Emperor knows it; not a mouse squeaks in Russia that the Emperor doesn't hear the cretur)—the Prince considers an English nurse—especially wet—as a lively part of the English constitution. In fact, no foreigner—not even a Russian—can be fonder of everything English. You should only see him drink bottled stout, and eat mince pies (which FORTNATE AND MASON always sends us at Christmas.) The Prince when he heard he was going to have a son or a daughter, would have a nurse from what he calls and sometimes sings *dear old England the land of the free!* (you should hear him do *Rule Britannia* on the flute; only he now does it in his own iron cabinet, because he's heard his valet's a spy, and that might take him to Siberia, where it's so cold, I've heard, even the moon can't change herself). So—before I knew where I was I'd made up my box—there was no refusing such good wages—and had bid good-bye to the Shoulder-of-mutton Fields, Hackney, and was dropping down with the tide, straight for Russia. That's at least some—years ago.

"As I say, I took the little PETER from the month. It isn't true—(and I wish you'd said as much next time at Manchester) that Russian babies are weaned upon tallow, and cut their teeth upon oakum—they don't. PETER, as a baby, had, to be sure, at first, rather a Russian look—but in three months he'd have passed for a true-born British baby—a real English one—even at the Foundling. Well, the dear child every day got so English, his own father didn't know him! When he was three years, the dear little fellow sung *All round my hat*—yes, chirped it like any blackbird. Then again, what a child for beef and plum-pudding—whilst, as he grew older, he took to knuckle-down and ring-taw (real English play) as if the games had dropt from the skies upon him. Then, too, how he boxes! But to be sure he was allowed great practice; all the servants being made to let him hit his little fists upon their noses and think nothing on it. The Prince said the dear child had owed all these blessings to me, his nurse, which was more than my poor merits deserved—for I never knuckled down in all my life; whilst as for using my fists,—I could as soon have clapped a pair of wings! For all that the Prince was so pleased that he made me a present—(being as I believe short of ready money, which will happen with Russian princes)—a present of a dozen slaves, which having no house for, I sold to a Jew, who robbed me in the most unmanly manner,—but why, honoured Sir, should I pour my private griefs into your breast? Being here in my native Hackney on business of the Emperor's, I

read your speech, and as gratitude is the weakness of our sex, I thank you, honoured Sir, for standing up for English nurses in Russia. Why, honoured Sir, the Russians *do* upon us. The offers I've refused—but never mind that. We're turning St. Petersburg fast into London. In a few years, and you'll have a Queen Charlotte's Royal Lying-In, in every street in dear Muscovy.

"As you say, honoured Sir, we're getting as like England as snow's like snow. There's the English Club, with English gents the merchants—with just the same *white heads and red noses*, and gaiters and walking-sticks—and they drink port-wine, and talk of bees-wings in such a way,—you'd think you was listening to Bow Bell. One gent (a dealer in hides) was shockingly knouted—between ourselves—for black-balling a native as would have passed for British, but the thing has been comfortably hushed up. One English Club! Yes, I believe we have one! And with all my feelings for Russia, doesn't my heart melt and my eyes run over, when I see on VICTORIA's Birth-day V R over the portico in our best oil, and hear Young Russia singing in better English than—saving your presence—you could do it at Manchester, *God Save the Queen!*

"And then, honoured Sir, our horse-racing! Why—in the Season—you'd swear you was at Epsom only for the snow. We've real English jockeys, and the horses themselves have so taken to it, they won't answer only to English names. It's wonderful how we're getting like you. All we want, is the men with the peas-and-thimble, and then, I should be a thankless cretur to despair of.

"So again, honoured Sir, thanking you for standing up *like a man and a brother* (saving your presence) for English nurses and English horses,

"I remain, Honoured Sir,

"Yours Respectfully,

"ELIZABETH JONES."

"P.S. I hope you'll excuse mistakes, but the climate of Russia is apt to lay hold of our tongues as well as our noses. I leave in the same ship with BARON BRUNOW, and shall be glad to send anything from you to the EMPEROR through my honoured master, PRINCE GOTTHEWHOLEHOGANOFF."

THE RUSSIAN EMPEROR'S WALK.

FROM his downy bed at the break of day
CZAR NICHOLAS walking is gone,
To look to his little affairs upon earth,
And see how his war goes on.

And pray how was the Monarch drest?
Oh! in a helmet with a crest,
His frock and trowsers were indigo blue,
And one of his jack-boots the hoof showed through.

He saw a dastard spearing an infant,
In an "orthodox" warrior's fury,
And the Autocrat smiled, for it put him in mind
Of HEROD's exploit in Jewry.

He watched his Cossacks whilst they burnt a Turk's house,
With rapturous tranquillity,
And the Emp'r was pleased with the inmates' cries,
For they soothed his irritability.

As an army-surgeon, on a fast horse,
Rode by on his avocations,
"Ho ho!" cried the Czar, "I have found my good friend
Plenty of amputations!"

As he passed Sinope's shore he saw
The work of shot and shell,
And he said, "In that place—which suffice it to hint—
That work, 'twill be owned, was done well!"

He saw a certain Minister, deemed a Minister to his mind,
Forced on in a certain House by a majority behind,
And the Tyrant quoted Proverbs—not, however, like a Clerk—
How JOHN BULL's bite he hoped would be less bitter than his bark.

France and England's fleets in chase
He fled with consternation,
And all the haste he was able to make;
For he found he had made a slight mistake
To doubt their co-operation.

A BIT FROM BROTHERTON.—We legislate at midnight, as if our acts, like those of a bad man, would not bear the light of day.



BLACK MONDAY.—BRUNOW DEPARTING FOR HIS
SCHOOL IN THE NORTH.

Clarendon. "THERE, DON'T CRY, WE SHALL HAVE YOU AMONGST US AGAIN IF YOU'RE GOOD."



WHAT IT HAS COME TO.

Aberdeen. "I MUST LET HIM GO!"

PARLIAMENTARY QUESTION AND ANSWER.

WE have a proposition to make to HER MAJESTY'S Government! We don't want office, for there is no office the Ministers could offer us that would be anything like an equivalent to our own office, the world-renowned 85, Fleet Street. We don't want any appointment; for anything of that sort which would too much occupy our time to allow us to attend to our literary duties, though it might be an appointment to us, would be such a disappointment to the public as no amount of money could compensate. What then is our proposition to the Government? It is simply to undertake the duty of preparing answers to the questions asked in Parliament; a duty in which all the Ministers—save one—exhibit a sad deficiency of tact and terseness. The only member of the Government who really knows how to give a good and telling answer to a question is our friend PALMERSTON, who, from his style, would seem to have been educated in the *Punch* school, but that the school had not been founded when his lordship had arrived at maturity. Nevertheless, he is one of those who are never too old to learn; and he has, palpably, profited by our style of teaching.

To show our fitness for the task we propose to undertake, we add a few specimens of the answers we should have given to some questions that have been recently asked of Ministers; and, as they usually have notice that a question is about to be asked, there would be ample time to obtain from us the reply required.

"NEW CHURCH IN PARIS.—MR. WINE wished to know, from the Comptroller of Works, whether he had sanctioned the destruction of the Stables of the British Embassy at Paris for the purpose of building a church on the site, which was said to be worth £8000.

"SIR W. MOLESWORTH (would—if we had prepared his answer for him—have) said, that as yet nothing had been decided, but, undoubtedly, if the Church should be built over the Stables, it would have a stable foundation.

"N.B.—We are quite sure that this reply would secure a 'laugh' and a cry of 'hear,' which is always so much political 'capital' secured to the Government.

"THE THAMES TUNNEL.—MR. A. PELLATT asked whether the Government intended to make the Thames Tunnel available for carriage traffic.

"SIR W. MOLESWORTH (should have) said that the Government felt no inclination to go into the Thames Tunnel, as it was not very easy to see one's way out of it. There had been a great deal of public money already spent, which might be considered to have been thrown to the bottom of the Thames. Some people slept with their cash boxes under their beds for safety, but he thought it would not be advisable to put any more money under the bed of the river. The engineer had certainly got through a great deal of difficulty, but if he had got through the bottom of the Thames as rapidly as he had got through the money, the job would not have been a very lengthy one."

It will be seen from the above specimens of answers, "flicked off" at the moment, that we should adopt the style of reply that would be sure to tell in the House, where a very little wit goes a very great way, and comes a very great way too, for it is usually of the most far-fetched description.

INCONSISTENCIES!

A PERSON arguing "merely to elicit the truth," and losing his temper because he gets the worst of the argument!

Clergymen complaining of the ignorance of the people, and yet opposing every plan for National education!

Scotchmen, full of Scotch grievances, leaving the country they make such a fuss about!

Peace Society men breathing universal brotherhood, and indulging in inflammatory language that is more than likely to lead to a breach of the peace!

High-titled ladies sympathising deeply with the slaves of America, and keeping up a number of milliners working all night, because they must have their dresses sent home by a certain time!

Magistrates building the costliest prisons, and not erecting a single school!

Irish members always abusing the Government, and yet too happy to accept a situation under it!

Agriculturists paying enormous prices for Peruvian Guano, and yet allowing all the London Sewerage to be wasted in the Thames!

Tradesmen giving their daughters the education of fine young ladies, and expecting them to mind the shop!

Condemning a boy to prison for stealing a handkerchief, and yet allowing a wealthy shopkeeper, who has been convicted several times of using false weights, to get off with a small fine!

Patriots declaiming loudly about the liberty of the subject, and putting their servants in livery!

Exeter Hall, whilst there is so much darkness at home, sending missionaries abroad to enlighten the heathens!

Government, seeing the charitable necessity of a ten-hours' bill in the cotton-mills, not passing a similar measure for the benefit of the tailors, the slopsellers, milliners, needlewomen, and other oppressed classes, with whom the hours of working are only limited by the will of the master!

AN INFALLIBLE ORATORICAL RULE.—It is very strange that the most garrulous speakers, no matter whether in public or in private, are invariably those who are "unaccustomed to public speaking."

PRETTY NAMES FOR THE NAVY.

Now that we are about to embark in war, in the cause of justice and humanity, we really ought to change the nomenclature of our Navy. "HER MAJESTY'S ship *Furious* has just returned from the direction of Odessa," says a newspaper paragraph. *Furious!* what a name for a man-of-war whose character we naturally associate with the calm courage of the British sailor. The mission of men-of-war, indeed, now is to preserve peace, and we should not assign them the names of angry passions, or of destructive processes and burning mountains. *Devastation* or *Stromboli!* why, we might as well christen a ship (and ships are named by christening) *Beelzebub*, or *Tophet*; *Primrose Hill* would be greatly preferable to *Stromboli*; *Devastation* might be exchanged for *Beneficence*; and for such appellations as the *Furious*, the *Terrible*, &c., might be substituted the *Amiable*, the *Gentle*, the *Modest*,—not, however, the *Retiring*. Nay, if the Peace Society had really done anything to preserve peace, a line-of-battle-ship, instead of being called *Ajax* or *Agamemnon*, might be denominated *Cobden* or *Bright*.

ROME AND GREASE.



OT long ago the *Freeman's Journal* announced a religious service to take place at the Metropolitan Church, Marlborough Street; informing those whom it concerned that

"On that day at Eleven o'clock, the Archbishop and Clergy shall proceed to the solemn Benediction of the Candles. Immediately after there shall be a Procession with Lighted Candles through the Aisles and Nave of the Church."

And also publishing the further information that

"Those Catholic families who desire to have their Candles blessed on that day by the Archbishop will be pleased to have them sent in on the evening before, or on the morning of the festival, labelled, each with the name and address of the owner, which they can have immediately after the mid-day ceremonies."

Is the benediction limited to candles? Are lamps not capable of being blessed likewise? If one were to send a quantity of camphine to the Archbishop, would he bless that? If gas only were burnt by any person, how would it be necessary for him to manage? Inconvenience would attend the removal of the meter and the fittings, and it is not easy to see how the thing could be done unless by getting the Archbishop to bless the gas-works altogether, the whole plant. Still, gas would be better adapted for blessing than candles, if the ceremony involved sprinkling with holy water, which would not affect the former but might make the latter splutter! Perhaps, however, it may have the contrary effect, and may, by miracle, prevent the candles from guttering, or otherwise burning badly; which is the only advantage that it is possible to imagine any one could expect from the blessing of candles. Possibly those who send their candles to be blessed, however, believe that their rushlights will come back moulds.

A QUESTION OF ECONOMY.

WE wonder what the Solicitor to the Post Office gets, in the course of the year, for prosecuting the numerous postmen who are taken up for abstracting money out of the letters. Considering the unfortunate number of cases, we should say the sum paid to him must be very large. We should not wish to have a better Christmas Box, than to be presented with the amount of his Bill of Costs every year. Now, would it not be wiser to devote that amount to the increase of the postmen's wages, and so, by giving them a fair sum that they can live upon, place them above the reach of temptation. It would put an end to all prosecutions, and the Post Office would be relieved of an infinity of trouble. Moreover, we really think that establishment would find, in the long run, that the alteration had been one of great economy; whilst to the public, who is the great sufferer in these robberies, there can be no doubt that the change would be attended with a considerable saving. What does MR. ROWLAND HILL say to our proposal?

To Medical Men.

TO BE SOLD, a Decided Bargain, by a gentleman who is retiring from the neighbourhood, THE PRACTICE of a Young Lady, who is learning the Piano next door. Apply to OLD FIDGETTS, Esq., Rosewood Cottage, Broadwood Square, Islington.

A DREADFUL HUE AND CRY.—A Spirit Medium, who has absconded at Vermont, without paying one of her debts, is advertised in the American papers as "a runaway-rap."



IN FULL BLOOM AND FULL FEATHER.

Very slightly altered from "Le Follet."

THE DOMESTIC REFORMER; OR, HOW MR. PATERFAMILIAS MADE HOME HAPPY.

THE RESULTS OF THE GREAT HOME-BREWING EXPERIMENT.

SCENE.—At Breakfast. MR. PATERFAMILIAS has been shut up in what SPRAGGS calls the "libery," from an early hour. The tea is cooling, and the muffins are toughening. Repeated summonses to the breakfast table have been sent to him in vain.

Mrs. P. (rising from the table and opening the door which leads from the breakfast room to "the libery"). Are you ever coming to breakfast this morning, my dear? Such a beautiful plate of ham and eggs; and here it's getting quite cold.

Enter MR. P., importantly folding a voluminous MS.

Mr. P. I'm coming, dear, I'm coming; but really I wish you would not interrupt me at these moments.

Mrs. P. Which moments, my dear?

Mr. P. The moments which I am able to snatch, from the harass of my daily avocations, for communicating to the British public the results of my own valuable domestic experience.

Mrs. P. (impatiently) Oh! more of those letters to the Times, I suppose?

Mr. P. (much hurt and with dignity). Those letters to the Times. I am at a loss to conceive, MRS. P., what you mean by that peculiar stress on the demonstrative pronoun. Let me tell you it is a duty as well as a privilege to communicate one's personal experience to that great organ of public opinion on points affecting health, comfort, and domestic matters generally.

Mrs. P. (argumentatively). Well, but what is the use of writing when you know, my dear, they never print your letters?

Mr. P. Delay, and perhaps some slight irregularity, is almost inseparable from the conduct of a vast establishment like that of the leading journal. But they will print my communications some day. Meanwhile my letters are accumulating—no doubt, for the recess—when their columns will be more open to correspondents.

THE EXCLUSIVE'S BROKEN IDOL.

A don't object at all to War
With a set a fellas like the Fwench,
But this dem wupcha with the Czar,
It gives one's feelings quite a wench,

The man that peace in Yawwup kept
Gives all his pwevious life the lie;
A fina fella neva stepped,
Bai JOVE, he's maw than six feet high!

He cwushed those democwatic beasts;
He 'd flog a Nun; maltweat a Jew,
Or pawsecute those Womiah Pwiests,
Most likely vewy pwoppa too.

To think that afta such a cawce,
Which nobody could eva blame,
The EMP'WA should employ bwute fawce
Against this countwy just the same!

We all consida'd him our fwied,
But in a most erwoneous light:
In shawt, it seems you can't depend
On one who fancies might is wight.

His carwacta is coming out;
His motives—which a neva saw—
Are now wevealed beyond a doubt,
And we must fight—but what a baw!

Putting a Mess to Rights.

We rejoice to see that the stoppage of the soldier's pay, taken out of it for rations, has been reduced: and we hope that those who fight their country's battles will at least be fed by that country on liberal terms. Allow them enough to eat, and we may trust that they will drub any enemy, but with less than enough for themselves, we cannot expect that they will give their adversaries a bellyful.

IMPERIAL POSITION.—The attitude which the EMPEROR of RUSSIA has most generally assumed during the late negotiations is that of lying.

Mrs. P. You know the loads of letters you wrote them about the saving from gas, and the advantage to health of that precious ventilating apparatus of BELLOW'S.

Mr. P. (uneasily). Yes, yes; on those particular points perhaps I was a little sanguine.

Mrs. P. And then you've had £100 to pay the fitters and plumbers, and I don't know what, if you've had a farthing, not to speak of the smells and the ripping up the hall boarding, and the rheumatic attack you got going down to the meter that night.

Mr. P. I can't conceive, MRS. P., the morbid pleasure you take in recalling these unpleasantnesses.

Mrs. P. (going on without attention to the hint). And as to health, what that ventilating apparatus did but give us all colds in the head, I'm sure I don't know; and then there was the taking it all down again, and coming back after all to the old plan of opening the windows. We didn't require to call in MR. BELLOW'S for that.

Mr. P. Well, at least, I hastened to inform the public through the Times also, of these little drawbacks. Did I not?

Mrs. P. But they didn't print that letter either. How can you expect they will print any of your letters when they find you always doing the same thing—one day puffing a thing—

Mr. P. (much excited). Puffing, MRS. P.! Puffing!

Mrs. P. (volubly). Well—it is "puffing" and nothing else—always believing what you see in books and places about savings, and improvements, and things—and never leaving anything alone—and then finding out your mistake, and telling them of it—that's the worst. If I was wrong, MRS. P., at least I'd stick to it—

Mr. P. (cutting short her tirade). MRS. P., your opinions are—I had almost said unprincipled; I cannot but call them most lax. Do you imagine, on the one hand, that I will ever withhold what I believe to be for the public good, or, on the other, that I am capable of concealing the points in which my efforts at amelioration may be disappointed. No, MRS. P., never. JOHN PATERFAMILIAS is above such conduct; far above it. I will thank you for a cup of tea.

Mrs. P. (sulkily, as she pours out his tea). And what have you been writing about now?

Mr. P. The subject of my present communication is BEER. I have laid bare—exposed from my own experience and by figures—the

monstrous profits of the trading brewer, showing that he mulcts the public by at least 4s. in the half-barrel, for a deleterious article; and I wind up by describing minutely the method I followed in our own recent domestic experiment, with the reasons for preferring the pure German yeast as an agent of fermentation, and a calculation of the saving, which on our consumption amounts, as I find, to at least £10 10s. per annum, which, if you take the beer-drinkers at—

Mrs. P. Oh, I dare say you've proved it all quite right; but hadn't you better have waited till we'd tried the beer?

Mr. P. That may form the subject of a distinct communication at a future period.

Enter SPRAGGS announcing "MR. WADDEL."

Enter WADDEL, a bluff, straight-forward gentleman, and a near neighbour of the P.'s.

Mrs. P. Ah! good morning, MR. WADDEL, you're early.

Mr. W. Good morning, good morning. Yes, I was on my way to the City. (To MR. P.) Are you walking in that direction?

Mr. P. Yes, yes (mysteriously), I've a packet to leave at Printing House Square.

Mr. W. What? writing to the Times, eh? ah, wonderful paper, Sir! wonderful concern; profits £60,000 a year, I understand. But what's your subject?

Mr. P. On the advantages of brewing at home.

Mr. W. Oh, indeed! Well, we brewed at home, you know.

Mrs. P. (eagerly). Oh, now, MR. WADDEL, it didn't answer—did it?

Mr. W. Well—some how I don't quite think it did—for we've given it up—we found it come expensive; and then the tap wasn't good—not by any means—

Mr. P. Expensive! Why the saving is at least 5s. on the half-barrel.

Mr. W. Ah, I dare say—by figures; but, do you know, I've come not to believe in figures against facts—and the fact is, it did come deuced expensive.

Mrs. P. And wasn't good neither—was it, now, MR. WADDEL?

Mr. W. Well, no—not at all—at least everybody said so.

Mr. P. Ah, you must have had imperfect directions.

Mr. W. Well, I think we did it pretty much by rule of thumb.

Mr. P. (with superiority). Oh—no wonder it was bad, then; I employed an excellent little treatise—"The Beer-brewers' Manual."

Mr. W. (pleasantly). Well, I hope your's will turn out better than ours did—I'm sure I do.

Mrs. P. Hadn't you better taste it, MR. WADDEL?—Do taste it—I'm sure it's not fit to drink.

Mr. W. Well, that's not much of a recommendation—but I'll give you my opinion, if you like, with pleasure.

Mr. P. (with sprightly confidence). It's been racked off these six weeks to-day, and ought to be in fine order. I'll go and draw you a jug-full. You see, I don't like giving that boy, SPRAGGS, access to the barrel—he may acquire habits of intemperance.

[Exit MR. P. to the cellar.]

Mrs. P. (taking advantage of her husband's absence to reveal her griefs to MR. W.) Oh! MR. WADDEL! If you only would talk to MR. P., and try to make him hear reason, and not go on always making these dreadful improvements, and savings, and wasting such loads of money, and making us all so uncomfortable—

Mr. W. (shaking his head). Oh, bless you, I never interfere with your men of principles, and figures—I can't—they've always an average ready to fling in one's teeth, you know.

Mrs. P. Yes, those figures will be MR. P.'s destruction—I'm sure they will—I always said they would.

Re-enter MR. P. with a jug of the famous home-brewed.

Mr. W. (joyously). Now for it!

Mr. P. (deliberately pouring out two glasses, and holding his own up to the light). Um!—not quite clear yet, I'm afraid.

Mr. W. (Suspiciously). No—not quite—

Mrs. P. Oh—how can you?—MR. P. It's as muddy as gruel—you can see it is.

[MR. P. tastes and puts down his glass, with a fallen countenance.]

Mr. W. (pausing as he is about to drink) Eh?

Mr. P. Eh? Perhaps a—leettle—acid—

Mr. W. (cautiously tasting, stops at the first mouthful). A leettle acid! Why—my good fellow—IT'S VINEGAR—regular vinegar; you must have made a mistake in the barrel.

Mrs. P. (with a CASSANDRA-like outburst). Oh—no—that's right—that's our beer. There! What did I say?—all along!

Mr. P. I can't account for it; but it certainly is acid—decidedly acid—in fact—as you say—

Mr. W. Vinegar—my dear fellow—at any rate, it won't be wasted, Mrs. P.—that's one comfort.

Mr. P. The fermentation must have been acetous instead of vinous. How could it have happened? Some of that dear boy NEWTON's experiments perhaps!

Mr. W. You must have had bad yeast.

Mr. P. No, on the contrary: I took care to purchase the patent yeast, made with pure gluten, you know.

Mr. W. (whistling). Oh that accounts for it. Why, my good fellow, that dried stuff's not strong enough to ferment beer with; it may do for bread, but for beer you want good fresh brewer's yeast. Why, I knew that much about it.

Mr. P. Ah, well—we shall know better next time—

Mrs. P. (wildly). Next time! Why you don't mean to say you're going to try again, MR. P.? (Dolorously.) Now MR. WADDEL, did any body ever hear such a man? Brew beer like that, and then talk of trying it again! I declare it's wicked.

Mr. P. (edging towards the door). Come, WADDEL, this is a tone which I am sorry you should hear used in my house.

Mrs. P. (with bitter triumph as they approach the door). At all events, hadn't you better put a P.S. to your letter, and let the Times know how the beer turned out.

[Exit MR. P. hastily, and in the state vulgarly described as "with his tail between his legs."]



Sinbad the Sailor and the Old Man of the Sea.

THE VALUE OF FREEDOM.

The City article of the *Times*, informed us one day last week, that—

"One of the largest diamonds known was deposited yesterday at the Bank of England, by a London house, to whom it was consigned from Rio Janeiro. Its weight is 254 carats, and its estimated value, according to the scale, £280,000. It is said to be of the finest water, and without flaw, and was found by a negro slave, who received his freedom as a reward."

Freedom is, we know, beyond all price, and we can scarcely be surprised at its having been changed at the comparatively moderate sum of £280,000 to a negro in Rio Janeiro. Nevertheless, as an article is worth only what it will fetch, and as slaves are to be had for a few pounds, we can hardly see the principle on which a negro who had found property worth £280,000, should have been mulcted of the whole, and then presented with that which he might have purchased any day for less than a two thousandth part of the sum alluded to. The negro is, perhaps, perfectly satisfied. But we fancy that if we had fallen in with such a valuable "find," we should hardly have been content if somebody had walked up, taken possession of our treasure, and then informed us we were at liberty to go wherever we thought proper. It is evident that they manage these things in Rio Janeiro more summarily, if not altogether better, than they do in England.

AMBASSADORS IN LIVERY.



"Excellencies" (who had tricked themselves out in the tawdry trappings demanded by the regulations of the LORD CHAMBERLAIN. We must protest, in the joint names of common sense and common prudence, against the absurdity and the impolicy of calling on a foreign ambassador to put himself in livery, and running the risk of giving offence to a great nation by an imbecile adherence to an effete practice, which certainly ought to have gone out with Bartholomew Fair, and which might, at all events, be left to the *Bal Masqué* and the Beefeaters.

We do not blame the CHAMBERLAIN, who is the very head of all the livery servants in the kingdom, and is not only a state servant—in livery—himself, but would be nothing if the livery system were to fall into disuse at Court, where his occupation would be gone if the abolition of external show were permitted. We admire the good sense of the American Government and of the American Minister on this occasion, and we earnestly call on LORD JOHN RUSSELL, LORD PALMERSTON, SIR JAMES GRAHAM, and the other upper servants of the Crown—we have named these three as the most likely to be influenced by reasonable considerations—to get permission of their Royal Mistress to imitate the wise example of the domestic butler of the present day, by going out of livery.

FORBIDDEN FRUIT.

PUNCH, in innumerable instances, is taken in. He is accustomed to be regularly sold. But he is not to be hoaxed; and he cannot believe that the following notice is, as a correspondent declares, to be read at a certain small hamlet called Ashley near Lichfield:—

"NOTICE.

"All Persons found Gathering Bilberries or otherwise in these woods on the Lord's Day, will be prosecuted, and not be allowed to enter the Woods again.

"By Order of the LORD BISHOP."

At least it is incredible that the last line of this announcement can be true. The notice cannot have been posted by order of the LORD BISHOP. It must have been stuck up by somebody who owes that prelate a grudge; with intent to bring him into odium and contempt. The rich are not likely to gather bilberries on any day. The poor have no opportunity of gathering them except on Sunday. That day is not the Jews' Sabbath, to be sure, nor are bilberries ears of corn; but the analogy between both the two days, and the two kinds of the fruits of the earth, is so obvious that it could not be overlooked by any Christian bishop, and would quite preclude the possibility of his putting forth such a notice as the above. The position of the word "otherwise" confirms the view. People are prohibited from "gathering bilberries or otherwise." How otherwise can be gathered may be a question; but doubtless the illiterate author of the phrase meant by "otherwise," "anything else," ears of corn, if wheat grew in woods, inclusive. The bishop who would forbid the poor from gathering bilberries in his woods on the "Lord's Day" would suggest a doubt as to what day he alluded to. He might be supposed to have perhaps invented some new festival of the Church, some additional day to be sanctified in his particular diocese as that of the Lord—BISHOP. Moreover, acting with that consistency which enforces doctrine by life, he who denied the

poor bilberries on that sacred day would at least deny himself fruit. He might not, perhaps, entirely fast; he might even partake of soup, fish, roast-beef, and plum-pudding, in succession. But he would stop at four courses. Dessert would not approach his lips. He would drink his wine—but he would not touch a grape; he might imbibe any quantity of port, but could not taste the smallest piece of pine-apple.

THE GUARDS' LAMENT.

"Three battalions of the Guards are under orders for Malta."—*Times*.

(SUBALTERN *singeth*.)

ADIEU to "the sweet shady side of Pall-Mall!"
Chatty lounge at the big front Club-window farewell!
Farewell Palace-Guards, with your dinners so gay,
Where a friend one might ask, and had nothing to pay.
Bank-duty adieu—once I thought you bad sport—
Where I've guarded the bullion, and punished the port!
How changed now our work—by reverse sad and hard—
We've to punish the bullyin', the Porte we've to guard!
Farewell—one and all! Little changed ye will be,
While there's nought but sea-stores and sea-sickness for me!

(PRIVATE *singeth*.)

Farewell oh ye field-days—farewell guard-parades,
Where we dazzled the eyes of them dear nurs'ry-maids.
Farewell to the area, where oft on the sly
My MARY came tripping when no one was by,
And would open the gate, and would lead down the stair,
To where the hot supper was smoking so fair!
Farewell, Sundays out, when on JANE's hoarded pence
Together we tipped, and cussed the expense;—
Farewell—one and all! Shall I find, o'er the sea,
Any "gals" half so green, and so tender to me?

(SUBALTERN *singeth*.)

Farewell, pleasant routs, with your belles fond and fair,
Farewell, dear delights of a squeeze on the stair.
Farewell, Rotten Row—and the ride the next day,
When her cheeks looked so fresh, as we cantered away.
Farewell, Chiswick fêtes—where 'mongst bonnets and flowers,
'Twas so jolly to crowd 'neath the tents in the showers.
And ye, dear pink capotes, ne'er to Greenwich again
Shall I drive you for whitebait and HART's pink champagne.
Farewell—one and all—will ye e'er think of me,
While I sadly cast up my accounts in the sea?

(PRIVATE *singeth*.)

Good-bye, tap-room tossing, and slate bagatelles!—

(SUBALTERN *singeth*.)

Adieu, billiards at PRATT'S!—Adieu, Jermyn-street Hells;

(Ensemble).

We are gone—we are gone—where the big cannons roar,
And our places in London will know us no more!

DE OFFICIIS.

AMONG the offices that have been "sold" in the City, we find the following:—

Yeoman of the Waterside.
Sword Bearer's Young Man.
Common Huntsman's Young Man.
Water Bailiff's Young Man.

We should like to have some account of the duties of these individuals who have been regularly "sold" for the benefit of the City revenues. The Yeoman of the Waterside seems to be a very inefficient officer, if we may judge by the numerous depredations committed on the coal barges; and which the Yeoman, if he did his duty at the waterside should certainly be the means of preventing.

The Common Huntsman's Young Man must be a curiosity in his way, inasmuch as the Common Huntsman himself would seem to be a very superfluous personage. We should like to know what there is to hunt in the City, or what occasion there can be for a Huntsman, unless it is felt that the Corporation may probably go to the dogs rather speedily. We cannot better show our good offices to the City than by getting rid of these bad offices as quickly as possible.

A SLAP IN THE FACE FOR DISABLY.—"Let no man fancy he is the coming man." *Goethe*.—(*Vide Goethe's Opinions*, p. 114.)



ENGLAND EXPECTS EVERY MAN WILL DO HIS DUTY.

THE REFORM BILL MADE EASY.

TIME—Breakfast hour on the morning after LORD JOHN RUSSELL'S introduction of the Bill.

SCENE.—A breakfast room near St. Pancras Church.

Persons visible. CHARLES, and ELLEN, his wife
Person invisible. Their Infant Angel.

Ellen. Tell me, CHARLES, in a word or two, What is this grand Reform to do. I think LADY BOROUGHBRIE'S girls will call, And I want to appear to have studied it all.

Charles (hands her the newspaper with gratification). There is the Speech. Or, here's the Summary, Which gives the sense without the flummery.

Ellen. No, I catch much quicker, I do, indeed, What people tell me than what I read.

Charles. Your notion, love, decidedly varies From his who wrote *Segnius per aures*.

Ellen. Now, don't be rude, but do as I say, (slyly) In your usual clear and masterly way.

Charles (we fear flattered). Well, first LORD JOHN, at a dab of the brush,

Wipes nineteen boroughs from—

Ellen (with intense attention). Dearest, hush!

Charles (less pleased). What is it?

Ellen. No, it was my mistake. I fancied that baby must be awake.

Now, pray go on, and to all you mention

I am going to pay the utmost attention.

Charles. Nineteen boroughs lose representation For having too scanty a population.

And thirty-three, which return two men,

Will never return more than one again.

And this, with four already in hand,

Gives sixty-six vacancies. Understand?

Ellen. Oh yes, you make it quite easy—quite—

But (confidentially) set open the door the tiniest mite.

Charles (complies with no grace at all). Through the names, I take it, I need not go.

JACK'S (ALWAYS) ALIVE!

SIR JAMES GRAHAM is a thorough man of business, and a very good First Lord of the Admiralty; but, unless the reporters do him an injustice, he has made rather a startling announcement in the following passage from one of his recent speeches.

Speaking of the Coast Guard, SIR JAMES is represented to have said—

"While they were in the Coast Guard service, there was a civil pension given to their wives and children if they lost their lives in that service; when, however, they went into active service again, they were of course put on the same footing as other men in active service, and their right to the civil pension ceased."

It seems from this announcement that when a Coast Guard man dies in the service his wife gets a pension; but if he should come to life again, the right to the pension does not come to life with him; and he, upon going "into active service again" (after having been once dead), "is put on the same footing as other men in active service, and his right to the civil pension ceases." We really recommend an individual who has become resuscitated in such an extraordinary manner to try the effect of a bill of revivor on his pension, so that the latter may not cease when the former is no longer deceased.

Un-Parliamentary Intelligence.

SOME surprise has been excited by a rumour of a New Writ, in connection with the name of MR. DUNUP. Being aware that MR. DUNUP was not in the House of Commons, we have made some inquiries on the subject, and we find that the learned gentleman has in fact "moved for a new writ," the truth being that he has moved in consequence of another New Writ having been issued against him.

METAPHYSICAL PROGRESS.—The Reform of the Ecclesiastical Courts would be a great step in assertion of the Freedom of the Will.

Ellen. Does the scheme affect any people we know?

Charles. Well, Andover, Arundel, Dartmouth, Harwich, Honiton—

Ellen. Ah! what a thing is marriage!

Somebody promised his baby's face Should smile in a setting of Honiton lace. Never mind that.

Charles (does not). Well, now to allot These sixty-six M.P.'s whom we've got. Counties and parts of counties counting Heads over a hundred thousand mounting. And now returning a double M.P. In future will have the honour of three. But the voters are only to vote for two. As LORD JOHN has a curious crotchet in view, To let the smaller body come in For part of the triumph with those who win. And the man who gets two-fifths of the whole Comes in as number three on the poll.

Ellen (paying the most extreme inattention, her mind, in fact, hovering on the borders of a wide shallow basket upstairs). I do believe they've run a pin in her,

SAUNDERS'S roughness is really a sin in her. (To him.) I beg your pardon—now, don't you pout, If you'd only heard that child cry out.

Charles (indignantly). It seems to me—I don't want to speak— No voice has a chance against that squeak.

Ellen (gravely). When a child cries out it means to explain That somewhere or other it feels in pain.

Charles. Do you really wish to hear any more?

Ellen (sweetly). Of course. If you like, love, I'll close the door.

Charles (instantly mollified). No, leave it open. Well, ten great towns—

Despite the "Land" and its awful frowns— Get each a new Member; and three towns, new To the SPEAKER'S roll, are set up with two. Southwark obtains addition of one, From the figure to which its numbers run; And but one is given (and why the scarcity?) To our neighbour the London University.

Ellen. Oh, CHARLES! you're surely telling me fibs— Why, they'll choose some favourite seller of squibs.

Charles (laughing). My dear, you're thinking of boys—the College Holds men—(*Observes her again distraite.*) How pleasant your thirst for knowledge!

Don't say you listen, and show you don't;
Tell me you will, or else you won't.

Ellen (rebuked). My dearest, I hope I'm not perverse—

Charles. But what the deuce is the use of the nurse?

Well, on we go. Those atrocious lawyers
Are to send in two of their own topsawyers,
As if the House didn't want relief
From the men who jabber as if from a brief,
With "puff" writ large on their brazen faces,
And who jabber and puff themselves into places.
But the yell that met this precious proposal
Has left this couple of seats at disposal.

Lastly, (I've tired you out, I'm afraid),
A new Metropolitan district's made,
Where Kensington's haughty piles of stone
Unite with the seedy and snob-like Sloane.
And now all this, if you count, you'll see,
Allots the Members—just sixty-three.

Ellen. But sixty-six was the number you said.

Charles (delighted). Darling, you carry a quick little head.

The other three, there is no denyin',
Are tossed as sops to the Scottish Lion.

Ellen. But do any new people get votes?

Charles. Yes, shoals!
And will strangely alter the state of polls.

Anyone earning a hundred a-year,
Paid half-yearly, or quarterly, clear,
Or who takes his tin, economical fox,
From Government, Bank, or East India Stocks:
Or pays to Assessed or Income Taxes
Forty shillings when GLADSTONE axes;
Or graduates where Almæ Matres conduct—
(*Ellen.* Like my brother Tom?)

Charles. Not quite—he was plucked.)

Or keeps fifty pounds in a Savings Bank
For just three years—comes into the rank.
Voting for county or borough either,
Whereas at present he claims for neither.
But here are the greatest changes of all,
And those which promise us battle and brawl.
The ten pound man who a living earns
Where he likes (if not in a town that returns)
Has a county vote—we shall soon see whether
This will fuse the antagonist classes together.
And the borough rate, to meet working men,
Is, moreover, reduced to six from ten.
With smaller matters you needn't be fashed,
The register's final—freemen are smashed.
Rates and taxes need not be paid—

Ellen (delighted). I always said that law should be made,
For, of all the cruel, exacting things,
Taxes and rates—

Charles. Our fancy's wings
Must bear us, darling, an awful height,
If they mean to take us from GLADSTONE's sight.
LORD JOHN's relief, in tottle and whole,
Is, "You need not pay before you poll."
Well, now, I trust, my ELEANOR finds,
She's in force to astonish the BOROUGHBRIBE minds.
And the point you should take—or two points, may be
In talking—

Ellen. Oh! CHARLES, ring twice for baby.

[CHARLES rushes in wrath to the upstairs bell, and pulls as if he were tearing at the cord of a bath, and wanted to bring down a shower of babies. The heiress descends; and in an animated controversy with SAUNDERS whether the little angel really likes sugar or not, ELLEN forgets the duty of gratitude for the past, and of attention for the future.]

INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS IN THE NAVY.



VERY day we read, "All is activity at the dockyards;" but what is the use of activity at the dockyards, if there is nothing afloat but "gout" and "indisposition?" The following paragraph is quite enlivening, and it is really refreshing to contemplate the vigour it seems to manifest:—

"We learn from Chatham that the whole of the artificers and labourers in that dockyard are now, with few exceptions, at full swing upon the task and job system of work, and earning from 5s. to 7s. per diem. The progress made daily in building the *Orion*, screw, 91, is manifest even to an unprofessional eye, and the mechanics of all grades seem, under the excitement of the change of system, quite a new class of operatives. The sails and rigging of the *Meanez*, 50, are complete, and she is ready for commissioning."

This is all very satisfactory; but when we come to read something about the officers who are to be at the head of the working of all this promising array of naval construction, we find such paragraphs as the annexed to damp our patriotic aspirations:—

"We hear VICE-ADMIRAL THE HON. J. PERCY, commanding at the Nore, is suffering from an attack of gout.

"REAR-ADMIRAL MARTIN, superintendent of this dockyard, continues very unwell. This is most unfortunate at this present moment.

"CAPTAIN FREMANTLE, of the *Junco*, is also indisposed.

"CAPTAIN SIR EVERARD HOME, Bart., C.B., of the *Calliope*, 26, senior officer on the Australian and New Zealand station, is reported by the mail just in from that region to have died at Sydney on the 2nd of November last. CAPTAIN FREMANTLE, in the *Junco*, was going out to relieve him."

With a gouty commander at the Nore, an invalid superintendent of the dockyard, and an indisposed captain of the *Junco*, we are in a rather unpromising plight, from which we are not very efficiently extricated by the additional intelligence that the captain already declared to be "indisposed" is going out to Sydney to "relieve" a deceased senior officer. We do not wonder at the Greenwich pensioners having been thought of as a desirable accession to our maritime strength, and indeed looking at the age and infirmity of some of our admirals, we may regard the Greenwich pensioners as so much comparatively "young blood" infused into the navy.

Every one must be pleased to hear that England is ready to put forth its "old spirit," but we cannot help lamenting that the "old spirit" has not some rather newer bodies in which to deposit it.

QUESTION OF UNIVERSAL INTEREST.—How much?

THE RULE OF THE WORLD WITH EXCEPTIONS.

A PARAGRAPH has been going the round of the papers having for its title, *The Rulers of the World*, and giving an account of the number of sovereigns, with the peculiar title of their sovereignty. From this we ascertain that there are in the world two Rajahs, one Sultan, one Schah, one Ameer, and another singular animal, denominated an Imaum. The last of these living creatures would, no doubt, if transferred to the Zoological Gardens, share the public admiration with our old friend the Hippopotamus. Few have seen a live Imaum; and, if Muscat could spare its head for a single London season, we are sure that the exhibition of the Imaum would do a great deal for the Muscatene revenue.

By the way, we ought to protest against the omission of one or two individuals, within our own knowledge, who have been omitted from this list of "rulers of the world" rather unceremoniously. We have been expecting to see a letter from the Beadle of the Lowther Arcade, or his super-excellency the (six feet) High Keeper of Golden Square, both of whom might consider themselves on an equality with any Schah, and would look upon the Ameer as a mere humbug. There is, also, many a street keeper who is quite an Imaum in his own conceit, and who when, with the air of a Pacha, he inflicts a lick of his cane, feels as if he were at home in his own Pacha-lick. We hope, in the next edition of the "*Rulers of the World*," we shall find the names of a few of those who rule in the great empire of Beadledom.

"YOU'RE NOT GOING TO LEAVE OUT POOR IRELAND!"

DIRECTLY any new measure is proposed, you are sure to see an enthusiastic Irishman jump up in his seat, and inquire indignantly if the benefit of it is to be extended to Ireland. We should not be in the least astonished, if a Bill was to be brought in for "The Better Management and General Improvement of the Thames Tunnel," at some wild Irishman springing forward, and gravely inquiring, "if Ireland was to be included in the intended measure? for if not, he should bring all his influence to bear in opposition against it!" We really believe that if a Bill were proposed for "The Erection of Soup-kitchens in the Metropolis for the Relief of the Briefless Barristers of Lincoln's Inn," that these Hibernian zealots would object to it, unless it could be proved that Carrickfergus, and Downpatrick, and Dunganon, and Kilkenny, and Tipperary, and Westmeath, and Youghal, were specially brought within its provisions. We are positive they would oppose the pulling-down of Temple Bar, because the removal would be no kind of advantage to Sackville Street in Dublin!

THE BRITISH TAR'S MOTTO:—"Semper Hide'em."

DOVES OF ST. PETERSBURG.



is known throughout our hopeful land that—some time since, when the weather was at the coldest, the quicksilver all but freezing—there were certain good simple-minded men, kept warm by the fervour of faith in human goodness, who left their English homes, their wives and little ones, to betake themselves to St. Petersburg, that they might have a brotherly talk with brother NICHOLAS, the god of Russia; but in very truth, only a fellow worm of the largest size—a worm, in fact, almost as big as a snake—gilded and coated with the brightest metal and the finest colours. Brother NICHOLAS, in all his bravery, should,

nevertheless, be sought and accosted by brethren in drab; the broad-brim would, undoffed, approach the casque. The New Testament should be opened, and words of life and charity be read therefrom in confutation of decrees of blood and death. The Sermon on the Mount against the Ukase, issued from our Palace!

All honour and all praise to these worthy men! There is brotherly love in their mild meek eyes: there is a sweet music in their very footfall. Let their pilgrims' staves—when the men shall have rested from going to and fro upon the earth—be hung aloft in Town Halls to quicken the thankful thoughts of all after-comers. What worthless old iron the sword of SCANDERBEG—what a butcher's knife, the blade of a NAPOLEON—to those simple staves.

Well, we have news—news exclusive from our own correspondent—of these pilgrims. They reached St. Petersburg, their shoes sound, and their spirits hopeful. They put up at the Snowball, kept by the worthy TEETOTALOFKY, to whom they carried particular missives. Having shaved themselves, they immediately proceeded to the Palace; and it was not their fault that they did not walk straight into the very heart of the building. But a difficulty presented itself in the form of a Grenadier of the Guard; he did not—albeit the Russians are accomplished linguists—speak English; but soon gave symptoms of his perfect command of the bayonet, which he had brought within a finger's breadth of the stomach of one of the pilgrims, undaunted, and the while desiring in plain English, that he and the Grenadier of the Guard "should reason with one another." Now it seemed that the sentinel would, in another second, have used the *prima et ultima ratio*—or first and last reasoning of grenadiers—to the puncturing of our pilgrim's waistcoat with whatsoever remained behind it, but that—as though like PHAETON'S, it had fallen from the sky—a carriage, the smoking wheels almost in flame, stopped at the Palace.

A man—a hero—a demigod—a JUPITER, that is a Russian JUPITER, flung himself from the vehicle. He was striding—for he had on his seven-league boots, and might as well have walked from Sebastopol, where he had been *incoo*, and whence he had for the dignity of the thing ridden—he was striding through the open gates, when his double-eagle eyes fell upon our Pilgrims.

"Who are you?" said the Czar, in the most mellifluous English that he learned at the breast of an English wet-nurse, long since ennobled, and married, and divorced—and married again to Muscovite princes.

"Who are you?" asked the Czar, a second time even more melodiously.

Whereupon the Pilgrims took out their cards of business, and placed them in the hands of the deity of Russia.

"Englishmen. I thought so," said the Czar, with alight emotion. "Follow me."

The grenadier of the guard immediately became as he was—even as he was—before the advent of the Pilgrims, and withdrew his bayonet from the drab waistcoat aforesaid.

The Czar moved on; and doors of malachite, with key-holes set in diamonds, and hinges of Ural gold, were flung open; at least a hundred of them, and still the Pilgrims—their hearts no more puffed up or elated than though they trod their native mud—still the Pilgrims followed. At length they arrived in a cabinet, the walls whereof were polished steel; a cabinet lighted from the roof by a fiery carbuncle. Nevertheless, the souls of the Pilgrims stood erect as before; neither did their knees shrink in their small-clothes.

"Sit down," said the Czar, "and make yourselves at home. I'm always glad to see Englishmen, even"—and the Czar smiled with that beautiful melancholy in his smile for which he was so celebrated at the flower-show, in

happier days, at Chiswick—"even, when they no longer see my Ambassador. My good friend"—and the Czar laid his hand in the most paternal way upon the right knee of the elder pilgrim—"my good friend, what *can* I do? Speak freely—unburthen yourself. In fact, whatever it is, mention it. What can I offer you?"

"Friend NICHOLAS, thou canst offer peace," said the Pilgrim. "With the greatest pleasure. But have I not done so? Have not MENSCHIKOFF and ORLOFF, and—my very good friends"—and the Czar's voice slightly trembled, and—(but the Pilgrim is short-sighted, and might have been mistaken)—his lip a little quivered—"my good friends, I have been shamefully misrepresented. Nevertheless, I hope I bear with evil like a Christian, and have moreover put up a *Te Deum* for some of my enemies. I hate the thoughts of war. As for my army, that necessary evil, I sometimes suppress a shudder when I review it."

"And thou dost crave for peace, NICHOLAS?" asked the Pilgrim, with a sweet, hopeful smile.

"I'll take the Sultan to my heart like—(that is, allowing for the difference of religion)—like a brother. I'd kiss your QUEEN'S hand like a father. I'd embrace FRANCIS JOSEPH like an uncle—FREDERICK WILLIAM like a man who has married his sister, and LOUIS NAPOLEON like anything. My good friends, peace is what I want—peace and my own way, and the Autocrat of sixty millions shall be found as gentle as any shepherd. And yet, England has joined with France, and ABERDEEN—(who *can* trust in human nature after that?)—ABERDEEN has sent British men-of-war into the Black Sea. The sacred Black Sea! Nevertheless, I'll forgive all—all for the sake of peace; peace, and my own way. But let me introduce you to the Empress."

The Empress could not be seen.

"Very well, another time. In the meanwhile, come and see the Empress's doves," said the Czar.

And the Pilgrims followed the Emperor, who led them to a dove-cot where doves were lodged as only the doves of Empresses can be received and done for.

"How willingly"—said the Czar—"in token of my aspirations, how willingly would I send a pair of these doves to one and all of the powers maliciously leagued against me!"

"I tell thee what, friend NICHOLAS. I'll take a pair to friend VICTORIA, and say to her what thou hast said." Thus spoke the elder Pilgrim.

"I thank you," said the Czar; cordially shaking the Pilgrim by the hand: "but wait awhile and know us better. Wait and you shall be the bearer of the doves. Look here"—and the Czar moved a sitting dove from off her nest, and took the two eggs, laying them, warm as they were, in the hands of the Pilgrim. "These will be hatched—I know so much of doves—in a few days. Wait then, two or three weeks, and you shall take the doves in token of peace."

"Peace at any price, friend NICHOLAS?" said the Pilgrim.

"Peace at any price," answered the Czar, "to my sister VICTORIA."

And then—unseen by the Pilgrims—the Czar replaced the dove's eggs by two bullets (he always carries them) from his waistcoat pocket; and the guileless Pilgrims departed to tarry at the Snowball until those leaden eggs should be hatched.

And such is and has been the policy of the Czar—to treat for peace, the while his dove-like thoughts sit upon bullets.



Summary Review.

The Czar, his Court, and People. By JOHN S. MAXWELL. Bentley. If this book bears out its title, it will supersede DANTE'S *Inferno*.



First Cabby (who is run up against). "NOW THEN! WHERE DID YOU PICK UP THAT OLD STRAWBERRY POTTLE YOU CALLS A CAB?"
Second Cabby (retorts). "SAME PLACE WHERE YER FOUND THAT BIT OF OLD RAG YOU CALLS A 'ORSE."

"UP GUARDS, AND AT THEM!"

THE voice that spoke those fiery words hath into silence passed,
 But the words are words for ever—an eternal trumpet-blast
 That rings in every English heart—as, to burst of drum and fife,
 The gallant guardsmen take their way unto the field of strife.

'Tis long since London streets have seen battalions bound for war;
 Their heads are grey, their blood is thin that have looked thereon
 before—

But the grey heads rise ereater, and the thin blood runs less cold,
 As along the Strand to the clashing band their march the guardsmen
 hold!

"Ye are young and know not warfare—its prices and its pain;
 The names from household records it wipes out with bloody stain:
 With what pressure upon labour it sets its iron hand;
 In what deep draughts it sucks away the best blood of the land.

"Have we not read in history its lesson writ in gore?
 Must we not pay, still, day by day, its price in taxes sore?
 How many a heart it widowed, yet in widowhood is chill?
 How many a hearth whose fire it quenched, is black and joyless still?"

All this we feel—but feel, nathless, great as war's price may be,
 There are prices worse of payment for men that boast them free.
 Such as honour paid for safety, or life redeemed by lies,
 Easy taxes bought by crouching—or wealth of weakness prize.

Weak Right stands forth 'gainst giant Might;—and shall England
 brook a doubt,
 Upon which side we take our ground, and draw our good swords out?
 What matter names in such a strife? be the man judged by his work;
 'Tis the ill-faith of the Christian 'gainst the good faith of the Turk.

The sword he draws for God's own laws who draweth it 'gainst Wrong:
 In this great faith—through life and death—the people still are strong!
 Let rulers gloze and statesmen prose, the people's heart is true,
 And goeth to the battle, good soldiers, forth with you!

Then, drums, roll loud, as when ye cowed our foemen's hearts of old,
 String nerves to strife, ear-piercing fife—speak trumpets, loud and
 bold!

Shake your war-rags, emblazoned flags, till your glorious names of
 yore
 Show added to the deathless list one deathless title more!

A DECIDED CASE.

THIS is not the time of year for mushrooms; but a new sect has
 just quietly sprung up, as mushrooms spring. Witness a recent *Times*
 advertisement:—

A Decided Christian is WANTED as a Superior GENERAL SERVANT, in a very
 small Family. A good Character indispensable.

The Decided Christians are quite a novel denomination. From the
 above advertisement it would seem that a good character is not a
 recommendation which the "Decided Christians" necessarily possess.
 Ordinary Christians had better beware of the "Decided."

Equity Indeed!

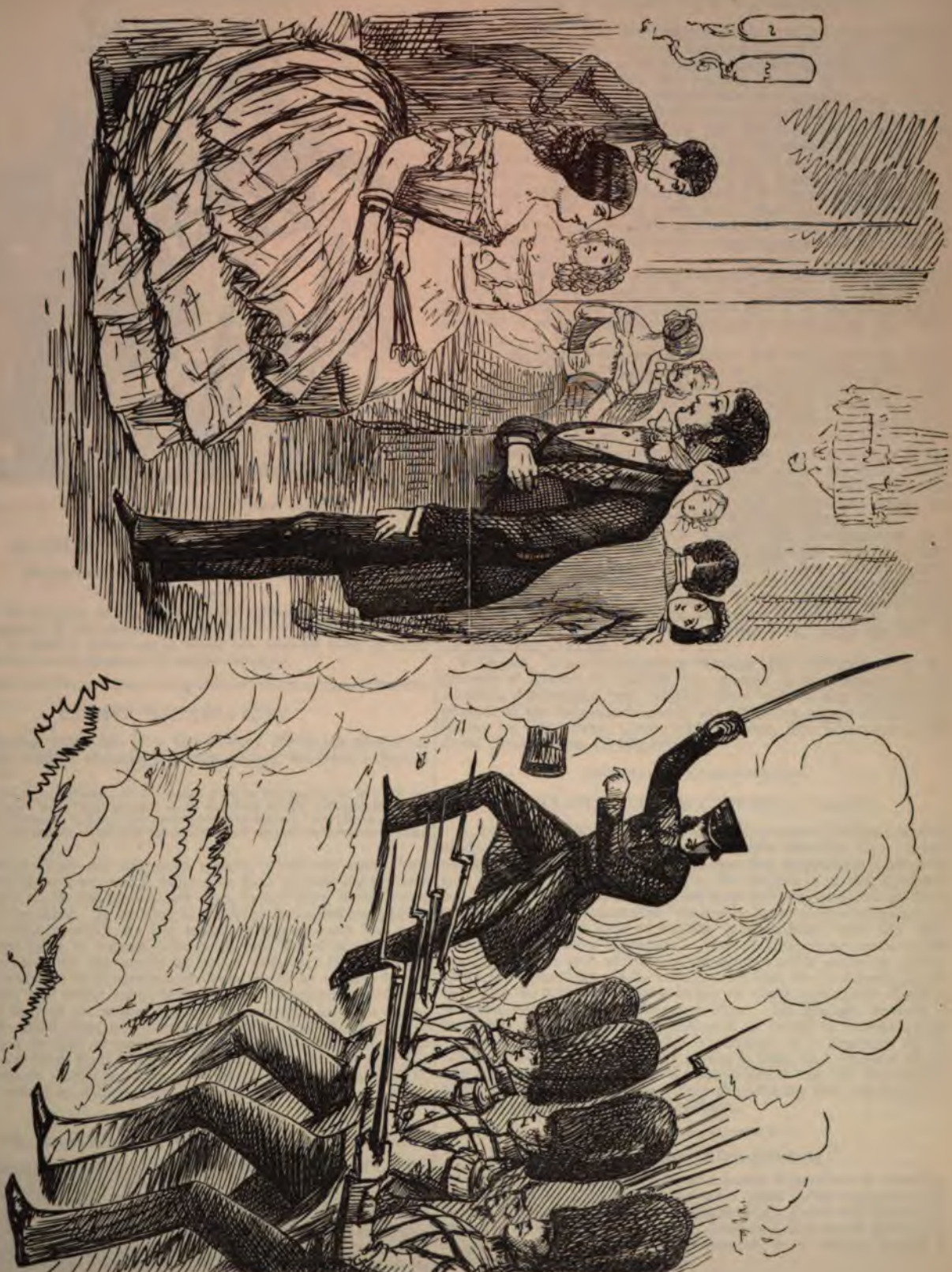
A SUITOR IN CHANCERY, complaining of that reformed—but still
 rascally—institution, says

"A case is now pending in which you will be surprised to hear that the cost of
 examining witnesses is not less than £100 per diem."

We are going to war with Russia; and the expense of the contest
 will be enormous. But if we feel inclined to grumble at that, we may
 consider that we ought to think ourselves lucky in having to go to war
 instead of being obliged to go to Chancery.

International Sweets.

A *Confiseur*, in the Rue St. Denis, at Paris, has just invented a new
 Cordial for the special use of the English and French armies in
 Turkey, to which he has given the name of the "Entente Cordial."



OUR GUARDS.

THEY CAN PLAY; AND, BY JOVE, THEY CAN FIGHT TOO.



ALL FOR THE SMALL CHARGE OF ONE COPECK!

THE GLORIOUS BATTLE OF SINOPE!!

Magnified One Thousand Times!!!

There, on the left, you see the brave Russian sailors a thrashin' of four times their number of bloodthirsty and invading Turks, and the cowardly Admiral of the latter a blowin' up of hisself and Ship all along of being afraid of fallin' into the hands of his magnanimous foe.

RATHER WHINEY FYNEY.

THE following paragraph from the *Musical World* has affected us to tears—the result of excessive laughter—though we don't believe a word of it:—

"THE MISSES FYNE'S PIANO.—At the concert given at Wigton, on the 18th ult., the MISSES FYNE were not a little surprised to be set down to the identical pianoforte which formerly belonged to them, and upon which Miss LOUISA FYNE played the first piece she was ever taught. This incident so affected her that she shed tears on leaving the room."

THE MISSES FYNE are charming singers, whom we never hear without delight, and we cannot believe in their sentimentality, over an old piano which has seen better days, better keys, better wires, and better everything. If we were to suddenly find ourselves playing on the very word on which we had made—in infancy—our first pun, we should not think it reasonable to go off into fits of anything but laughter, and that we fear would be rather difficult. If this sort of sentimentalism were to be encouraged there would be no end to the inconvenience that would result from it. The potboy might swoon at the sight of the first pot he ever brought home on his leathern strap; and even the bailiff might be melted into maudlin tears at the sight of the first man he had arrested. Business is business; and if the MISSES FYNE have, in the course of business, to sit down to the cracked piano of childhood, they have only to make the best of it, like all the rest of us, under analogous circumstances.

The Corporation of London, their Mark.

THE full significance of the symbol which the Corporation of London have set up at Egham, may not occur to everybody. A petition presented by the inhabitants to Parliament states that it is an intimation that the City coal duties of 1s. 1d. per ton, from which they had previously been exempt, are now imposed upon them. The hieroglyphic or emblematical notice alluded to is the Civic Arms. The well-known dagger that the City shield is charged with is what proclaims in its plenitude the intent of the Corporation. The dagger is in a peculiar sense their mark. It denotes that they mean to stick it in.

THE ART OF CONVERSATION.—You convince a man—you persuade a woman.

SOME PUZZLES FOR PALMERSTON.

PALMERSTON, having undertaken to listen to all grievances from all quarters, is now called upon to answer not only for everything, but for everybody, and he was accordingly catechised the other night as to the truth of some rumours that reached London by the Submarine Telegraph. His Lordship expressed with his customary good humour his inability to stand sponsor for several thousand miles of wire, which runs on at a considerable length and lies to a marvellous extent throughout the continent. We shall not be astonished to hear that LORD PALMERSTON has been gravely asked by some sapient Members of the House of Commons,—“Whether the statement made in Pall Mall last night by an individual professing to carry with him a second edition of the *Globe* evening paper, to the effect that the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA has been assassinated, is founded in truth, and whether the Home Secretary has any objection to lay the papers—of the preceding evening—on the table?”

AS LORD PALMERSTON will perhaps prefer having some notice of the questions that may be put to him, we will suggest the following as being quite within the probability of the case, if we may judge by the absurdity of some of the notes and queries to which he has lately been subjected.

1. To ask LORD PALMERSTON whether the Government was aware that a cry of “Police!” had been raised at a recent meeting in the City, and whether it was with the sanction of the Government the policeman walked into the room? and if so, whether his doing so was the result of any previous correspondence with the Civic authorities, and whether his walking out again was a step approved by the Home Office?

2. To ask LORD PALMERSTON whether the crossing-sweeper in the Turkish turban is in this country in accordance with any treaty now in existence; and whether, if the combined fleets should sweep the Black Sea, the individual in question will continue to sweep the crossing—under the protection of our own Government.

3. To ask LORD PALMERSTON whether the disappearance of a placard from Holborn, where it formerly appeared daily at a hair-dresser's shop, announcing that “Another fine Bear will be slaughtered,” has been withdrawn in consequence of any remonstrance addressed to the English Government by the Czar, through BARON BUNOW, and whether it is true that there is any order in Council prohibiting the sale of hog's lard and salad oil, under the title of Imperial Bear's Grease.

4. To ask LORD PALMERSTON whether the performance of the *Burning of Moscow* at Astley's, was stopped at the instance of the Austrian Ambassador, and whether there will be any objection to produce all the correspondence—if any—that has passed between the COUNT DE COLOREDO, CHEVALIER BUNSEN, MR. WIDDICOMB, and LORD PALMERSTON, on this subject.

A BRANCH OF THE PROPHECIC PLANT.

A FELLOW calling himself PROFESSOR ZOROASTER has been sending nandbills about Manchester, soliciting public attention to a science which he calls Astro-phrenology, and says that he practises “on moral and Christian principles.” In short, the profession of this Professor lies in professing to tell fortunes—at from half-a-crown to ten shillings a fortune. He announces that “he will be happy to give attention and such advice as his long experience in accordance with the Holy Scriptures may render necessary.” How such experience can occasion any necessity for such advice it is for servant-maids and other parties interested to consider, recollecting, besides, that the Professor's experience with the volume he alludes to has, of course, principally consisted in operations with the “Bible and Key.” He displays, however, a familiarity with Scripture, in quoting it on behalf of fortune-telling by the stars, which may be said to amount to a contempt for it. ZOROASTER is to be regarded as a species of Sage, that, without onions, supplies a stuffing for Goose. We should like to visit this philosopher in his cell, a proper cell having been provided for him, revolving the crank for an Astro-phrenological problem.

“All-a-growing! All-a-growing!”

CLOSE, philosophical observers, who amuse themselves in watching every little turn and change that takes place in the outside world, declare that they can plainly see indications of a Beard and Moustache sprouting on the Face of Nature! From this, they augur favourably of the success of the anti-razor movement, since Nature herself is lending her countenance to it.

THE BEARD-GROWING MOVEMENT.—The cold, cynical, smooth-faced, close-shavers, who denounce the growth of the Beard and Moustache Movement, have been compared by a Sporting young gentleman to a pack of harriers, whose great delight is in running down the Hair.



THE REAL USE OF THE BEAR-SKIN CAP.—A HINT TO THE GUARDS.

EARLY CLOSING FOR THE ENEMY.

WITH Russia's Czar,
In Freedom's War,
Alone, to battle we intend;
'Gainst Russia's sons
We shall our guns,
Against our inclination, bend.

But then, if they
Choose to obey
The will of that one frantic brute,
What help have we?
The word must be
In the great name of Goodness, shoot!

'Tis our desire
With sword and fire
The Demon only to pursue,
But if those fools
Will be his tools,
Have at the Fiend, and all his crew!

Bombard their forts,
Blockade their ports,
With more regret than words can tell,
But do the thing,
Although it wring
Our very hearts—and do it well!

Their commerce stop,
Shut up their shop,
That all their merchandise may spoil:
Tallow and hides,
And furs, besides
Tar, pitch, and isinglass, and oil!

And hemp and flax,
Hogs' bristles, wax,
And musk, and caviare, and leather,
And malachite,
And serve 'em right,
In short, confound them altogether.

THE DOMESTIC REFORMER;

OR HOW MR. PATERFAMILIAS MADE HOME HAPPY.

In which MR. PATERFAMILIAS introduces his Domestic Reform Bill, the debate on which is interrupted by an incident of thrilling interest. MR. P. who has lately been going through a course of dietetic and calisthenic studies, determines on introducing better habits into his family.

Time—After Dinner.

SCENE.—The Drawing-Room. Present, all the members of the family, except the boys, who are at school.

Mr. P. (*laying down a treatise on "Diet and Regimen."*) Yes, these are considerations which must no longer be overlooked.

Mrs. P. (*in some alarm*). My dear?

Mr. P. I was merely about to observe, that it is high time, Mrs. P., that sounder and stricter rules should be observed by the girls.

Mrs. P. Good gracious! My dear, I'm sure nothing can be more proper than the way I have always brought them up—

Laura } (*in astonishment*). { Eh?
Emily } What do you mean, Papa?

Mr. P. I do not refer to moral principles or manners, my dears: as to those, I am aware that your mother and myself have nothing to reproach ourselves. I was speaking in relation to your habits.

Laura. Oh, yes! mine's not near long enough in the skirt, Papa—

Emily. And mayn't I have a jacket instead of a tight body?

Mr. P. (*weaving his hand*). I do not allude to your riding-habits, but to your habits of life—your hours—your dress—your diet—

Emily. Well but, Papa, aren't they just like all other girls'?

Mr. P. Precisely. And it is this conformity to ordinary usages which I regret that I have so long allowed. But I have made up my mind that, in some points at least, rules more reconcilable with reason, and practices more conducive to health, shall be followed henceforth.

Mrs. P. (*bitterly*). Really, my dear, I always fancied that it was a mother's business to bring up her daughters.

Mr. P. In the strictly female branches of training it may be so—but not in what concerns daughters as human animals—

Mrs. P. (*confounded*). Human animals! Well, Mr. P., how ever you can sit there and call those poor dear girls "human animals!"

Mr. P. I speak physiologically, my dear.

Mrs. P. Well, you may call it what you please, but I don't call it speaking like a father.

Mr. P. Mrs. P., when you have heard what I contemplate, you will see that my intentions are guided by strictly parental feelings. My object is to improve the health and stamina of my children.

Laura (*dolefully*). Oh, but, Papa, there's nothing whatever the matter with us.

Emily. No, that there's not. I'm always hungry. You should see what a lunch I eat, Pa!

Mr. P. A most fallacious indication.

Mrs. P. But whatever have you taken into your head now, Mr. P.?

Mr. P. Look at those girls' feet.

[LAURA and EMILY hold out wonderingly a set of very neat little feet, in very trim little slippers.

Mrs. P. Well—Mr. P.?

Mr. P. Observe the ridiculously flimsy stocking—the mischievously thin shoe. I mean henceforth to insist on lambswool stockings and thick soles.

Laura. Oh, but, Papa! not in the house, surely?

Emily. What frights of feet we shall have!

Mrs. P. (*severely*). Let your father go on, my dears. (*Bitterly.*) Of course he knows best what is good for us all.

Mr. P. Then look at their dresses. Can anything be more unreasonable—to refer to this intelligent writer (*opening his work on "Diet and Regimen"*)—than to have the morning, walking, and evening dress made of such very different materials, and in so different a degree protective against the cold!

Laura. But, oh, Pa, surely you don't mean we're to wear high frocks in the evening?

Emily (*sadly*). That we're to go in those nasty merinos all day long?

Mr. P. Stays must be entirely abandoned.

Laura. What—even French corsets?

Mr. P. The quantity of bed-clothes must be diminished.

Mrs. P. (*with grim pleasantry*). Had you not better have us all sleep on the floor at once, my dear?

Mr. P. (sternly continuing). The use of cold sponge baths in the morning must be regular and uninterrupted.

Laura (shivering). Ugh!

Mrs. P. (bitterly). Mr. P., if you expect me to allow these poor girls to be driven into galloping consumptions, without so much as opening my mouth—

Mr. P. (interrupting). It is my intention, at once, to hire a drill-sergeant to put the girls through a course of calisthenic exercises, with the Indian clubs and dumb-bells.

Laura. } Papa!

Emily. }

Mr. P. (becoming more and more excited). Meanwhile, I shall consider of the erection of a gymnastic apparatus in the garden.

Mrs. P. (bursting out). Had you not better put them into jackets and trousers at once, Mr. P., and cut their hair short, and send them to sea?

[*Mr. P. closes his Treatise with great dignity, when*

Enter SPRAGGS.

Spraggs. Oh, please, there's an accident.

Mrs. P. An accident!

Spraggs. The long-legged Dorking fowl, Mum, the white un.

Mr. P. Eh! the pride of the pen I bought last week at the Baker Street show? Nothing has happened to that fowl, I hope?

Spraggs. She's been and got drowned in the water-butt, Sir!

Laura. Oh, dear, how dreadful!

Emily. But is she quite dead, poor thing?

Spraggs. She's unsensible, Miss, and Cook can't bring her to no-how.

Mr. P. Bring her here, at once.

[*Exit SPRAGGS.*

Yes, I know—those "Instructions for the Treatment of Persons apparently drowned." I pasted them inside your recipe-book, Mrs. P. Quick! Get the book, at once! We may find the same rules applicable.

Re-enter SPRAGGS, bringing in a gigantic Dorking, in a state of suspended animation.

Mrs. P. Here's the book. (*Looking at the fowl.*) Poor thing, it's quite dead!

Mr. P. Let us not conclude too hastily. (*Reading rapidly.*) "The head should not be allowed to hang down;" hold up the head, Sir, can't you (*to SPRAGGS*). "Gentle friction of the epigastrium should be employed." Rub the epigastrium of the bird, Mrs. P.—its crop—will you. "Hot bricks should be applied to the soles of the feet." Ask Cook to warm some bricks instantly, LAURA; at once! "Hot flannels to the pit of the stomach." EMILY, let some flannels be heated.

[*All fly to execute his orders, the long-legged Dorking being a favourite in the family.*

SCENE changes to bed-room.

A lapse of a quarter of an hour, during which, by superhuman exertions of everybody concerned, the directions of the Humane Society have been carried out in practice on the body of the apparently defunct Dorking. A bed has also been warmed for its reception.

Mr. P. I detect a slight pulsation, I'm sure I do, in the region of the heart. Is the bed quite hot, SPRAGGS?

Spraggs. As 'ot as 'ot, Sir.

Mr. P. Then place the bird gently in it—so. Yes, there certainly is a fluttering about the heart. Can anything else be done? What do the directions say further, Mrs. P.?

Mrs. P. (reading). "Recovery may often be much facilitated if a living person be placed in contact with the drowned person so as to impart vital warmth."

Mr. P. Stop. Yes, there certainly is a return of circulation. "A living person," eh? SPRAGGS, suppose you stripped, and got into bed to the unfortunate fowl.

Spraggs (with dignity). What me, Sir, strip myself! Go to bed alongside of an 'en, Sir!—no, Sir!

Mr. P. I insist upon it, Sir!

Spraggs. No, Sir, not if it was as much as my place is wuth. No, not if I was to go without a month's warning or a month's wages.

Mr. P. Then I will, rather than peril the fowl's recovery. Your master, Sir, is not above imparting to a fowl, any more than he would be to a fellow creature, the vital heat from his own body.

[*He pulls off his coat, fiercely.*

Mrs. P. (disgusted). He really is going to do it. Well, I'm sure, MR. P., the fowl ought to be much obliged to you. Come, my dears.

A lapse of another quarter of an hour.

MR. P. has carried out his heroic resolution. The Dorking has profited by it, has recovered the use of its legs, and is now walking—with but little remains of weakness—about the room.

Mr. P. (at door—having resumed his clothes). MRS. P.! MRS. P.!—LAURA—EMILY! Come up—quick. It's wonderful! The fowl is perfectly restored. Come up. The fowl is walking about, apparently cheerful. Come—quick!

Re-enter Mrs. P. and the girls.

Mrs. P. Well, I declare—so she is, poor thing—as if nothing had happened!

Laura. Oh, and now she's cackling!

Emily. Yes; and look—she's jumped up on to the wash-hand stand! What can she be about? [*Grand roudade from the resuscitated Dorking.*

Mr. P. (watching eagerly). How very interesting! Ah!—yes—she's going, I declare she is—yes—see, my dear! Look! Yes—she has! (*Rushing up, as the Dorking jumps down.*) See—there! (*He seizes basin.*) If the intelligent animal hasn't gone and laid an EGG in the wash-hand basin!

[*He exhibits the Egg in triumph. Profound and prolonged sensation. Scene closes.*

WHO'D HAVE THOUGHT IT



THE following paragraph will perhaps astonish all but those who, like ourselves, have long ceased to feel astonishment at anything, and who cannot help thinking that calf's head surprised is a dish that places a calf's head in a very appropriate position:—

"THE LATEST IMPROVEMENT.—A German offers for sale instruments for indicating persons' thoughts by the agency of nervous electricity. The price of the instrument is two guineas."

There seems to us to be nothing very new in this invention, for we have often known people betray their thoughts by being shockingly nervous, which is evidently the same thing as "nervous electricity." The instrument we have sometimes seen applied with success in getting at the thoughts, through nervous action, is an Old Bailey Barrister. The only point of the affair to which we object is the price of the instrument. We look upon two guineas as a great deal too high a price to pay for anybody's thoughts, unless they are such thoughts as those of PASCAL, which might be worth the money; but in most cases the maxim of "a penny for your thoughts," which has long ago been fixed by the old saying, is quite as much as the thoughts of any body are likely to be worth in these days of dull reflection. If the instrument is really what it professes to be, it might be worth while to apply it to LORD ABERDEEN, for the purpose of finding out what he thinks of himself in reference to his proceedings on the Turkish question. We might also ascertain whether the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA really thinks the English people will allow him to continue in the course he has adopted. Nervous electricity may be very useful in the latter case; but we trust the electricity will be accompanied by a good supply of thunder from the united artillery of France and England.

RESULTS OF THE CENSUS.

A VERY interesting pamphlet, called the "Results of the Census," has been "put into our hands" by a person into whose hands we put a shilling. We think there are some results of the Census which have been overlooked by the ingenious author, who will perhaps supply the omission in a subsequent edition.

One of the most remarkable Results of the Census, was its effect on the age of that beautiful production of Nature, familiarly known as the British female. The Census had, in fact, the same sort of operation on the ages of women, as a declaration of war would have on the Public Funds. Our own cook, who had been familiarly quoted in the house as upwards of fifty, fell suddenly to thirty-eight, at which she has since nominally remained; but no settling day has been appointed, nor is it likely that there will be any settling at such a clearly ideal figure.

Jack and Levy.

CAN WE DO WITHOUT A LEVY OF SEAMEN? is a question propounded by "BLUE PETER" in the *Examiner*. Perhaps not; but the seamen can do, and it is hoped will do, without any of the tribe of LEVY.



FURTHER ILLUSTRATION OF THE MINING DISTRICTS.

First Polite Native. "Who's 'im, Bill?"

Second ditto. "A STRANGER!"

First ditto. "'EAVE 'ARF A BRICK AT 'im."

A FEW WORDS TO THE BRITISH LION.

THEY'VE roused thee then at last,
Thou old, majestic beast;
Did they think thy strength was past
Because thy roar had ceased?
By ST. GEORGE! despite thy doze,
(And a long one it has been),
Few would dare to rub thy nose,
Or to get thy paws between!

After years of tranquil life
Gnawing calmly at thy bone,
Thou art loth to wake to strife
In a quarrel not thine own;
But the cause of the oppress
Has been thine from day of birth,
And you cannot tamely rest
Whilst a despot walks the earth.

Boldly walked he, noble brute!
Whilst he fancied that you lay
Too torpid and too mute
To care to cross his way.
In features so benign,
In attitude so still,
He marked no latent sign
Of defiance to his will.

You have undeceived him now,
And aghast he stands before
The anger of thy brow
And the thunder of thy roar;
For he feels that thus irate,
Both the power and will you bring,
To fix at once his fate
If he tempt thee to thy spring.

Stand up then for the right,
And in war, if it must be,
Strike out with all thy might
Till thy foe is on his knee.
Then take thy rest again,
Leaving safe the Russian Bear,
Tethered by too tight a chain
To break it—if he dare.

THE EFFECTS OF CATHEDRALS.



CERTAIN poor Knights of Windsor—according to a contemporary—applied in a deputation, the other day, to LORD PALMERSTON, for Royal Authority to inspect certain documents, whereunto access has been denied them by the Dean and Canons of that ilk. The object of the Poor Knights is to ascertain whether the rich Parsons are or are not cheating them annually out of the greater part of £15,000. The documents in question are those of the Star and Garter order of Knighthood. Of course it is not to be presumed that the clergymen withhold their documents because their deeds will not bear the light. This should not be supposed in their particular instance simply because it is the fact in very many other cases. Let us hope that the acts, if not the deeds, of the Windsor dignitaries will prove a marked exception to the majority of "Cathedral Trusts and their Fulfilment."

But what a curious thing it is that dishonest appropriation should be so very generally imputed to Cathedral Clergy! It looks as if there were something extremely fraudulent in the influence of a Cathedral. Stealing through "long-drawn aisle and fretted vault," the solemn tones of the organ would seem to encourage an actual propensity to rob. The architecture of screens, one would think, suggest covert peculation, and artifices for self-aggrandisement are hinted by the enrichment of arch and canopy. Storied windows may be imagined to impart a stain to integrity; corbels to grin an incentive to roguish tricks, and the nave of the sacred edifice to communicate such a character as to justify spelling it with the prefix of a K. In short, it appears that the atmosphere of a Cathedral is impregnated with the same spirit as that of a stable; and that, as ostlers, grooms, and other

people employed about horses, acquire an aptitude at cheating, so do Deans and Chapters become imbued with a genius for malversation. The chantry may be regarded as breathing the morality of the horse-chanter, and the prebendal stall as stamped with similar associations to those which are connected with the equine ditto.

DISRAELISMS.

THE statesman is a fool who gives up to mankind what is meant for party.

Language is like Dido's cowhide—valuable mainly from the space it is made to cover.

A minister, once in, should be like a Quaker who is challenged—his conscience should stand in the way of his going out.

Let me have abuse on my side, and you may have as much argument as you please on yours.

The best policy is assurance.

With irony any man may clear himself a path to power, like the vinegar with which HANNIBAL cut his way through the Alps.

Every man has his price; the only thing is, in buying, you must buy in the cheapest market; and when you wish to sell yourself, you must sell in the dearest.

Two and two may make four; but that is no reason why you should admit it. Never admit anything. Recollect, Protection was ruined from admitting cheap corn!

No faith like that which a man has in his own talents.

Deputations are the greatest nuisance that a ministry can be visited with.

There is no harm in bribing, as with the Spartans there was no harm in stealing; the great harm is in being found out.

A WORD ON THE OATHS BILL.—Considering how very extensively the Jews let in the Christians, a Christian Parliament surely ought to let in the Jews.

THE THEATRE OF WAR.



of Europe are at present fixed, intends following the managerial example at the end of the long peace which the world has enjoyed. It is expected to run somewhat as follows:—

"In selecting the plan of campaign—which I have only done after expending cans of midnight oil, and pounds of Russian tallow candles in the research, I think I am sufficiently justified in departing from the well-known version of warfare usually adopted at the Cirque Olympique and Astley's. That version may be very effective in the representation, but as the killed of one battle generally figure as the conquerors of the next, and as wounds are only represented by the mimic aid of red ochre, whilst whole armies are put to flight by two or three British sailors, or half a dozen French gendarmes; that plan, recommended as it may be by the successful practice of many years, will never answer my Imperial purposes. My Theatre of War will be carried on on very different principles. I mean to have real killed and wounded. The wounds of my soldiers shall be real, bleeding, and, if possible, mortal wounds. There shall be nothing false about my productions—no false castles to be blown down like a pack of cards—no false ships to sink down a trapdoor—no false enthusiasm—no victories, as false as the supernumeraries, who are paid a shilling a night to win them, and do not mind, so long as they are paid, what side they fight upon. No! the destruction of my wars shall not be such as can be swept away afterwards by a couple of stage carpenters, but shall be terribly real in its nature, and as terribly devastating in its effects, theatrical and otherwise.

"In coming to this conclusion, I am guided by the examples set me by my noble predecessors PETER THE GREAT and CATHERINE, who were two of the grandest performers that ever distinguished themselves on the Russian Theatre of War. They made a great show in history, and so will I; a halo of blue fire still burns round the victorious associations of their names, and I wish mine to be illumined with a similar fire—only I am determined it shall be real blue fire—the bluest blue fire that can be procured!

"No expense has been spared to give proper effect to the different scenes of the war. I am ambitiously resolved that it shall be a war such as has never been seen on any previous theatre. It has already cost me thousands and thousands. It may put me to the outlay of millions. What is the consideration of a few hundred thousands, more or less, to one who has 56,000 millions at his disposal? I rise superior to such small sacrifices!

"There may be a question as to the propriety of interfering with the plan that for so many years has been successful in Europe, far surpassing the brilliant achievements of any previous war. My answer is, that I was left without the choice of arms—I was driven from one engagement to another till I was compelled to act on the defensive, and open a theatre of my own. Of what benefit is a peace to me if I cannot take part in it? An actor in my position cannot afford to remain idle. No name can be earned—no glory can be achieved—no laurels can be won to wreath my imperial brow unless I am actively engaged! To this Theatre of War, therefore, do I intend to devote all my energies—to give it the advantage of every scenic effect and accessory—to elevate it to that height of success which shall enable me to crush all possible rivalry. Besides, such idle questions ill become the lips of an Emperor to reply to—they are best answered with the mouth of a cannon! The "Danubian Principalities" afford a grand opening for a new campaign, and it is my intention to commence there early in the Spring, and to bring such a corps into the field as shall safely defy all opposition. To ensure this, I have laid down the plan of an engagement that I am sanguine enough to expect will be as successful as the one at Sinope, and other places, where all resistance sank as ridiculously as a Turkish three-decker before the victorious broadsides of my gallant company.

"I have the strongest band that ever was collected together, and

IT is the fashion now with managers, MR. CHARLES KEAN, MR. SMITH, and others, when they produce a new piece, to issue a page of reasons; in which they state the great authorities they have consulted in the production, puffing themselves gently, all the while, upon the enormous pains and expense they have been put to in order to make it effective and profitable.

The EMPEROR NICHOLAS, the Russian Manager of the Grand Theatre of War, upon which the eyes

when they do begin to play, with their artillery and other instruments of tremendous execution, in good earnest, I rather expect they will astonish the ears of the world.

"The following authorities have been consulted in the course I have taken:—

"The Siberian Mines, and the Savings Banks of Russia; JULIEN's opera of 'Pietro il Grande;' 'Nesselrode's Pudding Receipt Book;' 'The Seven Champions of Christendom;' 'Baron Munchausen's Memoirs;' 'Tom Thumb;' 'Malbrook s'en va-t' à la Guerre;' 'Widdicombe's Collection of Astley Play Bills from the Invasion of Moscow up to the present Period;' 'Planché's Unpublished History of the Battles of the Constitution that have been fought in the Registration Courts;' and the *Morning Herald Office*.

"NICHOLAS THE FIRST,

"Manager of the Imperial Theatre of War."

SINGULAR SCENE AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

The QUEEN is transacting business with VISCOUNT PALMERSTON.

Enter H. R. H. THE PRINCE OF WALES in considerable excitement, and dragging in the *Times* newspaper.

The Prince. I say, Mamma.

Her Majesty (deprecatingly). By and by, my dear. I am engaged on important business. Go away, please.

The Prince. I've come on important business. Just you look here. (Hunts up, with some difficulty, an offensive paragraph in the paper, and puts his finger on it.) Here you are. How do you do, LORD PALMERSTON? Please to read that.

Lord Palmerston (smiles and reads). "The Hon. Member said that there were so many quarrels between the Crown and the Duchy of Cornwall, and so many disputes as to the rights of each, that the inhabitants did not know what to do."

The Prince (with great solemnity). Do you think he could have said that, now?

Lord Palmerston. I rather think I was in the House of Commons and heard him, your Royal Highness.

The Prince. By Jove!

The Queen (laughing). Now, EDWARD, what is it?

The Prince. What is it, Ma? Why, the Crown's you, Ma, I suppose. Isn't it. Eh?

The Queen. Well, I suppose it is.

The Prince. I suppose so, too. Well, and the Duchy is me, I suppose.

The Queen. Allowing for an angry young gentleman's grammar, yes.

The Prince. Very well. And the man dares stand up and say that you and I quarrel, Ma, about rights. As if everything I had in the world wasn't your's, and welcome, if it was fifty million times as much as it is. I wish they'd bring that pony round. I think we have the slowest servants in England. [LORD PALMERSTON laughs slyly.]

The Queen. Why, where are you going?

The Prince. I'm going to horsewhip that fellow, of course—that Honourable Member. Only I thought you might like to know, first.

The Queen. Why, it is as well, perhaps, that you have mentioned it. Did we not agree, some time ago, that you were not to be so—what was the word, eh?—so "precious cocky." I think that was it.

The Prince (reddening). I wish you'd tell me who told you that story, Ma.

The Queen (smiling). A little bird. Was not that the word?

The Prince. Perhaps it was. I wish I knew what fellow had let it out, though.

The Queen. Well, but now you are going to be precious—there, don't be angry—but you are going to do it again. Perhaps LORD PALMERSTON will be so very kind as to take the trouble to explain to you what this dreadful grievance is.

[LORD PALMERSTON enters into some brief explanations, the result of which is the mollification of H. R. H.'s anger, and the counter-manding the pony.]

ISRAEL FOR THE TURK.

SOME rich Israelites at Adrianople—according to a letter from that place—have raised a free corps of Jews, very handsomely presenting the body to the service of the Sultan; who has very graciously accepted the services of ISRAELSKY, and further, has presented to the warriors two banners to be to them as guiding meteors in the fight. One of these banners bears a silver crescent; well and good: the other bears three golden fishes, which would be well and good also, were not the fish tunny-fish; creatures much abounding in the Bosphorus. For these three golden fishes, from their rotund form appear on high on the Jews' banner like three golden balls! There is, however, this martial application in them: of three golden balls, nobody can expect quarter.

HIGHLY IMPORTANT.



KING BOMBA ANXIOUS TO KNOW WHAT ATTITUDE HE SHOULD ASSUME UNDER EXISTING CIRCUMSTANCES.

We see among the *Latest Intelligence* that the KING OF NAPLES has asked advice from the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA, as to the attitude he ought to assume under existing political circumstances. Bless us! What next? We would recommend his pious Majesty to make haste and get under the bed, or crouch in any other obscure place as soon as possible—at all events to get out of the way.

ABDALLA JALLA TO EFFENDI COBDEN.

"EFFENDI.—Whereas, in your place in the Divan, sitting as you do cross-legged riding for Yorkshire, you have spat dirt upon the Koran, and said the thing which is not of my lord and most high master, the SULTAN—you must allow me to make answer to you in the words of my mouth, which shall be shut as becomes a stranger dwelling in your land, which is known to all the ends of the earth for the shortness of its speech and the length of its business.

"Let it not surprise you—O Effendi—that I, a Turk, and born in Constantinople—(may ALLAH mend its roads for the better ambling of your mule in your next comings and goings)—that I talk thus of the creed of the English—namely, business. For know that when my beard was downy as a blackbird in the nest, I was sent from Stamboul to a certain house to learn and note the ways of men and cotton in Ehliis, otherwise Manchester. My mother heaped dust upon her head, and my grandfather—(my father was with the Prophet)—tore his beard; but the cords of gain are twisted of gold, and who shall resist them. For what says the sage? "Will much knowledge create thee a double belly, or wilt thou seek Paradise with thine eyes?" "Is it possible"—asked my grandfather, when I was about to depart upon travel—"is it possible that the idea of an intercourse between mankind should make any impression on our understandings? The Prophet forbid!" Nevertheless, I came to Manchester.

"Let this suffice, Effendi, to satisfy you of the means by which my poor ignorance has picked up the pearls of the English tongue. I studied at a desk in Manchester. I have drunk of the Irwell, and lo, I speak ink. To business, then; business, which the Genii of Smoke call, almost without ceasing, from the tall chimney minarets, "Business, come to business, oh ye Faithful! There are no powers but £ s. d., and great are their Prophets!"

"In your place in the Divan, you said that my people—(whereof I am the basest)—must ever persecute, can never improve, because we must follow the laws, the unalterable laws of the Koran. Alas, Effendi, and is it really so? Is there no difference between the Prophet himself and my master, ABDUL-MEDJID? Is the turban a thing unchangeable? Consider the fez. Are not the robes, and shawls, and trowsers of the Turk of the days of your father rolled away like the clouds of a sunset; and who in the morning may ask—Where are they?"

"Have we not had the *Tanzimat*, good Turkish for Reform? Has it not been kneaded into the bread of the tender-stomached, and bastinadoed into the feet of the stiff-necked?"

"Doth not MUSURUS BEY bring his one wife to the table of the QUEEN OF THE ISLES, and—let drags be cast into the Thames, up and

down, I defy them—seek and be confounded, for any other hours in a sack.

"Doth not the Sultan vouchsafe to let the Israelite rush to battle against the Russ for the glory of the Crescent? I know, Effendi, that it will be said, a Sultan in need is as an eagle tangled in a net, and will therefore take any help. Or rather, as your own unclean proverb goes—(and goes in the mire like a hog for its subsistence)—"hungry dogs will eat dirty pudding." Therefore, it may be flung upon the beard of my master, that he forbears to spit upon the Jew, for the good, business, Manchester reason, that he can make the ~~tailless~~ Hebrew profitable unto him. It is not so, O Effendi, riding for Yorkshire. No. It is that the Turk has become even as other men by much mixing with other men. Do we not wear frock coats, and—may the Prophet pray for us, as he *will*—sit to have our pictures painted by the sun!

"Before I quitted Stamboul, the Koran was read by many of the faithful by a new light. AL GHAZALI, the slipper merchant, did not altogether believe that—having run across the bridge, finer than the finest cotton thread of Al Sirat—he will drink of milk and musk at the Prophet's Pond; and then, walking on the earth of the finest wheat flour (what a free trade in corn there must be!), pluck pomegranates and grapes from the tree of Tuba, everything becoming any food soever at the wish of AL GHAZALI. Nor did AL JANNABI, the baker, altogether hope to gather silks and satins from the leaves growing in Paradise; and to talk to him of the seventy-two immortal wives (besides the old ones restored as beautiful as ever and as good as new), he would say the Prophet wrote in the darkness of riddles; and that some wisdom may be tied in a knot like a serpent—to undo it is to be stung for the pains. Therefore he would shake his head at the two-and-seventy-immortal maids of Paradise, the wives set apart for the meanest believer. He would declare—the Prophet could not, in his heart, have meant it. But these things suited his times. And what says the sage, Effendi? "A man is more like the times in which he is born than he is like his father or his mother." And therefore, believe—O EFFENDI COBDEN—that these things in the Koran which are not as real to the Mussulman's soul, as the stick to the soles of his feet.

"For consider it. You have a book upon which you build your mosques, and by which you impose tax and tithes for the comfort and subsistence of your Mufti. Now in this book, it is said to be most beautiful for all men, and most like a true Mufti—as Mufti should be—to divide a cloak, a loaf, yea a cup of water with the naked, the hungry, and the thirsty. It is good to sell all and give to the poor.

"Nevertheless the MUFTI OF CANTERBURY piles red gold at his money-merchant's, and the MUFTI OF LONDON dwells in a palace with kiosks upon the Thames, and rolls in filthy lucre even as a Thames eel in filthy mud.

"And the moral I drew from these and this is—it is not well or wise to think that the Turkey of to-day believes as hard, hard truths the stories that were told to Islamism in its cradle, and therefore must be cruel, bigoted, and persecuting, because commanded by a text—any more than it would be wise or true to write down of the bright Island of the West, the Archbishops are in poverty and the Bishops in rags, for they follow what is written in their book of faith, and give all their money to the poor and all their raiment to the naked."

"And so I rest, your Friend,
ABDALLA JALLA."

Nicholas Scratched.

The reply of NICHOLAS to LOUIS NAPOLEON is said to be of the coarsest kind, written with a sword's point dipped in national tar; altogether not a missive to go into *The Polite Letter-Writer* of sovereigns. NAPOLEON, "our uncle," was won't to say, in contempt of all Muscovites, "if you only scratch a Russian you'll find a Tartar." LOUIS NAPOLEON, with his steel pen, scarcely tickled the Czar, and the Tartar, it is understood, has come out exceeding strong.

Forget and Forgive.

SHAKE hands, old SMITH O'BRIEN,
Here's my paw, says the British Lion,
Let what's past be ne'er stirred;
You're a man of your word,
And no more fool's tricks will try on.

Woman and her Bit of Bonnet.

A SAVAGE observer of female life has bitterly observed that—paradoxical as it may seem, it is nevertheless true—the less a woman shows of her bonnet, the still less she exhibits of her brains.

THE VERY WORST.

"THE Turkish quarrel smells in the nostrils of Europe," writes an indignant and olfactory journalist. No wonder, while one party is an Otto man, and the other a Musky wight. [Even pity has its limits.]



BRITANNIA TAKING CARE OF THE SOLDIERS' CHILDREN.

"GOD DEFEND THE RIGHT!"

STIRRING our English pulses out of their even beat,
Flushing our English faces with an unwonted heat,
From heart and tongue, of old and young, rises that high appeal,
To wake a might which in the fight defieeth shot and steel.

From humble homes and stately domes that cry goes through the air,
With the loftiness of challenge, the lowliness of prayer.
Honour to him who spoke the words in the Council of the land,
To find faith in old England's heart, force in old England's hand!

Who said that peace had eaten out the manhood from our race?
That love of gain, and fear of pain, for valour left no place?
That leave to spin and gold to win, was Englishmen's sole prayer—
Which so we got it mattered not how all besides might fare?

Back in the slanderer's throat we fling the cold and craven words:
Never of old with manlier hold our fathers clenched their swords;
Never in stour of Agincourt, or Cressy's desperate fight,
With lustier breath, defying death, rang "God defend the right!"

Nay, all the more—that, oft of yore, when rose that battle cry,
'Twas kingly strife that staked men's life, nought recking "how"
or "why."

Ambition's game of sword and flame, serfs played as sovereigns chose,
Whose right or wrong seemed weak or strong, by sheer event of blows.

'Tis not so now; the knee we bow, as those who, kneeling, see
That war's event is ever bent by an all-wise decree,
That we who fight for truth and right, must win, whate'er betide,
For that the God of battles goes forth upon our side.

That right is old which we uphold, and call God to defend;
It took its birth with new-born earth, with out-worn earth shall end;
Mis-shapen Wrong, however strong in means, in minds, in men,
Before the power of Right must cower to the abyss again!

What wonder then, if Englishmen are in this faith so bold?
That each man's hand grips to the brand his father drew of old?
What wonder that, with hearts elate, our soldiers seek the fight,
To the great cry—from the nation's heart—of "God defend the Right!"

THE POOR SUFFERER IN ST. PETERSBURG.

BESIDES being crazy, the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA is said to have been afflicted with erysipelas and gout. The former complaint may be supposed to be a breaking out of a fiery humour, and the latter to have been brought on by over exertion in the attempt to trample on Turkey, by which he has put his foot in it. The Czar never paid any attention to his Constitution, and the worst results to himself, but the best to mankind in general, may be apprehended from his present course of intemperance. Drugs are mostly Oriental commodities; and as his ports will be closed, he will be in a great measure deprived of medicine, which, however, would be of no use to him without advice, and that he refuses to take. But England and France have determined to physic him, and will try and force a prescription down his throat.

Saying for Somerset House.

It is a considerable—though not, perhaps, a conclusive—objection to the proposed examinations for appointment to Government Offices that a man cannot want very much information to qualify himself for a mere post.

THE LONELY MAN.

No wonder that NICHOLAS is obliged to resort to a forced loan. He has told so many lies that nobody will give him any credit.

THE GIRLS THEY LEAVE BEHIND THEM.



flesh of his flesh. The remainder of that flesh and bone he may, alas! perhaps leave on the banks of the Danube, where the fallen warrior will make a brick in our barricade against the Tyrant of the World—that would be! For so much of him Christian burial is all that we can add to Turkish funeral honours. But his moiety left here among us, we may do something for—or leave it alone. If we take the latter course it goes miserably washing and cleaning, and, in nine cases out of ten finally begging, or into the workhouse. That will be the ordinary and usual lot of the girl whom the soldier leaves behind him in the person of his wife.

It is therefore to be hoped that "A NAVAL OFFICER," writing in the *Times*, will not vainly have called attention to the position in which the wives of soldiers will be placed by the departure of their husbands on foreign service for the defence of Europe and mankind against the enemy NICHOLAS. As to the soldier's pay, he half starves upon it himself, and after his semi-starvation there remains not the value of a crumb to be handed over to his wife and perhaps children. The girl—and, maybe, the little girls and boys—left behind by him have surely a claim superior to that of the mate and progeny of the lazy clown and the sottish and improvident mechanic. It is just that relief should be dealt out to them with no parochial hand, but with a palm a little wider open than that of the relieving officer, and in a spirit of consideration somewhat more kindly than the beadle's. Slashing away at the foes of England—who can slash in return, to some extent—is the soldier to feel that his wife, neglected by that England, is making abortive attempts to earn a miserable subsistence by mangling linen? In the approaching conflict with the Power of European Darkness, our soldiers will not disgrace their country by faintheartedness at the thought of the girls they left behind them. Let not the country disgrace itself by only thinking of those girls!

A RATIONAL JEW BILL.

LAST week's Parliamentary intelligence includes the statement that—

"Mr H. DRUMMOND presented a petition from a place in Surrey, praying for the restoration of the Jews to the Holy Land."

The only reason that can well be imagined why the inhabitants of any place in Surrey should wish the Jews restored to the Holy Land by Act of Parliament, is the existence, in their opinion, of too many of the children of Israel in their own neighbourhood. There are places in the vicinity of the Victoria and Surrey Theatres where the Jewish community is perhaps more numerous than respectable; but to remove the principal population of the New Cut, for instance, to Palestine by a legislative decree, would be a proceeding of tyranny tantamount to treading in the hoof-prints of the EMPEROR NICHOLAS. It may be suspected that those who want a bill for the deportation of the Jews, desire by that illiberal measure to counteract other bills operating to the Jews' advantage against themselves; and that they would not care a button for the restoration of the Hebrews to Jerusalem if they could only see them at Jericho.

A RUSSIAN OUTBREAK.—The papers say that the EMPEROR NICHOLAS has had a breaking out on his face. To us it has long been obvious that he is rash all over.

BEGGING BISHOPS.

It is a melancholy fact, but a fact nevertheless, that the ARCHBISHOPS OF CANTERBURY and YORK, and the BISHOP OF LONDON are reduced to beggary. We have before us, at the present moment, three begging letters, signed respectively, J. B. CANTUAR, P. EBOR, and C. J. LONDON. It is not, however, for themselves that these exalted prelates have exercised the calling of the mendicant. Happily the palaces of Lambeth, York, and Fulham are still "above want," or at all events so well founded as to spare the humiliation of "asking for more" on the part of their respective occupants.

The two Archbishops and the BISHOP OF LONDON have, nevertheless, commenced pushing about the begging box, or sending round the hat with considerable energy, on the part of "the poorer clergy" with whose "hardships and difficulties," they tell each other, they have a "well-known sympathy." C. J. LONDON in writing to P. EBOR, speaks with decent horror of the "greatly increased number of poor clergymen," and sets forth statistically the uncomfortable fact, that "there are about 4818 stipendary curates, and 1354 incumbents not having more than £200 per annum."

One might hope, that as the occupants of the various Episcopal palaces are aware of this dismal state of things among "our poorer brethren in the Ministry," as C. J. LONDON fraternally designates the clerical victims of poverty—one might hope, that under these circumstances the Bishops would be appealing to each other to make certain sacrifices of luxury and pomp for the relief of the necessities of the "poorer brethren." We are, however, doomed to be disappointed; for the Archbishops only write to the Suffragan Bishops, with instructions to touch up the Members of the Church in General, for the benefit of certain schools, and accordingly the Honorary Secretary has commenced stirring up the public with a shower of circulars, asking everybody whose position in the Blue Book or Court Guide may favour the idea of his having a shilling to spare for his "kind assistance." For our own parts, while thoroughly approving the principle of providing better for the poor clergy, we cannot help thinking that a little better approach to the equalisation of the incomes of all the "brethren in the ministry" would be the most satisfactory mode of dealing with a difficulty which has turned two Archbishops and the BISHOP OF LONDON into begging letter writers—a vocation that is not much to be envied or commended, however excellent the motive of the mendicants.

THE WORK OF THE PEACE SOCIETY.

If ever we get out of the present European scrape—as we hope we shall live to do, and perhaps even with a few shillings in our pockets, some of us—in order that we may not so readily get into another, a combination must be formed for the purpose of doing the very reverse of what has been done by the Peace Society. NICHOLAS evidently mistook the bleating of that association of lambs for the voice of the nation, and presumed thereon. Now the British Lion is roaring too late. We shall know better in future; and our endeavour must be to institute a War Confederacy, which shall hold periodical meetings whereat violent harangues shall be delivered, and resolutions passed, and subscriptions entered into, for the purpose of promoting the settlement of international questions by appeals to arms. It shall further issue tracts inculcating the principles of combativeness, communicating knowledge of the arts of destruction, and enforcing the propriety of perseverance in singing "*Rule Britannia*." Thus, by a moderate display of quarrelsomeness and ferocity, we shall really serve the cause of universal brotherhood and philanthropy; at least, we shall secure ourselves from that sort of molestation which a sagacious dog, by occasional growling, exempts himself from on the part of bullies.

AN OFFICER AND (NOT) A GENTLEMAN.

WE were lately puzzled by the announcement, that among the City officials there is a Common Huntsman, a Water Bailiff, and a Yeoman of the Water Side. It has since occurred to our recollection that these offices are peculiarly appropriate to the city, where the abundance of "Stags" must furnish constant occupation to the Common Huntsman; while the Water Bailiff and Yeoman of the Water Side, may be fully employed in looking after the "loose fish" with which the City swarms.

Advice to Smith O'Brien.

SMITH O'BRIEN is about to receive a free pardon. We are glad of it; and hope he will collapse into a quiet Irish landlord. As, however, PYTHAGORAS commanded his disciples to forbear from beans, so does *Punch* advise SMITH O'BRIEN never again to go among cabbages.



"GOD DEFEND THE RIGHT."

Lord John Russell.

MARCH 4, 1864.]

[PUNCH, No. 660.]



THE UNITED SERVICE

MARCH 4, 1854.]

[PUNCH, No. 660.]

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SHEFFIELD TO THE SULTAN.



It is said that the Cutlers' Company—in admiration of ABDUL MEDJID—propose to present him with a noble taste of the quality of Sheffield hardware, in the shape of a magnificent scimitar, of surpassing temper and marvellous edge—(somewhat by the way like to the gratitude of Sheffield's member, no doubt)—a scimitar richly handled, and bearing on its blade a short pertinent inscription. It is the well known custom of Asiatics to have verses of the Koran inscribed on their swords; and the Cutlers' Company will, in a degree, follow the practice, by inscribing on the Sultan's Sheffield blade a few words that—in his war against Russia—shall at once embody an exhortation and an imitation: these words being in the largest Saxon—

"Cut and Come Again."

THE DOMESTIC REFORMER;

OR, HOW MR. PATERFAMILIAS MADE HOME HAPPY.

MR. P. carries out his Domestic Reform Bill in his own person and that of his daughters. Revolt of Mrs. P.

SCENE.—The School-Room. The young ladies in their high frocks, lambswool stockings, and stout shoes, are laboriously and ruefully pursuing health, grace, and activity by the aid of the Indian Clubs, under the training of CORPORAL ROWDIDOW of the Coldstreams.

Corporal (to MISS EMILY). That'll do for you, Miss, for a bit. (To MISS LAURA). And now, Miss, if you're rested, we'll go on again.

[MISS LAURA, who has dropped her club, languidly resumes it.

Corporal (sniting the action to the word). Rise the harms gently at right angles to the body, at the same time gradually bringing the clubs 'orizontal. Right 'and club a little upperer, Miss, till the clubs is brought perpendiclar and parallel over the 'ead, then bring the hands quietly down agin. (MISS LAURA lets her hands, clubs and all, down by the run, in the most abrupt manner.) 'Ollo! Miss—that won't do.

Laura. Oh, I really can't keep up the horrid things—it's no use.

Emily. I'm sure my arms ache as if they'd drop off.

Corporal. Oh, that'll wear off, Miss, bless yer! In a week you'll knock 'em about like nine-pins.

Laura. In a week! Oh! I'm sure I can never stand a week of it, EMILY.

Emily. No more can I.

Laura. Let's tell Papa, do.

Emily. Oh, but he'll be so angry. Let's tell Ma.

Laura. Oh, here's Papa coming.

[They hastily resume their clubs. The CORPORAL recommences his "extension Movements."

Enter MR. P. cheerfully, with his chin and upper lip in a most stubbly state.

Mr. P. (cheerfully). Well, Corporal, what progress are you making?

Corporal. Werry tidy, Sir, werry tidy. In course the young ladies feels a little 'ard at fust.

Mr. P. Remember, my dears, that MILO, the great wrestler of Crotona, having begun by carrying a calf on his shoulders, ended in being able to carry an ox without the least inconvenience.

Laura (sullenly). Yes, Pa! But if you only knew how stiff we feel—

Emily. And in these horrid thick shoes, too, Pa!

Laura. And these heavy high frocks—

Mr. P. My dear, depend upon it, the change is for your good—and a few months more will quite reconcile you to it. But don't let me interrupt the lesson, Corporal.

Corporal. Well, Sir, I think we was about falling out for to-day, Sir.

Laura (eagerly). Oh yes, I'm sure we've been more than an hour. Haven't we, EMILY?

Emily. At least an hour, Pa.

Enter Mrs. P., considerably excited.

[CORPORAL salutes, and exits.

Mrs. P. I really wish you would speak to Cook, Mr. P.—(suddenly observing the state of his beard)—but good gracious, Mr. P., why you're never going out in that state.

Mr. P. (calmly). What state, my dear?

Mrs. P. Why, you're not shaved!

Mr. P. (firmly). I am aware of it. As at present advised, it is not my intention ever to shave again.

Mrs. P. (in amazement). Never shave again!

Mr. P. I have lately been studying the subject of human hair, and I have satisfied myself that the practice of shaving, as hitherto followed in these islands, is an expensive, a troublesome, and a mischievous practice, and as such, to be exposed by argument and discountenanced by example.

Mrs. P. Give up shaving!

Mr. P. I have written to the *Times* in defence of the step I am about to take.

Mrs. P. (not yet believing her ears nor her eyes). But you don't mean you're going about, like a Jew, or a Frenchman, or a picture, with a great big beard and moustaches?

Mr. P. In what abundance or colour my beard and moustaches may develop themselves, I have yet to learn. (Calmly.) But I shall certainly let them grow, MRS. PATERFAMILIAS.

Mrs. P. Why, you'll have all the boys running after you in the streets.

Mr. P. I am prepared for ridicule from the inconsiderate.

Mrs. P. And you'll look just like some dirty, nasty foreigner. I declare I shan't be able to bear you.

Mr. P. The beard was certainly not given to us to be shaved off, Mrs. P. It not only defends the teeth from tooth-ache, the throat from catarrh, and the lips from chapping, but it acts as a natural respirator.

Mrs. P. (impatiently). Natural fiddlestick!

Mr. P. (continuing). While it adds dignity to the countenance—

Mrs. P. Dignity! As if your face—

Mr. P. I am not aware my face, as it is, is deficient in that expression which inspires respect, but the beard certainly increases the majesty of the human face—

Mrs. P. But have you considered the trouble of keeping it clean; and then it will always be getting into your tea at breakfast, and into your plate at dinner; and, no—I declare, Mr. P., I will not bear it.

Mr. P. I tell you, Mrs. P., I have maturely weighed the advantages and disadvantages, and I am determined to persevere until my efforts are crowned with a beard.

Emily. Oh, do have it died black, Pa.

Mrs. P. Oh! now really—

Enter SPRAGGS, with a hat-box.

Spraggs. From the 'atter's, Sir.

[Mr. P., opening the hat-box, takes out a broad-leafed felt hat.

Mrs. P. And what on earth is that for? You are surely never going to a masquerade at your time of life.

Mr. P. (putting on the broad-leafed felt with dignity). This is the rational hat, my dear.

Laura. Oh, how funny!

Mrs. P. The rational hat! Oh, did anybody ever! I really wonder, Mr. P., that you can make such an object of yourself—before the girls, too; though, to be sure, now you've made such objects of them, poor things, it can't matter much.

Mr. P. If you have any argument to offer against the hat, Mrs. P., I am prepared to meet it; but mere vituperation, of course—

Mrs. P. Oh! as if all your experiments in-doors, and the discomfort and the expense, and your writing to the *Times*, and laming the poor girls with their horrid hob-nailed boots, and ruining their health and giving them spinal complaints with their nasty heavy clubs, wasn't enough, but you must go and make an object of yourself and a laughing stock, with your beard and your rational hat, and such ridiculous nonsense. I declare, Mr. P., I've borne it till I can bear it no longer, and if you have no respect for yourself and your family, I'm sure my relations won't stand by and see me ill-treated and trampled under foot in this way, and these poor dear girls, too, I'm sure it's enough to tear a mother's heart to see 'em. (MR. P., having recovered a little from the first shock of this tirade, attempts to speak.) No, Mr. P., don't attempt to talk to me.

Mr. P. But if you'd only hear reason, my dear.

Mrs. P. Reason? from a man at your time of life in a hat like that! But it won't be for long, that's one comfort; no, my dears (To LAURA and EMILY, who are beginning to whimper); and perhaps when I'm dead and gone—

Laura. } Oh, Mamma! how can you talk so. Don't please. Oh,
Emily. } Pa, oh!

[The MISS P.'s throw themselves into the arms of their mother—a pathetic group. MR. P. stands irresolute between his marital and parental affection, and his adherence to the natural respirator and the rational hat. Scene closes.



Indignant Master of Hounds. "Now, you Sir! MIND THE HOUND! HE'S WORTH FORTY TIMES AS MUCH AS YOUR HORSE."

REASONS FOR BEING PRESENTED AT COURT.

MERE loyalty may be a sufficient inducement with many persons to be presented at Court, and indeed it requires a pretty good supply of that amiable feeling to reconcile sensible-minded persons to a pair of footman's breeches, a coat and waistcoat familiarly known to play-goers as the orthodox dress of *Noodle* in *Tom Thumb*—a bag wig which never goes on the head, a cocked hat that never remains on the head if you try to put it there, a sword which is fatal to nothing but your own dignity by always dangling between your legs, a pair of enormous shoe-buckles, and a yard or two of lace borrowed from your wife's habit shirt. A man must be very loyal indeed who submits to such masquerading to pay his respects to the QUEEN, or it may happen that he does so for the less respectable motive of seeing his own name in the *Court Circular*.

In looking through the recent list we find some of the ostensible reasons given by the Court newsmen for certain presentations at Court to be rather unsatisfactory, and we instance the following in proof of our statement.

First we find—

"MR. BEBB, on being allowed by Royal License to take the name of BEBB instead of LAUREL."

Now there isn't at any time much in a name, but if we may be allowed a preference, we should certainly prefer LAUREL to BEBB, and if we wished to be handed down to posterity in the *Court Circular*, we had much rather that instead of being thrust into the public eye as BEBB, our fame should be graced by union with LAUREL.

The next presentation which strikes us as rather remarkable in the reason assigned for it, is that of

"THE EARL OF PERTH AND MELFORD, on restoration."

We should like to know in what way the Earl has been "restored," for "restoration" is a term usually applied to deposed monarchs, dilapidated pictures, buildings that have been burnt down, and property that has been stolen. If the Earl has been restored to his title, he might have reason to rejoice, or if he has been simply restored to health, the subject might be one for congratulation. But when we are simply informed that he has been presented "on restoration," we are

left in a perplexing ambiguity as to what may have been his past fate as compared with his present condition.

One or two gentlemen have been presented "on their marriage," and it is probable that a man after he is married, may not only have his shirt buttons more complete, but that he may be kept on the whole more tidy, and consequently more presentable. Several have gone to St. James's on the ground of having "obtained a commission," and it is certainly a satisfactory achievement, notwithstanding the small drawback of having been obliged to pay a pretty high price for it. Nevertheless, we cannot regard the reasons assigned for the presentations at Court, as on the whole very satisfactory.

EXPORTS FOR THE ENEMY.

To say that a man ought to be hanged, is generally to use a figure of speech; but if any one crime deserves the gallows it is that of selling to the enemy the means of destroying our own soldiers. We are sorry to say that a quantity of gunpowder intended for this murderous traffic has been seized, but we are glad to add that the quantity so seized was very large, and we sincerely hope the loss has ruined the owners. It would be difficult to conceive any punishment too bad for scoundrels who are capable of turning a penny out of a cartridge intended to kill their countrymen, if the nineteenth century had not, in a great measure, agreed to abandon the principle of avenging villainous deeds by physical atrocities. We would not, therefore, wish that such fellows should be eviscerated, or grilled, or denuded of their integuments in a state of consciousness—or even subsequently to decease. But we would serve them conversely as they serve the nation; and since they export articles for their country's harm, we would export themselves for their country's good—at any price that any customer would pay for such contemptible slaves.

Consideration on the Oaths Bill.

THE Jews may be a distinct nation; but they do nevertheless take a great interest in the Commonwealth. If that interest were only the interest of the Three-per-Cents, it would be something, but the interest they take is generally very, very much higher than that.

THE MAD CZAR'S SONG.



'THE Crescent has horns—but where's the tail?
As the great bluebottle asked the snail;
Buzz, wuzz, wizz, wizz, wizz, hum!
And here's the new moon at the end of my nail—
But I cannot get it under my thumb!

You lie, you lie, you lie, lie, lie!
I'll stamp the whole world under,
Bring me my boots—and now let fly!
Hold! Stop! Just wait till by-and-by,
And then you'll hear my thunder!
Take out the spurs, to prime them well
Ram both of 'em full of shot and shell,
We crept on the Moslem in a fog,
They say old NICK is a cunning dog!
There—look!—see!—there the squadron lies—
Hush!—Now I'll bet a man-of-war
To a transport, that I catch those flies—
So!—gently!—softly!—No!—Too far!
The great guns must be brought to bear—
Load all the Paixhans—here's a pair!—

Fire!—fire and smoke!
For the Orthodox Religion—ho!
The cannon's mouth cracks joke on joke—
Who was that laughing down below?
Ha! how the wretches writhe and sprawl!
It does one good to see 'em
What's that?—for mercy did you call?—
By no means!—massacre them all!
And now let us sing *Te Deum*.
The carrion-crow has a lovely voice;
And the vulture and cormorant screamed "Rejoice!"
To the tune of the dying,
That were crying,
In the flaming hulks a-frying,
Whilst I was in comfort lying.
Sing 'em, roast 'em, scorch 'em, burn 'em!
Non confundar in æternum!

That lightning did the organ play?
It whistles through my head—
Ha! take those centipedes away,
And the spiders and earwigs, too, I say,
That are creeping in my bed!
Beat off the French and English dogs
Ugh! those frightful toads and frogs!

What a dismal psalm they croak!
The steeples all with death knells clang!
The incense has a brimstone twang!
No more! No more! I choke—
Blue the holy candles flare,
In an instant burning low,
All around the sockets glare,
The skeletons there! the skeletons there!
Fixing me with a fiery stare
How the bones are crushed and mangled!
And seaweed around the bare skulls is tangled,
Ha ha!—it looks like hair,

Put out their eyes—the livid flame
Has set on fire my marrow,
My name—oh! you know what's my name—
But this waistcoat is too narrow.
My razors—my razors—let me shave!
It is too bad, too bad, too bad,
I'd swallow Turkey—that may be—
And I'd wash it down with the whole Black Sea,
But yet I know how to behave—
A hornet's nest is in my brain!
And that might make a man insane;
But ME? Oh no! No, no, I am not mad!

SERMONS IN STONES;

OR, THE MEETING OF THE STATUES.



HE recently promulgated plan for colouring statues, and the news that the proprietors of the Crystal Palace were about to put the plan partly into execution, have caused the greatest excitement to prevail amongst the various statues in the Metropolis, and made most of them as vocal as MEMNON himself. CHARLES THE FIRST, whose long experience of London smoke leads him to doubt the durability of any but a perfectly black tint, has been heard by many foot-passengers travelling westward from the Cider Cellars, to exclaim, "*Nimium ne crede colori*," several times in a sad and solemn tone; but MAJOR CARTWRIGHT, so long the silent guardian of his solitary square, is vastly taken with the scheme, and has repeatedly astonished the policeman on night duty, by quoting these words from the *Winter's Tale*, as if he were already in possession of all the honours that polychromatism can bestow.

"Good my lord, forbear;
The ruddiness upon my lip is wet,
You'll mar it, if you kiss it; stain your own
With oily painting."

But, as most of the Metropolitan statues are as solitary as milestones, and as soliloquies, however eloquent, can scarcely be expected to influence public opinion, it was thought better to call a general meeting of the London Statues for the purpose of considering the general fitness and applicability of polychromatism, as an adjunct to the sculptor's art.

The studio of an eminent stone-cutter, situated *al fresco*, in the New Road, and containing a great variety of designs both for funereal and ornamental purposes, was selected as the place, and the hour at which the statue of the COMMANDATORE went to visit DON JUAN was fixed on as the time of meeting. The usual occupants of the stone-cutter's yard resigned their pedestals, but with no very good grace, to their visitors, many of whom, and particularly those from St. Paul's Cathedral, seemed so perfectly at home in their new station, as to create a strong suspicion that it had been their birth-place. "A sweet little cherub," which had long "sat up aloft," on a fluted column, now squatted in a corner and looked gloomily at NELSON, who had ousted him of his seat, having got down from his own column by the aid of the fire-escape which GEORGE THE FOURTH and CHARLES THE FIRST had fetched for him out of St. Martin's Lane. PATIENCE, instead of standing on a monument and "smiling at grief," had given her place to SHAKSPEARE, and was scowling at him as if she thought he had taken it "not for an age, but for all time." The meeting was very numerously attended. Five or six of the equestrian statues, in their haste to reach it, rode at such

a pace up the City Road as to make it clear that the phrase of "Going it like bricks" ought, henceforth, to be superseded as an illustration of



extreme swiftness by that of "Going it like marbles." CHARLES THE FIRST had the lead, the superior breed of his horse giving him a decided advantage over the reedy, groggy, ewe-necked, stiff-kneed brutes on which his companions were mounted. His riding was much admired, as he used no stirrups and rode entirely from the knee; but poor GEORGE THE THIRD was left a long way behind, and came plunging



along, his pigtail vibrating with the violence of the butter and eggs trot peculiar to the "Berkshire farmer." The statue of his son and successor, which is of a rollicking disposition, greatly alarmed the quiet inhabitants of Artillery Place by shouting out the well-known lines from BURGER'S "Leonora."

"Tramp! Tramp! we ride along the shore,
Tramp! Tramp! along the sea,
Hurrah! We statues ride apace,
Dost fear to ride with me?"

The meeting having assembled it was facetiously remarked by several statues at once, that as SIR JOSEPH BANKS, from the British Museum, was already in the chair, he had better keep it, and the worthy knight having entreated that he might not be compelled to speak standing, proceeded to explain the purpose for which the meeting had been called.

"They had all heard," he said, "that it was in contemplation to colour statues, in the hope that the use of flesh tints would give to the marble the glow and warmth of the human form. At present it was only proposed to subject the nude antiques to this treatment, but it must be evident to them all that a white marble coat, with breeches, stockings, and pumps to match, stood in quite as great need of colour as the face or the figure. It was impossible to be content with the use of flesh tints, as it would be simply ridiculous to colour GEORGE THE THIRD'S face, without at the same time giving to his venerable pigtail that dash of powder which it had wanted for so many years. He would not detain the meeting longer, but would conclude by expressing a hope that the painter's brush would soon endow him with a claret-coloured coat, nankeen breeches, a canary waistcoat embroidered with lace, white stockings, and shoes with buckles: a neat and elegant costume which he had worn during life, and which he much preferred to his present dress, which was fit only for a miller."

ACHILLES from Hyde Park then came forward and moved the first resolution, thus:—

"Sorely it grieveth my soul, O my friends, thus to stand up before you, Blackened with soot and with smoke from this highly fuliginous city, Liker to MEMNON I seem than to him whom the white-footed THETIS Bare unto PELEUS the Old, nor would THETIS remember her offspring. Therefore I hail with delight the proposal to paint me, believing That he whom they paint must each year, or more often, be washed or re-painted.

Thus shall I cease to be like unto THOMAS, that just Ethiopian: Therefore I move that the project be quickly embraced by the meeting."

ACHILLES ceased, and DR. JOHNSON, from St. Paul's, stepping forward to second the resolution, said:—

"Man is so far the slave of form and custom, that he can have no idea of the appearance of his fellow man apart from the accessories of dress, nor can he separate the general, the monarch, or the author, from the uniform, the robes, or the rags, with which fashion or fate have covered them. Were you able to transfer to the canvas or the marble the exact lineaments of PLATO'S face, you could not expect the philosopher to be recognised if you adorned his figure with the theatrical habiliments of JOSEPH GRIMALDI; nor would the features of my revered monarch (here GEORGE THE THIRD bowed) be known for his own under the helmet of RICHARD THE LIONHEARTED. And it must be evident to all who have studied the pages of history, that I cannot convey by any means a correct impression of the man whom I am intended to represent. The coat unconscious of a brush, the breeches too sparingly endowed with buttons, the linen unsparingly besprinkled with snuff, and many other well-known characteristics of the man, are wanting in me, and I sigh for the time when the painter shall endow me with those peculiarities, without which I can only deceive the ignorant and disappoint the wise."

It was next moved by the statue of ACTÆON, from the Museum, and seconded by CHARLES THE FIRST, that in the development of the new plan the colouring of all dogs and horses should be confided to SIR EDWIN LANDSEER and to no other artist. A slight disturbance was created by the Boy with the Basket, from Pannier Alley, who had understood that azure was the colour chiefly employed in decorating works of his class, and who thought that the new process would therefore change a bas-relief into a *bas bleu*. Several of the statues having expressed a wish to know how they would look when painted, the chairman begged to introduce to the meeting, GOG and MAGOG, a variety of Highlanders from snuff shops, and one or two highly polished Black Boys from Ratcliffe Highway, and the meeting, after expressing much satisfaction at the pleasing prospect thus held out to them, cheered the chairman, and separated.



A Flash in the Hebrew Pan.

ON Wednesday, MR. HENRY DRUMMOND presented a petition from a MR. FLASHMAN, of Dover, "praying Her Majesty's Ministers to take immediate measures for restoring the Jews to their own land." What does this mean? We always understood that the Jews were the great types and patrons of the class called flash men. Has there been a falling out? Are honest men likely to come by their own? We pause for a reply.

A Motion of Course.

WHEN PALMERSTON begins to speak,
He moves the House—as facts can prove,
Let URQUHART rise with accents weak,
The House itself begins to move.

A Settler for Settlement.

THE announcement of MR. BAINES that he proposes to abolish settlement has been hailed with general applause; and it is allowed, that the labouring classes especially will owe to one of the greatest BAINES one of the greatest blessings.

KALAFAT AT ANY PRICE.

"I MUST take Kalafat at any price," says PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF. "It will cost me a number of men; but, Kalafat at any price." At least, he may make the attempt very cheap; the price-cost no more than that of a good piece of Russian towelling.

"COMMON THINGS."

FULLY agreeing with LORD ASHBURTON and the *Times* that a knowledge of "common things" is now uncommonly desirable, we benevolently intend devoting to the subject an inch or two of our always "valuable space." Our own experience has long since taught us, and that of any "oldest inhabitant" will, we think, confirm the jesson, that—

It is a common thing for the conductor of a Brixton omnibus to assert that he can put you down "within an 'under yards or so" of your residence at Bayswater.

It is a common thing for those who purchase at a draper's "selling off," to find that they themselves are included in the selling.

It is a common thing for "sporting cards" to turn up knaves when you deal with them.

It is a common thing when you see an "original" farce annouced, to find by the papers it's "adapted from the French."

It is a common thing for tax-collectors to learn when they call on him that "master's just stepped out."

It is a common thing when you are asked to go shopping with your wife, to find that she puts on her very oldest bonnet.

It is a common thing for gentlemen who don't feel well after a wine party, to attribute their nausea entirely to the nuts.

It is a common thing for cabmen to drive you circuitously, alleging as a reason that the "streets are up."

It is a common thing for Cockney yachtsmen, when yielding to the elements, to assert that they never felt better in their lives.

It is a common thing for men who "won't detain you five minutes" to hold you by the button-hole for upwards of an hour.

It is a common thing for "real Norfolk sausages" to be manufactured in Whitechapel.

And it is a common thing on your returning suddenly from town, to find nothing in the house but a picked bone and a policeman.



Cabby. "What is it as is meant by 'Common Things,' as the Nobs is all for teachin' of us now?"

Waterman. "Why they tell me its Cabbiography and Bussiology, and all such things as belong to Civil Conveyancing."

St. Petersburg Theatre.

It is said that NICHOLAS—who has some talent for melodrama, which comes out during his paroxysms—delivered himself, on taking leave of the Quakers, of the following speech:—"You have shaken the hand of the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, but you have not shaken his resolution!" With these words, which were accompanied by a flourish of the fist and a stamp on the floor, the Autocrat made his exit.

THE TRUTH OFTEN LURKS IN A PARADOX.—Any fool can make money, but it requires a clever man to spend it.

THE MACBETH MUSEUM.

THE *Morning Chronicle*, which appears to keep a correspondent in every benighted and uncivilised place in the world, has just published a letter from Scotland, in which it is stated, that

"Excavations were made in the course of last week at the supposed site of MACBETH'S Castle at Dunsinane, in Perthshire; after removing rubbish for some three feet, a wall was discovered, composed of large stones neatly joined together, and resting on the rock; but, beyond some charcoal and a few bones, no relics were discovered: the investigations will be proceeded with."

We are happy to state that Scotch perseverance was rewarded, and that, after some days digging, the following articles, in tolerable preservation, were found.

The rattle and coral of the baby *Lady Macbeth* speaks of, as one to which she had been a good deal attached, and did not bring up by hand.

The goblet *Macbeth* let fall when he saw the Ghost—rim a good deal indented, and the vessel still smelling of whiskey.

The pedigree of "*Mark*, King of Scotland," mentioned early in the play, and hitherto supposed to have been a fabulous sovereign.

The ring *Duncan* sent to *Lady Macbeth* as a small token of respect and esteem for her cookery. *Note*.—This present did not prevent the lady from causing the royal goose to be added to the articles cooked that day, but as the stones in the ring appear to be only Scotch pebbles, there is some excuse for her.

The bell her Ladyship struck when her husband's drink was ready. It is slightly cracked, but, as she mentions that she had also mixed for herself she probably struck hard, in the excitement of the moment. It is delightful to see poetical prescience corroborated by physical facts.

Several bottles of the physic which, by order of *Macbeth*, was thrown to the dogs. As the skeletons of some canine victims were found near the spot, it is probable that the Doctor was the MORRISON of his day, and that it was as well that the *Macbeth* family did not take his medicines.

The number of the *Sun* published on the last day of the siege of Dunsinane Castle. The dullness of its contents (this was some years ago, and the journal has vastly improved since), perfectly justifies *Macbeth's* observation, that he "began to be weary" of the publication in question.

Other relics will probably turn up. Meantime the Managers of the London Theatres are on the *qui vive* to secure the above articles for a revival of the play. In the hopes of obtaining them, MR. CHARLES KEAN is already writing a learned and voluminous fly-leaf to his play-bill, while the Yankee Gentleman, who spoiled the *Corsican Brothers* for Drury Lane, is composing a beautiful scene between *Lady Macbeth*, her baby, and the nurse—another, introducing *King Mark*—and a third, in which *Lady Macbeth* exultingly brews the grog for her husband, with which and other American additions the play will last until a quarter to three in the morning. We shall duly announce the successful competitor for the MACBETH Museum.

ONE OF THE KNAVES OF THE CHURCH.

WE should recommend the reader to put everything fragile out of his way, to protect it against the violence of the outburst of indignation which we think must attend the perusal of the following advertisement which appeared recently in the *Times*:—

TO SOLICITORS AND GUARDIANS.—20 per cent. commission on the half-yearly account, as long as the pupil remains, will be given by a clergyman near London, and receiving a limited number of YOUNG GENTLEMEN, who are treated with every possible kindness. Terms 60 guineas per annum, besides extras. No objection to lower terms; but in that case the rate of commission would be smaller. An Articled Pupil Wanted. Apply by letter, with real name and address to A.B.C., care of, &c.

So, here is a clergyman holding out a bait to solicitors and guardians to join in a scheme to obtain money under the false pretence that he has made a fair charge for receiving a pupil, and the solicitor or guardian is to obtain money under the false pretence that the sum paid is the amount required to obtain the advantage of the clergyman's tuition. One would be curious to see the sort of moral teaching that prevails in the establishment of the clergyman who has actually a new wrinkle to propose to the members of a profession who, justly or not, have the credit of being at the bottom of at least one half of all the rascality in Christendom. When a clergyman proposes to suggest a new dodge to an attorney, we are reminded of the fabled effort of a grandson to give instruction to his grandmother in the art of sucking eggs. Here, however, we have even a stronger case, for we find a son of the Church teaching the attorney or agent of the grandfather of lies how to suck the estate of an heir, or the pocket of a parent.

THE IMPERIAL BIRD FANCIER.—The hobby of the EMPEROR NICHOLAS consists in flying kites and feeding crows—both chiefly at the expense of his own subjects.



PREPARATIONS FOR WAR.

DELIGHT OF ONE OF OUR GUARDS NOW HE FEELS THAT THE COUNTRY WILL PROTECT
"THE GIRL HE LEAVES BEHIND HIM."

THE VALUE OF A GENTLEMAN.

If the Admirable CRICHTON were to throw himself on the market in the present day, we fear that he would prove to be in very little demand, at a very low figure. The attributes of CRICHTON were never of the most negotiable kind, and though we have been assured that "every man has his price," we fear the price of mere accomplishments would be wretchedly low, when the business qualities of the human machine are estimated at the paltry sum set forth in the following advertisement:

LAW.—WANTED in a London Office, A GENTLEMAN possessing a thorough knowledge of Common Law according to the present practice, a general knowledge of Chancery proceedings, a facility in Correspondence, and general steadiness and industry. The Salary is proposed to commence at £80 a year, to increase according to application and ability. A Bond with Two Sureties to the amount of £500 will be required as Security. Address to X. L. &c.

To sum up the qualifications required by this advertisement, we find that for £80 a year, the advertiser expects a BROUGHAM's knowledge of Common Law, a KNIGHT BRUCE's familiarity with Chancery, a CHESTERFIELD's adroitness at letter-writing, and a WHITTINGTON's steadiness and industry. Besides all these qualities there must be added, in a minor degree, the responsibility of a ROTHSCHILD, inasmuch as security to a large amount will be required. It is true there is a vague prospect of an increase to the proposed remuneration, but as this will depend on "application and ability," and as the maximum of both these attributes is expected on taking the situation, we do not see how there can be room for any additional "application and ability" on which to found a hope of additional salary.

The best we can hope for the advertiser in this instance is, that he may be inundated with applicants professing to do all that is desired for the sum proposed, and that the party selected may very speedily do rather more than he bargains for, by doing the principal; who will thus be made to purchase a knowledge of the fact, that liberality is after all the wisest economy.

Munitions of War.

We have often heard it stated, in the fervid oratory of the hustings, that the elective franchise is the bulwark of the State. If this be really so, we are sure our timid readers will be glad to learn, that by his New Reform Bill, LORD JOHN RUSSELL proposes to fortify this bulwark with some additional ten-pounders.

NET PROFIT.—A fisherman's.

LOCKSMITHS AT LOGGERHEADS.

A CONTROVERSY—by means of advertisement in the *Times*—has been for some time going on between certain rival locksmiths; the question wherein appears to be, whether they have or have not succeeded in picking one another's locks. The species of dexterity for the palm of which these parties have been contending, is one that most people, perhaps, would rather rejoice in the silent consciousness of, than be solicitous to obtain for it an amount of notoriety, not exactly identical with reputation. It might also be expected that such a discussion would be conducted on either side with the calmness of philosophers who have rendered themselves expert in thieves' tricks for the purpose of baffling thieves. On the contrary, however, it is carried on with extreme acrimony and animosity, accompanied by reciprocal imputations of unfairness and fraud. Why cannot these ingenious gentlemen pick the locks one of another without also picking holes in each other's coats? Their presumably common object, the advertisement of their respective articles, would be better promoted if they could manage to divest their arguments on both sides of personalities calculated to suggest a doubt how far either can be depended upon.

Popular Pressgang.

TIME-HONOURED custom, and respect for prerogative, forbid that the impressment of seamen should be done away with. No. Continue the system of impressing the British Sailor—but commit it entirely to the Public Press.

CULLEN ON CAPERS.

THE progress which Popery has been making in the exclusive circles, will probably sustain a severe check from the publication of the following extract from ARCHBISHOP CULLEN's "Lenten Pastoral," which, according to the *Times*, was read at all the chapels in Dublin, on the Sunday before last:—

"Never engage in those improper dances imported from other countries, and retaining foreign names, such as polkas and waltzes, which are so repugnant to the notions of strict Christian morality, are condemned by many of the highest and most respectable members of society, and are at direct variance with that purity and modesty of the female character for which Ireland has ever been distinguished."

The Protestant Association should get a few thousand copies of the above extract printed, and distribute them in Belgravia. If the superior classes—who have always been accustomed to regard Popery as a religion of taste and elegance—can be made aware that it condemns *la danse*, they will be much more effectually disgusted with it than they ever will by being informed that it condemned LATIMER and RIDLEY. Instead of telling them that it excommunicated QUEEN ELIZABETH, let them know that it anathematizes CELLARIUS, if you want to convince them that it is a "horrid" religion. Teach them that it not only enjoins occasional abstinence from meat (which may improve the complexion), but also prescribes perpetual fasting from the Schottische, and the Redowa, and the Valse à deux Temps. By the very mouth of the Pope's own mouthpiece in Ireland, instruct them that it calls these exquisite, these fascinating, these bewitching exhibitions of the poetry of motion, "improper dances imported from other countries and retaining foreign names." Do not waste words to demonstrate to them that it fastens fetters upon manly reason, and impedes the progress of the human mind. No, convince them that it shackles feminine ankles, and restrains the graceful movements of the female form. Then you may be sure that they will abandon the idea that there is what they call "soul" in its devotion. You will satisfy them that it is a dull, cold, hard system, as strict and as stupid as any species of Methodism. In short—that the Church of CARDINAL WISEMAN is as disagreeable and as vulgar as the Church of STIGGINS.

Bring a Gridiron.

It is stated in a Masonic publication of great obscurity, that the first English freemason was WILLIAM OF SENS. Unbrotherly and ill-informed outsiders venomously hint that the said WILLIAM was not only the first but the last person of sense who joined the fraternity.

HOW TO ENDURE WAR-TAXES.



stitute for chloroform is Moral Philosophy, which often has a highly narcotic effect. It is hoped, however, that the following considerations may prove consolatory without being somniferous.

In paying your war-taxes, recollect that you are only defraying an extraordinary police rate, necessitated for the protection of the community against a monstrous burglar, and hope that you are contributing to the rascal's apprehension and punishment. Or, bear in mind that your taxes are only so much money extended in the way of fire insurance against a dangerous incendiary or SWING.

Think that the coin you surrender will be transmuted by the Government into ammunition; so that it will, in effect, form a portion of bombshells and cannon-shot which may actually blow the palace of the old robber about his ears: perhaps enter into the substance of a bullet or a bayonet, destined to finish the work which the shells and the larger shot may leave undone.

Comfort yourself, at all events, with the assurance that your cash will be converted into weapons of offence and destruction, to be wielded against the Tyrant with all our might, and all our soul, and all our strength

To bombard and batter the disturber of the peace of Europe, it is necessary that we should all shell out, and come down with the shot.

The effort of shelling or pulling out money is attended with pain. It may be compared to having a tooth out. In fact, KING JOHN'S Jew allowed several of his teeth to be extracted before he would pull out his money.

It has been proposed that the taxation necessitated by war should be submitted to under the influence of chloroform. But chloroform produces insensibility; and when Britons pay their taxes, they like to know what they are about. There is the same objection to brandy and water. The only possible sub-

serviceable to the ladies, who call him in return "a dear man;" and he is never so happy as when he is carrying their shawls and parasols, or is tuning their guitar, or holding their music, or with his cambric pocket handkerchief (a perfect cobweb, that you might roll up into less than a pill), is frightening away the "nasty gnats."

With him all children are "dears" and "pets"—all babies, "sweet little things;" and he stabs them playfully with his finger, and "chicka-biddies" them, until he makes them cry. He doesn't like children, however, who romp and are noisy, disagreeable children, who pull him about, and disarrange his trowsers by climbing up his knees, or dirty his clean gaiters by standing on his boots, or tumble his beautiful hair. To conclude with a few rapid characteristics. THE MAN WHO PARTS HIS HAIR (it is generally light hair or a faint auburn) DOWN THE MIDDLE perfumes his handkerchief, likes home-made wines, is passionately fond of flowers, adores BYRON, cannot bear onions, carries an eye-glass, keeps a diary and a cat, holds skeins of silk for ladies, is ready to lend a hand to table-turning or any other fashionable folly of the day, rarely dances, has an inveterate habit of never parting with his hat, and is invaluable in taking an elderly lady down to dinner.



THE COLLAR MANIA.

NEAT AND APPROPRIATE ORNAMENT FOR A GENT'S ALL-ROUNDER.

THUMBNAIL PORTRAITS.

THE MAN WHO PARTS HIS HAIR DOWN THE MIDDLE.

He has been brought up at home, or else educated at a girl's school. He can make pies and puddings, and is an unfailing hand at threading a needle. His sisters have taught him to sew, and it is said that he mends his own stockings, but at all events he does not practise the art in public. He wears turn-down collars, and cultivates sentimental poetry. He plays the flute, and loves to look at the moon. His great passion is reading novels. Many a night's rest has a lovely heroine robbed him of! His voice is soft, and flute-like—but a flute that only plays the very lowest notes. There is a confidential tone about his conversation, as if he were whispering some fearful secret that he was mortally afraid would be overheard. If he goes to the theatre, he takes his goloshes with him. He is timid, and has been known to walk up and down a pastrycook's for half-an-hour before he has dared go in to ask for a penny bun. At an evening party, he drinks lemonade, or orangeade, or sherryade, or any other mild young man's "ade;" in the day time, if he imbibes anything, it is milk, or ginger-beer. Beer he sets his lips against entirely, as, in his refined opinion, it tends to grossness. He contributes to Ladies' Albums, collects autographs, writes acrostics, and is indefatigable in his exertions if a young lady should want half a million soiled postage stamps to complete a charitable wager. His remarks upon the weather are as invaluable as they are inexhaustible, but, personally, he is not very strong, and he cannot sit with his back to his horses. It makes him giddy to waltz. He hands the muffins round with a grace that no lady can refuse. He sings in the sweetest little voice that wouldn't wake up a canary. But he is very miserable in his songs, and is always breaking his heart, or begging that he may die, but if he were asking you to pass the melted butter he couldn't put the request more mildly. At a pic-nic he is invaluable—(and we never knew a pic-nic take place without a man who parted his hair down the middle)—for he runs for the plates, cleans the knives and forks, fetches the spring water, and does a number of little useful offices whilst the other gentlemen are quietly seated down upon the grass eating their dinners. More than this, his pockets are always stocked with pincushions, and smelling-bottles, voice-lozenges, and pocket scissors and combs, and an infinity of nick-nacks most

Things never to be Found when Wanted.

THE right fare for the cabman, when you're in a dreadful hurry; the words to express yourself when you are returning thanks; the courage to take the last fig, whilst some one is looking at you; the knives and forks when you go out to a pic-nic; the fire-escape, when there's a fire raging; and a policeman, when there's a disturbance.

PROVERBIAL PRECAUTION.

MR. STURGE does not say that the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA asked himself and his companions to take any refreshment. If they stopped to sup with his Imperial Majesty, it is to be hoped each of them had a long spoon.

THE FRIENDS' REAL SCENE WITH THE CZAR.



TOTALLY incorrect account of the interview between the Quaker deputation and the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA having been published, we subjoin the following, wherein our usual accuracy may be depended on.

The three Friends walked into the Imperial presence with their hats on their heads, and remained covered when they got there.

Then the spokesman delivered this address:—

"NICHOLAS ROMANOFF, Emperor of all the Russias. We come before thee, deputed by the Society of Friends, of which we are members, respectfully to beseech thee to withdraw the provocation whereby thou art in the way to cause a European war. In addressing this entreaty to thee, we trust that thou wilt consider us warranted by thy profession of the

Christian religion, which forbiddeth all warfare.

"We are further moved by the information that thou hast called on thy subjects to take up arms for the express purpose of protecting the Greeks, under the dominion of the Sultan, in the exercise of that religion, which is a religion that not only doth not require, but disclaimeth the protection of soldiers.

"Thou knowest that war hath for its direct aim the slaughter of human beings by piercing them with bullets, crushing and tearing them with bombshells and cannon-balls, cutting and stabbing them with swords, lances, and bayonets, and by other cruel and barbarous means putting them to death. Also that it causeth the burning of ships and towns, and the infliction of the most dreadful and atrocious outrages on the inhabitants of the hostile countries, succeeded in general by pestilence and famine. We ask thee to reflect that these are not the right means for defending the cause of Christians.

"Moreover, we desire to call thy attention to the fact, that war is not only inconsistent with Christianity, but also with commerce, and in thy case will materially affect the corn trade, in which both thyself and many of us are largely interested, besides doing great mischief to thy business in tallow, hides, tar, pitch, hemp, and hog's bristles.

"We therefore exhort and implore thee to withdraw thy troops from the Danubian Principalities, and thus save Europe the calamities wherewith it is threatened by thy present policy, and preserve thy own soul from responsibility for them."

Whereunto the Autocrat replied:—

"Gentlemen,—Considering that you know I have the power, and may reasonably doubt whether I have not also the will, to order you all three to be knouted to death, in approaching me with such a message as you have just delivered, I confess I admire your courage—which is the more remarkable that you are men of peace. But at the same time, I am astonished at your impudence.

"You come here to teach me Christianity. What do you know about the matter? You are dissenters from Protestantism. Protestants are seceders from the Latin Church. The Latin Church is heterodox. Thus you are heretics three times removed.

"I am the supreme head of the Orthodox Church. I am the great teacher of Christianity. I gave the Turks a practical lesson at Sinope. After that, I caused my priests to sing "*Te Deum laudamus*," a hymn on a sacrifice. What, then, are you telling me to think of myself, in coolly proposing to me your ideas of Christianity?

"The only reply that I can condescend to give to your monstrous presumption, is by my mouth unutterable. There is, I believe, a vulgar word in your language, which signifies a particular piece of bacon. Understand my answer to be contained in that.

"In return for your obliging attempt to teach me Christianity, however, I will, if you like, teach it to you. Heretics of heretics of heretics! go and get christened by my ARCHI-ARCHI-ARCHI-VEY.

"In the meanwhile, to show you that passion is not among my failings, and that I am not proud—here is my hand."

The Friends did *not* take the sanguinary hand. All three shrank back from it with horror. The Emperor, with palm extended, followed them around the presence-chamber, laughing, whilst they retreated, backing as if from a red-hot poker. His Majesty ascribed their refusal

to shake hands with him to the same merely conscientious scruple which caused them to retain their hats; and, giving up his gracious overture, called in the Empress to show her his visitors, whose costume and appearance afforded her infinite diversion.

A TAX ON BACHELORS.

It has been suggested, as one of the best means of raising a fund for carrying on the war, to put a tax on Bachelors. Few but the parties themselves will object to this arrangement, though it proceeds on the ungallant supposition that married men and a wife a sufficient tax without any additional burden.

We hope that if the Bachelor Tax should be imposed, it will be in the shape of an *ad valorem* duty, and that every Bachelor will be allowed to fill up his own form of assessment of his worth, according to his own estimate. There need be no fear that any surcharges will have to be made by the Commissioners, for it is reasonable to expect that the valuation, if made by the parties themselves, will touch the maximum.

We know several Bachelors who put such price on their perfection of form, that they are sure to set themselves at a very considerable figure. There are many also who have expended vast sums in a species of self-culture that has, in their own opinion, added greatly to the sum at which they ought to be rated. We have heard of a case in which a *moustache* has been raised by a large outlay on a somewhat barren and unpromising field, and this process, which may be called the "high farming" of the upper lip, is supposed to increase the "permanent value" of the spot where it has been adopted.

Personal appearance is frequently a chief part of the fortune of a Bachelor, who regards a handsome face as equivalent to an estate; and if he preserves the hairs on that estate, he believes that he adds materially to its worth should he have to go with it into the matrimonial market.

We have a Bachelor acquaintance who has devoted half a life to his eyebrow, which he estimates at five thousand pounds, and he is seriously thinking of giving up the remainder of his days to a beard, which is at present in a most unpromising state of stubble. If an *ad valorem* duty were to be levied on this enthusiast's estimate of himself, the proceeds would be nearly enough to support a whole regiment, for he places a very high valuation on the "growing crops" which cover the "face of Nature,"—as he complacently terms the face with which Nature has—either well or ill—favoured him.

By all means let us have a Bachelor Tax, but let every Bachelor be at liberty to assess himself; so that however much he may be rated above his real worth, he will never suspect that he could have over-rated himself, and will therefore be quite satisfied with the self-inflicted burden.

VICTORIA!

FIGHT—with determined fury fight!

We know that we are in the right,
For Freedom's holy sake we rise,
And have the best of battle-cries—

VICTORIA!

Fight for the QUEEN in the QUEEN's own name,
'Tis an omen of conquest, an earnest of fame,
On with it, brave men, through smoke and flame!

VICTORIA! VICTORIA!

We arm against a despot's reign,
The empire of the scourge and chain;
Of Liberty we wage the war,
Old England's QUEEN against the Czar;

VICTORIA!

Fight, mindful of our old renown,
To put a brutal monster down,
Fight in the name of BRITANNIA'S Crown,
VICTORIA! VICTORIA!

In numbers let the villain trust;
His savage hordes shall bite the dust,
Splitting the liar and scoundrel's ear,
Scatter his host with our English cheer—

VICTORIA!

They in the righteous cause who die
Triumphant fall, and, where they lie,
Let their last faint breath swell the cry—
VICTORIA! VICTORIA!

THE SAME THING.

THE EMPEROR OF ALL THE RUSSIAS. *L'Empereur de toutes les Russes.*



THROWING THE OLD SHOE.

At the Parting of Her Majesty and her Guards.

MARCH 11, 1864.]

MAD DOG! MAD DOG!!



IS IT FAR TO JERUSALEM?



S it far to Jerusalem?

What pilgrim is it asks this touching question? Who is he bound for the holiest of the Holy Land? Doth he carry the cockleshell in his hat? Doth he grasp a staff of cruciform? Doth he wear the pilgrim's simple weed? Doth he carry the pilgrim's scrip? In all the solemnity of truth-seeking, it is asked, Who is it seeks to know how far the way to sacred Jerusalem? It is a Pilgrim of St. NICHOLAS. Young he was, and almost as innocent as the sheep, whose fleece was to him as one sole garment; happy, thoughtless, frisking he was, as Tartar lamb in its first May month's life; dirty he was, and happy in his dirt as wild boar's wild pig; when there came a voice to his village, saying, "Let PETER become even as a Pilgrim of St. NICHOLAS, and prepare himself to journey to Jerusalem." Now, PETER was content to remain where Providence had dropped him. True it is the Priests had talked to him of Jerusalem, and, scratching his head, much confused by a singing therein, as of the voices of spirits; dazzled too, as by the light of holy fires, PETER had a strange whirling, dizzying notion of this

Jerusalem. Nevertheless, PETER was still fain to wear his old, and by this time, populous sheepskin, and to remain in the village, of which he was even earth of its earth.

There were strange stories told of this Jerusalem, a place far up, up, up, and surely getting very nigh to heaven. Strange stories of goodness and grace, and everlasting mercy to man, and all this seemed strange, perplexing to PETER, for he had heard from his childhood upwards, the thwack of the stick, he had more than once heard the death (crack) of the knout screaming like a vulture for the victims' vitals. Nevertheless, he would rather rest where he was, he would rather not go to Jerusalem.

And then the Priest from his pulpit tells terrible tidings of the wickedness done in Jerusalem. Old men howl, young women sob, and beldames tear their hair, monsters of Turks—two-legged dogs, no better—defile the Holy Places. The Sultan sends his mule from Constantinople to drink from out the Holy Manger, and Calvary is ploughed by the infidel plough and sown by the sons of opium with poppy-seed; and again the old men groan, and the old women shriek anew. But let PETER rejoice and bless himself, for the elders of the village, in obedience to the sacred Czar, have chosen PETER with some score or two of others, old familiar playmates, to go to Jerusalem. Nevertheless, PETER would fain tarry where he is. PETER is obdurate, rebellious, but there is the stick—the ruling genius of Russia, and PETER for the five hundredth time in his life, is black, and likewise blue. And PETER, his legs and arms bound by his native hemp, is flung into a cart to become a soldier. Here, as it sometimes happens to calves on their way to become veal, PETER hears his father howl and his mother scream for the last time, for he goes jolting onwards to Jerusalem, and from the depths of his trouble arises this question, Is it far to Jerusalem?

At length, shorn of his sheepskin, PETER becomes a pilgrim in uniform, and with his scrip of bullets, is sent towards Jerusalem, and still he marches and marches—the deliverer of the Holy Places; and still getting nearer and nearer, he asks of every new people, Is it far to Jerusalem?

For the last time he opens his mouth, and a Turkish bullet gives him satisfying answer. PETER has arrived at Jerusalem. Good Christians all, your prayers for the thousands and thousands of pilgrims bound to St. NICHOLAS—and now in morass, marsh, and quagmire faintly gasping, "Is it far from Jerusalem?"

"BARRY, COME UP."—Indignant Elizabethan, with a cold.

CYPRIAN, or perhaps it was ORIGEN, it doesn't much matter, for most likely the story is utterly false—lived nineteen years in one chamber, and took so little notice of it, that at the end of that time he could not describe its shape, or say how many windows it had. SIR CHARLES BARRY's architectural creations lay a much firmer hold upon those who dwell among them, and actually force the officers of the Houses to adopt an antiquated style of speech, more in accordance with the forms and ornaments around them, than is the flippant talk of the day. Quotations from SHAKESPEARE and the Elizabethan dramatists, are quite the household words in the New Palace. For instance, no official ever thinks of asking another, "Who is speaking in the House of Commons?" but, if he wishes for that information, demands with *Macbeth*—

"Who Lies in the Second Chamber?"

A CRACKED HEAD IN A CROWN.

LEARN, by the case of that old brute,
The Czar, with pride gone mad,
The monarchy that's absolute
Is absolutely bad.

He in his bonnet has a bee,
To use a Scottish phrase,
Which doth around his ears, you see,
A nest of hornets raise.

His head is turned—but on that pate
Is fixed the Russian crown,
And, turning with it, turns the state
Completely upside down.

His reason from its seat is hurled,
Whilst he retains his throne,
Thus the derangement of the world
Arises from his own.

How many roofs, through one loose slate,
Are likely to be sacked;
Of broken heads a sum how great
Will come of one that's cracked!

War on us all one man's insane
Determination draws,
Determination to the brain,
Considered in its cause.

Life's tide in many a fight will flow,
Poured out in many a flood,
'Twere bloodshed saved if he would go
And lose a little blood.

If from unhealthy bile proceed
The despot's mental ill,
Thousands, perhaps, are doomed to bleed,
Because he wants a pill.

O nations! to the fact attend,
Which cannot be denied,
The state of Europe may depend
On that of his inside.

Let this reflection, borne in mind,
The firm resolve inspire
To give him physic, of the kind
Such lunatics require.

PICTORIAL STATUES.

THE *Morning Post* complains of a fashion which is becoming prevalent in sculpture; that of colouring statues—helping out the chisel with the paintbrush. Tastes, however, differ, and some connoisseurs may consider that the works of the sculptor are improved by painting; although the opinion of others may be that he had better confine his attempts to the creation of beauties without paint. The former class of dilettanti may confidently deny that the practice complained of by the *Post* is, as our contemporary says, an innovation. Not to mention the glaring proofs to the contrary which are to be seen in every toyshop window, the antiquity of embellishing works of plastic art is demonstrated to everybody who steps into Guildhall by the glorious hues with which the old Civic fancy has adorned Gog and Magog.

Increase of the Police Force.

THERE was talk of an increase of the Police Force, but a lady assures us that there is not the least necessity for this addition, for she has remarked that, in the vicinity of the barracks, the policemen have increased considerably, as a body, having all grown much stouter ever since the Guards left London.

OUR ARTIST THINKS OF PAINTING A PICTURE FROM
MACAULAY'S "IVRY,"

AND DECLAIMS THE POEM TO A PROSAIC PARTY.



Our Artist (ore rot.). "

Charge by the golden lilies! upon them with the lance!
A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,
A thousand knights are pressing close behind—"

Prosaic Party (interrupting). Hullo!

Our Artist. Eh?

Prosaic Party. Why, hang it, that's only one spur a-piece

AN ACTING MEMBER.

We observe that a gentleman, named PALK, against whom we know nothing worse than that he is a Member of Parliament, has just been solemnising his election by giving some dramatic performances, in which he took a share, and to which he admitted not only his aristocratic friends, but "the tradesmen of the vicinity." We should like to see the playbill, as we confess that, though unhappily familiar with the British Drama, we should find it difficult to select a set of pieces appropriate to such an occasion. Memory, prodded by ill-nature, of course suggests a few common-place sarcasms, and hints at *Quid pro Quo*, the *Apostate*, *Wanted a Place*, and similar unjust impertinencies, but these we should scorn to write down. But it occurs to us as possible that MR. PALK may have chosen to illustrate his intended Parliamentary career to his constituents after the manner of the "Grecian Statues," once so popular. Perhaps he dressed himself in tight "fleshings," and, getting upon a table, went into the following attitudes, to the sound of striking music.

MR. PALK as he appeared taking the oaths, adding a terrific bang on the Speaker's table as he defied the POPE and all his works.

Ditto as he appeared taking his seat courteously, but manfully, and in a manner accordant with the true principles of the Constitution.

Ditto, as he appeared crying "Hear!"

Ditto, as he appeared presenting a petition, and bounding gracefully therewith to the clerk of the carpet-bag.

Ditto as he appeared trying to catch the Speaker's eye.

Ditto trying another attitude.

Ditto trying a third attitude.

Ditto, suddenly dropping his hat, in the hope that this would arrest Mr. Speaker's attention.

Ditto, suddenly unbuttoning his coat and displaying a very glittering waistcoat, with the same view.

Ditto shouting, yet insinuatingly, at the Speaker.

Ditto, beginning with a kind of spasmodic pop, eminently calculated to attract notice.

Ditto, having tried all these devices of young and green Members in vain, and being continually defeated by the *rust* First Commoner, waiting quietly until Mr. Speaker sees fit to see him.

Ditto (being called by name) as he appeared rising and saving his country.

Ditto, as he appeared next morning when perusing the papers, and finding that he is made to save his country in four lines and a half.

Ditto, resigning his seat and resuming those bucolic engagements which befit every true Englishman.

Now, if this was anything like the series of performances with which MR. PALK regaled his constituents, we can only say, in perfect ignorance of that gentleman's other merits, that it betokened an originality which bids well for his success in the House of Commons, and on the bare hypothesis we feel half inclined to look out for his speeches.

A Thought at an Election Committee.

It must be confessed that nowhere does England appear to less advantage than at her Election Committees! Such a mass of meanness, trickery, bribery, corruption, perjury, of everything that is base and blackguard, as to make an Englishman ashamed of his own countrymen! You would not believe that Englishmen could have been guilty of such practices. We hope that no foreigner ever looks into those frightful blue-books, for if the national character were to be drawn from the evidence that is contained in them, how hopelessly black we should appear in the eyes of the world!

A Gigantic Change.

THE spirit of democracy has entered into that stronghold of conservatism and corruption, the City Corporation. When GOG and MAGOG are knocked off their pedestals, as soon they must be, they will be thrown upon the wide world, and not know what to do for a living. They may follow the example of other Conservatives, who have jumped down from the great height of their original position and mingled with the ranks of the people, and we may yet witness the strange fact of GOG and MAGOG turning demagogues.

NICHOLAS HIMSELF.

NICHOLAS, worshipped as the God of the Russians, has been acting like the very NICHOLAS—the great Pretender. He sent ORLOFF to tempt Austria and Prussia. Of a truth NICHOLAS is NICHOLAS, and ORLOFF is his angel.

Save us from our Friends.

IN his reply to the Peace Deputation the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA declared his sentiments to be in perfect conformity with those of the Society of Friends. We cannot doubt the sincerity of this assertion, for when the Czar sees all Europe in arms against him it is natural that he should become a Quaker.

AN UP AND DOWN TRAIN OF THOUGHT.

THERE is an up and down train of thought, which not unfrequently ends in a railway collision, and that is when an irascible gentleman in a carriage insists upon having the window "up," and another irascible gentleman insists upon having it "down."



PREPARATIONS FOR WAR.

Officer (who is going to the East). "OF COURSE IT'S RATHER A BORE JUST AT THE BEGINNING OF THE SEASON—AND I SHALL MISS THE DERBY! WISH THEY COULD HAVE HAD THE RUSSIANS OVER HERE, BECAUSE THEN WE COULD HAVE THRASHED 'EM IN HYDE PARK, AND DINED AT GREENWICH AFTERWARDS, YOU KNOW."

SUICIDE OF THE SEWERS.

THE neighbourhood of Greek Street has been in a state of great excitement, in consequence of a report that the sewers had put an end to their existence by a deliberate act of suicide. On inquiring at the office of the Commission the rumour was found to be—we can't say, too true—but true enough. The body which has just terminated its own existence has for some time led a very useless and unsatisfactory life, which had long been regarded as a burden, not only to itself, but to those who were heavily taxed by its extravagance. It has long been felt that it would be a mercy to put out of its misery a body which has long ceased to be regarded with any other feeling than one of contempt, and the public will be delighted to hear that the body itself has at last struck the decisive blow which every one has been reluctant to give, though desirous to see inflicted. A letter from the Home Office, intimating to the Board its utter inefficiency, had the effect of touching one of the members that happened to have some consciousness left, and this member gave the suicidal blow of which the body has happily expired.

There is no doubt that the Commission, in laying violent hands on itself, has only anticipated, by a very short time, the fate that was in store for it. Our only wonder is that it should have lived—or been allowed to live—so long, and we are rejoiced that by administering to itself its own *quietus* it has spared the Home Secretary the unpleasantness of performing the office of executioner. We should have been sorry to have seen LORD PALMERSTON compelled to stain his honourable hands in that sullage which has now been shed by an act of most exemplary suicide. The only difficulty now will be to find a dustman sufficiently dead to all sensibility to take away the ashes.

AN ART-TRUTH.—No woman ever knows how handsome she is until she has had her portrait painted.

THE POET IN PARLIAMENT.

COME, twine me a chaplet the brows to adorn
Of the Colonel, whose eloquence playfully gushes
From under moustaches, whose wildness would scorn
The teeth of the comb or the print of the brushes.
And recollect, that the man I sing
Hates humbug with aversion hearty
So a wreath of many colours bring,
Combining all but the hue of party.

They say of debate he's the standard buffoon,
And taints with absurdity all that he touches;
They hint that he's Parliament's own Pantaloon,
With twaddle and wholesale abuse for his crutches.
You'll see at once the kind of thing
For a chaplet I need; so, quick, prepare it,
And into the air a foolscap fling
To light on the head that's fit to wear it.

MONASTERIES UNDER THE MICROSCOPE.

IF Roman Catholic ceremonies are imposing, Roman Catholic statistics appear also calculated to impose upon us. We must take care how we believe them—if we are to believe LORD E. HOWARD. That noble lord, in deprecating inquiry concerning convents and monasteries, is reported to have said—

"The honourable member, too, had quite a misconception as to the numbers of females in the convents; any one would suppose from the honourable gentleman's language, that all the 75 convents were crowded with melancholy prisoners, whereas he himself (LORD E. HOWARD) happened to know that in one of them there were but three inmates, in another but four, and in another but seven; and he believed the same description would apply to a great many of the rest. The fact was that, whenever two or three ladies united together for the purposes of education or charity in a locality, the editor of the *Catholic Almanack* forthwith registered them as an additional convent."

This exaggeration seems to be a sort of pious fraud, intended to disseminate the notion that Popery is spreading. The piety of the *Catholic Almanack* is perhaps not the less orthodox for being fraudulent. It is a sort of piety that has always tended to magnify monastic institutions.

SUBJECT FOR A FABLE.

THAT naughty little boy the EMPEROR NICHOLAS, seeing the reflection of the moon, in the shape of a Crescent, in the pale of the Greek Church, and crying because he cannot clutch hold of it.

POOR RICHARD CŒUR DE LION.



IT has been suggested that the space in front of Westminster Hall and the chief entrance of the House of Commons is not an appropriate site for BARON MAROCHETTI'S statue of RICHARD CŒUR DE LION; and certainly a statue of COKE upon LITTLETON, that is, of COKE placed on LITTLETON'S shoulder, would be more appropriate to the locality than that of the Lion-hearted Monarch on horseback. Considering the nature of the excitement which occasioned the Holy Wars, the fittest place for the representative of the Royal Crusader will perhaps be decided, by the majority of people, to be the front of Bethlehem Hospital—an institution which would have been an extremely proper one for the accommodation of those heroes who showed their devotion to the shrine of that name by destroying their fellow men. If, however, it should be thought that too extreme a view of the crusading state of mind would be evinced by the connection of CŒUR DE LION'S image with Bedlam, MAROCHETTI'S work of art might anyhow be erected in proximity to a building opposite—the large Roman Catholic and mediæval meeting-house.

OUR ELECTRIC SELVES.



A Book has been published on Electricity in the human body, and the modes of developing it. Previously to the publication of this work, however, it was well known that in the course of friction with society, or rubbing on in the world, shocks are frequently experienced. The phenomena of mutual attraction and repulsion have also been abundantly exhibited by innumerable persons of both sexes; but the laws that govern them have not been as yet explained. They are greatly dependent on the colour of the hair and skin, whereunto various artificial means have been devised of imparting those tints that are necessary to attractive action, but which have either been denied by Nature or lost through time or accident. An important influence is also exerted by the eyes, which occasionally give off sparks that inflame combustible individuals. Considering the body as an electrical machine, the most eligible form is not the cylindrical, still less the circular; a certain contraction of the waist is preferred; and some human electrical machines of the softer sex, with power sufficient to electrify a whole ball-room, exhibit a conformation resembling that of an hour-glass. The apparatus should be fixed on a pair of legs, which ought to be straight and of a moderate thickness, if it is one of the male kind: otherwise, in consequence of the present length of dresses, it does not signify what curves they describe, or what is their circumference, or of what size and shape are the feet.

This instrument will decompose water, but acts more energetically on wine and alcohol. Arranged in connection with a series of plates it will very speedily effect a rapid disappearance of victuals.

To insulate a human being, you may place him on a stool with glass legs, but a more effectual mode is that of depriving him of his money, which immediately cuts off his communication with the world. Diplomacy has succeeded in completely insulating the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, who now stands on the insulated stool of Europe, which we hope will prove the stool of repentance.

A NEW REFORM BILL FOR OMNIBUSES.

We wish MR. FITZROY, or some good pushing propelling member, would put his shoulder to the wheel of public conveyances, and try to pass through the two Houses a new "Reform Bill for Omnibuses,"—one that should contain some of the following dreadfully-needed improvements.

That there should be sufficient room inside to enable a passenger to gain his seat, without having to force his way through an entangled thicket of knees, or to clear a path through a close crop of umbrellas and toes.

That the space of each seat should be portioned off, as in the French omnibuses, by means of wooden rails, so making each seat a comfortable arm-chair, in order that each passenger may enjoy his own share of room—neither encroaching upon his neighbour's space, nor allowing his neighbour, which is too frequently the case, to encroach upon his.

That there should be a strap running under the roof, or some means by which a passenger may work along, easily, to his allotted seat, without being subject to the unpleasantness of being jerked into a lady's lap, or having to clutch hold of a passenger's nose, or any other human handle in an omnibus in case of sudden helplessness.

That no conductor should be allowed to say "All right!" until you have fairly gained your seat and arranged your dress.

That there should be some method of communication with the conductor—and a small bell would answer the purpose—instead of having, as now, to poke his ribs with your umbrella, or to run the risk of pulling him off his elevated bracket by tugging furiously at his coat tails.

That there should be one fixed price for the fare of an omnibus, and not made variable, as it now is, at the pleasure of the proprietor, being threepence to-day and sixpence to-morrow; so that a passenger may

know, before he gets in, what he has to pay, and the conductor may not have the opportunity of charging what he likes.

That all bundles, more especially dirty linen, be excluded from the inside of an omnibus, and the persons carrying the same be compelled to go outside.

That not more than two babies be allowed at the same time in an omnibus—as a baby on each side is amply sufficient for the peace and comfort of any well-conducted vehicle.

That no dogs be admitted inside the omnibus—not even lap-dogs—as it is not pleasant to have a ferocious animal hungrily surveying the dimensions of your calves, or to be exposed to the wild stare of a panting, sharp-toothed terrier, in the dog-days.

That no conductor, after he has said "Going, Sir, in five minutes," be allowed to stop longer than ten.

We think, if this "New Reform Bill" could be carried, that riding in omnibuses would become, by being made more comfortable, much more general; whereas, at present, no one ever thinks of getting into an omnibus unless he is actually compelled. Our omnibuses are little better than police vans—only not so well regulated—into which no man springs of his own accord, but into which he is forced by the cruel pressure of circumstances. Really, if it were not for the disgrace of the thing, we think we would sooner ride in a police van than in an omnibus—for it contains more room, goes faster, keeps better time, and the conductor hands you in and out, and looks after you, with the greatest care and civility.

DOMESTIC RETURNS.

MR. FLINT, of Flint Lodge, in Flintshire, has moved for the following Returns, and the necessary papers have been ordered to be placed upon the mahogany table of the dining-room as soon as possible:

For a return of the silver forks and spoons which were had out on the occasion of the last evening party, and which have never been returned to the plate-basket yet.

For a return of the housekeeping book, which has not been checked for the last three weeks.

For a return of the number of pies and puddings which have been consumed during the last six months, and to ascertain what effect they bear upon the weekly expenses, with the view of taking into consideration the policy of discontinuing the same.

For a return of all the books, no matter whether amusing, instructive, scientific, cookery-books, or novels, which have been taken out of the library, and never been returned to their places.

For a return of my slippers, which have been missing from the side of my bed for the last two days.

For a return of the quantity of table-beer that is drunk in the kitchen, and to consider whether it would not be advisable, and decidedly cheaper, to give them money in lieu of same, and, at the same time, to reflect upon the propriety, and probable cheapness, of engaging for the future none but temperance servants.

For a return of my silk umbrella which that confounded old fool SIMPKINS carried away with him on Friday evening last, after having won my money at cards.

For a return of all the children's frocks which have only been turned once.

For a return of all the children to school as quickly as possible, as they are unbearable at home, and their appetites are such that it is impossible to satisfy them.

For a return of all the Christmas bills, as yet unpaid, distinguishing those which have been contracted for personal, and those for general purposes, and to see whether the latter cannot be materially reduced this year.

For a return (only I consider it almost hopeless) of the gratitude that is shown me by my wife and children for the way in which I am always slaving to support them; and, also, for a return of the amount of respect that I am entitled to, as well as the amount I receive from the servants for the opportunity my means put at their disposal, and for which the ungrateful creatures have the greatest reason to bless themselves, of living in such a respectable establishment.

Convent Sells.

It seems that there are numerous Convents in England containing from three to seven inmates, but which are puffed by the Popish press as regular nunneries. Instead of describing such very small sisterhoods as nunneries it would be more truthful to call them next-to-none-eries.

A SERVICE OF DANGER.

It is a mercy that the Friends who went as envoys from their Society to the EMPEROR NICHOLAS did not burn their fingers, particularly as they ventured to shake hands with NICHOLAS himself.



THE POPULAR AND AMUSING GAME OF BATTLEDORE AND SHUTTLECOCK,

AS AT PRESENT PLAYED IN THE PRINCIPAL THOROUGHFARES.

"BULLYING AT PUBLIC SCHOOLS."

MORE than one of our public schools have lately furnished cases which fairly come under the head of "Aggravated Assaults," and which ought, therefore, to have figured in the Police reports rather than in the miscellaneous columns of the newspapers. Brute force, with its customary attendant cowardice, had, we hoped, fallen down to the lowest classes of society, but we regret to find that, in the highest classes of some of our public schools, the bully and the ruffian may still be met with. Not long ago there were some painful disclosures of some disgraceful proceedings at Harrow; and now we hear of an aggravated assault at Rugby by two ruffians of 16 or 17 on a little fellow, apparently between 10 and 11. These two noble youths, while kicking and beating their diminutive victim were caught in the act by a farmer's son, a lad of probably about their own age, and to whom they began to howl for mercy when he, very excusably, commenced inflicting upon them a taste of the violence they had exercised upon the unfortunate child that had fallen into their clutches. We are sick of the humbug we sometimes hear by way of excuse for the indolence of masters as to the propriety of not interfering with the boys at a public school, but leaving the stronger to oppress the weaker with impunity.

It is true one might hope that, among a large body of the sons of gentlemen, something like a wholesome public opinion would prevail; but experience unfortunately proves that the public opinion of a public school cannot be trusted. Lying and deception are frequently practised on the masters without exciting disgust among the generality of the boys, and though perhaps there may be one here and there who feels shame and contempt for the meanness he sees around, he meets with so little sympathy in his views that the chances are he will be either laughed or bullied out of his own sense of propriety by his unscrupulous schoolfellows.

It is a monstrous hoax to talk of the moral tone of a school in which eight or nine youths could stand by, without interfering to prevent an act of malicious cruelty practised by a boy in the higher form upon a boy beneath him, and indeed the truth is, that the

THE POETICAL HANSARD.

As every one allows that the speeches in Parliament are dry, and as throwing cold water on the speakers does not seem to have a very refreshing effect, we propose to give a little additional zest, if possible, to some of the prosaic efforts of legislative oratory, by turning them into poetry. We have selected SIBTHORP'S speech on the Russian War, not as being the best adapted to the purposes of the poet, though perhaps it has peculiar claims on rhyme, from its utter abnegation of all connection with reason.

The speech of which the following is a poetical paraphrase, was spoken on one of the recent debates on the Eastern question.

Sir, notwithstanding this display
Of blarney, bounce, and botheration;
I still to Ministers must say,
That humbug is not explanation.
Others perchance the cap may fit,
But if that's all they have to tell us,
The country can't too soon be quit
Of such a set of scurvy fellows.

Trust them indeed—they'll find in me
One of their heartiest despisers,
And sooner than my SOVEREIGN see
Left in the hands of such admirers,
I'd have no Cabinet at all.
And as for all this fuss with Russia,
My own Militia out I'll call,
And at its head proceed to crush her!

Emperor Alias.

It appears that the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA is greatly annoyed with the Prussian papers for styling him simply the Czar. We hope His Majesty is satisfied with the names which he is called by the British Public.

SLIGHTLY SUICIDAL.

CARDINAL WISEMAN has sent over a Form of Prayer for use among the Roman Catholics, that all HER MAJESTY'S enemies may be speedily overthrown.

brutality of some of the schoolboys engenders cowardice in the others. One physical force ruffian in the upper form breaks the spirit of half-a-dozen in the lower, who when they rise to the position of their tyrants, exercise in turn the tyranny they have endured, and thus the bullying system is perpetuated without any check from the masters.

It is quite true that there are at the head of some few of our public schools, men of a very different stamp from those under whom the bullying system has grown up: and there is every reason to hope that the new generation of masters will do their utmost to put down the evil; but, unfortunately, they trust too much to the "tone of morality" which they believe to prevail among the boys, but which recent events have proved has no existence either at Harrow or at Rugby. We fear these establishments are not much worse than any of the other public schools in the "tone" that animates the youths that belong to them. We only wish some parent of some child who may have been brutally ill-used by a bigger and stronger boy, would try the effect of the act for the punishment of Aggravated Assaults, for there is at all events some power in the hands of the law, if there is no redress to be had at the hands of the masters.

THE CROZIER IN THE BALL-ROOM.

"ARCHBISHOP" CULLEN has formally and solemnly denounced "the mischievous foreign dances called waltzes and polkas." What a splendid creature is a Hierarch of the Church of Rome! One day forbidding the sun to go round the earth, and the next inhibiting ENSIGN MURPHY from spinning MISS HONORIA O'BRYEN round the ball-room. The sun is sure to obey the Archbishop, but the Ensign may be more refractory. We hope so, or what a dreadfully dull affair a Catholic ball will be for the future. In social fairness, a lady issuing cards for such an assembly ought really to warn the invited guest by putting in the corner R. I. P. instead of R. S. V. P.

NICHOLAS'S CREED.—"Aut Cæsar aut nullus."



A FINE OPENING FOR! YOUNG ISRAEL.

RECRUITING SERGEANT AND SWELL JEW.

*"Enlist, my fine fellow, and serve the QUEEN."**"Much rayther remain as I am, and serve de Queen's Bench."*

ARMA VIRUMQUE.

AT the banquet given the other day by the Reform Club to SIR CHARLES NAPIER, LORD PALMERSTON remarked that the gallant Admiral has already "put on his armour." As SIR CHARLES sat down to dinner in an ordinary body coat, we must presume that he wore it over his armour, which probably consisted of a shirt of mail, and instead of a breastplate of brass, a heart of oak. The Admiral, however, must on SHAKESPEARE'S principle, be walking about constantly in three complete suits, inasmuch as he is

"Thrice armed who hath his quarrel just."

Whatever may be the material of the gallant sailor's external accoutrements must be perfectly immaterial to one who can boast of the mettle which SIR CHARLES is known to possess.

THE EXILE OF THE THIMBLE.

SMITH O'BRIEN'S misdeed Royal Mercy condones,
And pardon extends to FROST, WILLIAMS, and JONES;
One more object of course its eye can't overskip;
Grace for patriot CUFFEY, the poor little Snip!

Forget the fierce speeches he made in his wrath!
Give him back to his country, his scissors, and cloth!
The small, but magnanimous tailor set loose,
And restore to his wife, and his needle, and goose.

His conspiracies dark in oblivion inter,
And the great civil war he attempted to stir,
And his handgrenade bottles—that is, gingerpop:
And let poor little CUFFEY return to his shop.

"IN THE NAME OF THE REFORMERS OF ENGLAND."—We do not know what this name may be, but, when invoked by SIR JOHN SHELLEY, we should say it was "WALKER."

PROCLAMATION OF OUTLAWRY.

We shall be very happy to announce, whenever we are able, that the allied Powers of Europe have arrived at a perception that the greatness of the scale on which a burglar is enabled to plunder, or a madman to rage, does not render the predatory or insane individual less a maniac, or less a robber; and that, conformably with this philosophical discovery, they have issued the following diplomatic band-bill and international *Hue and Cry*—

"Felony! Arson!! Murder!!! £10,000 Reward!!!!"

NICHOLAS ROMANOFF, *alias* the CZAR OF MUSCOVY, *alias* the AUTOCRAT, *alias* the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, *alias* the GOD OF THE RUSSIANS, stands convicted by the judgment of the Courts of Europe of having wilfully, feloniously, and maliciously invaded the dominions of his MAJESTY ABDUL MEDJID, SULTAN OF TURKEY, otherwise called the GRAND SIGNOR, and killed, slain, and murdered divers of his said MAJESTY, the said SULTAN'S true and loyal subjects, and doth by force and arms continue to hold and keep possession of the said dominions, and to slaughter and massacre the said subjects of his MAJESTY the SULTAN aforesaid, in contempt and defiance of the LAW OF NATIONS and the Authority of the said Courts, thereby openly abjuring and renouncing, and utterly repudiating and casting away all the sanctions and conditions of the said Law;

*Notice is hereby given that the said***NICHOLAS ROMANOFF**

hath, by such his own act and deed, made and constituted himself, and is hereby declared and proclaimed

THE OUTLAW OF EUROPE;

and hath forfeited and doth forfeit the protection of the aforesaid Laws. And NOTICE IS HEREBY FURTHER GIVEN, that a Reward of

TEN THOUSAND POUNDS

Will be given to any Person or Persons who will seize and apprehend the Body of the aforesaid NICHOLAS ROMANOFF, and give him into Custody to any Constable, Policeman, or Officer of the Sea or Land Forces of HER MAJESTY VICTORIA, QUEEN OF ENGLAND, or of HIS MAJESTY LOUIS NAPOLEON, EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH, or to any other Servant or Minister of their said MAJESTIES who shall be empowered to hold and detain the said OUTLAW, NICHOLAS, EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, aforesaid.

And the same REWARD will also be given to any PERSON or PERSONS who shall give such Information or Assistance as may lead to the Capture of the aforesaid Outlaw. And all Peaceable and Well Disposed Persons are hereby exhorted and admonished to be aiding and assisting to the PURSUIT, PROSECUTION, SEIZURE, APPREHENSION, and ABATEMENT of the Criminal now at large under this sentence of Outlawry; with a view to the prevention of rapine, bloodshed, fire, famine, outrage, violence, and all other crimes and horrors of war impending and imminent by the Mulice and Wickedness of the said Criminal and Outlaw aforesaid.

The aforesaid NICHOLAS ROMANOFF is upwards of six feet three inches in height, and moderately stout in proportion altogether; but has a Fauch swollen out like a Frog's. Has lightish eyes and complexion, great round joles, and a haughty and inflated expression of countenance. Wears a moustache, but no beard or whiskers, and generally dresses in a military frock and jack-boots."

Surely Europe is too sensible by this time to recognise any distinction between a Conqueror and an ordinary villain, except that of magnitude in villainy. Why should nations stand upon ceremony in suppressing a common nuisance? Why destroy an unnecessary number of Russians? They are not the enemy; they are only his tools. With just as much scruple as MR. INSPECTOR FIELD would entertain in the pursuit of a housebreaker, endeavour to secure the Imperial Thief. If we had NICHOLAS' safe, indeed, it might be the best security for himself in the end—security from the fate of besotted tyrants, the consequences of whose ambition become intolerable to their slaves.

The Belles Lettres of the Present Day.

THEY can boast of their *Bell's Life*, *Bell's Weekly Messenger*, and the *Belle Assemblée*; and they are further distinguished by the names of ROBERT BELL, JACOB BELL, ACTON BELL, and CURRER BELL— which last one we can only regret has been for so long a period a dumb BELL.

A PINCH.—A poor helpless, hen-pecked philosopher of a husband describes a pinch to be "the greatest amount of power at woman's command concentrated on a single point."

ANIMATED FURNITURE.



HAVING been called on to give credit to the popular fallacy—or fact—that furniture can walk and talk, we must be prepared to expect from table-turning a social as well as a mechanical revolution of the most extraordinary character. If it is possible to call a spirit into a chair, there will be no occasion to invite anybody to fill it, and a most distinguished party may be assembled which—as spirits have not yet begun to eat and drink—may combine the very highest order of company with the very utmost economy. A host with a taste for good society, may sit down to his humble chop, and place a dozen chairs round his table, for

the purpose of filling them with the very choicest spirits he may think proper to summon. If the talking furniture and the spirit rapping should become an established fact we may expect to see it announced in the *Morning Post* that LADY BLANK, or the HONOURABLE MRS. DASH, as the case may be, entertained at dinner ALEXANDER THE GREAT, MR. PEPPY, APPITUS CLAUDIUS, SIR CLOUDESLEY SHOVEL, CARACTACUS, and MR. DUCROW, to meet LORD PALMERSTON and the French Ambassador. A repast for three would thus serve the purpose of a dinner for eleven, and an evening assembly might be made to embrace several hundreds of the most illustrious visitors in the form of tables, chairs, rout seats, and other articles of furniture, while the cost need not exceed that of sandwiches for two or three, and about a pint of neutral negus.

Cards of invitation will of course have to be sent out to the principal furniture marts, and the only difficulty will be to select the shape in which a distinguished guest from the world of spirits will be expected. Perhaps the better plan will be to fix on certain articles of furniture as the types of certain classes, and to issue cards to those articles which are agreed on as the representatives of the sort of society whose company is requested. If, for instance, the presence of a literary man is desired, a bookcase should be asked to give the pleasure of its company; or if a Turk should be selected for invitation the lady of the house should intimate to some respectable furniture dealer, that she is "At Home" to some decent Ottoman. A family consisting of father and mother and six children, might be invited by requesting "the honour of the company of half a dozen chairs and two elbows to an evening party," and a married couple might be asked in the form of a double-action harp, while a young musical prodigy could be invited as a piccolo. Particular individuals might be asked as particular articles of furniture; PEXN the Quaker might be invited as an inkstand; SIR THOMAS LAURENCE, WILKIE, and TURNER, as a chest of drawers; and the late lamented Prima of all England as a Canterbury. COLUMBUS could be asked as an egg-cup, and a deceased Gold Stick in Waiting could come as an umbrella stand.

THE EXPENSE OF A MEMBER'S POST.

BESIDES the legitimate but unaccountable expenses, amounting from two thousand pounds or so to five times that sum, which a gentleman usually incurs by becoming a Member of Parliament, he has to be at the charge of keeping a Secretary. This retainer must not be a mere writing clerk. It is necessary that he should have some education—and a proportionate salary. He has to sustain an immensity of correspondence. This might be so abridged by judicious legislation as to enable many a representative of an unbought constituency to write all his own letters; and perhaps LORD JOHN RUSSELL will introduce into his Bribery Bill some provision for exonerating honourable gentlemen from the burden of an accumulation of those free and easy epistles which they are now continually pestered with, by free and independent electors. The responsibilities of a British Legislator ought not to include the trouble of answering such applications as these:—

FROM THE ELECTORS OF JOBBINGTON.

"HONOURABLE SIR,

"AVALING myself of the kind int you was pleased to throw out on canvassing me for my Sufferidge, I venter to Solicit the Sitation of a Place for my Eldest Son in the Customs, or Excise, Treasury, or Summerset 'Ouse, not pertickler witch. He rites a good

And, & is tollerable well versed in Accounts, if so be as there was a Opening for an Atashy, I engage to Say he would Discharge the Same with Advantage to himself and Credit to his Employers. In the probable aprochin Event of another Election,

"I remain your obedient Servant,
"J. DUNN."

"MR. PLEDGETER, SIR,

"Having been so kind as to state you would remember your humble Servant, in the event of your return for Jobbington, I take the liberty of applying to you in behalf of a nephew of mine, in the hope you will use your interest to procure him some employment under Government. As beggars must not be choosers, I would leave the selection of the berth to your kind direction: but to save trouble, as I am aware you must have numerous applicants, I should esteem it a favour if you would furnish me by return of post with a list of the vacancies which may be at present at your disposal, with any information as to the nature of the offices, and the qualifications necessary, which would be of material assistance in guiding me to a conclusion as to which would be the most eligible for the young man; and allow me in conclusion, to assure you that you may always depend upon the unbought support of your faithful constituent."

"WILLIAM PLUMPER."

"SIR,

"About a month or six weeks ago, I forwarded you a number of the *Jobbington Argus*, containing a paragraph of the utmost importance in its bearings on Enlightenment and Progress. Will you please to tell me immediately, if possible, what view you take of the momentous question which it embodies, and whether you are disposed to act on the suggestion; also what course the Government is likely to pursue, in consequence; and whether you are inclined to support or oppose them in so doing, and if, in either case, you are prepared to go the whole hog?"

"I am, Sir, Yours respectfully,
"JUNIUS BOREMAN."

"SIR,

"I AM deputed by the Jobbington Mutual Improvement Society, Athenaeum, and Burial Club, to request the favour of your subscription to that valuable Institution, and also of your becoming one of its Trustees and Stewards, to which we trust that you will add the further obligation of taking the chair at its next annual dinner. Also whether you could kindly make it convenient to attend its weekly meetings, which will be arranged to take place on those evenings on which you will not be detained in town by your parliamentary duties. I have the honour to be, &c.

"JAMES BADGER, Secretary."

"P.S. May I also beg of your acceptance of the office of Provisional Director of the Jobbington Water Company, capital £5,000,000, in shares of £100 each, which I am endeavouring to form, and which, besides its advantages as a pecuniary speculation, is so highly calculated to promote the salubrity, prosperity, and general interests of the borough."

"J. B."

"DEAR SIR,

"At the request of Mrs. C., who remembers your kind assurance that she might command you in any way, I write to say, that as we are coming to town we should be much obliged to you for tickets for the House of Commons, one for myself, and another to admit Mrs. C. to the Ladies' Gallery. We shall do ourselves the honour of calling in the course of the day after to-morrow; but in case we should not find you at home, would you please to leave the tickets out for us, and also, if you can obtain them, tickets to see Buckingham Palace, and a few admissions to the Zoological Gardens?"

"Believe me, dear Sir, your staunch Supporter,
"WALTER PLEDGETER, Esq., M.P." "CHEEKY COOLE."

"P.S. Mrs. C. desires me to say that we shall bring our little boy, of whom you took so much notice when you called to solicit my vote, and who has cut two more teeth, and left off sucking his thumb."

Preparations for War.

THE policeman at Herne Bay has offered his services to the Government as a volunteer. His patriotic offer, it is said, has been accepted, and he is to go out immediately with the staff—the very identical wooden one that he has flourished so often in the boy's faces at the sea-side in the cause of civil order.

STOCK EXCHANGE SENTIMENT.—No Bonds of Affection so true, so dear, so lasting, as Treasury Bonds!



THE DON AND THE WINDMILLS.

OUR PATRIOTIC POETS.

OUR pianoforte poets are all suddenly seized with a fit of patriotism and though continuing comfortably to "sit at home at ease," they are calling upon everybody to "Up with the Standard of England," price half-a-crown; to give "Three Cheers for the Red, White and Blue"—price two shillings; to "Unfurl the Flag"—post free for two dozen postage stamps—and to accomplish other valorous feats which are more difficult to do than to sing about, or to write about.

We have no wish to swamp all this enthusiasm by unplugging the waste pipe of the cistern of matter of fact, but we should have more faith in the sincerity of these pianoforte heroes and valorous vocalists, if, instead of composing at home, and shouting in concert rooms the most vehement invitations to every body else to die for their country, they would occasionally go forth themselves and try the experiment. Shedding a little ink is much easier than running the risk of shedding a little blood, and it is a tolerably safe proceeding to roar out after dinner "Let's rather die than yield" when neither horn of the dilemma happens to present itself. As a mode of testing the earnestness of the parties concerned, we have to propose a volunteer corps, to be called the First Light Pianoforte and Patriotic Professional Fencibles.

THE COURAGE OF THE CZAR.

"Go, for our persecuted brethren fight!"
Veiling the lust of rule with holy zeal,
Snuffles the Czar: he means, "Go forth and steal!"
"Whom shall we fear?" the Imperial hypocrite,
Exclaims, and of his eyes upturns the white.
Fear, of a truth, to him should be unknown,
Brave man! who dares before the eternal Throne
To lift his hand, and words like these to speak,
And then to thrust his tongue into his cheek;
Eternal Justice whilst the dying groan
And curse of myriads on his head invoke.
Hero! with aspect so composed and meek,
Blaspheming, and in such a pious tone
Uttering defiance to Heaven's thunderstroke.

"ORDERED TO LIE UPON THE TABLE."—A Spirit-Medium.

PARAGRAPH FOR SOME OF THE PAPERS.

PERHAPS there is no more striking evidence of a benevolent disposition than kindness and consideration for animals. This amiable trait of character is often very strongly and peculiarly evinced by the gentler sex. A remarkable instance of it has been communicated to us; and every reliance may be placed on the following statement:—A lady of rank and fashion, but not less distinguished by her beauty than her position, possessed a favourite spaniel; one of the true KING CHARLES'S breed. Having had the dog almost from her childhood, she was affectionately attached to it, and the little animal had now become what, in speaking of the canine race, we may term old. Advanced years had not impaired its outward appearance, or any of its sensible or other qualities, but had unfortunately deprived it of all its teeth; so that poor FIDO had for some time been obliged to put up with spoon-diet. Distressed at the privation thus endured by her pet, its fair mistress at last conceived the happy idea of having its powers of mastication restored by artificial aid. Accordingly, she consulted MR. MORRIS SALMONS, Surgeon-Dentist, by whom FIDO was supplied with a complete set of his newly-invented terro-elastic teeth; by means of which the faithful creature is now thoroughly enabled to enjoy its food, and experiences not the slightest difficulty in crunching the hardest bone of a mutton-chop.

Great Anxiety in the County of Middlesex.

WE understand that the Electors of Middlesex, tired of waiting any longer, and despairing of receiving any intelligence through the usual channels of information, have resolved upon fitting out immediately an expedition to go in search of MR. BERNAL OSBORNE, who has been missing for some time past, and of whom no tidings have been heard since the opening of Parliament.

The Modern Crusader.

NICHOLAS pretends that he is fighting the battle of the Cross against the Crescent. This is so far true that, in consequence of the opposition his ambitious designs have met with, he is himself as cross as cross can be.

THE END OF ALL ARGUMENT.—"You're another."



SAINT NICHOLAS OF RUSSIA.

THE TAP ON THE DANUBE.



Our troops are likely to have warm work with the Cossack savages, they will of course frequently experience thirst, for the relief of which it is requisite that provision should be made. This has not been forgotten, if, as we hope, there is truth in the subjoined newspaper paragraph:—

"GOOD NEWS FOR THE TROOPS. — Arrangements have been made by the Government with a first-rate London Brewery to supply the troops while in Turkey, &c., with the best export porter at 3d. per quart. A ship of 350 tons burden is now preparing to take in the first consignment for Malta and Constantinople."

As the Maltese do not, or cannot, add hops to their malt in such a manner as to produce beer, the consignment of a quantity of that liquor to Malta was a judicious measure; and if the integrity of the Ottoman Empire is to be preserved by our troops, it is but right that Entire should also have been sent for their use to Constantinople. May the heavy give weight to their charge, and enable them to offer a stout resistance to any number of the enemy. Without becoming pot-valiant, the British soldier will fight the better for his pot of beer. Those who draw the sword for their country deserve at least a draught of porter; and doubtless they will draw the former vigorously, although they may draw the latter mild.

EXAMINATIONS FOR BARRISTERS.

It has long been thought expedient that law students should be subject to some examination previous to being called to the Bar. Under the present system an Utter Barrister may be called an utter ignoramus, and the only cramming that is requisite to fit him for his profession is to cram a certain number of dinners down his throat. He need know nothing more of law or equity than the fact that the "remainderman" is the man who gets the remainder of the gooseberry tart, which has already been attacked by the three who have gone before him in the same mess. A "joint interest" is, to him, nothing more than the interest he feels in the joint that is brought to table, and of a "demurrer" he understands nothing but the fact that it is idle to demur to the wretched stuff that is passed off as port wine at the students' table.

There seems, at length, some hope that the system of eating one's way to the Bar will give place to a more sensible system, and a qualification will henceforth be determined by what the candidate is able to send forth from his mouth, instead of by what he has stuffed into it. If we are to believe the Honourable Member who has brought the subject forward, the only book strongly recommended for perusal to a forensic aspirant is "Joe Miller;" and, indeed, we cannot help seeing that, whenever a joke is hazarded at the Bar, the source of it is the very honourable authority alluded to. The "legal mind" has such a love of precedent that a joke, no less than a case, must be found "in the books" before it is ripe for Westminster Hall, where a new idea and a new enthusiasm would stand an equal chance of rejection. It is but the other day that the majority of the Judges were lost in bewilderment as to whether a man who had been convicted of stealing some eggs had stolen the eggs, because there was a doubt whether the eggs were properly laid in the indictment, when, to the great relief of the judicial bench, it was discovered that "SHEARS's case" had settled the point, or rather that the judge who tried "SHEARS's case" many years ago, had said something which all the judges of the present day were quite content to say after him.

We sometimes wonder what is the use of an Act of Parliament when we find the variety of interpretations which can be put upon it in a Court of Law, where, very frequently, instead of an inquiry what the Act means, there is a musty research into what HULLOCK ruled half a century ago, or the whole Court gets suddenly confounded by an *obiter dictum* of the garrulous GARROW, which is, in turn, smashed by a sentence from the lips of BULLER, J., ferreted out of some ancient report by the research of some aged junior, with one leg in the grave and the other in FITZGERBERT's "Natura Brevium." We feel satisfied there is little use in reforming the law unless we reform the lawyers, and we hail the attempt that has been made to get rid of the gross absurdity and gross feeding which, at present, form the introduction to the profession of a barrister.

REASONS AGAINST REFORM.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL (*rising*).

I OWN, MR. SPEAKER, it was not my wish To cook, in this fashion, our kettle of fish, But my family motto impels me to state That a wise man will yield to the dictates of fate, And since the Reform Bill meets slight acceptance From those I see here, or, indeed, from the nation, (Which can't take its eyes from the war in the East), Why, we'll put off Reform "for the present at least."

And here I might stop, for I really have stated Why the "cause" should (in equity phrase) be "abated," But statesmen conceive that for all that they do A great heap of reasons is better than few. (As one rifle-ball's fatal—that is, if it hits, But a blunderbuss *must* blow an object to bits), So of reasons—not reason—here follows a feast, For postponing Reform "for the present at least."

Because the Directors, as PAXTON has bidden 'em, Demand extra funds for the Palace at Sydenham; Because, when the Guardsmen embarked, the sad news Produced a most awful effect on the Jews; Because a new Anti-Eater's come to the Park, And the Peers have a notion their House is too dark, And because MR. KINGSLEY is author of "Yeast," We will put off our Bill "for the present at least."

Because old LABLACHE, with a very fat sigh, Goes over, this year, to the army of GYE, Because the *Habitue* expects to be bored By nobles, with "Well, what is this *Etoile du Nord*," Because we're to have a new opera by VERDI (I greatly prefer a well-ground hurdy-gurdy), And because the old orchestra won't be increased, We must put off Reform "for the present at least."

Because the poor cits, in their blundering zeal, Cannot hit on a place for the statue to PEEL, Because MAROCHETTI's, so grand and so tall, Is lost in the cabstand at Westminster Hall; Because the old bridge here, is sinking, they say,— Perceptibly losing its half-mech a day, Notwithstanding it's buttressed, supported, and pieced— We'll put off Reform "for the present at least."

Because my friend PAM, with no small approbation, Has flushed, not the Sewers, but their Administration. Because my friend GLADSTONE, for war-money troubled, Has found that the Income Tax ought to be doubled. Because my friend BAILEY has determined to cure The system that tends to make slaves of the poor, (Though well-managed parishes fear to be fleeced), We'll put off Reform "for the present at least."

Because my LORD ABERDEEN's patron, the Czar, Has gone out of his wits (though the walk is not far). Because OMAR PACHA's received a smart sabre, Wherewith the Don Cossacks he vows to belabour. Because these slow Moslems won't work at the drill— (But they've got some new officers, now, though, who *will*); And because in the Baltic the ice has decreased, We will put off Reform "for the present at least."

Because our recruiting proceeds very fairly, Though Ireland (the Younger) abuses it rarely. Because we've prepared a magnificent fleet, Which NAPIER himself owns is "nearly complete." Because for some reason, a prejudice runs Against letting us make our own pistols and guns. (Poor MONSELL thinks MUNTZ is next door to a beast); We'll put off Reform "for the present at least."

In short I avow, (with some pain to myself), That the place for Reform is, just now, on the shelf. The bill's been more useful than might be supposed, For BENJAMIN's mouth for the moment is closed: The people don't seem at this crisis to care For aught that's not warlike; well, that's their affair: Mine's only to add, that my duty has ceased When I've put off this Bill "for the present at least."

[*Moves that the second reading be taken on the 5th April.*]



THE BEAR IN THE BOAT.

AN OLD FABLE, NEW MORALISED.

(To the tune, "Froggy would a-wooing go.")

THERE was a Bear got into a boat,
Hey for Old Nick so holy!
There was a Bear got into a boat;
He cast off the painter and set her afloat,
With a topsy-turvy, cannon and scrimmage,
Hey for Old Nick so holy!

This Boat, you must know, was christened "War"
Hey for Old Nick so holy!
This Boat, you must know, was christened "War";
'T was forty-eight years since she'd floated before,
With a topsy-turvy, cannon and scrimmage,
Hey for Old Nick so holy!

The Bear at first felt uncommonly proud,
Hey for Old Nick so holy!
The Bear at first felt uncommonly proud,
As he pawed at tiller, and pulled at shroud,
With a topsy-turvy, cannon and scrimmage,
Hey for Old Nick so holy!

The Boat drove at will of wind and tide,
Hey for Old Nick so holy!
The Boat drove at will of wind and tide,
The Bear imagined his paw did guide,
With a topsy-turvy, cannon and scrimmage,
Hey for Old Nick so holy!

The Winds they began to rise and roar,
Hey for Old Nick so holy!
The Winds they began to rise and roar,
The Boat drifted farther and farther from shore,
With a topsy-turvy, cannon and scrimmage,
Hey for Old Nick so holy!

The Bear thought the winds were whistling his praise,
Hey for Old Nick so holy!

The Bear thought the winds were whistling his praise,
And he thanked 'em, but held on tight by the stays,
With a topsy-turvy, cannon and scrimmage,
Hey for Old Nick so holy!

The Waves they began to heave and swell,
Hey for Old Nick so holy!
The Waves they began to heave and swell,
And the Boat on their white crests rose and fell,
With a topsy-turvy, cannon and scrimmage,
Hey for Old Nick so holy!

The Bear thought the waves were bowing to him,
Hey for Old Nick so holy!
The Bear thought the waves were bowing to him,
So he bowed to them, looking green and grim,
With a topsy-turvy, cannon and scrimmage,
Hey for Old Nick so holy!

The Winds grew louder, the waves more rough,—
Hey for Old Nick so holy!
The Winds grew louder, the waves more rough,
And the Bear looked uneasy and roared "Enough!"
With his topsy-turvy, cannon and scrimmage,
Hey for Old Nick so holy!

The Wind it blew the sail from the yard,
Hey for Old Nick so holy!
The Wind it blew the sail from the yard,
For the Bear would jam the sheet down hard,
With his topsy-turvy, cannon and scrimmage,
Hey for Old Nick so holy!

The Waves clean over the gunwale flew,
Hey for Old Nick so holy!
The Waves clean over the gunwale flew,
For the Bear insisted on broaching-to,
With his topsy-turvy, cannon and scrimmage,
Hey for Old Nick so holy!

Now port, now starboard, the tiller he thrust,
Hey for Old Nick so holy!
Now port, now starboard, the tiller he thrust,
And thought he was steering true and just,
With his topsy-turvy, cannon and scrimmage,
Hey for Old Nick so holy!

With random paws he tugged tack and sheet,
Hey for Old Nick so holy!
With random paws he tugged tack and sheet,
And flattered himself he could sail a fleet,
With his topsy-turvy, cannon and scrimmage,
Hey for Old Nick so holy!

To cast up his accounts he at last began,
Hey for Old Nick so holy!
To cast up his accounts he at last began,
For sea-sickness spares Bear no more than man,
With his topsy-turvy, cannon and scrimmage,
Hey for Old Nick so holy!

Sick, helpless, and wild with rage and fear,
Hey for Old Nick so holy!
Sick, helpless, and wild with rage and fear,
The sea o'er the boat making breaches clear,
With his topsy-turvy, cannon and scrimmage,
Hey for Old Nick so holy!

Sails blown to ribbons, mast gone by the board,
Hey for Old Nick so holy!
Sails blown to ribbons, mast gone by the board,
The prostrate Bear his repentance roared,
With his topsy-turvy, cannon and scrimmage,
Hey for Old Nick so holy!

"Only let me get out of this cursed boat,
Hey for Old Nick so holy!
Only let me get out of this cursed boat,
And I promise I'll never again go afloat,
With my topsy-turvy, cannon and scrimmage,
Hey for Old Nick so holy!"

What did wind and wave for Bruin's prayer?
Hey for Old Nick so holy!
What did wind and wave for Bruin's prayer?
Did they swamp the Boat and swallow the Bear?
With his topsy-turvy, cannon and scrimmage,
Hey for Old Nick so holy!

Or did they waft Boat and Bear ashore,
Hey for Old Nick so holy!
Or did they waft Boat and Bear ashore,
A sadder and wiser Bear than before,
With his topsy-turvy, cannon and scrimmage,
Hey for Old Nick so holy?

We know not yet how the end befell,
Hey for Old Nick so holy!
We know not yet how the end befell,
But the next year's history p'raps may tell,
With its topsy-turvy, cannon and scrimmage,
Hey for Old Nick so holy!

BARON ALDERSON'S WIG.

The following startling advertisement appeared on the 3rd of March in the *Times*.—

TEN POUNDS REWARD.—LOST or STOLEN, from Westminster, on or about the night of the 21st of February, a FULL-BOTTOMED WIG, the property of Mr. BARON ALDERSON. Whoever will give such information to Mr. METHERELL, wig-maker, 47, Carey Street, Lincoln's Inn, as will lead to the recovery of the above, shall receive FIVE POUNDS REWARD; or, if stolen, shall receive the sum of £10 on conviction of the offender or offenders.

Considering the popular superstition as to wisdom, which is said to reside in the wig, there is something rather alarming in the announcement that one of our ablest judges is at present in a state of wiglessness. We can only compare a judge without his wig to ALADDIN without his lamp, and we must therefore hope that the genius of the wig will speedily restore to the judicial head that mountainous pile of horsehair which constitutes the summit of judicial wisdom—the crowning point of justice.

We must, however, protest against the paltry estimate that has been put upon the value of this highest attribute of the judge's office, and we indignantly repudiate the wretched under-valuation of the wisdom of BARON ALDERSON; for, if one of our best judges is to be rated at only £10, what price can we be allowed to put upon some of the less sagacious occupants of the Bench—and cushions—of Justice? We have puzzled ourselves not a little in thinking how the learned judge could have lost his wig, for if it was taken from his head, it must have been done—if not immediately under his nose—almost immediately over his nose, which would seem to us a very adroit process to have been performed by a thief without detection. Possibly the learned judge may have been so lost in the contemplation of some abstract point that his wig was abstracted before he was aware of what was going on, or rather going off, over head; or, it may have happened, that in the midst of some excessively dull speech of counsel, his lordship may have dropped off, when his wig might have dropped off by the force of sympathy.

We sincerely hope the missing wig may be restored to its high position on the brows of Mr. BARON ALDERSON, whose fine judicial forehead may be regarded as the Temple of Justice. We cannot bear to think that the honoured horsehair which so recently reposed on the head of an ALDERSON should form the stuffing of some ignoble couch, or descend to the degraded seat of some wretched cab, whose driver may be an habitual violator of that law of which the late possessor of the desecrated wig is one of the brightest ornaments.

A Mistake about the Rite.

An advertisement in the *Times*, addressed to Parish Clerks, offers a guinea for the "BAPTISMAL REGISTER" of ANGELO LOUIS LEVY. It is to be feared that the certificate of Mr. LEVY's baptism is not to be had for any money.

IMPERIAL DEVOTION.

CZAR NICHOLAS is so devout, they say,
His Majesty does nothing else than prey.

A Berlin Muff.

THE pusillanimous conduct of the KING OF PRUSSIA at the present crisis, appears to indicate an apprehension that the Czar will eat him up as a sausage to Turkey. But this fear exhibits his Prussian Majesty in the light of a very Small German.

ART-FINERY.

A BOOK has been published with the title of "Dress as a Fine Art." We hope this work does not recommend ladies to embellish themselves by painting.

AMERICAN PARTNERSHIP.



URELY it is a great comfort and encouragement to us to have the sympathy of our American kinsmen in the struggle wherein we are entering with the Power of Tyranny and Barbarism, and there is something very cheering in the sentiments thus expressed by GENERAL J. WATSON WEBB, writing in the *Times* to dissipate fears for the invasion of our commerce by privateering enterprise on the part of his fellow citizens:—

"The contingency to which I allude, as being the only one which could prompt an interference in European affairs, is, I sincerely hope, very far distant, but which should never be lost sight of in England, and which may ultimately be averted altogether by its being constantly kept before the world—I mean a combination of the Continent at some future day against England as the great embodiment of constitutional liberty in Europe. That day may come. How soon, if ever, He alone knows in whose hands are the destinies of nations. But come when it may, our interests and our feelings will alike combine to make us come to the rescue. We shall come, it may be, from a conviction that in fighting your battles we are contending for the cause of constitutional liberty. Our plea or our excuse for coming may be self-preservation; but in such a contingency come we will; and be assured that the youthful giant—for we shall be a giant before that day arrives—will not come the less willingly, or strike less effectively, because his strength will be put forth in behalf of a parent, who, if she was not always a kind mother, gave to us our Anglo-Saxon blood, and sent us forth deeply imbued with her laws, her literature, and her love of constitutional liberty."

The Americans will help us fight the Battle of Freedom if need be—in the meanwhile, we have their best wishes. So far from being inclined to molest us with privateers, their hearts are so much with our cause that we may venture to propose to them an undertaking in the nature of a private speculation, to be directed against the enemy, in which they might join us. There is one of the most remarkable men in the States, to whom we trust, our proposal will be seen by no manner of means a bad notion. The suggestion we would offer, more particularly for the consideration of that distinguished individual, is that of raising a sum of money sufficiently large to purchase the EMPEROR NICHOLAS of the Russian nation, which will, no doubt, in a short time be glad to sell him. We calculate that the amount required will not be exorbitant. Indeed we expect that his subjects will be too happy to take any bid for their Emperor, when they find that it is necessary, at all events, to get rid of him. They will naturally prefer disposing of him at some little profit to clearing him off like mere ballast. Perhaps they will accept a figure for their Czar not much above the quotation of a pretty valuable nigger.

Having bought NICHOLAS at a vile price, boots and all, the enterprising speculator might take him about the country in a caravan, and show him, as an extraordinary monster, in the principal towns in Great Britain and the Union, after which he might be shipped over, and exhibited at Constantinople, whereby there is every just reason to believe that in a comparatively short time a considerable fortune would be realised. Everybody would go to see the greatest monster in the world—a monster greater than the Missouri Leviathan or the Sea-Serpent. We do hope that the eminent man in our eye with regard to this project will think well of it. He has raised himself to a high degree of opulence and social position by showing Lions; but he would elevate himself several notches higher if he could manage to exhibit the Russian Bear. Having now indicated this promising scheme of business, we commend it to the serious attention of BARNUM.

Origin of the Quarterlies.

We think it is clear that the plan of the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly Reviews* must have been borrowed from the curious habit they have of reading things in Parliament, for we notice that whenever the Members have something very heavy in hand which it is impossible for them to get through, it is generally ordered "to be read this day three months," which, in plain English, means that they never intend to read it at all.

LOVE LOST BETWEEN LOCKSMITHS.

MR. CHUBB has made it pretty clear by his recent correspondence, that whether he can pick a lock or not, he is very skilful at picking a quarrel.



Chorus (of nice young Ladies). "OH! OF ALL AND OF ALL, I NEVER! ISN'T IT THE DARLINGEST, SWEETEST, PRETTIEST, LITTLE DEAR DARLING DARLING! OH! DID YOU EVER!!!"

Solo (by horrid plain-spoken Boy). "HM! I THINK IT'S A NASTY, UGLY LITTLE BEAST, FOR ALL THE WORLD LIKE A CAT OR A MONKEY."

THE SHAKESPEARE BELLOWS.

THE poet MOORE, in his *Memoirs* edited by our noble friend, LORD JOHN RUSSELL—if he will, or whether he will or not, allow us to call him so—speaks of a pair of bellows having on the front a portrait of SHAKESPEARE, which there is reason to believe had been in the possession of the bard of Avon. We thought we had already enough of supposititious SHAKESPEARE relics, but we suppose the antiquarians will now be going mad after the SHAKESPEARE BELLOWS. We cannot believe that the immortal WILLIAM consented to sit for his portrait to be taken on a pair of bellows, a mode of securing a puff for himself which we are sure he never would have resorted to. We are satisfied that if the alleged bellows could be produced, they would at once give a blow to their own authenticity.

OUR ACCOUNT WITH THE CZAR.

THE war with Russia, people say,
Will render scarce our Tallow-fat;
Let's make it up some other way,
And take it out in Kala-fat.

If short of Russian hides we fall,
A substitute providing,
Let's give the Russians once for all,
A taste of British hide-ing.

Woman, or Head?

ASK a woman to do you a service, and she considers how she can best accomplish what you wish. Ask a man, and he considers how he can best make you appreciate his intention to serve you.

THE SAUSAGE MAKING MANIA.

THE British sausage has always been a mystery to us, and a mystery we have felt no inclination to go into. The British sausage has, in our eyes—for we have usually kept it out of our mouth—been a compound, in which our imagination has pictured the possibility of those who have led literally a "cat and dog life," being blended together at last in silent union. A new light has recently been thrown upon the sausage by an advertisement, which would seem to show that there is some rather close connection between the British sausage and the British Lion. We have often heard from the Protectionists of the decease of that highly popular beast, though we suspect that the creature they patronised under that name was an inferior brute in the skin of the nobler animal. This must be the supposed lion alluded to in the annexed advertisement as having "gone off" into sausage-meat.

HOME-MADE SAUSAGES.

THE NOISELESS LION SAUSAGE-MAKING MACHINE, MINCE-MEAT, and VEGETABLE CUTTER, as worked in the Great Exhibition, Dublin, and shown in several public institutions. It was inspected and patronised by the LORD-LIEUTENANT, the COUNTESS OF ST. GERMAINS, and several other ladies of distinction, on account of the simple and effective working. It makes no noise, is not dangerous (the cutters being all enclosed) the meat (put in in pieces of two inches) is cut fine and filled into the skins at the rate of one pound per minute by the small machine. It will also cut vegetables for soup into the size of peas; and cut bread for force-meat, &c. as fine as grating. It can be worked on counter, dresser, or table, and in appearance is ornamental, &c.

Now, we presume, it is not imperative on any one who uses this machine, to use it exclusively for Lion Sausages, inasmuch as the old culinary direction, "first catch your hare," would naturally suggest the difficulty of complying with the hint "first catch your lion." If the machine can be made available in producing a home made sausage of some wholesome substance, it will indeed be a boon, and we can't be surprised that even the COUNTESS OF ST. GERMAINS and other ladies of distinction have taken an interest in its working. As the machine is "ornamental," it is probably intended to become an article of furniture; and if the "ladies of distinction" begin to take it up as a "hobby," we shall perhaps find "sausage making" taking its turn with crochet work as an object of fashionable female industry. For our own parts, if a lady friend were to offer her services to make us either a sausage or an anti-macassar, we should say at once "Give us a sausage."

RAW MATERIAL OF BARRISTERS.

As all the good things which can be created by Act of Parliament (and a good many acts look as if such creation had been their chief object) are given to Barristers, the least these gentleman can do, in return for so much kindness, is to keep themselves decent and respectable. But they do not think so, apparently. Hear one of their own number, who is just now eloquent on the subject.

"A little time since it came out that a barrister was keeping a confectioner's shop, under a false name, in the Strand. Not the smallest notice is taken of him by the Benchers. Not long ago it came out at a trial at *Nisi Prius* in London, that a hosier was a member of one of the Inns of Court. I believe there are a good many persons of our profession keeping shops in London. A few years since an inspector of police was called to the bar."

And the writer adds, that more than one person, whose name is in the Law List, follows an occupation too vile to be even hinted at by *Mr. Punch*.

Of course there are excuses for everything in this world. The barrister-confectioner might say, that like many of his brethren, he had his eye upon Parliament; that a *restaurant* was only the French for a refresher, and that his selling the eye of the bull did not prevent his having the ear of the Court. The barrister-hosier, if vulgarly flippant, would probably urge, that though *bas* was a foreign word for stockings, selling stockings could not be foreign to the bar (a joke which ought to raise Hosier's Ghost), and then, with a smirk, he would very likely ask, "what was the next article" of indictment against him. And as for the barrister-policeman, he would, in his own opinion, be just the man, not only to move the Court, but to make it keep moving. But these reasons would fail to satisfy *Mr. Punch* that confectioners, hosiers, and policemen are proper persons to become barristers and receive Government appointments, and as MR. NAPIER has taken up the matter he hopes that gentleman will make no bones, not even "NAPIER's bones," of dealing with it vigorously.

The Money Market.

MR. BRIEFLESS is delighted at the talk of there being a "Law for the Abolition of Settlement" as it will enable him, he says, to meet with a much better face his creditors when they call upon him, as they will keep doing, for the payment of their "little bills." MR. DUNUP we are told, is equally delighted.

"AFTER DINNER" DEBATES.



WE are sorry to see that some Members of the House of Commons have just discovered a new method of wasting the time of the country (as if the multiplicity of modes already in existence were not enough for the purpose), and the precedent has been set of asking an explanation of what Ministers may have said at their meals.

Though a private individual may take "his ease at his inn," a member of the Government will not be permitted to take it easy at his club. Our lively friend PAL-

MERSTON—who, like *Punch*, LORD BROUGHAM, and nearly all other great characters, combines an abundance of wit with an ample share of wisdom—has given offence to MR. BRIGHT, whose name seems at variance with his character, for having made a few jokes at a dinner where he, the Home Secretary, presided as chairman. The Noble Lord was not sufficiently lugubrious on the festive occasion to suit the melancholy humour—or want of humour—which distinguishes the Member for Manchester. According to MR. BRIGHT's notion, nothing ought to have sparkled but the decanters, and the Chairman should have assumed all the solemnity of an undertaker, on the dismal occasion that had brought the company together. If MR. BRIGHT is correct in his idea of how the recent dinner at the Reform Club should have been conducted, there ought to have been a CHADBAND for a Chairman and a PECKSNIFF for a Vice.

If the sort of questions that the Puritans of Parliament have set an example of are to be persevered in, we may expect something like the following notices in the paper of the Legislative business of the day.

MR. FRENCH to ask LORD JOHN RUSSELL whether it is true that he, LORD JOHN RUSSELL, just before going to bed, on Wednesday last, with a cold, did, or did not, call out to some one who was present, "Just give us our gruel;" and whether he spoke those words with reference to our present position with regard to Russia, and whether the words may be considered as an admission of weakness, intending to imply that any foreign power is likely to subdue us, or "to give us our gruel," in a certain slang sense, in which the words are generally received.

MR. MOORE to ask whether it is true that, at a dinner lately given in the neighbourhood of Lincoln's Inn, a report was mentioned to be in circulation that a certain Judge of the Court of Queen's Bench has his feet frequently in hot water, and whether any judge who is continually in hot water ought not to be removed.

THE EARL OF DERBY to ask the EARL OF CLARENDON whether he had communicated to the publisher of "What shall we have for Dinner?" or any other cookery-book at any time a peculiar method of making a Cabinet Pudding, and whether it is with the sanction of his colleagues that the secrets of the Cabinet are disclosed.

THE EARL OF CLANRICARDE to ask the EARL OF ABERDEEN whether it is true that an orange in quarters was handed by the Premier to the French Ambassador at a dinner at the former's table, and whether the incident was significative of any understanding between the French and English Governments as to giving or taking quarter in the impending war.

LORD FITZWILLIAM to ask any Member of the Government whether at any dinner at which any one of them has recently been present, any observation has been made on any NESSELRODE Pudding which might be taken in an offensive sense by the Minister of a Great Power with which we are not yet openly at war.

LORD GREY to ask the DUKE OF NEWCASTLE whether at a supper at which three Ministers were present, a bowl of Punch was introduced, and whether the confidences then exchanged, were communicated through the Punch in question, to its celebrated namesake in Fleet Street.

TAXES ON KNOWLEDGE.

(Suggested by a Sufferer.)

KNOWING a young man who fancies he's a poet, and spouts his latest nonsense every time he meets you.

Being accosted on a Rhine boat by your City greengrocer, while you are comparing notes of fashionable acquaintanceship with your tremendously "exclusive" friends the SWELLINGTONS.

Knowing an ex-military man who never misses a chance of explaining, technically, the position of the Russians.

Forming the acquaintance of an amateur violinist, who unhappily discovers you've a taste for music, and assumes the *esquitor* that you've a taste for his.

Knowing a young lady who (not otherwise insane), keeps an album, and asks you every time she sees you, to contribute.

Knowing one of those Hibernians of cucumbrian coolness, who borrow your money, drink your best wine, smoke your best cigars, lame your favourite hunter, and make fun of you to your wife.

Being acquainted in your babyhood with one of those impulsive young ladies, who have an ogreish propensity for waylaying little children and devouring them with kisses.

Being expected at a pic-nic to do all the work, because everybody knows you're "such a good-natured fellow."

Becoming acquainted with a man in difficulties, who can always see a way to retrieve his fortune, if he had but a paltry *fi' pun'* note to start him.

Meeting an old schoolfellow on one of ANGELINA's "cleaning" days, and rashly inviting him to take pot-luck with you.—*Note.* The tax in this case consists in a pacificatory trip to SWAN AND EDGAR's the next morning.

Lastly, knowing an artist of the severely classic school, who, because you happen unluckily to have given your countenance to the Moustache Movement, insists on loading you with chains as a model for CARACTACUS.



PUNCH'S THEATRICAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

Mr. Nicholas Romanoff as "The Outlaw of Europe."

The Moustache Movement.

It is rumoured that all the oysters on the English coast, following the example of other natives in HER MAJESTY'S dominions, intend, for the future, adding the moustache to the beard they have been hitherto in the habit only of wearing.



Light Porter (with a heavy load). "NOW THEN, STOOPID, WHERE ARE YER COMING TO?"

NARROW MINDS AND BROAD SHEETS.

(Conclusion of a Lords' Debate of Last Week.)

Lord Brougham (to the Earl of Derby, who was just going out). Here, I say, STANLEY—I beg pardon, I always call you by the old Reform name until I remember that you have turned Tory—come here. CAMPBELL and I want to talk to you.

Lord Derby (pocketing a little green betting-book). Will either of you do anything about BOIARDO or ACROBAT?

Lord Campbell. Don't be over greedy of this world's gains—they say you made twelve thousand pounds on the turf last year; eh?

Lord Derby (quietly). Do not believe everything you hear, LORD CAMPBELL.

Lord Brougham. Cool—his giving such a piece of advice to two ex-Chancellors. But courage is his forte. Sometimes, however, we may overstep the limits of wisdom—it's a thing I never do, and never did, myself, and therefore I may caution others. How came you to talk that nonsense just now about the newspapers?

Lord Campbell. That's what we wanted to say to you. I know you will take advice in good part.

Lord Derby. I take everything in good part, always, as you must have observed. Besides, you are both so much my elders that it is like men advising a boy. BROUGHAM was born in 1788, I think, and you, CAMPBELL, in the next year, which makes one of you 75 and the other 76.

Lord Campbell. What a memory the betting-book gives for figures! But though you are only a boy of 55, you might know better than to speak as you have just been doing.

Lord Derby. About the papers? Confound the papers! You never make a row about them but somehow you find you get yourself into a mess. But what do you two know of the matter?

Lord Brougham. The world says that in my time I have written a good deal for the newspaper press.

Lord Campbell. And I was actually a reporter, and handed my reports in to a daily newspaper with the same regularity which characterises, I trust, all my proceedings.

Lord Derby (laughing). Two paper caps for coronets, by George. Well?

Lord Brougham. Suppose now, DERBY,—I'll just put a supposititious case—suppose by some queer dispensation of Fate, you were made the Editor of a newspaper.

Lord Derby. What's the use of supposing nonsense?

Lord Brougham. I admit that word might properly describe the articles you would write. But don't run before my proposition. I am only supposing that you had the direction of a journal.

Lord Derby. Soon after the Conquest, JOAN STANLEY, the only daughter and heiress of our family, married WILLIAM DE ALDITHLEY, and he was progenitor of the Earls of Derby. Our creation dates from 1485. What is an Editor? (laughing). But you are good fellows—I'll answer anything you like.

Lord Brougham. I want to get at your ideas of the way the press obtains its materials. To-night you have told the Peers, that the first journal (except *Punch*) in the world can only have obtained the information on which certain political articles were based, by the fraud of some inferior official. Well, let us accept your hypothesis. Fancy yourself the Editor of a paper, and that you desire to have all the news of the day. How should you begin?

Lord Derby. Well, let's see. There are the Racing Stables. Of course one could get at their secrets by tipping the grooms, or the boys, if necessary.

Lord Campbell. Do take the straw out of your mouth. The politics of Europe—the intelligence from the different Courts—the supposed intentions of Sovereigns?

Lord Derby. Ah! yes, there's that. What a lot of Secret Service money would have to go

that way. By Jove, what with paying footmen to listen at doors, musicians for watching at balls, secretaries for duplicates of secret despatches, valets for getting under sofas to hear conversations and cribbing letters dropped in dressing rooms, and what with bribing a few other people who get into confidences, those newspaper-fellows must eat up their profits awfully! I can't see how they hedge to clear themselves, unless it's by working the Stock-Exchange with their early news.

Lord Brougham. Then there is City information—the state of trade—the feelings of the mercantile world?

Lord Derby. Well, I suppose they get that sort of thing as they get the foreign politics. Clerks and shopmen are as easily bribed as valets and footmen. Then, I take it, the writers must guess at what they don't know, and if they are contradicted, burn the letters that do it, and so make all safe. Artful dodgers, depend upon it.

Lord Campbell. The course a Ministry is likely to take is often discussed in a newspaper, and indicated with a good deal of precision. Come, the purse can hardly do much there, and yet the public are told, pretty truthfully, what is going to happen.

Lord Derby. Yes, and that beats me. I understand hints being given to papers, but in cases where one knows that has not been done, and on the contrary, strict secrecy has been the order of the day, I have seen the course staked out, flags and all. It makes one half believe in table-turning and mesmerism. Somebody's bought and sold, of course, but who is it, where all are Peers, or if there's a Commoner or so, he is rich enough to be honest? Tell us how the papers get put up to that, you newspaper fellows. Do you think it's the Maids of Honour set to listen at head quarters—diamonds—bank-notes in bouquets—eh?

Lord Brougham. I don't know, but you might move for a committee of inquiry, and have the LADY ALICES and LADY BEATRICES before it. I'll serve. Anything for my country.

Lord Campbell. Well, BROUGHAM, I told you that that was about his notion of the way newspapers are carried on. Now, my dear PRINCE RUPERT, listen to me. It was not of course to correct these chivalrous ideas of yours that we wanted to talk to you—the stable mind is not to be turned. But you want to be Premier again one of these days?

Lord Derby. No. But if the exigencies of the country should require it, and the leader ship should be forced upon me, Heaven forbid, my Lords, that I should shrink from the side of my Sovereign, or refuse—

Lord Brougham (impatiently). Confound you, there's no one else to hear you, and don't talk that bosh to us. You are waiting for another spring at the Premiership?

Lord Derby. "If England will."

Lord Campbell. But she won't. However, run to win, as you would say, and for once be warned. You have told us by what base means you suppose the English press acquires its information. You know the mighty hold that press has upon the mind of millions, whom it counsels, excites, and directs. If you mean to be Premier, do not let the people of England see, quite so clearly, the contempt and loathing in which you, as an honourable man, must hold a nation which trusts to such a press.

Lord Brougham. Just so. Logically, LORD DERBY, having an honourable mind, must despise a nation swayed by a dishonourable press.

Lord Derby. That is pressing the matter too far—and at any rate needlessly.

Lord Brougham. Nay, there is another way of putting it. Reverse the proposition and say that the nation, confiding in the honour of its press, must despise—

Doorkeeper. Beg your Lordships' pardon, but may we not put the lights out?

[Exeunt their Lordships.]

Talfourd.

ERE the war-clouds, darkly closing,
Shudder to the rending flash,
Ere a world holds breath to listen
To the opening thunder-crash:
Hear, from yonder seat of judgment,
Words of peace—the true—the best—
Ah!—the noble words are stifled,
And a noble heart hath rest!

Dead! He should have died hereafter,
Time had come for such a word,
When the day of fight was over,
And the triumph-bells were heard.
Statesman—Minister of Justice—
Friend of all who needed friend,
Poet—might he not have tarried,
Seen our conflict to an end?

Had the Statesman marked his nation
Check and crush invading might;
Had the upright Judge, rejoicing,
Watched the victory of the Right;
Had the oppress'd one's Friend beheld us
Raise the weak—dash down the strong,
Then, perchance, the Poet's utterance
Had awaked in glowing song.

Other was the dread decretal,
Life and Death obey their LORD,
And the golden bowl is broken,
And unloosed the silver cord.
In the very hour when Duty
To her dearest task was wed,
Pleading for the poor and needy,
TALFOURD's gentle spirit fled.

What is left to those who mourn him?
When the last sad rite is paid,
When—but not with hopeless sorrow—
Earth in earth is humbly laid.
Call his image from the marble,
Let the rich memorial tell
How he earned the love we bore him,
That we loved him long and well.

Let it speak of kindest nature,
Of the large, yet subtle mind,
Of a heart all overflowing
With affection for his kind.
Speak of honour—trust—and frankness,
Of a hand preventing need,
And of whisper from the giver
Making bounty rich indeed.

Then record how he, undaunted,
Fought through faction's wild turmoil,
To uphold the Thinker's title
To the earnings of his toil.
How low cant and selfish cunning
Barred his onward course in vain,
Till he felled and chained the plunderers
Of the Labour of the Brain.

Speak of eloquence, beguiling
Foes themselves to own its sway,
Rich with many an ancient jewel
Touched with Art's all-kindling ray.
Then inscribe his Poet-honours—
Nay—that record be his own—
Little reck's true bard of memory
Passing with a sculptured stone.

Ire licet. Battle's signal
Sullen booms o'er sea and plain.
Wake ye at that fatal summons,
Fabled Choosers of the Slain!
Who, beside our red-cross banner,
Falls, its foremost champion there—
Flinging down a life, and winning
Name that Time himself shall spare?

Gallant heart! But happier, nobler,
Hold the doom 'twas his to meet,
Who,—declaring Heaven's own message—
Died upon the judgment seat.
On his lip that holy lesson
All his life had taught, he cried,
“Help the humble—help the needy—
HELP WITH LOVE.” So TALFOURD died!

PARLIAMENT AND THE PRESS.

PARLIAMENT has lately been in a state of much fermentation on the subject of the Press—not because the Press fails in its duty, but because it does its duty too well. The Press undertakes to obtain information for the public, and Parliament is angry at the information being obtained by the Press before it has reached the ears of statesmen, who are beaten occasionally in the race of intelligence by the public journalists. Legislators grow indignant over the matter and begin to ask who can have been betraying “state secrets,” as though all information must come from official quarters, and can only be obtained by official corruption. The Press, however, prefers an honourable reliance on its own ability and energy to a degrading dabble in the slough of official venality which the Legislature supposes to exist.

It turns out, however, that if placemen really wished to sell the information derived through their official opportunities, they have not the article to dispose of, inasmuch as Downing Street is not always so well informed as Printing House Square. The journalist often knows what is going on, though the statesmen will only know it when the event itself and its novelty may be going off. It is quite legitimate for legislators to wonder at their own ignorance as much as they please, but it is not fair to presume that there is no wisdom but the wisdom of Parliament, and that if Parliament is unenlightened, the Press cannot be honestly informed.

A NEW PATENT.—A Patent has been taken out to extract the Spirit from Salmon, as it has been found from long experience, to be the cause of all the headaches which are carried home from dinner parties.

THE AFTER DINNER SPEECH AT THE IMPROVEMENT CLUB.

(Reported literally.)

WELL—now—myhonangallan fren'—S' CHARLES NAPIER's goin' t' th' Baltic. Why's S' CHARLES NAPIER goin' sh' th' Baltic? Tell you why's goin' to Balt—hic! 's goin' to give ZEMPARUSSIA dusa-good srash'n. (*Loud cheering.*) Sha's why S' CHARL' SNAPIER's goin' sh' Baltic. (“Brayvo, CHARLEY!”) Shomeshay we're norrawar. Norrawar! Hash-ha! No! Norrawar! Noshexactly awar. But myhonangallan fren' 'clar' war soon as get in a Baltic. Get into Baltic give my honannangal fren' 'shority to clar' war. (*Vociferous cheers.*) Leave evryshing to myhonangallan fren'. Only lem get safeintobaltic. Zshen you'll see! You'll she'm versoon bring ZSHEMPRA NICH'LAS to's senses. Blow sh' old vagabon's navy 'boutisears like skyrocks wildfire GUYFAWKES Housacommons an' Fifshanovemba. (*Tumultuous applause.*) Zshen!men, here's all your vehgood healts! I beggapard'n—here's my honangal'n fren's sholly goo' health! “For he's a jolly good fellow,” &c. (*Chorus by the whole of the company, amid which the Right Hon. orator tumbled down.*)

Post Office News.

SINCE the departure of the Russian Embassy from Chesham Place, BARON BRUNOW's letters are all refused there, and the postman sends them back to St. Martin's-le-Grand with the red ink inscription—“Gone away. Address not known. Try Berlin.”

CASES OF TYRANNY.—The UKases of the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.



(AFTER A GREAT DEAL OF COAXING AND PERSUASION, MASTER TOM IS PREVAILED UPON TO PAY HIS QUARTERLY VISIT TO THE DENTIST. INCONSIDERATE AND VULGAR STREET BOYS UNFORTUNATELY PASS AT THE MOMENT HIS OBJECTIONS ARE OVERCOME).

First Inconsiderate Street Boy. "OH CRIKEY! IF HERE AIN'T A CHAP GOIN TO HAVE A GRINDER OUT. MY EYE, WHAT FANGS!"

Second Inconsiderate Do. do. "OH, I WOULDN'T BE 'IM. WON'T THERE BE A SCF-E-W-A-U-N-CH NEETHER?"

[And, of course, MASTER TOM relapses into his previous very obstinate state.

A VERY AGGRAVATED ASSAULT.



A FEROCIOUS looking person who gave the name of NICHOLAS, and was understood to be largely concerned in the Russian business, was brought to the bar of public opinion, charged with the following very aggravated assault:—

The complainant, whose name was CIVILISATION, and who seemed to be suffering considerable pain from the brutality of the defendant, stated that she had known him some years, and that he had professed to entertain for her the sincerest feelings of friendship and respect. He had for some time past behaved towards her with great brutality, trampling her frequently under his feet, and assuming a menacing attitude towards any respectable member of her family who said a word in her behalf. Her friend BRITANNIA, and her respectable next-door neighbour, FRANCE, had felt so

disgusted at the scandalous scenes that had been acted, that they had addressed remonstrances to the Defendant, who replied sometimes by falsehood, and sometimes by insolence, until at last it was determined to endeavour to protect poor suffering CIVILISATION by force. Not content with his own violence, he had endeavoured to persuade two other rather doubtful characters to join him in his outrage on CIVILISATION, but they feared to become his accomplices,

though he so intimidated them that they wavered a good deal, and at last promised to stand by and say nothing.

In reply to some questions that were put to her, poor CIVILISATION said that she had done nothing she was aware of to offend NICHOLAS, unless it was by showing some sympathy for a poor old Turk, whom he was bullying and ill-treating, besides trying to break up an Ottoman, which the Complainant wished to preserve.

It further appeared that the Defendant had made use of the most profane and blasphemous language, and indeed his conduct altogether had been so unreasonable and violent, that there was some ground for believing he could not be in his right mind.

After some farther testimony to the same effect, it was adjudged that NICHOLAS should be brought up for judgment on a future occasion, and that in the mean time he should be bound over in very heavy sureties to keep the peace.

As he refused to find the sureties required, he was ordered to be locked up, and was left in the custody of that able officer, "Old CHARLEY," who confidently undertook to lock him up forthwith.

MONEY ORDERS MADE EASY.

MUCH excitement has been caused by the appearance of the subjoined newspaper paragraph:

"**MONEY ORDERS.**—On the 1st of April and thenceforward, increased facilities will be afforded in procuring Money Orders, and obtaining payment of them when such payment is made through a bank. The Postmaster-General has directed that some of the precautions required for the security of ordinary Money Orders shall, in these cases, be dispensed with."

Bankers, we understand, will be enabled to procure Money Orders for their customers for the mere asking. The Postmaster-General has even authorised the dispensation with the precaution of requiring a deposit of the amount payable by the order. These arrangements, however, will not extend beyond the day above named. It is not true that the Post Office will grant Money Orders gratis after the 1st of April.

"DONE TO RAGS."—Austria paying in Paper-money.

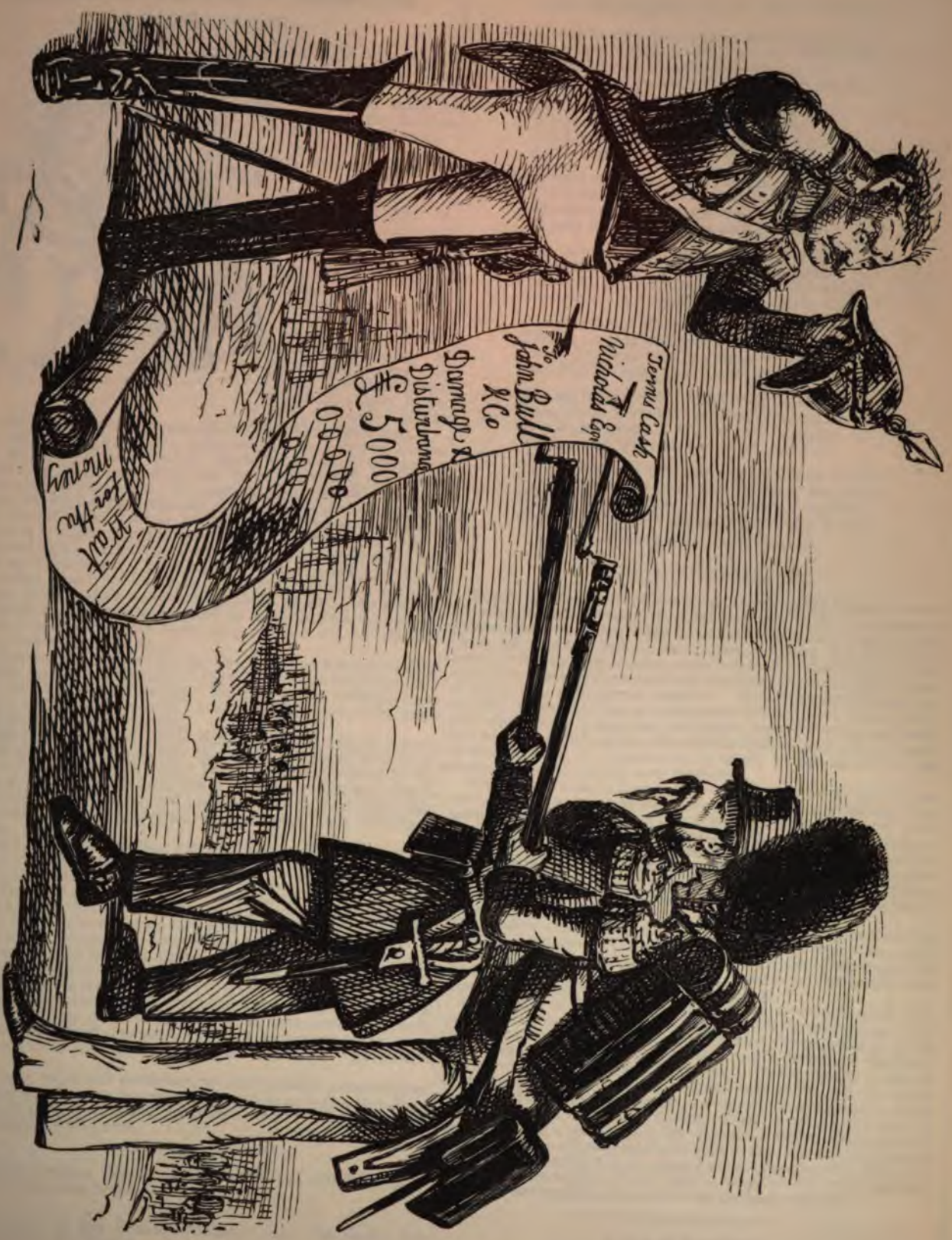
A LANDLORD'S BOROUGH.

THE printed report of the Tynemouth Commission reveals some extraordinary particulars respecting the constituency of that borough, of whose whole population one-seventh consists of publicans; and as each of these is a host in himself, the whole body must exert a great influence in elections. To this particular class of electors it appears that the practice of corruption is limited, being, however, carried amongst them, to a quite unlimited extent; so that the only public spirit to which these publicans can make any pretence, may be said to be gin; to which disfranchisement might be added, by way of bitters. The two candidates are found to have paid £900 between them for colours and rosettes, which, however brilliant, resolve themselves, evidently, into bribery of the blackest dye. The election expenses of each are stated to have amounted altogether to £2,500. Pocket Boroughs were nearly done away with by the first Reform Bill, which, however, has left untouched many such places as Tynemouth, which may be called Out-of-Pocket Boroughs. CALIGULA made his horse a consul: if anybody has a jackass that he would wish to send to Parliament, let him get the donkey to stand for Tynemouth at a cost of between two and three thousand pounds.

Admiralty Experience.

It has often been complained that the Lords of the Admiralty have no practical acquaintance with nautical affairs. Nobody, however, can deny that the present First Lord is so far a good sailor, that he has, as his late speech at the Reform Club testifies, been half seas over.

ALWAYS IN A STATE OF FERMENT.—The most revolutionary article is bread, for, on the least rumour of an outbreak, it is invariably the first thing to rise.



PEACE OR WAR—ANYHOW HE MUST PAY THE BILL.

THE BEAR IN MR. PUNCH'S MENAGERIE.

BY THE KEEPER.



HERE he is, ladies and gentlemen! Let me direct your attention to that gigantic and bulky ke-vodruped, the Rooshan Bear. This hinterestin' but ill lookin' specimen of Natural Istory is, as his name implies, an inhabitant of the North of Europe: in which dominions the Lion bein unknown, he is looked upon by the unappy and ignorant natives as the King of Beasts. In disposition, howsomdever, he by no means resembles the generosity and magnanimity of that noble hanimal; his natur' partakin' of the craft and cunnin' of the fox, the malice of the

hape or baboon, and the fierceness and voracity of the larin' iena. The hanimal now before you, ladies and gentlemen, is well known. He is better known than trusted. Bears in general is treacherous hanimals; but more particularly that there individle of the genius. He keeps his eye upon his prey for years together, awaitin' his opportunity an underd times patienter and slier than a cat watchin' a mouse. In the meanwhile he conceals his carnivorous propensities with so much art as to impose upon and deceive the closest hobserver; whereby experienced judges have been led into the mistake of supposin' of him to be a vegetable feeder. In consequence of the hinsidjus character of the Rooshan Bear I ope ladies and gentlemen will excuse me from wenturin on the dangerous attempt of henterin his den. This azardous and foolardy experiment has been tried by three Quakers, who is said to have went in and shook im by the por; but I ave not yet eerd whether they've come out again.

The Rooshan Bear is notorious for his cruelty and windictiveness to the human specie; and 'specially to the female sect, in which barbarity he exceeds the Howrang Howtang. The story of the unfortnit Nuns of Minsk, whose backs was cruelly lacerated by this onmerciful brute is too familiar to inspire comment.

Though the inhabitant of Russia, the Bear of that country extends his ravidges and depredations into the adjinin' territories in all directions, as far as he possible can. Being sometimes resisted by the courage of the poppilation, he is forced to beat a retreat, and take to his eels with a flea in his ear, and a sore ed, wich as been more than wunce inflicted by the renowned SCHAMYL, the Lion WALLIS of Circassia.

The diet of the Rooshan Bear consists mostly of the witals of the nation, or innards, which he is purwided with under the influence of fear by the Rooshian serfs, to satisfy his mawr. Peraps you'll be of opinion that them as demeans themselves to carry 'im is wissera is a sort of creechurs that ain't fit for no better employment. For want of proper offal this here hanimal have been pitchin' into Turkey, which bein' too tough for him, he is now sufferin' from indigestion.

The temper of the Rooshian Bear is usually morose and sullen, interrupted with fits of rage and frenzy; when he goes down on his marrow-bones and turns his eyes up into his ed growlin' meanwhile and showin' his teeth, in a manner orrible to witness and painful to relate. Of late this hanimal has grown so furious that we have resolved to chain and muzzle him, which, though a service of danger and difficulty, we shall endeavour to accomplish hundeterred by peril and regardless of expense.

I shall now, ladies and gentlemen, proceed to exhibit some highdear of this hanimal's ferocity, by means of stirrin' him up with a long Pole; a Pole in his flank bein', as you will observe, a sort of thing as renders him particklarly cantankerus.

A CONVERSATIONAL TRUTH.—Women never tire of talking about babies, and men about horses.

THE EMPIRE OF THE OCEAN.—NICHOLAS rules the Serfs; but BRITANNIA rules the Waves.

AN EXTREMELY SUSPICIOUS CASE.—A Case of London New-Laid Eggs.

THE FARMER AND HIS FRIEND.

'Tis an ill wind, they says, as blows nobody good;
What's one feller's famine's another chap's food:
Of which observation the vorce ye may zee
In this here disturbance 'tween Roosher and we.

No grain from Odesser be now to come in,
Which zo fur is having Purtection agin,
And happy's the varmer that's held on his carn,
And has a good store in his rick and his barn.

The rest of the people will think it severe
That bread and purvisions in general is dear;
But what other business zoever may droop,
At laste Agricultur' is now cock-a-whoop!

Not only is grain a high price, but bezides
The demand is increasin' for taller and hides;
You wun't zay that breedin' prize cattle's a sin,
Now there's sich a call for the fat and the skin.

The EMP'ROE O' ROOSHER there's zum as do cuss;
There's many as wishes death to 'un, and wus,
But I, for my part, no sich malice wun't bear,
And doan't hate my enemy quite like that 'ere.

Zo soon to his 'count I doan't want the chap sent;
Naw, gie un due laishur and time to repent:
Repent, in the end, I do trust he'll be made:
The later the better for our line o' trade.

Meanwhile here's his health—as the Parson was as't
To drink much the zame when the bottle was pass'd—
We lives by the feller: then why should we stick
At drinkin' long life—not success—to OLD NICK?

RUGBY VINDICATED.

RUGBY has for some time stood high among public Schools, and we are delighted to find that nothing has occurred to throw any stain on its character. A report, which turns out to be in many respects erroneous, led us to fear that the moral tone of Rugby had been lately lowered: but we have received some letters from the School that are highly honourable to the writers, and convince us that the public opinion of Rugby is in a wholesome condition. The letters are no anonymous and abusive diatribes but sensible communications from young gentlemen who, writing in their own real names, express in manly and moderate terms a natural regret at the injustice that has been done to Rugby by the circulation of a report which it seems, though allowed to pass uncontradicted, contained many falsehoods.

We hasten to make to Rugby all the reparation we can for the injustice we may have done by giving undue credence to an unanswered report in a newspaper. The assailants of the little boy were, it seems, not much bigger than himself, and our Rugby correspondents, while expressing a generous contempt for the cowardice of the two boys who set upon the one, contend that the facts do not warrant the version that has been given. This version—or perversion—has, it seems, been traced to some one who has some spite against the School, for having been once turned out of its playgrounds.

The letters we have received are manfully written, and we cheerfully accept the assurance of the writers, that "bullying, if any does exist, is unknown to, and utterly abhorrent to the feelings of the bigger and older boys," whose ideas were "never more sound and healthy than they now are" on the subject of school tyranny.

We are glad to be informed that though the act which called forth our remarks was grossly exaggerated in the report, nevertheless "the indignation of the school was decidedly against the perpetrators of the deed," who, we are told, "were most properly flogged by the Head Master, when the offence was discovered." We are glad to be able to exonerate all parties but the two original delinquents, and we regret that, misled by a newspaper report, we should have expressed a doubt of the morality of the tone of Rugby. There is not a better security for the youth of a public school than the sort of feeling which seems to exist at Rugby—a feeling creditable alike to the Boys and the Masters. We hope that Rugby is by no means a solitary instance of its kind, and, indeed, we have reason to know that, in many of our public schools, the nobler are beginning to prevail over the baser elements.

A Cup of Kindness.

To cement the alliance with France, may we suggest a glass of wine? And, by way of a graceful compliment, as well as for the good of trade, for the good of the public, for every good reason—for the good even of the revenue—let it be French wine at a moderate duty.

SENTIMENT IN COOKERY.



service on which he was to proceed. Not bad. (Sparkling Moselle not bad, either.) Mournful reflections caused by appearance on table of *dix poulardes à la NELSON*. Company evidently much affected, and tears in several eyes at the painful reminder of the death of our greatest naval hero, and the possible fate of him whom we were entertaining. (The *poulardes* very delicate eating, but provocative of thirst—Champagne). Gloom dispersed. *Soixante entrées* disclose a bold attempt to hit off the principal features of the Eastern quarrel. *Dix épigrammes d'agneau aux pointes d'Asperges* refer without doubt to the Wolf and the Lamb fable as played over again by Russia and Turkey; and it requires no very keen perception to discern that *dix salmi de bécasse à la Richelieu* with an equal number of *boudins de lapereau à la financière* indicate the straits to which Russia will soon be reduced for want of the sinews of war, and that the ministerial financier of that country will require the genius of a RICHELIEU to acquit himself of his functions creditably. (Champagne soon palls; fall back to Hock, which is certainly fine.) Then follow the *vingt rôts*, and dishes of *canards sauvages* convey no far-fetched allusion to the wild hordes whom the Czar is now gathering together to oppose to the armies of the West.

"We come next to *Soixante entremets*. At the sight of *cinq poudings à la diplomate*, cannot but indulge in inextinguishable laughter at this too evident indication of the failure of the MENSCHIKOFF mission (I drink to STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE); and *cinq Charlotte Prussiennes au Marasquin*, followed immediately by *cinq Turbans de Meringues aux pistaches*, convey—even to those unacquainted with kitchen French—profound and unmistakable reference to Prussian vacillation and the warlike ardour of the turbaned Turks. (OMER PASHA, I pledge thee twice in the king of all wines.) But it is for the last course that the *artiste* of the Reform Club reserves his highest flight of sentiment. *Cinq gâteaux Britanniques à l'Amiral* excite in my too susceptible bosom an enthusiasm which cannot wait for mere formal appeals from the chair. Quaffing off a special bumper of Burgundy, I raise a murmur of 'Bravo, CHARLEY!' which is hushed down by cold-blooded men on either side. But here a mild, benevolent-looking waiter deposits before me a dish of unwonted proportions. In a voice rendered thick by the emotions just called up, I inquire what are its contents, when, reading from the *carte*, coldly and unimpassionedly, the waiter replies, '*Cinq bombes glacés à la St.-Jean-d'Acre*.' I have just time to drink off a glass of the nearest wine (which happens to be some iced and very pleasant Chablis); and then, sinking back from before the awful *bombes glacés*, and having vividly before my eyes the fate of the powder magazine of St. Jean d'Acre, I lose all consciousness. Not to presume too long, Sir, upon your attention—I was conveyed to a cab by a posse of unsympathising waiters, and a racking head-ache all next day attested the powerful effect which this sudden shock had upon my frame. It is to avoid the possibility of any future painful effects of this kind in the exercise of my vocation that I am compelled, unwillingly, to ask of you to accept my resignation."

Improvement at the Admiralty.

OUR remonstrances against the appointment of superannuated officers to important posts in the Navy, have not, we are happy to find, been without effect. The newspapers have gratified us with the announcement that the mastership of the Baltic fleet has been given to MASTER GEORGE BIDDLECOMBE. We trust that MASTER BIDDLECOMBE will justify the confidence which has been reposed in him, and will approve himself a brave and a steady boy.

THE UNION JACK AND THE TRICOLOR.

THE Union Jack and Tricolor are waving side by side,
Where France and England's fleets upon the Euxine billows ride,
Their two flags never thus have flown since famous days of yore,
When ours was not the Union Jack, nor theirs the Tricolor.

To win the holy Sepulchre, beneath the Eastern sky,
Did then the golden lilies with our English lions fly,
True Christian from false Paynim to defend was then our work,
'Tis now against false Christian to protect the faithful Turk.

But larger is the cause wherein our banners are unfurled,
Free thought, free speech, just government; the freedom of the world,
Not priests', but man's crusade to fight, our ensigns now advance,
The Union Jack of England and the Tricolor of France.

Well met, ye noble standards! and never may ye part;
May you be always emblems of the French and English heart.
To those united colours true, we trustfully may fight;
Thus let the Right assert itself, and Heaven will help the Right.



LITERAL TRANSLATION OF AN I.O.U.

(By one who holds some hundreds of them.)

I is the person who gives the I.O.U. for a certain debt.
O stands, in the language of figures, as well as figurative language, for Naught.

U is the person who, in his simplicity, receives the I.O.U.
The plain meaning, therefore, of the transaction is, that directly an I.O.U. passes hands, there is literally nothing—that is, O—standing between I and U.

And we doubt not that if the history of a thousand I.O.U.'s could be ascertained, the above would be found to be the literal translation of at least nine hundred and ninety-nine out of them.

Parsonic Practice of Physic.

WHY the Clergy advocate Homœopathy is a circumstance which a DR. GRIFFITH JONES professes to explain in a book written by him. The reason why the Clergy advocate Homœopathy, we should think, is, because the Clergy do not understand Medicine. They think to cure diseases by infinitesimal globules in consequence of having merely a clerical notion of a cure. It is not, perhaps, too much to say that this is what may be denominated a clerical error. No doubt the Clergy ought to practise as well as preach; but their practice ought to be one in conformity with the precepts of Christianity, and not in opposition to the parish doctor.

WEARING APPAREL.—The tailor whose suit lasts the longest is a tailor in Chancery.

IT'S ALL OWING TO THE WAR!



THE Reform Bill has been postponed in consequence of the war, we know numerous instances of persons, who, following the example of LORD JOHN, have availed themselves of a similar excuse for deferring several other cases of intended reform.

Several officers have been compelled to leave without settling their bills. The war engrossed all their attention—they had not time to attend to them.

A family of distinction, residing in Pentonville, does not intend, this season, giving its usual parties, which were the resort and admiration of all Pentonville. How is it possible for people to dance with a war hanging over their heads?

MRS. JENKINS, of Ely Place, has put down her one horse-killer. With a war, likely to increase the price of every-

thing, it is best to begin economising at once.

The Lions for the vacant pedestals in Leicester Square have been sent back to the Zoological *atelier* whence they came. Though perfectly finished, it would be highly injudicious to put them up during a time of war.

The City Corporation had serious intentions of reforming themselves, but the commencement has been deferred until the war is over.

The British Museum had intended pushing on most vigorously the completion of their catalogue; but as a period when Europe is on the eve of being convulsed with a general war is not the best adapted for such a peaceful undertaking, the intention has been indefinitely postponed.

There was a distant talk of the creditors of the DUKE OF YORK receiving a part payment of their claims; but the war has put a stop to everything of the kind.

The liberation of the political prisoners in France has been postponed for a similar reason.

The *Morning Herald*, becoming suddenly awake to the absurdity of its Second Editions, which only lead it into ridiculous mistakes, has come to the resolution of not printing any more Foreign Intelligence. This unhappy decision is all owing to the war.

MR. HUDSON has determined not to publish his defence until the war is perfectly concluded. The minds of men are at present too agitated to give the proper attention to his simple statement.

In the meantime bakers, butchers, tallow-chandlers, milkmen, poultry-farmers—all tradesmen, in short—will increase their prices, and you will see the excuse for the increase will be invariably put down to the war, just as if war had not enough to answer for on its own account; but every one seems anxious to increase the calamity and magnify its horrors!

A BEGINNING AT ALL EVENTS.

THE inquiry into MR. HUDSON's life, "from the cradle up to the present moment," has already commenced under the auspices of some enthusiastic friends. Success has so far attended their efforts that they have already discovered the identical "cradle" in which MR. HUDSON was nursed. On examination, it turned out to be a "cradle" such as is used at the Diggings. This is not an inapt beginning, forming, as it doubtless did, the emblematical foundation of the honourable gentleman's prosperous career. It could not have presented itself in a happier form. A small quantity of gold was still found in the cradle, and is supposed to have formed part of the toys that MR. HUDSON played with in his infancy. The gold, upon being tested, was discovered to be not of the purest description. A considerable proportion of iron was detected in it.

A Questionable Move.

THE LORD CHANCELLOR has brought into the House of Peers a Bill for the transference of Testamentary Jurisdiction from Doctors' Commons to the Court of Chancery. It is to be hoped that Executors and Legatees will not find this change equivalent to getting out of the frying-pan into the fire.

MAXIMS ON ECONOMY.

(Picked up in the Bankruptcy Court.)

IN those interesting annals of the cheating and the cheated, which are recorded every day in the reports of the Bankruptcy Court, we met, on Monday the 13th, with the following suggestive paragraph, which we instantly extracted:—

"A Pocket-Book was produced, which COUNT DUXIN had presented to him, and which contained maxims for enforcing the necessity of economy, the reading of which caused much laughter in Court."

We are sorry we were not present to have joined in the amusement; but, as we can easily imagine the nature of the information given, we beg, for the benefit of all persons of an easy, confiding, verdant nature to append the following

CHOICE MAXIMS ON ECONOMY.

(BY A FRENCH COUNT.)

A haunch of venison upon credit is cheaper than a mutton-chop that you have to pay ready money for.

Borrow much, and lend little. This maxim may be called the Height of Economy. Practise it largely, and you are sure to grow rich.

The most expensive article you can wear is a coat out of elbows. It is extraordinary the number of odd things you never dreamt of that you will be called upon to pay in consequence of that coat!

The most economical dinner is when you invite a creditor to dine with you; but be sure you dine at Richmond, or Greenwich, or the Clarendon. Be sure the dinner is the best.

When a person feels he is getting poorer and poorer, it is high time he should start his carriage.

Never allow your face to express what your pocket feels. The more the latter is pinched, the more the former should smile. The Spartan youth would not allow any one to see a wolf was gnawing his vitals. So with you, if you cannot keep the wolf out of your interior, at all events do not let the world know it.

What is friendship? Too frequently the wooden handle to a bill! The man who has many friends is either a great fool, or a great knave.

Cards either make the fortune of a man, or ruin him. It all depends upon whether he has money or no money.

The worst extravagance is drinking. The man who drinks is sure to lose his head. Never put wine on the table, unless it is the card-table, and then it isn't for you to partake of it.

THE CLAIRVOYANCE OF NICHOLAS.

(To the Editor of the *Zoist*.)

MY DEAR SIR,

If you deem the following case worthy of insertion in your interesting periodical, you are quite at liberty to publish it, and, in connection with it, to make use of my name, should you think that of any consequence.

NICHOLAS ROMANOFF, aged 58, has for a long time given indications of mental derangement. For years it has been notorious amongst his personal acquaintance that he believes himself to be a sort of Messiah, commissioned to extirpate infidelity and liberalism.

He is now in a state not distinguishable from sleep-walking, in which he is subject to alternate moods of despondency and excitement. In the former he expresses the most gloomy apprehensions that people are conspiring to assassinate him; in the latter he preaches to those about him, and interlards his homilies with passages of Scripture. These are taken from the Latin Vulgate, with which it is believed to be quite impossible that he could have had any previous acquaintance. This display, therefore, of a faculty apparently supernatural, causes the greatest astonishment.

We, of course, know that this extraordinary manifestation of the organ of language is one of the phenomena of lucidity: though whether the patient has, in the popular sense of the phrase, any lucid intervals, may be questioned.

The cure of this case could, no doubt, be readily accomplished by Mesmerism. But it would be necessary to mesmerise at a distance; for until a decided influence had been established, any near approach to the patient would be unsafe. The object, therefore, is to find somebody sufficiently in rapport with him for that purpose. LORD ABERDEEN is supposed to have been so once; I wonder if he is still.

NESSERODE has tried Turning upon ROMANOFF; but finds it quite impossible to turn him. The Satanic theory has been proposed by some superstitious persons to account for the case; in which it is clear, however, that there is no possession more diabolical than that which NICHOLAS has taken of the Principalities.

The application of metals has not been attended with success; but of that the reason is obvious. Instead of being applied *directly* to the

body of the patient, they (lead and steel) were brought to act on *subjects* only with whom he was supposed to sympathise; whereas, whilst those subjects were crushed, mangled, mutilated, and writhing in the most dreadful agonies, NICHOLAS, plunged in a state of profound moral insensibility, would toast his toes at a stove and sip Clicquot.

85, Fleet Street, March 1854.

P.S. The Bear at the Zoological Gardens was couched for cataract under the influence of chloroform. Yet there are those who would laugh at the idea of a Bear being mesmerised!

I am, my dear Sir, your inquiring reader,

perpetrator.



THE EXPEDITION IN SEARCH OF BERNAL OSBORNE.

We believe that some twenty gentlemen, of strong frame and determined resolution, have been selected to form part of this interesting expedition. They take with them a large stock of provisions. They are all well acquainted with MR. OSBORNE's person, as they were members of the Committee that secured the Honourable Gentleman's return at the recent election. They started on Wednesday last from EVANS' Hotel, in Covent Garden, and, up to the last account, had proceeded as far as Downing Street. There they halted, and it is said that they have since received from a native of that rarely-visited district some valuable information, which will induce them to retrace their steps immediately, as far back as the Admiralty. It is to be hoped they are on the right track, and that, before the expiration of another week, we shall be in possession of some happy tidings that may encourage us to put some faith in the existence of this long-missing gentleman.

Puseyism Put Out

THE War with Russia is very unpopular with the Puseyites, as they can plainly see that it will be a dreadful blow to their tallow-candles!

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN FATHER AND SON.

EDMUND KEAN was the Upholder of the British Drama, and you may call CHARLES KEAN the Upholsterer.

IF NICHOLAS will meet SIR CHARLES NAPIER in the Baltic, he will hear of something to his Advantage.

WHAT MRS. GRUNDY SAYS ABOUT OUR TROUBLES

THERE's always some fantigue to vex and worrit;
Foreigners quarrel—and we suffer for it.
Firstways them French kicks up a revolution;
Next all the Germans wants a constitution.
The Prussians haves a rumpus with the Danes,
Fighting and blowing out each other's brains.
Then there's the Romans insurrection raising,
And Austria and Hungary all a-blazing.
Here we'd our Chartists and our Irish traitors,
And after that the rot in the purtators;
Then comes the Pope, who wants to take possession,
A-trying on his insolent aggression.
No sooner have we squared accounts with POPEY,
Than that old Nick breaks out upon Sinope,
And we must help the Turks, who serves Mahomet;
No wonder every day there's some new comet!
So into war they drag us, willy-nilly,
Oh! I've no patience with 'em—they're so silly,
Bringing upon us such expense and trouble!
Already there's the Income Tax made double.
And how, when war has shut out Russian tallow,
Shall we be off for soap, white, brown, or yellow?
Of course 't will ruin us almost in candles;
And bristles will be wanting for brush-handles.
Flax will be scarce, which linen's price must bring up
And so will hemp—save every bit of string up!
No furs—no tippet, boa, muff, to warm us,
But at a figure that will be enormous.
No hides—our boots and shoes will soon be frightful!
Oh! I declare it makes me feel quite spiteful.
And pitch and tar will be as dear as leather.
Tar?—yes, I'd tar him—that old Czar—and feather!
From being feathered guards and gates may bar him
But let JACK TAR pitch into him—he'll tar him.
That's what I says as often as I waxes,
Indignant at war-prices and war-taxes,
NICK puts you to expense and to taxation;
So vent your rage on him for consolation.
Since you must pay to fight him—drat and dash him!—
Pay with a good will—pay enough to thrash him,
Oh the abominable nasty BRUIN!
I hope and trust we're paying for his ruin.

TO THE FELONIOUS.

[ADVERTISEMENT.]



ONE subscriber to the "Society for the Prevention of Capital Punishment" points with pride and pleasure to the following extract from the daily press of Monday, the 13th of March. It refers to the Burnham Murder:—

"The fund subscribed for the defence of the murderer of MARY ANN STRONG was augmented by a donation from the Society for the Prevention of Capital Punishment."

This shows that the S. for the P. of C. P. is doing its duty in no half-hearted fashion. Men differ as to the punishment of murder, some holding that example and expiation

should be made on the scaffold, others believing that every life is sacred, and that the murderer should be dealt with as one to be taught and reformed by punishment. The S. for the P. of C. P. scorn such narrow distinctions. The course is to help the criminal out of his scrape altogether. Give him money to hire barristers, and if these can bully witnesses and bamboozle juries into an acquittal, Capital (and all other) Punishment is Prevented in the completest way. The S. for the P. of C. P. has, unhappily, not been lucky in the case of MOSES HATTO, but by the law of odds, the next ruffian will have better fortune. So send in your subscriptions, and do not do the S. for the P. of C. P. the injustice to suppose that it is simply an association for rectifying the law, whereas its much more practical object is to assist those who would escape the law.

N.B. A few smart agents wanted—those whose hair has grown again will be preferred.

PRANKS OF PUMICE-STONE AT ST. PETERSBURGH.



HE under censor of the Russian Government is, it seems, Pumice-stone. What the principal censor Scissors spares, the smaller functionary, Pumice-stone, visits with erasure. Thus, between cutting and scratching, poor *Punch* arrives in an awful condition among his St. Petersburg readers. Of course, Censor Scissors is not very delicate in his ministrations, cutting here and cutting there with no more mercy, no more nicety than a Russian dragoon; and Pumice-stone goes as relentlessly to his work, as though he was the scrubbing-brush in the hands of the laundress of fable, resolved to wash the blackamoor white. But even NICHOLAS cannot outrage the English Press, and not suffer for it even between the blankets. Our special and secret correspondent at the Winter Palace — (it matters not how he ob-

tained the intelligence)—informs us that NICHOLAS ROMANOFF a few nights ago suffered a most awful visitation of nightmare, brought upon him by a maimed and scarified number of *Punch*, all the half-erased words—the work of pumice-stone—appearing most horribly personified, to the sleeping Emperor, who kicked one of his boots off—(he always sleeps in his boots)—in his agitation and terror. We give a few samples of the apparitions. Thus:

Sinope—incautiously scratched by the Pumice—appeared stripped to its SIN.

Liberty was reduced to LIE!

Moderation became merely military, as—RATION.

Despot was a harmless POT.

Tyrant, nothing but a RANT.

Whilst of your *Justice* there remained nothing in Russia but mere ICE.

In this way, does Pumice play Old Scratch for OLD NICK.

YE AWFUL BALLAD OF YE DEAD DIRECTORS.

"On the 8th of March, 1854, the thirty Directors of the East India Company shall elect fifteen out of their number: but the fifteen retiring Directors shall continue to act till the second Wednesday in April." Vide SIR CHARLES WOOD'S India Bill, 16 & 17 VICT. c. 95.

It was thirty East India Directors—
Thirty—excepting three—
Each sat on his seat in Leadenhall Street,
As grim as grim may be.

Then up and spake SIR JOHN Y^e HOGGE,
That sat above them all—
"The eighth of March is come, when we
By our own votes must fall.

"Fifteen of us are doomed to die,
Fifteen to remain alive,
By y^e Act 'sixteenth and seventeenth
VICTORIA, ninety-five."

"To SIR CHARLES A'WOOD, it hath seemed
good
We should each the other slay:
Upon the soul of the Board of Control
Be the blood that is shed to-day!

"So, gentle men, take each his pen,
And his death list draw amain;
Till each with a vote cut his brother's
throat,
That the weaker fifteen be slain!"

Then up and spake JAMES MELVILLE,
Esquire,
That Secretary true:
"It's little I thought this ballot-glass
Such use would be e'er put to!

"Now foul you fall, SIR CHARLES A'WOOD;
To your Office as you go,
May their angrie ghosts that have lost their
posts,
Still haunt you through Cannon Row!"

Oh never was seen such a sight, I ween,
As befell then in that place.
Each Director turned on his neighbour,
And glared him in the face!

Till outspoke SIR JAMES LAW LUSHINGTON:
"Oh rather than tempt the vote
Of any friend, mine own life I'll end"—
And straightway he cut his throat!

And other twain, seeing him self-slain,
Did even as he had done;
But the twenty-four survivors
Their murderous work begun.

With secret pen all stabbed their men,
And never a word they said;
At ten of the day began the fray,
And, 'ere one, fifteen were dead!

The seals were put, the glass was shut;
None spake his hopes or fears!
The seals were broke, the names were
spoke,
By the awful scrutineers!

Oh hard, I ween, died the doomed fifteen;
And each, as he passed away,
With a groan and a sigh, turned a ghastly eye
On the brother that did him slay.

They have washed the gore from wall and floor;
The bodies have toiled to hide
With might and main, but all in vain—
For with glazed eyes staring wide,
And ghastly face, each in his place,
Sit the dead by the living's side!

Till the second Wednesday in April,
That ghastly spell holds good;
For so 'twas decreed by the act and deed
Of cruel SIR CHARLES A' WOOD!

Until that day, though passed away,
Must those fifteen sit there,
To make post-mortem motions,
And posthumous bows to the Chair:
I trow each murderer wishes
He were anywhere but there!

Oh, to dip your pen in the inkstand
Where the man you murdered dips!
To have your motions seconded
Out of your victim's lips!
To offer your hand, in a friendly way,
To a dead man's chilly grips

Upon Board day, let none take his way
Through the Street of Leadenhall,
Or if any pass there, let him breathe a prayer,
Lest perchance he may befall
To meet fifteen Ghosts, on their way to their
posts,
In mourning coaches all!

THE PEDIGREE OF A HOUSE.

WE notice that a publisher in Fleet Street announces

"A Genealogical and Chronological Chart of the Royal and Distinguished Houses of Europe. Traced from ADAM to the Present Time," &c.

We must say that the gentleman digs very deep for his Houses. If the foundation of our house was no sounder than that on which the above are built, we should be sorry to live in it. The author must be a most speculative builder, and we are only afraid, that, like many builders of the present day, he will ruin himself with his speculations. "Traced from ADAM!" He leaps boldly over the Deluge, though you would imagine that a slight accident like that would have washed away all traces, even in the building line. What are the premises, pray, upon which he founds his wonderful stories, stories as high as those of the Tower of Babel, and about as substantial? We wish he would point to them—we should like to see the precise ground. Such a building plot would turn out to be far more ingenious than the plot of any French comedy! But we have no doubt, that this veracious gentleman, if properly provoked, would bring forward the title-deed even of ADAM's house, and would show us a fine coloured auctioneer's view of the exterior, brass plate, door-knocker, area-railings, and all. This is the more probable, as it is well known that ADAM and his ancestors did not live in tents, or in the open air, but in well-built, imposing, stuccoed houses, with French windows, such as we see in the Kilburn Road.

A Distinction and a Difference.

THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA is at present an Autocrat. But with France and England against him, we think the odds are two to one that he will soon be made a Naughtocrat.

"VERY RIDICULOUS!"



GOOD Folk, you've heard NICHOLAS say that his will it is To carefully keep from commencing hostilities, I wish that I could conscientiously say To his word we the smallest attention should pay; For wholly regardless of decent formalities, He walks himself into the poor principalities, A breach of good faith on the part of old NICHOLAS, Not only disgusting but very ridiculous.

He says he obeys Christianity's call, In preparing his muskets, his powder, and ball,

And he tells us his butchery never will cease Till he's fully established the Gospel of peace; But what must we think of this blasphemous mocking? Except for Sinope with carnage so shocking, His boast of religion to laughter might tickle us, There's something about it so truly ridiculous.

If to friendship with England he makes an advance, 'Tis only to try and embroil her with France. His "*parole de gentleman*" nothing could mean, But under his words his intentions to screen. In vain he approached us with treacherous smiles, BRITANNIA was not to be caught by his wiles; But soon made it perfectly clear to old NICHOLAS, His attempts to cajole her were very ridiculous.

We said, "If a quarrel you don't wish to start, From those principalities please to depart." But this he refused, and went on to allege That all he had taken he kept as a pledge; And that if he came down like a hawk on a pigeon, 'Twas all for the good of the Christian religion: A manner of speech in a person like NICHOLAS, Not only disgusting, but truly ridiculous.

We've done whatsoever we consistently can To bring to his senses this obstinate man; Though fighting we hate, I think all must agree 'Tis no fault of ours if war there must be. So finding 'tis vain any longer to parley, We've sent to the Baltic our gallant "Old CHARLEY," Who, with his companions, may make MASTER NICHOLAS Feel truly disgusted and very ridiculous.

New Relation of Royalty.

THE *Hampshire Independent* reporting a complaint against a pawnbroker named LEE, made at the Southampton Petty Sessions, mentions that MR. LEE is known in the Court as the "Pawnbroker to HER MAJESTY." Some former Sovereigns of England may have had occasion for the assistance of such a personage, whose connection with Royalty was notorious in a higher Court than that of Petty Sessions. The time, however, has gone by when the Crown and Sceptre were liable, on emergency, to ascend the spout. In the mean time we may observe that we were not aware that HER MAJESTY had an uncle at Southampton.

FODDER À LA GOLDNER.

THE supplier of GOLDNER's preserves has gone unpunished; and impunity appears also likely to await the rascal, whoever he is, that adulterated the hay, destined for the Eastern service, with filth. The law affords some remedy against bribery; but seems to have no penalty whatever in store for those who are guilty of corruption.

"EDUCATED DRAYMEN."

AMONG the arts of advertising, we observe that the Fine Arts are taking their place, and poetry and painting are beginning to lend their aid to puffery. We have just received an elaborately illustrated Circular of a suburban Brewery, inviting our attention to a variety of beers through the medium of a series of artistic sketches. In one of these Plenty is represented in the act of offering about a pound of hops to Industry, while on the other side of the picture we find Youth busy over a mash-tub. Lower down we perceive Age in a state of hilarity, arising from a supposed state of beer; and the series of illustrations terminates with an allegorical design, in which the most striking objects are a glass of ale, a pot of porter, and a hop-pole.

We have no objection to the alliance between the Fine Arts and the beer-barrel; nor do we see why the same pencil that draws a landscape may not draw a pot of beer, but we must ask an explanation of a certain paragraph in the Circular, which tells us that

"The Draymen engaged are of a new and superior class."

We must own that we cannot see any necessary connection between the quality of the Draymen and the quality of the beer; nor do we think we should quaff our "heavy" with any additional gusto because it might have happened to have been brought to our doors by an Oxford or Cambridge man, instead of by one of BARCLAY and PERKINS's regulars. We are not disposed to encourage an aristocracy of Draymen, and, indeed, it is not likely that anybody receiving a cask of beer will ask the Draymen "in" to talk over the literary topics of the day, or even the news in general. The Proprietors of the suburban Brewery think, evidently, anything but small beer of themselves, whatever they may think of the beverage they supply to their customers. The motto of this establishment for the intellectual supply of ale should be *Ale-re Flammar!*

A CURIOSITY OF LITERATURE.

In Spain the poor Editors are being transported in dozens. In France, a Cabinet Council is held to discuss the propriety of suppressing all newspapers in Paris but two. We expect that in a short time there will not be an Editor to be seen in Europe—out of England. An English Editor will be able to earn a large sum of money by exhibiting himself to foreigners. Fancy the Editor of the *Morning Herald* "on view, from ten till dusk." The Exhibition, we fancy, would be not only popular, but highly remunerative, the more especially if an announcement were to be previously made, that "about Eleven the Editor will receive, by extraordinary courier, a despatch from the Seat of War, and will proceed to open it in the presence of the audience.—N.B. The valuable contents will be communicated on the payment of a small fee." We make MRS. GAMP a present of this certain fortune. The only reward we ask is that she will allow us, when she begins her *séances*, to come and see her.

LATIN LESSON FOR NICHOLAS.

As the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA is so fond of quoting Latin, perhaps the following statement of the Austrian correspondent of the *Times* may suggest to his Majesty a somewhat apt citation in that language:

"In order to induce his irregular troops to show more mercy to the Russians, OMAR PASHA has offered a price for every living prisoner."

Fus est et ab hoste doceri is the familiar scrap of Latin which the circumstance above related may occasion the Czar to come out with, to the amazement of his courtiers. It is as much as to say, dearest, that the champion of the (Greek) Cross will do well to take a lesson from the defender of the Crescent. Perhaps his Imperial Majesty will order it to be appended by way of moral to the drama now in course of nightly repetition at the theatres of St. Petersburg—the Tragedy of Sinope.

Poem on Pease.

PEASE porridge hot;
PEASE porridge cold;
PEASE porridge by Des-pot
Nicely sold!

FIRST CATCH YOUR HARE.

SOMEBODY has been writing an elaborate work on the Human Hair. We have not seen it; but if the author has treated the subject fairly, he must have divided the Human Hair into several millions of distinct heads. We have some idea of writing a sort of companion treatise to that on Human Hair, under the title of Bald Facts.

GOOSE AND GREEN PEAS.



BEYOND question, the finest of Green Peas is your Marrowfat. Of all Green Peas it is the largest, fattest, softest. It is the chief of that province of the Vegetable Kingdom. The Marrowfat is decidedly the Prince of Green Peas.

This may be considered an uncalled-for remark in March. Green Peas are not in season, and the Marrowfat, particularly, will not come in till the latter end of July or the beginning of August. It is the last pea of Summer, and the objection may naturally be made that any allusion to it might as well have been postponed to this day four months.

In season, however, or out of season, a dish of Green Peas—peas of vivid greenness, of size, magnitude, and softness the

most remarkable—afforded a succulent and savoury feast to a large party at the Darlington Mechanics' Institute—Marrowfats we may well term these wonderful Green Peas; and indeed it would hardly be too much to say that the Marrowfats were perfectly Marrowfatuous.

MR. HENRY PEASE—who must allow us to call him MARROWFATS—is reported to have given, on the occasion and at the place referred to, a lecture on the subject of his recent visit to Russia as a joint bearer of the olive-branch from the Society of Friends to the Enemy. It does not appear to have occurred to MARROWFATS to congratulate himself and his companions on not having, in any very disagreeable sense, got hold of the wrong end of that pacific stick which they had the courage—all honour and credit to them for that—to extend to the Czar.

"What," demands the proverbial philosophy of the million, "can you expect from a hog but a grunt?" With equal reason it may be asked, what can you expect from another omnivorous animal, but a hug, of a very different nature from a friendly embrace. It is not, therefore, wonderful that MARROWFATS was agreeably surprised by his reception at the Court of St. Petersburg; according to the report of his lecture: which states that

"Arrived at the Palace of the Czar he described the magnificence of the Palace, and the gracious reception accorded them by the Emperor."

No doubt the Quakers found the Imperial Robber a very nice-spoken man. There have been some gentlemanly highwaymen. Certain heroes of Nursery Romance also—we seem to remember—found some of the Giants and Ogres, into whose castles they had penetrated, extremely affable; the monster giving his visitor many fair words, and entertaining him with great politeness and cordiality. And yet, says MARROWFATS:

"While at St. Petersburg the terrible slaughter at Sinope was performed at the theatres every night."

Against the wish of the gracious Emperor? The Press is under tolerable restriction in Russia—as MARROWFATS laments. Is there no censorship of the stage? Was the Autocrat of all the Russias unable to prevent the managers of the St. Petersburg theatres from glorifying a horrid and barbarous massacre? MARROWFATS should think so, considering, as he does, that Sovereign to be calumniated by British journalists. For

"MR. PEASE said, no one cherished more ardently than himself the love for the freedom of the press in England; but he was exceedingly grieved and humbled at the course which the press in England had pursued in reference to the Eastern question—in resorting to abuse and calumny against the Czar, instead of reasoning calmly, and appealing to sound argument."

Does MARROWFATS imagine that reasoning however calm, and argument however sound, would have saved us from having to come to the ultimate reason and the final effort of argumentation? The softness and greenness of MARROWFATS appear sufficient for that imagination too, inasmuch as:

"He could not believe but that the impressions which were communicated to the public by the press, were entirely erroneous and unfounded as regarded the Emperor and Empress. The effect which these misrepresentations had produced on the mind of both was painfully apparent."

Who has ever accused the Empress of tyranny, cruelty, rapine, fraud, and utterance of the thing which is not? The EMPRESS OF RUSSIA must have made herself very gracious to MARROWFATS to induce him to come out thus as the champion of her fame, *à propos* of her Imperial husband's boots. Surely she pinned some extraordinary favour to the buttonless coat. To conclude: Friend MARROWFATS affirms that

"From what he saw of the Emperor and Empress, he was convinced that the estimation in which the former was held here was incorrect. He believed that the Czar was kind and temperate."

It has never yet, we believe, been insinuated that the civil courses and passions of the Czar are occasioned by habitual drunkenness. As to his humanity, how does MARROWFATS reconcile that with the actual Sinope in the first place, and its dramatic repetition every evening—till further notice, presumably. By the by, MARROWFATS

ought to go to the Play—'tis a pity that attendance at theatricals should be contrary to the drab cloth. He would there learn what acting is, and see how ferocious and astute tyrants can cajole and wheedle simple gulls. MARROWFATS at least might read SHAKESPEARE in his chimney-corner, and be thereby taught that a man may "smile, and smile, and be a"—NICHOLAS; may "sigh, and with a piece of Scripture" palm off the vilest falsehood and cloak the darkest villainy.

MARROWFATS has been buttered with the butter of an Emperor; he has been soaked to stultification in the Imperial butter. When next moved to bear testimony to the "humanity" of the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, let MARROWFATS imagine himself at Sinope, and consider how he would have liked being shelled.

SCENE FROM

"THE RUSSIAN GENTLEMAN."

An Unfinished Drama.

SCENE—St. Petersburg. A Room in the Palace.

Enter the EMPEROR NICHOLAS, SIR HAMILTON SEYMOUR following.

Emp. SEYMOUR, come hither—now we are alone, And I can talk to thee. I like thee, SEYMOUR; I note thy zeal and thy alacrity, Thy diligence—and, I will add, discretion, Shown in thy service to thy Sovereign Mistress, Coupled, I think, with what therewith consists In every way—good will towards our own.

Seymour. Sire, it rejoiceth me that mine intents Should be apparent to Your Majesty.

Emp. SEYMOUR, thou bear'st a brain. Now mark me, SEYMOUR;

I love thy QUEEN, and love thy countrymen, Her subjects, loyal as they are, yet free! Would every prince—in Christendom—had such! We have a common interest, gentle SEYMOUR; England and Russia should be hand and glove.

Seymour. England is bounden to Your Majesty With Russia's glove that would protect her grasp.

Emp. Ha! Well, so take the figure an thou list. Hark in thine ear. Look yonder, SEYMOUR; look! Seest thou yon Turk? SEYMOUR, he's very ill.

Seymour. But that Your Majesty's more keen discernment Did graciously correct my grosser sense, I should have blindly deemed yon Turk in health, Rude as my speech.

Emp. Oh! but he's ill, good SEYMOUR, He's dangerously ill; and time it is The disposition of his property— For he will die intestate—should be thought on By his next heirs. Now, therefore, SEYMOUR, list. To his estates in Candia and in Egypt England is freely welcome to succeed, If England will but cleave to my consent.

Seymour. But how, an't please your gracious Majesty Will the co-heirs therewith be satisfied?

Emp. That which suits me will Austria suit likewise, Prussia is nought; then, if but England side With us, at France I snap my fingers—so!

Seymour. So please you, Sire, unto my Sovereign liege I will transmit, by way of Downing Street, The weighty matter you have broached to me.

Emp. But, SEYMOUR, mind; all this is said and meant In strictest honour, and in confidence. Let's have no seals, no parchment, no red tape; I merely want a quiet understanding, And make my offer as a gentleman.

Seymour. But, under pardon of Your Majesty For usage of a somewhat vulgar phrase, Returning to our muttons, may I ask Is it so certain that the Turk will die?

Emp. Oh! he will die—no doubt of that, good SEYMOUR; No hope for him! convey thus much to England, And so good night. Mind this, the Turk must die! [Exit.]

Seymour. The Turk will die? Of that I'm not so sure. The Turk must die! so NICHOLAS declares.

His mind is made up for the poor Turk's death. Pray Heaven that he hath not resolved thereon!

I'll straight to mine hotel, and ere night's cap My temples shall in fold, in black on white

I will reveal this plot to CLARENDON.

[Scene closes.]



AS GOOD AS A PANTOMIME.

The Czar-Clown. "I DON'T MEAN ANY HARM, PAROLE DE GENTLEMAN!"—(Vide Russian Correspondence).

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

Oh sad was my heart as for marching we mustered,
For I thought of the wife I was leaving behind,
And the six hungry mouths round their mother that clustered,
With bread at high price, and with work hard to find.
On my watch aboard ship, standing sentry ashore,
By the bivouac fire, still that thought would pursue;
Till I dreamed a glad dream—and was sorry no more—
'Twas the time of the night when they say dreams are true.

I dreamed that I saw the poor babes I'd forsaken,
And her whom too soon a sad mother I'd made,
Looking still, as she looked, when that last leave was taken,
Not knowing from whom to seek counsel or aid.
I heard their shrill cry as they asked her for bread,
Heard her answer—"The bread of the parish or none!"
Saw them shivering for cold on a blanketless bed,
And crouched round a hearth whence the last spark was gone.

When sudden, with look like an angel of grace,
And hands that bore raiment and firing and food,
I saw a kind lady come into the place
To cheer my sad wife and her clamorous brood.
"Take, eat, and be warm; 'tis the offering of friends,"
She said; "not the dole on the pauper bestowed;
It comes from the country your husband defends,
Which to you pays a debt that to him it feels owed.

"His heart will be stouter, his arm will be stronger,
When he knows that his children are clothed, taught, and fed;
That his wife lives in dread of the workhouse no longer,
To the shame of the country for which he has bled."
Then I cried in my sleep, "Take the soldier's thanksgiving!"
When lo! the *réveillé* proclaimed break of day;
And I stood to my arms with a heart free from grieving,
All fears for my wife and my babes chased away.

A WARNING STORY FOR LORD DERBY.

LORD DERBY has avowed his chivalrous determination to run at the Press, when offended by the light cast abroad by it upon any subject that, as his Lordship believes, ought to remain in sacred obscurity. For the timely instruction and benefit of LORD DERBY, *Mr. Punch* humbly begs permission to relate to him a true story. (*See Newspapers at PEELE'S Coffee-house*).

About two—it may be three, it surely is not four—years ago, there was a bull pastured in a field skirting a railway. The bull—a weakness with bulls in general—had a high sense of his dignity. It may be, he was a bull of long descent, come down to us from the grand old bulls of the Caledonian Forest. Be this as it may, the bull had—it was believed—been much annoyed by the rattling, and bellowing, and smoking, and steaming of the railway-train, that would pass him—contemptuously pass him—on wheels of thunder. "Shall I, a bull, permit this?" asked TAURUS, as was thought from the sequel. "By no means. I will—when next disturbed—pitch into the train—run at it—toss it off the rail—throw it into infinite space."

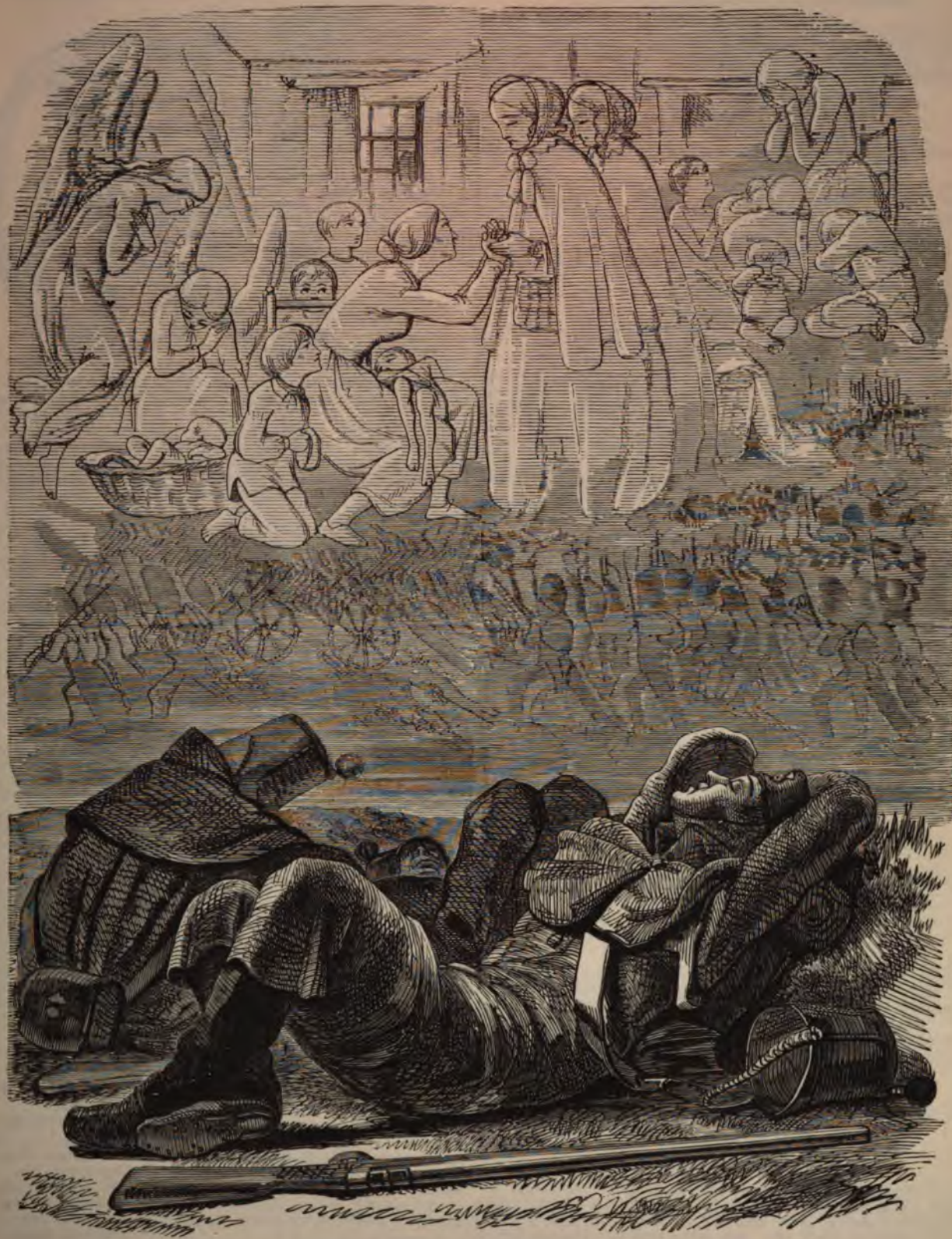
The night-train appeared; and, by way of mockery of the magnificent bull, carried two flaming red lights! Now the bull had a natural disgust of everything put forth that was red. Whereupon, true to his determination, but further stimulated by the new insult—the bull threw up his tail, lowered his head, shut his eyes—and ran full butt at the railway train.

And the train, in one moment, knocked every puff of breath out of the body of the bull, that lay so much beef upon the railway.

The house of DERBY is famous for its breed of cocks. Let his Lordship take heed lest he complete the tale; making the story a double story of a Cock and a Bull.

Wild Oats.

"We have all our wild oats to sow," says the *Times*, on gaming. Very good; only unfortunately the oats of the simpleton make the dirty bread of the scoundrel.



THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

PRECAUTION IN WAYS AND MEANS.



COLONEL SIBTHORP often puts the Government a question which it is difficult to answer. Take, for instance, the following:—

"Why, during the most natural public anxiety and suspense in the present state of things, and the declaration of HER MAJESTY'S Government, particularly to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, of the necessity of doubling the Income Tax from 7d. to 10d., in the pound on account of the war, some more direct and positive declaration of war has not taken place, or their assurance that such impending war will be avoided altogether?"

These are the terms, as reported in the *Times*, of an interrogation of which a notice has been placed on the "votes" by the honour-

able and gallant Member for Lincoln. What the Colonel meant to ask probably was:—Why, if Ministers considered it necessary to increase the Income Tax on account of war, they have not declared war, and if there is to be no war, why don't they say so? The drift of these demands is plain enough. The Colonel, who has no confidence in the Government—"particularly so the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER"—evidently suspects that HER MAJESTY'S Ministers in general, and MR. GLADSTONE in particular, have availed themselves of the alarm of war for the purpose of procuring an addition to the tax on income: in other words, of obtaining an increased Income Tax under false pretences. COLONEL SIBTHORP also, no doubt, thinks that the tax once obtained will be permanent—that if one pretext for its imposition should cease, another would be found for its continuance. In the former of these suppositions charity forbids us to coincide with the Colonel; but experience compels us to endorse the latter.

Without clairvoyance, by ordinary waking vision, it was foreseen by the least wide-awake, that the promised diminution, and subsequent cessation, of the Income Tax, would, somehow or other, never take place. However desirable the Succession Duty may have been in itself, there is no doubt that every gentleman who voted for it in any belief in the promise of its superseding the Income Tax, was a silly gentleman.

In the event, which it is to be feared is too probable, of the proposed increase of taxation being demonstrated, even to COLONEL SIBTHORP, to be necessitated by existing circumstances, the Colonel—or any other member—will do good service by moving some resolution whereof the effect shall be to prevent cheerful submission to the cost of a just and necessary war from being mistaken for passive endurance of confiscation. Some three hundred thousand persons have now the honour of carrying on the war with the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA. They are to furnish its sinews out of their incomes. The nation will assert itself at their expense. The provision which would otherwise be made for adversity by the industrious who earn a precarious livelihood, is to be seized upon as funds for fighting the Czar. This must be borne—as publicans are obliged to bear the having soldiers billeted on them—borne with grinning—for a time. But the wry faces are as necessary as the patience. If the teeth are not shown while the extortion is endured, the exaction will have no end. Fashionable Finance consists in fixing the screw where there is the least resistance; and turning till the clamour of the suffering class becomes intolerable—or till something cracks!

JOHN SMITH TO THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL.

"HONOURED AND LEARNED SIR,

"VOUCHSAFE, through the favour of *Mr. Punch*, to accept my grateful thanks. Your new bill, for throwing cold water upon the 'Hells' of London makes the giving a false name an offence to be summarily punished. Now, learned Sir, as my name has been so often taken, and consequently abused by noblemen and gentlemen caught 'on the premises,' allow me to thank you for your clause that compels the gambler Fitznormanecross, or Heronsplume, or Eagleswing, to give his own name, and not to cloak himself in the much worn and much abused name of

"Yours, JOHN SMITH."

JUST THE TERM FOR IT.—Considering the height at which Shirt Collars are now worn, we think the present may indeed be called a stiff-necked generation.

RAILWAY CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

PARLIAMENT has extended protection to animals by certain acts, of which horses, cats, and even humbler brutes, constantly reap the benefit. The "donkey wot won't (or can't) go" has the benefit of a most wholesome section of a very stringent measure, which consigns to prison any ferocious "BILL BURN" who may be disposed

Whilst crying out his greens,
To wollop his donkey with all his means;"

for even more than BURN's justice may now be done upon the offending individual.

While, however, we highly approve of the law in question, which enables the cat to pass its nine lives in comparative comfort, we are glad to find that the Cruelty Prevention Society of Armagh is about to extend its operations to the case of travellers by railway. It is creditable to the men of Armagh that, while protecting the lower order of animals, man is not forgotten; and, though there is, probably, not a hog in Armagh too low for the sympathy of the society, there is not a human being too exalted for the fellow feeling of an association which might take *Armagh VIRUMQUE CANO* for the motto of whatever arms it may appropriate. For our own parts we never could appreciate the benevolence that would hold an umbrella over the duck that may have been "caught, just caught in a shower," and decline to interfere on behalf of human suffering. The mode in which our third-class railway travellers are treated is a scandal to an age which legislates for the comfort of a cab-horse, and places water-troughs along the Strand for the benefit of any lost sheep or idle dog that may feel disposed to take to drinking in that crowded locality. We do not, by any means, disapprove of these thoughtful arrangements for a thirsty metropolitan mutton, or a peculiarly dry dog; but we object to the exclusion of human beings from the benefit of the acts against cruelty to animals. It is, certainly, as cruel to expose a number of thinly clad women and children to rain and wind for several hours on a railway train, as it is to exact from an unhappy donkey more than a fair day's work for a fair day's thistles.

We should have no fear but that the existing law would be sufficient to meet any case of cruelty to a human being, if common sense were to be the guide by which it would be interpreted; but as long as we have judges who look at precedents instead of at principles, who ask what has been said from the Bench a hundred years ago, instead of thinking what ought to be said at the present day, we shall not be surprised to find it "settled" that "man is not an animal."

THE RUSSIAN CONSTITUTIONAL REMEDY.

(TO THE NUISANCE.)

Oh! believe me that all that endears thee, and charms
Slaves who fondly adore thee to-day,
Would vanish to-morrow, in case that our arms
Should take all thy commerce away.

The Czar that is truly wise never forgets
Certain previous Autocrats' close;
For the "God of the Russians" a sun is that sets
Very often more fast than he rose.

NICHOLAS HIMSELF AGAIN.

FROM the "secret correspondence" which has lately been divulged to us, we find that in his "confidential" interviews with SIR HAMILTON SEYMOUR, the EMPEROR expressly wished it understood that his proposals were made "on the word of a gentleman." We confess that we were somewhat puzzled at first to reconcile this wish with the conduct that accompanied it. On reflection, however, we remembered that—

"The Prince of Darkness is a Gentleman:"

and we are therefore not surprised that NICHOLAS should claim that dignity.

Relief in Equity.

A BOOK called "The Great Highway," has been advertised as the production of a MR. FULLOM. We understand that it is in contemplation to apply to the Court of Chancery for an injunction to restrain any evil-disposed wag from saying that "the Great Highway must be the Fullom Road."

DISRAELI'S ORATIONS.

THE Member for Bucks is now familiarly known as the Tapeworm his speeches being merely long, with no discernible head or tail.

AN OBJECT FOR THE PEACE SOCIETY.



HERE is a MR. STURGEON—hay contractor for the Artillery—surely he is an object worthy of the sympathy and support of the Peace Society. Considered with becoming charity, his conduct in supplying rotten hay, well wetted, and mixed with dirt and shavings, could only have been dictated by his desire to serve bloodshed. For instance, if the horses have been half-starved, how could they have taken the field for the work of slaughter. As for the shavings, they were no doubt shavings from the palm-trees of peace; whilst the dirt in the trusses preached the valuable truth to belligerent man that man himself—in all his glory of scarlet and gold lace—is but earth.

The dead lamb in one of the trusses is a most touching symbol of the pacific nature of the contractor STURGEON; a sturgeon that, for the rest of his days, we would compel to trail a pike.

HAY FOR THE EAST.

HAY for the East was the warriors' cry,
Hay for our gallant steeds' supply:
Such hay as they got you never saw;
Each truss full of shavings, and filth, and straw!

Who was the miscreant—who the beast
Supplying these trusses of hay for the East?
A lamb's dead carcase was found in one,
Which looks like a piece of playful fun.

Rare fun it had been—for besides, this hay
Was damped, that it might the heavier weigh—
Had the cargo caught fire like a heated rick;
Such fun as might come of a Russian trick.

About us 'twere well to have our eyes,
And keep a look-out for Russian spies:
The Czar sells Quakers; but others are sold
By themselves, perhaps, for the tyrant's gold.

For supplying this mess of filth and straw,
Enact an *ex post facto* law,
In that litter to make the Purveyor's bed,
With the straw and the filth and the lambkin dead.

A Sort of Gentleman.

It will have been observed that the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA whilst negotiating with the British Government—which he all the while endeavoured to deceive—was continually making protestations on his honour as a *gentleman*. He cannot be said to have had no pretensions to that title; only it is a pity that Ministers did not know that the gentleman they had to deal with in NICHOLAS, was the OLD GENTLEMAN.

"MAIMED RITES" OF CONSCIENCE.

FROM a letter dated Wrawby, and commencing with "My dear Parishioners," we learn that a painful act of conscientiousness has been performed by the vicar of that parish, the REVEREND J. R. WEST. That reverend gentleman asserts himself to have made this exertion from principle, and out of real charity, and says that it cost him "a great deal of pain and trouble indeed." This sacrifice of feeling to duty consisted in the refusal to allow the body of a deceased Methodist—a MRS. SMITH, according to the *Lincolnshire Times*, wife of MR. EDWARD SMITH, ironmonger, that was to have been buried at Wrawby—to enter the church. How peculiarly distressing its performance must have been to his merely natural sentiments, may appear from the following passage in his apology, in which, referring his systematic exclusion of certain corpses from the sacred building to a sense of right, he asks—

"What other motive could I have had in the last instance, where the family is so very respectable; where I have never seen or even heard of any of that bitterness of word or feeling against the Church, which is too plainly manifest in some of this parish? I have, indeed, a real esteem for that family; they have never given me the least offence or occasion for any unkind feeling. I acted simply out of kindness and out of a feeling of duty."

If MRS. SMITH had been a wicked Duchess, whose pride, luxury, stinginess, malevolence, and irreligion had been a scandal to the neighbourhood, who never went to any place of worship at all, it may be conceived that a clergyman, though amiable as the Rev. MR. WEST, would experience but a moderate wrench of the heartstrings in closing the holy portals against her unholy remains, in case he thought himself bound to do so. But MRS. SMITH, the wife of MR. EDWARD SMITH, ironmonger, who "had," says the *Lincolnshire Times*, "been a consistent member of the Wesleyan Connection for several years, and died in the faith of a Christian," was, at least, a person whose conduct had procured her the Rev. MR. WEST's "esteem." It must, therefore, have deeply pained him to shut her body out of the church—considering what the exclusion meant.

But if MRS. SMITH died in the Christian faith, she also died in the Wesleyan schism; and MR. WEST acts in obedience to the following Rule:—

"They who have regularly forsaken the Church during their lifetime should not be admitted within the walls of the church at their burial."

But by whom was this Rule decreed? By one of the Nicene Councils?—by the Council of Chalcedon?—at least by the Hampton Court Conference, or perhaps by Convocation under JAMES I? By

no such authority; to judge from the information afforded on the subject by MR. WEST to his "dear Parishioners:"

"As some of you have told me that many think me wrong in having made a certain rule about the Burial of Dissenters, and that many attribute to me very wrong motives, I wish to explain to you what were my real reasons and motives for making that rule."

Hence it appears that this Rule, or Canon, was framed by the Synod of Wrawby-cum-Brigg, convoked by MR. WEST, whereat MR. WEST presided, and which consisted of the REV. MR. WEST.

In making this "Rule," MR. WEST contends that he ought, at the very worst, to be thought mistaken. That may be granted; he writes in a vein of Puseyite pathos evidently sincere. But was he not *grossly* mistaken in convoking, and constituting, and superintending, and obeying the Synod of Wrawby-cum-Brigg?

MR. WEST cannot believe.

"That Dissent is lawful, that to split up into ten or a dozen separate bodies in every Parish is agreeable to the principles of the Christian religion."

Does MR. WEST not remember that the whole Parish of Christendom was split up into ten or a dozen separate bodies, more or less, three hundred years ago? "If I could believe that Dissent is lawful," he declares, "then I would give up my Rule at once." If it is not lawful to dissent from the PARSON OF WRAWBY, was it lawful to dissent from the POPE OF ROME?

With seeming justice, certainly, MR. WEST observes:—

"I have only to add that it does seem to me a most unreasonable thing that people who regularly forsake the Church in their life-time should so much desire to be taken within the walls of the church at their burial."

No doubt; provided there is a dissenting chapel in the churchyard. Would MR. WEST be willing to allow one in his? In the meanwhile clergymen who refuse the dissenting body church-room after death might as well decline to accept church-rates from it during life.

Phœbus's Picture Gallery.

WE are happy that LORD RAGLAN intends to take with him to the East an experienced Photographer. "The Land of the East" is, as BYRON says, "the clime of the sun," and we may now hope for a series of pictures by that eminent Artist, MR. PHŒBUS, executed in his own atelier.

DISRAELI'S HOPES.—When MR. DISRAELI said, "I have some modesty, I hope," did not "Hope tell a flattering tale?"

MUSICAL CRITICISM, WITH SPECIMENS.



R. PUNCH has received a great batch of new music. He has not the slightest idea why it should be sent to him, but several strong ideas why it should not. The only object, so far as he can understand, with which music is sent to a periodical is that the latter may puff the former more or less outrageously. Well, puffing is unhappily not much in *Mr. Punch's* way; but, besides this, it really appears to him a great waste of paper, nicely printed with musical characters, and embellished with frontispieces of

greater or less absurdity, to send it to him or any other honest reviewer when every music publisher appears to keep a clerk expressly to write reviews of the "house's" publications. What is the use of a bit of sound opinion, when there is a fluent young gentleman ready with a cut and dry paragraph to fit anything his master may publish? "Of all the exquisite gems which even the heaven-born fancy of the gifted BUGGINS has produced, this is at once the most sparkling, the most captivating, and withal the easiest for the player." Or: "We thought that SNOGGINGS LOGGINGS had reached the acme of genius when he wrote his '*Pearls on the Heartstrings*,' but we have learned our presumption in listening to '*Diamonds of the Brain*.'" And then these counter critics have another advantage. While they are forging a criticism they invent a journal for it, and specimens of papers which neither we nor the Stamp Office ever heard of are daily advertised as coolly as if such papers had existence. This is prudent. Our friend the *Musical World*, for instance, is very honest; and despite his extreme fatuousness in contending that fiddlers are not, habitually, fools, gives legitimate opinions on music, and we never see his name attached to any publisher's puffing. But we read of the *Musical Jargon*, and the *Musical Slaverer*, and the *Musical Troncel*, and the *Musical Toadeater*, and a score of similar works, and on the strength of such frauds helpless young ladies who look down the advertising columns to see what new pieces they shall buy are deluded into the purchase of rubbish. And how the young gentleman grins when they walk into his master's shop, and say they will take the "*Cloud of Harmonies*," or the "*Bilious Girl's Prayer*," because "they see it is spoken very well of by the press." What, therefore, is the use of sending new music to *Mr. Punch*?

However, as it has come, he will look at it. It appears to have been in a great measure inspired by recent events, nearly all of it having relation to the Oriental question. The first which comes to hand is—

"Up with the Union-Jack, Crescent, and Tricolor!" A patriotic Song, dedicated to OMER PASHA. Poetry by ALCIBIADES BUNG. Music by HAYDN JORRIWOPS.

We do not think we like this poetry—much. Yet it is bold, and boldness belongs to a martial subject.

"Up with the Union-Jack, Crescent, and Tricolor,
Proudly the flags shall in harmony join,
Teaching the haughty Russ champion to break a law
Which to keep sacred he ought to combine.
Charge on him, sons of the Thames and the Isis,
Charge on him, sons of the Seine and the Rhone,
Showing you're equal to cope with this crisis,
By taking a firm and a resolute tone.

"Fear not his millions of Moscovite legions;
Are they not slaves who can never be free?
While you are proud of the noble allegiance
You owe to *Belle France* and the Isle of the Sea.
So dash up the Danube with all your three-deckers,
And, lashing its billows to fury and foam,
Let all the dark mountains resound with your echoes
'*French, frappez chez vous!*' and 'Bold Britons, strike home.'"

If we were hypercritical we might object to the rhyme to "tricolor," which rhyme, if read "breek a lore," as is necessary, ridicules Cockneyism. Next we object to "join" and "combine." Thirdly, we want somebody with whom NICHOLAS should combine. Fourthly, we think the seventh and eighth lines slightly prosaic. Fifthly, we do not think NICK has millions of legions, or if he has why they are not to be feared, and why they are to rhyme to "allegiance." Sixthly, we want to know how a three-decker is to be got up into the Danube; and Seventhly, we object to the translation of "strike home." But, on the whole, the song has only the faults of its class, and is so like the majority of such works, and the music (being stolen from MEYER-BEER) is so good, that we are happy to recommend it. The next is sentimental.

"Her Guardsman's where, on Danube's Bank." Song. The Poetry by the HONOURABLE AUGUSTUS NOBHEAD, the Music by MRS. AUTOLYTUS CABBAGE DE CRIBB.

"Her Guardsman's where, on Danube's bank,
The Moslem walks his round,
And though her loved one's sword may clank
She cannot hear the sound.
For many a day her cheek will pale,
From his dear sight debarred,
And many a night she'll still bewail
For that young Coldstream Guard.

"But Time, it is a wondrous thing,
And passes day by day,
And after winter comes the spring,
To smile the storm away.
And oh some day that heart may gain
Its pure and rich reward,
And those bright eyes look, not in vain,
For that young Coldstream Guard."

The lady's music is in every way worthy of the gentleman's poetry, and as the publisher, who naturally knows so much more about these things than we can, observes, "There is a touching and a pellucid mingling of gentle sorrow and of elevated hope about this song, which must recommend it alike to the pianoforte of the general player, and of the fastidious Christian."

The third Song with which we have been favoured has what the writer supposes to be a local colouring about it. A very little of such colour, and that not over well put on, is enough in these days. It is

"Oh were I but a Pasha's Bride!" Song by a Young Lady of Rank. Music by SIGNOR VOLTI SUBITO, principal Harpist to the QUEEN OF THE CANNIBAL ISLANDS.

"Oh were I but a Pasha's bride,
I'd love his bridle rein,
And I would ever seek his side
Upon the battle plain.
And when the dreadful fight was done,
I'd deck his gay kiosk,
Or mix his sherbet, scour his gun,
Or go with him to mosque.

"And when his mutes the fearful knives,
Or cords of death, should bring,
My tears should save the victim's lives,
My *beau* relax the string.
And I would brush his crimson fez,
And stick it on one side—
I care not what my mother says,
I'd be a Pasha's bride."

As regards this precocious young lady, whose ideas of a Pasha's domestic arrangements are so accurate, we can only say that, though possibly we might be inclined to spoil the child in the way not recommended by SOLOMON, we should certainly remit her to a course of dry toast and water and collects. As for SIGNOR VOLTI SUBITO, we recommend him to turn rapidly to some other profession than music-making:—stone-breaking would supply his ear with all the liveliness it seems to covet.

We find a mass of other songs in the parcel, but have no space to do more than enumerate them. There is the "*Sultan's Triumph, a Country Dance*;" "*When Britain Storms the Iron Gate*;" "*The Guards are Gone! How many Hearts*;" "*The Barrack Halls are Vacant Now*;" "*The Fusileers on the Danube, a March*;" "*Let England's Ships in Thunder Roar*;" "*Pop Goes the Cannon*;" "*England, Old Tyranny's Foe*;" "*Beautiful Sisters, the Thames and the Seine*;" "*Join, France and England, Hand in Hand*," &c. &c. We may deal with them at some future period; in the mean time, we doubt not to see them puffed every day, according to publishers' custom, with choice laudations, shop-manufacture, and carefully selected from non-existent journals.



THE BEARD MOVEMENT.

DISMAY OF A BRITISH SWELL ON SEEING A POSTMAN WITH MOUSTACHES.

THE BERTH-RIGHT OF INCAPACITY.

To Mr. Punch.

"IF YOU PLEASE, SIR,
 "I SEE Government means to throw open places under it to competition—which I hope I have spelt right. Candidates to fill those places are to be examined for them; and those who pass the best examination for them, are to have them. This is to put an end to buying and selling situations, and jobbing, and corruption, and so on. All that may be very true; but then what is to become of the class I belong to? We are numerous and respectable; particularly so. All laws, latterly, have been made for the benefit of the opposite class of persons. Isn't this what you call legislating for the few instead of the many? The learned professions are closed against us by examinations which shut their doors in our faces. The army used to be an asylum to many of us; but now it is necessary to know ever so much to get into that. What are we to do? Clever fellows can get on in lots of ways; we have only one way. Places are our profession. It is no use telling us to follow the plough. Suppose we hav'n't been brought up to it? Because we can't digest knowledge as some can, that is no reason why we should starve. Respect the vested interests of aldermen and people like that? Then, I say, respect the vested interests of Dunces. If there are to be examinations for places, I hope—to give us some chance—candidates will be examined in conduct; in which many fellows who are very clever, indeed too clever by half, do not shine so much as we. I have been waiting a long time in expectation of something under Government, which has been promised my friends by our Conservative Member. They don't know what else to do with me; and I am sure I can't tell them. I hoped I was going to be quietly provided for without any trouble; and here now I shall not be able to try for a clerkship even, without standing the chance of being plucked, which will be a dead certainty to a fellow like me. I am not ashamed to own that I am a

"Leatherhead, March, 1854.

"DUNCE."

"P.S. They tell us we ought to look out for girls with money. I should like that as well as anything else, as I believe we do usually have the advantage with the softer sex; but, unfortunately for us, the choice in general depends upon their friends and relations, and not on themselves."

A SPECIAL PLEA.—The best plea to put in, if threatened with law proceedings, is, "*Pleas(e) don't.*"

SUBJECTS FOR THE LAW OF SETTLEMENT.

THOUGH we hope MR. BAINES will succeed in his laudable attempt to get rid of the oppressive law of Removal, we hope that the following exceptions may be made in the abolition of Settlement:

That all Settlement may not be got rid of until a regular settler has been administered to the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

That the abolition of Settlement may not interfere with the right of any old young lady of a certain uncertain age from getting herself comfortably settled.

That if any tenant finds a decided case of Settlement in any portion of his house, the power of removal may not be taken away from him.

That if a creditor finds himself in debt to all the tradesmen in the neighbourhood, he may be justified in suspending his own removal until he has effected a satisfactory Settlement.

That the abolition of Settlement should not extend to any marriage Settlement.

That any Settlement at the bottom of any beer, wine, or other liquid, shall not be *ipso facto* illegal, but may, nevertheless, be subject to removal if it should be thought expedient.

The Turkish Loan and the Rothschilds.

THE ROTHSCHILDS having accepted the loan of two millions against the Greek Cross for the Crescent, may now be justified in taking their jews'-harps from the willows, and playing, "*Rise, gentle Moon.*"

THE PRESS IN DANGER.



STRAWS thrown up show which way the wind blows; and there are some such slight indications of a wind setting in from the Continent that may blow hitherward the clouds which in neighbouring nations are darkening the light of the Press. A late speech of LORD DERBY's may be considered as one of these straws. And if a parliamentary Committee is to constitute itself an Inquisition, and a Member of the Irish Brigade, abetted by a congenial and calicoeratic stump-orator, is to call the Editors or Managers of Newspapers over the coals for representing that gallant corps as composed of mercenaries, our House of Commons will soon assimilate itself to European despots; and announcements of the following kind will speedily figure in the enervated columns of our Contemporaries:

A first warning has been given to the *Times* on account of an article commenting with undue freedom on the policy of the KING OF PRUSSIA.

The *Standard* and *Morning Herald* have received warnings, the latter for

the publication of incorrect intelligence, and the former for copying the same.

The *Quarterly* has had another warning for an article tending to weaken the Cabinet.

A final warning has been sent to *Punch* for a pun expressive of aversion to the Income Tax, and a caricature calculated to annoy the POPE.

True to a Hair.

SAMSON'S strength lay in his hair. And perhaps the same may be said of the British Lion: for it is evident to all who have ever come in contact with that animal, that its strength lies principally in the main.

A LEADING ARTICLE BY MR. PUNCH.



OUR readers will acquit us of ever wandering into prosaic details or self-laudation. But there is a circumstance connected with the recent publication of the Secret Correspondence between the Government of England and her representative at St. Petersburg, which, unless we state it, will probably escape general attention, and to which in justice to ourselves we are inclined very briefly to advert. We do so, less for the sake of recording any superiority of our own, than for the sake of an-

swering the hundreds, we might write thousands, of correspondents who, finding that we are invariably and infallibly right, not only in our judgment of past public events, but in our predictions for the future, unceasingly speculate upon the question whether the Government, for the time being, supplies us with secret information, to be used at our discretion. We are perfectly aware that the public, seldom deceived in its judgment, is justified in attributing our almost preternatural knowledge to sources not open to the world. And we unhesitatingly admit this to be the case. We are above the affectation of disclaiming connection with the Executive, and we conceive that in plainly avowing that we are received into the confidence of the Administration, we pay the good sense of the latter a compliment which will materially conduce to its popularity.

The circumstance to which we are about to refer is this:—The Secret Correspondence, which everyone has read, and which discloses the whole of the designs of the Emperor of Russia upon Turkey, was placed in our hands at a time when the eyes of the nation were hermetically sealed to the fact that such documents were in existence. We shall simply place two facts before our readers, and leave them to form their own decision. In examining the Secret Correspondence, we lighted, of course, upon the famous passage regarding the Sick Man, the type under which Turkey was alluded to by Nicholas. The following are the words:—

"We have on our hands a Sick Man—a very Sick Man; it will be, I tell you frankly, a great misfortune if, one of these days, he should slip away from us, especially before all necessary arrangements were made."

The passage we found was given in the despatch in the original French of the speaker, which we append, for a reason which will presently appear:—

"Tenez, nous avons sur les bras un Homme Malade—un Homme gravement Malade; ce sera, je vous le dis franchement, un grand malheur si, un de ces jours, il devait nous échapper, surtout avant que toutes les dispositions nécessaires fussent prises."

The above extracts comprise one of the facts to which we invite attention. We proceed to the other.

It became most essential that the attention of French and English statesmen should be called, in the most impressive manner, to the designs of Russia. At the same time it was impossible for us to allude to the Secret Correspondence in a way to excite the suspicion of the public. We were not, of course, in a position enabling us to do so. But what we did was this. We took the idea of the Sick Man, and so treated it that, while those who had read the Secret Correspondence could not fail to see that we illustrated the passage in question, the public would simply recognise in our engraving a startling reproduction of the situation of Turkey and her neighbours. We refer to our cut of the 17th September, 1853, rather more than six months before the Secret Correspondence was published. That engraving represents the Sick Man,—the sharpened features indeed emphasizing the phrase, the *very* Sick Man. Above him is Russia, typified as Death—"if he should slip away from us," and in the foreground, consulting on the "necessary arrangements," the "dispositions nécessaires," are England and France. Why did we put France there? Any one, who will read the latest revelations will see that at

the time our cut appeared the Russian bribes, scoffed at by England, had been repeated to France. Is not that an answer?

We shall add little more. The engraving appeared; the attention both of statesmen and the public was gained; but we violated no confidence. Six months later the world receives the correspondence. We could complete this article by other revelations, but let this suffice. We did our duty; and, if it be to the exertions of *Mr. Punch*, as is generally admitted, that Turkey will owe her salvation, he is content that NAPIER and RAGLAN shall have the triumph; and he will take it as a particular favour if they will look sharp about it.

THE KINGDOM OF BEGGARS.

THE other day an old impostor, who was charged, at a police court, with mendacity and mendacity combined, was described in the report as "the Queen of the Beggars." We never yet heard of the Kingdom or Queendom of beggary, and we are at a loss, therefore, to know the origin of the Royalty attributed to the old rogue; who, without respect to the privileges of crowned heads, was packed off to the House of Correction for a trimestrial turn at the crank or the tread-mill. Where there is royalty there is generally an aristocracy; and, if there exists a beggarly throne, we may naturally presume that there is a beggarly peerage, with a beggarly ministry, and all the other beggarly paraphernalia of a state of mendicants. Who is the Prime Minister of the beggars? and may we not find their Lord Chancellor among some of those diseased limbs of the law whose speedy amputation is desirable for the health of the professional body? We should like to know whether the throne of the beggars is elective or hereditary, and what becomes of the crown during the interregnum caused by the committal of its wearer for three months, or any less period, to the fields of Cold Bath, or any other locality equally calculated to act as a damper to ambition?

We think the penny-a-liners ought to be careful how they confer royalty on malefactors, for there are already several crowned delinquents scattered over Europe, and any addition to the stock is only an augmentation of the evils that afflict society. When we look at Spain with its beggarly and bankrupt condition, and recollect that there is a queen already ruling over that country of political and pecuniary paupers, we cannot see why any other Queen of the Beggars should be constituted. If there is a royalty and an aristocracy of beggars in this country, there may possibly be a House of Commons, and we shall be perhaps hearing of the Speaker of the Beggars, in the shape of some plausible cadger who is loud in proclaiming his "Shame at appearing in such a position before his *keyind* friends and fellow Christians"—the ignorant nursemaids who, with mistaken benevolence, pelt him with halfpence from the attics. For what we know there may be a Parliament of Beggars, and every division of the metropolis may have its mendicant representatives. How do we know that the "mechanic" under the lamp-post in the New Cut, "got up" with chalked face and white apron, is not the "Honourable Member for Seven Dials," and that the elaborately-weeded widow, with two bouncing babies in her arms, lying well dosed with laudanum, at the corner of St. Martin's Church is not a peeress in her own right in the kingdom or queendom of beggary?

THE ABSOLUTE PHILOSOPHER.

AND so at last the die is cast, and France and England war declare! With all my heart; for my own part, I don't a single button care. The worst suppose—that by my foes my navy should be all destroyed! That won't harm me, so I should be a fool if I were much annoyed.

They'll shell my forts; bombard my ports, perhaps; and devastate my coasts:

But I shall smile, secure meanwhile, because surrounded by my hosts. With troops begirt, I shan't be hurt; so won't concern myself a jot: Serf piled on serf as well as turf will serve to stop a cannon shot.

I treat as jokes the hardest strokes by sea or land that they can hit, For one thing's clear, I need not fear; they won't affect myself a bit; BRITANNIA, reign upon the main! let me my savages command; Rule thou the waves: give me the slaves, a Czar who like myself will stand.

Paste this up in your Mind.

LET you be ever so pure, you cannot associate with bad companions without falling into bad odour. Evil company is like tobacco-smoke—you cannot be long in its presence without carrying away a taint of it.

THE MOTTO OF RICHARDSON'S GHOST.—"A Fair Day's Work for a Fair Day's Wages."



PREPARATIONS FOR WAR.

ENSIGN STUBBS HAVING BEEN APPOINTED TO THE 121ST, GOES TO TRY ON HIS UNIFORM.

N.B. The gallant Ensign has hitherto been accustomed to dress in a loose, dégagé manner.

THE VALUE OF CHARACTER.

INTEGRITY and ability do not seem to be "looking up" in the market, if we may judge by the following advertisement from the *Glasgow Herald*.

CLERK WANTED.—An active, middle-aged, Married MAN to act as Clerk and Collect Accounts. He will require to write a neat swift hand, and must be thoroughly acquainted with Book-keeping. None need apply whose character and abilities will not stand the strictest investigation, and produce Security if required, for his intrusions. Salary £40 per annum.—Apply by letter, addressed M. B., *Herald Office*.

The unfortunate individual who is compelled by hard fate to seek this situation, must combine the maturity of age with the energy of youth; for he must be active and past the prime of life, while, as if the advertiser was determined on cheapness for mere cheapness sake, the clerk is required to be "married" as well as badly paid, so that his salary and the claims upon it, may be in an inverse ratio. We presume there are in the world some unhappy wretches who take the kind of situations above advertised, or such advertisements would not be constantly appearing; but we would seriously ask how it is possible to get anyone to answer them, but men of desperate fortunes, or persons who have a morbid appetite for a mixed state of overwork and starvation.

We should imagine the individual who would accept the above clerkship on the terms proposed, to be either a swindler or a hypochondriac; for the former might seek the engagement with a determination to rob his employer at the first and every other opportunity, while the latter might be one to whom "a living is not so much an object as a miserable situation in which he may indulge his hypochondriacism." It is rather disheartening to find that character and ability are so low in the market, as to be dull at forty pounds a year, and indeed so flat at the price, that they do not easily find purchasers at even that beggarly quotation.

THE POOR BLIND BULLY.

Oh say what means the word called Right,
Which you so oft employ?
What is it but superior might
To conquer, or destroy?

And what is Truth, can you explain.
But a mysterious thing,
A holy pearl, to the profane
Which Czars should never fling?

Strong jaws has Bruin to devour
His prey, sharp fangs to tear;
Are they not Right, as they are power
Unto my friend the Bear?

You wish—as who indeed would not?—
Heaven may the Right defend—
Your arms, your powder, and your shot
Must be what you intend.

"Defend the Right!" I likewise pray,
And bid, for its success,
My "ARCHI-ARCHI-ARCHI-VEY,"
Our bayonets to bless.

THE DIVINITY OF FASHION.

OUR fashionable contemporary, that published the other day, according to custom, an account of the ladies' dresses worn at the QUEEN'S Drawing Room, may as well take a proper opportunity to describe gowns of another sort: gowns such as those alluded to in the subjoined portion of an advertisement:—

SURPLICES FOR EASTER.—MESSRS. COX AND SON have prepared their usual large supply of SURPLICES of the improved make, which have been so much admired.

On the occasion of the great festival above-mentioned, the *Morning Post* will perhaps gratify us with a list of the clergymen's dresses worn thereon: and perhaps, if there is a *Follet Courrier des Eglises*, devoted to Puseyism, it also will come out with some pretty pictures of Tractarian divines in their surplices "which have been so much admired," entitled "Clerical Fashions for Easter."

RUSSIAN AGENTS.

THE *Globe* lately published the following paragraph:—

"SEIZURE OF COMBUSTIBLES.—On Saturday the Officers of Customs seized a vessel in the Thames laden with saltpetre and sulphur, consigned to a Russian port. It is understood that the Government intend to enforce the penalties against the shippers."

This information makes us regret that war was not declared a few days earlier; in which case the penalties alluded to would, if we mistake not, have been those of high treason.

The rascals thus ready to supply the enemy with combustibles, would no doubt be equally willing, for a sufficient consideration, to act as common incendiaries in the interest of Russia. By the way, as NICHOLAS is evidently capable of anything except the acknowledgement of his mistake, it would be well to keep a sharp look-out in our dockyards and arsenals against MESSRS. SWING, who are extremely likely to hold a commission from the "gentleman" called Autocrat of all the Russias.

The Unquestionables.

THE opposition of the Papal party to inquiry into Convents is perhaps not wonderful, considering the fact, that the priesthood, whose instruments they are, has always entertained a strong objection to inquiring minds. We know what happens at Naples and elsewhere to those who attempt to search the Scriptures, and therefore we can hardly be surprised at the outcry made here against the proposal for examining Nunneries. Those who fear the discovery of the truth may naturally be indignant at the idea of raising the veil.

SOME CREDIT TO THE CZAR.

THE Czar may boast of the 3,000,000 soldiers at his command, but, although surrounded with so many forces, nevertheless, considering the shifts by which he has been obliged to raise money, it must be confessed that he is a loanly man.



THE BEARD MOVEMENT.—GAMMONING A GENT.

Little Gent. "OW MUCH?"

Cabby. "WELL! I'D RATHER LEAVE IT TO YOU, SIR! AND WHAT WE POOR HANSOMS IS TO DO WHEN ALL YOU OFFICERS IS GONE ABROAD, GOODNESS KNOWS."

MIND YOUR ANTECEDENTS.

WE frequently hear of the neglect of their antecedents by certain politicians; but, considering how little worth remembering such antecedents often are, we may pardon a great deal of political oblivion. An indifference to one's antecedents in grammar is a far more serious offence, and indeed we have recently been much shocked by a rather startling announcement in a shop at the West End, where we are told

"The stock is being sold off IN CONSEQUENCE OF THE DEATH OF ONE OF THE FIRM with the concurrence OF THE SURVIVING PARTNERS."

We are, of course, fully aware that the respectable house to which we allude has had no hand in the melancholy event which has been the signal for a "selling off;" but a disregard to the rules of grammar has led to the construction of a sentence which might bear a construction of a very alarming nature. It would appear that "the death of one of the firm" had taken place "with the concurrence of the surviving partners," who are grammatically made accessories before the fact, with which, morally and physically, they have not had the remotest connection.

In another instance of disregard to antecedents, we find a person advertising himself as an "agent for FARINA'S Eau de Cologne," which, he says, is to be had of himself, "JOHN HALL, IMPORTER OF LIVE BEARS at 15s. the case of Six, or 2s. 6d. per bottle." The importation of Live Bears is, of itself, a rather eccentric occupation; but the intimation that they are to be had "at fifteen shillings the case of six" gives the finishing touch to an announcement that scarcely comes within the range of bare possibility. Whether any customer is likely to be found for half-a-dozen bears is doubtful, and even if the public could be offered the temptation of a "single bear at the wholesale price," we do not think there are many who would be induced to greet with open arms so strange a bargain. We may be told the tradesman meant to imply that he sells his Eau de Cologne "at 15s. the case of six;" but that is not the case according to his very ungrammatical advertisement.

THE FINE OLD RUSSIAN GENTLEMAN.

I'LL sing you a novel song, made by a rare old pate,
Of a fine old Russian Gentleman who governed a large state,
And who kept down all his subjects at a furious old rate,
With the fine old despot's practices too shocking to relate;
Like a savage old Barbarian all of the olden time.

His outward man was often dressed in artful smiles and bows;
And with "parole de gentleman" and very specious vows,
Did this Imperial hypocrite—as all the world allows—
Humbly the English Government, and no suspicious rouse,
Like a rare old Barbarian all of the olden time.

Where fierce Siberia's frost and snow, the boldest might appal,
He hurried off by thousands those who at their country's call
Tried to preserve her liberties from his despotic thrall;
Nor did he favour rank or wealth, but banished great and small,
Like a great old Barbarian, all of the olden time.

But tyranny, though strong, must fall. It happened, by the by,
This Russian on a neighbour's land, had cast a longing eye,
And said to England, "Here's a man that's sick, and soon must die!"

Some one will get his property, so why not you and I?
Like a rare old Barbarian, all of the olden time.

Now surely nothing less of this can anyhow be made,
Than right down robbery, which is a very wicked trade;
And though by England and by France the spoiler's hand is stay'd,
'Tis by old NICHOLAS himself the bills must all be paid,
By this rare old Russian Gentleman—blot on the present time.

THE ASIATIC MYSTERY SOLVED AT LAST.—"I have some modesty."
—DISRAELI'S own solution.

THE PRUSSIAN EAGLE'S BEAK.



tortuous course; and, for the future, of adopting a dignified attitude and walking straight. Not that we mean to insinuate that the Monarch was in that state in which the footsteps are devious, and the vision is double; his disaster is ascribed to mere shortness of sight; and we trust he will make no more blunders through shortightedness.

PUNCH AT THE PLAY.

MONS. BALZAC has preached the solemn yet sad truth, to the startled ears of all the nations of the earth, that every French wife is an object of tenderest sympathy to some unmarried sentimental one. In some cases, the lady is in the condition of the large-hearted gentlewoman in the old song:—

"She loves her husband dearly,
And another man quite as well."

But, commonly, it is not so. Her husband is a brute to whom she is legally bound. The wife is, in fact, a victim tied to the horns of the altar; and her agonies at her hard condition pierce any number of waistcoats, cut their way through any corset, and go direct to the human heart, as beating over a French novel—palpitating in a French play-house. In fact, it is a household axiom—very successfully circulated by M. BALZAC—that a woman has only to vow to love a man, to be justified in hating him. The marriage service, like witches' prayers, is to be read backwards. A woman in the bonds of French matrimony is exposed to a monster like poor ANDROMEDA. Bold and gallant, and very much and very tenderly to be rewarded, is the young gentleman who shall free her from the creature permitted to devour her. The bridal-flowers of the French bride are not in reality orange-blossoms but every one of them a love-lies-a-bleeding. M. BALZAC and others have gone over the decalogue, and with their sharpest pen-knives have scratched out the forbidding negative in a certain commandment.

The marriage license is a license to snap the marriage-tie. In very many tales has M. BALZAC preached this consoling truth, but in none with greater eloquence, aided by finer example, than in *La Grande Bretèche*. This tale, with a little more blister-powder added to it, for the French stage, did its due sentimental work in a French Playhouse, and—in natural course, as things theatrical are at the present time—the piece finds its way to the Princess's Theatre, for the delight and instruction of the humdrum, matrimonial English, who do not commonly look upon their corner-cupboards as places where wives may, when JONES or BROWN comes unexpectedly home, hide the gay and gallant ROBINSON, with whom Mrs. JONES or BROWN danced in her spinster days; and who has therefore been followed by ROBINSON the broken-hearted, with oaths upon his lips and a ten-pound note in his pocket, to extort consent, and smooth the way to an elopement. In fact, to take the victim Mrs. JONES or BROWN to his arms, and, staunching the bleeding heart, to make the loved one his own for ever and for ever!

The *Married Unmarried* is the English title to the last morality from

CICATRIZATION has, we hope, ere this, restored the integrity of the KING OF PRUSSIA'S nose, accompanied by a cessation of the febrile symptoms which arose from the exoriation of that protuberance. The reader of course knows that his Prussian Majesty, whilst walking in the Palace Gardens at Charlottenburg, had the misfortune to run his royal proboscis against a tree; thereby barking the former, if not the latter: and was laid up by reason of the accident with low fever. Out of evil comes good; and this casualty, which might have been followed by consequences of a deplorable nature, may perhaps lead to the happiest results. It may impress the illustrious sufferer with the expediency of preferring an upright and direct to a stooping and

the sparrow-quill of M. BALZAC; whose ink-horn was a goat's-horn. Adèle is married to a Colonel of wrought-iron: he is as hard as his sword; as cold; but by no means as polished or pointed. In a word, the Colonel, being Adèle's husband, is a brute. Talk of the bonds of matrimony, why the Colonel is a conjugal turnkey, and his poor wife doomed to the condemned cell of her bed-chamber. Poor heart! He—the brute—talks bullets; whilst she—especially when she speaks of Juan—speaks pearls and diamonds. How should it be otherwise? The Colonel is a Vampire, and Juan is a duck!

Well, the Colonel is called from home to Paris; and Juan, of course, enters the Colonel's wife's bed-room to talk over the horrors of wedded life, as suffered by Adèle, and the joys that must certainly follow, if Adèle would break her marriage-vow. And the lady is very much inclined to do it. After all, what is it more than an ugly Hymen in china; already flawed by her wishes? Why, then, should it not be entirely smashed by her determination? She has all but made up her mind to run from her husband when—the *mal apropos* wretch!—the husband returns.

What is to be done? How foolish to ask the question. Of course Juan is put away with her other precious moveables, in Adèle's bedroom closet. Enter the Colonel, who—(French matrimony has such a nose!)—smells a rat. The Colonel is such a brute, and does so bully that sweet little wife—her face running with tears, a hily over-charged with morning dew—that after swearing to her innocence with the energy of a trooper, she trusts in the support of Heaven and her innocence, and boldly confesses—there is a man in the closet!

Whereupon, black thoughts of murder, thick as black beetles, crowd into the cavernous heart of the villain husband! There is a certain jocose mason, of the name of Colin, luckily on the premises. The Colonel—in a demoniacal whisper—with the sternness of a CATO desires the mason to block up the door with Roman cement. Bricks are not enough for his revenge; but cement, that cement which the Colonel knows is in the possession of Colin, and which in five minutes will be harder than marble—hard as the Colonel's heart.

The Colonel orders his supper in the bed-room; the mason departs to his work; and while Colin lays it on with a trowel, the Colonel, with no compunction, tips his wine. No naughty nun was ever walled up more completely than—to the ferocious delight of the Colonel—is Juan!

And now all is done, and the Colonel is exulting, when a troop of gendarmes enter with a warrant of bigamy against the double husband! "Hm! ha! glad it's no worse."

"But it is worse"—cries the virtuous Adèle; "it's premeditated murder!"

Only premeditated, gentle reader; because—of course—Juan escapes through lath and plaster, confronting the Colonel; who is about to finish him with his felonious sword, when he is turned from his purpose by the very pointed bayonets of the force entrusted with the bigamy warrant.

The infamous Colonel is conveyed to Paris to be tried for his offence, and, as we hope, to be sent to the galleys; whilst Adèle, who has already fallen into the arms of Juan, marries him, has a large family, and lives happily ever afterwards.

No. We transgress the French canon. To live happily, she must do everything except marry him. As Mrs. Peachum says, "his marriage, husband, makes the blot."

Now at an English theatre, is not this a pretty dish to set before an English Queen?

TO THE NEUTRALS.

How many serfs has NICHOLAS to tremble at his nod?
How many slaves to fear him, and adore the "Russians' God?"
Germans! at least may you disdain to swell the wretched horde,
Under the scourge to grovel, and to crouch beneath the sword.

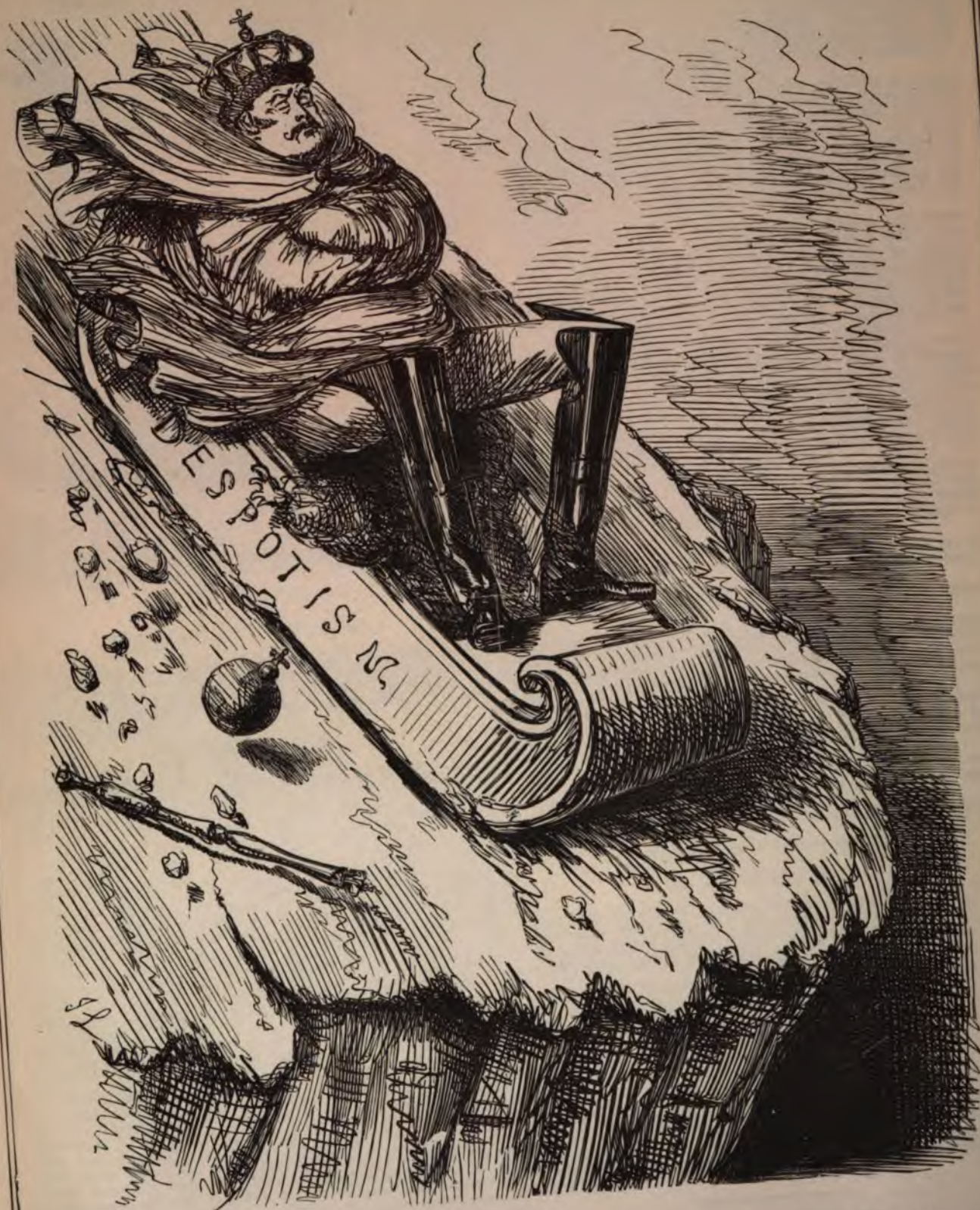
Speak, gallant Prussians! to the knout will you submit the back?
And Austrians! say if ye would see your Fatherland Cossack?
Will you consent that darkness shall again hide Europe's day,
Now is your time to answer, if you mean to answer *Nay*!

A Bed of "Cold Pisen."

MR. SIMON, in his admirable Sanitary Report, calls the Thames "a gigantic Poison-bed." Now, if it is so, it is entirely the fault of the City Corporation, who are the Conservators of the River. We think, therefore, that it is but right that "as the Aldermen have made their poison bed, so they should be made to lie in it."

TAKE CARE OF NUMBER ONE.

FIRST THOUGHTS ARE THE BEST decidedly, inasmuch as it is not every one whose powers of thinking will go so far even as that.



THE "MONTAGNE RUSSE."—A VERY DANGEROUS GAME.

[PUNCH, No. 665.]

APRIL 8, 1905.]



“RIGHT AGAINST WRONG.”

TO THE UNMARRIED.



E find the following announcement in the *Post*, no doubt very gratifying to all parties concerned; gratifying and extremely delicate withal:—

"Among the *débutantes* at the Drawing-room yesterday remarkable for their beauty, Miss ———, daughter of the Hon. Mr. and Mrs. ———, was observed."

The Americans manage these matters in a more complete manner. When their "own correspondents" speak of the beauty of fair young spinsters, they also label each lovely one with the amount of money that is to gild that refined gold. Let the *Post* be instructed, and in future give the exact figures numerically representing the extra charms of young *débutantes*, remarkable for their

beauty, with the further notice (according to family expectations) that "no one under the rank of Duke's, Earl's, or Baronet's son need apply. None but principals attended to. To be viewed at ALMACK'S or in the Park."

THE IRISH GRIEVANCE COMMITTEE.

THE following is the slightly anticipated Report which the Irish Grievance Committee have, we believe, agreed upon making to the House of Commons.

"The Committee was appointed on the complaint of various Irish Members, who felt themselves greatly outraged at being informed by the *Times* newspaper that in England they were considered as a pack of needy and venal adventurers.

"The Committee thought that the fairest way of getting at the truth, was by hearing what the Irishmen had to say of one another. The Committee had proposed that the too flattering colours in which they expected 'Irishmen painted by themselves,' would be shown, should subsequently be toned down to Saxon taste; but the process was unnecessary.

"The Committee called a variety of witnesses before it, of all shades of Irish politics, Orange, Green, and Neutral, and beg to submit to your Honourable House specimens of what they had to say.

"THE RIGHT HON. JOSEPH NAPIER, late Attorney-General for Ireland, stated that the whole management of the patronage of Ireland had, so long as he recollected it, impressed the popular mind with the belief that it was given for pecuniary purposes. He thought there was a great deal of truth in these matters. He did not know of any man in Ireland getting on by mere merit."

"MR. KEOGH, the present Solicitor-General for Ireland, took in hand MR. LUCAS, one of the loudest players in the POPE's brass band, and questioned him as follows:—'Did I not at a large public meeting at Athlone describe you, in your presence, as one who would plunge a dagger in a man's back, but never dare to do anything to his prejudice openly in his presence?' To which MR. LUCAS replied, 'You charged, me with being a calumniator, using the strongest language which could proceed from human lips. But then we agreed that everything in the report that had an angry character should be struck out.'

"DR. GRAY, an Irish writer of eminence, asked MR. KEOGH whether he had not described certain Irish gentlemen as 'PADDY SOMERS and fellows like those, who live by selling places.' MR. KEOGH would not deny it, but did not exactly remember. But, naturally desirous to do his best for his countrymen (and his evidence in exculpation of them must be received with caution), he adds, that he never charged Irish Members, on any public occasion, with selling places, but might have charged them with selling their country.

"MR. AIKINS, the Dublin Sword-bearer, stated that Members of the Dublin Corporation obtained compensation for lost places through MR. JOHN REYNOLDS, then M.P. for Dublin. They collected £200 or £300 to reward him. In reply to the question, 'And did MR. REYNOLDS take the money?' the witness replied, 'Indeed, Sir, he did, but in order to avoid appearance of paying him for Parliamentary services, they put it down "Defence Fund."'

"MR. LUCAS, above mentioned, desirous to retort upon MR. KEOGH for the unflattering picture drawn of him, charged MR. KEOGH with dishonourable conduct and corruption, but explained away this charge. 'He meant making promises and taking oaths which were deliberately broken.' To MR. KEOGH's question, he replied, in final explanation, 'In taking place you acted corruptly, and have done so ever since.'

"DR. GRAY, above mentioned, stated that in 1851, on a motion of MR. DISRAELI's, MR. JOHN SADLER, late an Irish Lord of the Treasury, came to him accompanied by MR. FRANCIS SCULLY, and said, 'Here's SCULLY won't vote for us after all, giving as a reason that he has got an appointment from his brother. We had an arbitration in a small angle of the lobby, and decided that MR. SCULLY might vote according to his conscience.'

"Your Committee, in further illustration of the subject, observe that, on Friday, the 17th of March, the said MR. SADLER gave in the House itself his opinion of MR. LUCAS, whom he described as a man who lived by slandering and uttering libels, and that the Speaker, accustomed to Hibernian criticisms, supposed of course that MR. SADLER's last word was 'lies,' and called him to order.

"On the whole your Committee decidedly think that the Irish Members had better have let the subject alone, and not have adduced formal proof of what was before only a general impression."

THE HORRORS OF MR. CHAMBERS'S INQUISITION.

ALTHOUGH slightly objecting to the domination of Popish parsons, Mr. Punch will ever be among the first to exclaim against any injustice done, or affront offered, to his Roman Catholic fellow-countrymen at large. Now they have of late been greatly wronged and insulted by the language held in reference to them by those who profess to be their friends; but who are, in fact, merely the tools of their priesthood. Indeed, they may well say, "save us from our friends," particularly from their friends in the House of Commons, from MR. BOWYER to MR. OSBORNE, inclusive.

The menaces with which MR. T. CHAMBERS's proposal for a Committee of Inquiry respecting Conventual and Monastic Institutions was met by the Members for Rome, imply an accusation, surely most unfounded, against their co-religionists. The POPE's representatives, one after the other, insisted on the danger and impolicy of mooted the proposed investigation at this juncture. This is as much as to tell the House of Commons that it had better not say anything about monasteries or convents just now—otherwise the Roman Catholics will betray their country and their QUEEN to the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA. Of course there is no fear that HER MAJESTY's Roman Catholic subjects will take the prediction as a hint. Yet many of them will be as strongly tempted to do so as it is possible that they can be by language highly inflammatory and quite inaccurate. Depending on the truthfulness of the delegates of his Holiness, when they find those gentlemen denouncing the proposition of MR. CHAMBERS as an insult, an infraction of religious toleration, as persecution, as involving brutal treatment of unprotected females, &c., they may very naturally conclude that the inquiry in regard to monasteries and convents will consist of revolting interrogatories, answers to which will be extorted by the rack and the thumbscrew. The Papal deputies speak as if they seriously believed that such are the means by which the inquiry will be conducted. And yet they complain of it as being the reverse of a Holy Inquisition.

The like extravagant language occurs in a Declaration, whereunto is appended a string of names so tremendously aristocratic, that nearly every one of them might furnish a noble authoress with a title for a fashionable novel. These Popish individuals of the superior classes affect, moreover, to regard the question of the treatment of nuns as exclusively their own affair. Now, it may be all very well for DE BUGGINS and FITZWALKER, the Papists, to be quite easy with respect to female relatives in a convent. But the case is otherwise with Protestant HOBBS and MUGGINS, whose sisters, or aunts, or grandmothers peradventure, may have embraced popery and taken the veil. H. and M. would not feel quite satisfied on the subject of "discipline," and as to the influence of "superiors" touching the disposal of property. Into these matters they would be anxious to inquire—with all politeness of course. But the House of Commons is told to inquire if it dares—and if it does dare, to look out for treason!

As MR. CHAMBERS proposes that his Committee shall consist partly of Roman Catholics, it is probable that instruments of torture will not be employed to elicit information, at least with unreasonable severity; and it is equally likely that no very grossly insulting line of examination will be adopted. Indeed it may be pretty safely trusted, that the question ordinary will be alone used, and no recourse whatever had to the question extraordinary or impertinent.

To question their creed or institutions in any way, however, seems to be a heinous offence to Roman Catholic zealots. As they denounce such questioning so angrily as persecution, it may be doubted whether they may not perhaps have used the latter term in history as freely as they employ it in political discussion. One might suspect that their confessors were simply witnesses forced to confess the truth, and that the block to which their martyrs were brought was a mere nonplus. Perhaps the sufferers for their Romish opinions under ELIZABETH were only interrogated: and FATHER GARNET, subsequently answered for his conduct with his—tongue.



THE PARLIAMENTARY BUTTON-HOLDER. (POOR MR. SPEAKER!)

WAR!

THRICE thirteen years have passed away since England sheathed the sword,

And battle-scarred, war-wasted, gave God thanks for peace restored,
With leisure for life's quiet tasks, and toils, and aims, and arts,
In the hum of the world's workshops, and the press of the world's marts.

DAGON the Great had fallen! That God of sabre sway,
Whose sword carved realms, whose nod made kings or marred, had
passed away,
And England, who had grappled with the giant, and had won,
Now saw a nobler strife to wage—deeds harder to be done.

Sins long condoned to be atoned; corruptions foul and old
To purge out of her bosom; scum of lies and rust of gold;
Chained industry to free from bonds; new worlds to mould and man;
Conscience in Church and State to free from burthen and from ban.

Stoutly she set her to the task, and from that hour till now
Hath never once looked backwards, nor lifted hand from plough;
And, one by one, hath trophied conquests mightier by far,
Than any ever chronicled on the iron roll of war.

Soldiers of Peace—what wonder thought of other strife we had
none?

The captains we of Industry! What recked we of pike or gun?
In spades and ploughshares, ships, and looms, our iron found employ;
Armies were royal playthings—the sword a silly toy.

When, lo, our peaceful dream is broke! And, startled from our toil,
We hear again the measured tramp of soldiers shake the soil;
Our forges ring to the hammering of guns and swords once more;
Again the drum booms through our streets, and the broadsides shake
our shore.

The great war-devil we thought bound for aye hath snapped his chain,
And ramps and rends to the furthest ends of north and south again.
England must leave her workshop, her innocent tools lay by,
And buckle on her armour, as of old, to do or die!

Not unto us, not unto us, the guilt, the sin, the shame!
God be our witness, not of us the provocation came.
Much we have borne—all had forsworn but honour—still to bar
From us and from the nations the awful Fiend of War.

A COLLEGE EXAMINATION PAPER.

TO THE UNINITIATED.—*N.B. Undergraduate is supposed to have entertained London Friend with the perusal of Examination Papers, and London Friend, next morning, writes down his recollections of various questions and problems.*

1.—A traveller on a straight road observes a hill in front of him, and coming to an inn, takes a quantity of refreshment equal to treble X; on leaving the inn he makes another observation and finds two hills. Explain this without calculation, and find the distance between the two hills.

2.—A and B are two individuals; one considerably larger than the other, in a street C. B, the smaller, on one side of C, takes an observation at A on the other, and shortly after finds the wrath of A increased to X. Find the probable results of B's observation, and show that if A carries a stick the series, 1, 2, 3, etc., up to p's and q's, will most likely be equal to the tan. of B.

3.—Let A B C be a triangle in a quiet street, E, having sides *a, b, c*; let side *a* be violently struck by an individual D. Prove that if A B C be accompanied by a kettle-drum, the effect will be the introduction of A 1 into E, and that A B C and D will be eliminated from the question.

4.—Given any area; to find how many policemen can be contained in it.

5.—Let B be an area, and A 1 a quantity slowly moving about B. Show that in the lapse of a certain time the quantity A 1 will be found in B, and explain the phenomenon.

A REFINED GENTLEMAN.—NICHOLAS boasts of being a refined Gentleman—excessively refined. We suppose he has gained his refinement, like that of sugar, by means of blood.

It may not be. The Fiend is free. And now our work is clear,
As in the old time we faced him, we must face him now and here.
Not mockingly—not mirthfully—but gravely as men ought
Who count their cost by the value of the thing that's to be bought.

Our fathers met and mastered the Giant of the sword;
Had we been minded to be ruled he was indeed a Lord!
What was ATTILA's flail of iron to the knout wherewith this Czar,
A Slave himself, drives on his Slaves from icy steppes afar!

Body and soul he must control who rules as this man rules.
Down! Kiss the rod! The Czar is God! Hear, Churches! Listen,
Schools!
Who crouch to him give life and limb, give thews, and thought, and
brain;
Light dies, night lies, wherever his Cossack hordes draw rein.

If ever cause hath hallowed swords, hallowed the swords must be
That leap forth in this struggle of the enslaver and the free.
If e'er just quarrel added power to prayers and pith to arms,
It is this, that thrills through England war's long-unused alarms!

Then take thy stand and lift thy hand, O England, calm and high,
And look the great sun in the face that lights our own free sky,
And breathe a prayer, head bowed and bare, for a blessing on the blade
That never was drawn lightly, ne'er ignobly down was laid!

Our Lady of Atocha.

THE QUEEN OF SPAIN, according to Spanish papers, has lately decorated Our Lady of Atocha, with "the collar of the Golden Fleece;" which, we suppose, is merely a sublime manner of informing the profane vulgar, that Our Lady of Atocha has been invested with a new Flannel Petticoat.

The Czar's Conundrum.

CZAR NICHOLAS cried, as he looked in the glass,
"Ha! ha!—why am I like a beautiful lass?"
"Well, why?" said the EMPRESS. "Because," replied he,
"So many fine fellows are dying for me!"

HOPELESS ATTEMPT.—It appears that Friend PEASE, and the other two Friends, went to the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA with the intention of trying to ap-peace the tyrant!

FOUL PLAY IN THE CHURCH.

THE following advertisement throws a new light on the means by which a poor country parson may sometimes manage to make a livelihood out of what is fancifully termed a living:—

A COUNTRY CURATE is ready to supply **AMATEURS ONLY** with *Seats of Cochin Eggs*, guaranteeing them sound, and no tricks played. Buff-birds, 10s. 6d.; Splendid First-Class White Cochin, 2 guineas. Application to be made to the National Schoolmaster, &c. &c.

The reverend advertiser appears to divide his attention between the poultry yard and the pulpit—the cure of souls and the care of chickens. His object seems to be to get a shilling into his pocket egg-ways, if he cannot effect the object in a more legitimate manner. The reverend poulterer, we regret to see, feels it necessary, notwithstanding the sacredness of his calling, to guarantee that there will be “no tricks played,” as if he thought he might otherwise be suspected of a species of thimble-rig with his eggs, and the substitution, perhaps, of an addled Dorking for a first-class Cochin.

We have heard some revolting stories of the tricks of barristers, and the frauds some of them will commit to get a fee allowed by a not very curiously-inquiring judge; but the country curates, with all their poverty, were, we thought, above being suspected of the swindling that some who have found their way to the profession of the law have been guilty of. The barrister's gown does, sometimes, shelter a mass of dirt and dishonesty, but the surplice though often concealing a ragged coat, does not often, we hope, encase the form of a plunderer. The country curate who seeks an addition to his income by dealing in Cochin eggs, need not, we think, have thrown a slur on his sacred office by suggesting the probability of tricks being played by a parson-poulterer on his customers.

The whole thing is lamentable enough, and we cannot help expressing our regret that with the splendid revenues of the Church, it is necessary for a country curate to be thinking of Cochin fowls, instead of devoting himself to the more congenial pursuit of Co(a)chin students. We beg to recommend the ease to that highly respectable society the Friend of the Clergy, which will soon be in the height of its annual dining, preaching, and speechifying. If it could lay the great egg-case before the public, and draw up a graphic account of the poor curate who counted his chickens before they were hatched, the effect on the after-dinner subscription-list would, in all probability, be excellent.

PUNCH BEFORE PARLIAMENT.



It seems to be the new fashion of certain Committees of the House of Commons to call before them the newspapers for the purpose of inquisition into the affairs of the press, and as we think it quite possible that it may be our turn next, we have prepared a few questions and answers, which may save Mr. BRIGHT, or any other curious M.P., the trouble of sending for Mr. Punch in the hope of getting anything out of him.

Chairman of Committee. The circulation of *Punch* is very large, I believe?

Mr. Punch. I believe you, my boy!

Chairman. The Committee would like to know what ground there was for the large cut in last week's number?

Mr. Punch. There were two distinct grounds.

Chairman. Be good enough to name them.

Mr. Punch. A fore-ground and a back-ground.

Inquisitive M.P. Your publication is understood to be carried on at a considerable expense. I should like to know at whose expense the jokes are made.

Mr. Punch. At the expense of yourself, occasionally, or of anyone else who may be the object of them.

Impertinent M.P. I find that certain Members who have taken a certain course, are described by *Punch* as dishonest. Now I have taken that course; am I therefore to understand that *Punch* charges me with dishonesty?

Mr. Punch. You speak of facts, and ask me to draw an inference. The facts must speak for themselves, and I leave you and the public to draw the inference.

Curious M.P. If you will not tell us the circulation of *Punch*, perhaps you will tell us the greatest extent to which it has ever sold.

Mr. Punch. The greatest extent to which it might ever have been sold, would have been in the event of its having put any faith in the DERBY-ISRAELI Ministry; but as *Punch* never did put any faith in that ministry, the extent to which *Punch* might be sold is incalculable.

Chairman. Your answers are so unsatisfactory that you had better be prepared when next called on to attend the Committee.

Mr. Punch. Rhoo-too-too-too whroo-too-it. [Witness withdraws.]



The Editor of the "Times" getting at the Ministerial Secrets.

INDISPOSITIONS MADE VERY EASY.

We read, in the *Musical Transcript*, that at one of the performances of the *Etoile du Nord*, at the Opéra Comique,

"HERMANN LEON was so indisposed as to crave the indulgence of the audience—he, however, played the part, and NATHAN sang the principal *morceaux*."

Now we think the above plan might be imitated with great benefit at our London Theatres. For instance, suppose—and it will require no great amount of imagination to suppose such a thing—MR. SIMS REEVES is indisposed some evening. An apology is made for him, (and it wouldn't be the first time)—however, he will kindly speak the words, and some one of equal, if not superior, merit will sing the principal *morceaux*. MR. SIMS REEVES's powers of indisposition, great as his talent is undoubtedly in that respect, could not possibly extend so far as to prevent him speaking the words of an opera; and the fact of his appearance, independent of the pleasure the public would derive from seeing their popular favourite, would convince them that he really was ill; and would, moreover, have the effect of removing several unpleasant doubts that have hitherto existed in their minds on that imaginary musical score.

A Church Canon.

A CANON of Ely has just gone off, aged 59. For five-and-thirty years the said canon was charged with pluralities to the amount of £3,000 a-year; proving that you cannot have a worse report of a Church Canon than by overloading the same with golden shot. Such Church Canons were never known to the Army of Martyrs.

DO YOU WISH TO INSULT ME?

REALLY, if the title of a Gentleman is subjected to much more contumely, similar to that which it has lately received from the EMPEROR NICHOLAS, it will not be safe to confer it upon any one, excepting as a NICK-name for a blackguard.

NAVAL INTELLIGENCE EXTRAORDINARY.



CORBY, we are reliably informed by "our own correspondent" that—

"The same daring and exuberant enthusiasm which manifested itself on Saturday on board the *Duke*, was displayed on this occasion; and on the giddy top of the main, fore, and mizen trucks, was perched a tar, who holding one hand aloft, and with the other wildly waving his hat, testified alike his daring and his loyalty."

This picture of "a tar" perched on three mastheads at once somewhat forcibly reminds us of the old play-bill announcement of a favourite performer appearing in three pieces. However exuberant a man's enthusiasm may be, we yet can scarcely conceive of its enabling him to sit simultaneously in three distinct places. Indeed, with all our knowledge of conjuring, we must confess we feel a little puzzled to know how the feat was accomplished, and we should be glad if "our own," in a future number of his journal, would condescend to enlighten us.

In these days of Mont-Blancism we are of course prepared for almost any amount of climbing, but this synchronous ascent to three separate mast-heads has, we must admit, completely astonished us. Considered merely as a feat of strength we can't help thinking that it's coming it a little too strong. We have no wish, however, to accuse "our own" of any intentional deviation from veracity; and we therefore think we shall be putting the most charitable construction on the matter, if we assume that his account was written after dinner: and that when describing his "tar" at so impossible an elevation, the writer possibly himself may have been a little elevated.

AN ATTORNEY IN THE COURT OF HYMEN.

THERE are more Philosophers in the world than people generally suppose. An Advertisement which has appeared in the *Hampshire Independent* demonstrates this; in the following very few words:—

MATRIMONIAL ALLIANCE OFFICE &c. &c. Legally Established in 1848. For introducing Ladies and gentlemen, at present unknown to each other who are desirous of entering into matrimony. Upwards of 7,000, comprising all classes of society, have been married and made happy through Mr. LISTON's assistance during the last four years.

Whether MR. LISTON means 7,000 persons or 7,000 couples, doth not appear; but if through his means 3,500 men, and as many women, have been "married and made happy" during the last four years—then certainly does this world, at least HER MAJESTY's part of it, contain a very considerable proportion of philosophers. Not that marriage, and happiness in consequence, can be said to argue philosophy, though happiness in spite of marriage may. But here we have between three and four thousand couples, at the lowest computation, marrying philosophically. In the first place they marry upon an abstract principle; the simple desire to be married: apart from any predilection or passion for the concrete called Loved One, Young Man, Young Woman, or Sweetheart. In the next place they are "made happy" by the gratification of that very moderate desire. Now, to find happiness in the satisfaction of moderate desires is the essence of philosophy. To the attainment of this felicity, however, it seems that "Mr. LISTON's assistance"—in the shape, probably, of wise exhortation—is necessary; for, proceeds his advertisement,

"And such unparalleled success is the best guarantee that all can be suitably married, irrespective of Age, Appearance, or Position."

There is no degree of superannuation, ugliness, or poverty, to which a match could not be found. The difficulty is to persuade Dotard to accept Crone, Guy to take Griffin, Beggar to put up with Tramp, and vice versa. To reconcile a stout middle-aged gentleman to union with a lady of corresponding years and dimensions may often be no easy

task; and may require a great deal of "assistance" on the part of MR. LISTON; consisting probably of a discourse on the unimportance of Form. For a decided turn for moralizing is evinced in his announcement, which thus continues:—

"Ladies and gentlemen who are anxious to Marry, but who cannot find suitable Partners amongst their own circle of acquaintances, should apply immediately, and not wait in the too often fallacious hope of being more successful next year, &c. &c., and thus waste the most valuable time of life seeking an object that can be attained in a month."

In addition to the above valuable advice, MR. LISTON says:—

"Read the *Matrimonial Guide*; it contains full particulars for application, and will convince everybody. Sent gratis to any address for six stamps to pay the postage."

Of what the *Matrimonial Guide* will convince everybody, MR. LISTON does not mention. His own "integrity" he offers to prove by references to "his Bankers and others of respectability." He states that "as he employs no Agents, the strictest secrecy may be relied on," and concludes with this impressive warning:—

"Beware of those who keep Agents, or advertise imaginary referees and testimonials."

To the country gentleman who wants to marry somebody without being attached to anybody, as an appropriate form of application for the aid of this matrimonial attorney, may be suggested a few sentimental but simple

LINES TO MR. LISTON.

An aching void within my heart
There is, which be it thine to fill;
I cannot play the lover's part,
I leave it to thy better skill.

My bosom yearns for one sweet mate,
My sorrows and my joys to share,
For whom? Nay, that I cannot state,
I know not—and I do not care!

Seek then for me the being dear
Who shall my life with rapture crown,
And either send the charmer here,
Or let our hands be joined in town.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

WITH the bombastic appeals of NICHOLAS to the fanaticism of his slaves, may be contrasted the following language addressed by QUEEN VICTORIA to her subjects:—

"HER MAJESTY is persuaded that in so acting, she will have the cordial support of her people; and that the pretext of zeal for the Christian religion will be used in vain to cover an aggression undertaken in disregard of its holy precepts, and of its pure and beneficent spirit."

"HER MAJESTY humbly trusts that her efforts may be successful, and that by the blessing of Providence peace may be re-established on safe and solid foundations."

These simple and solemn words will touch the feelings to which they are spoken with a power far greater than the effect of the Czar's melodramatic and blasphemous invocations. They have one peculiar force; the force of truth: wherein they have the advantage, not only over NICHOLAS's professions of zeal for Christianity, but also over almost every syllable that he utters.

The gentle and humble declaration of the QUEEN will probably be read by the Emperor with a horse-laugh, which we hope will be soon changed into a howl.

FALSE HAIRS AND GRACES.

AN indignant father of a family has sent us a circular, which he snatched from the hands of his eldest daughter, and in which young ladies are invited by some atrocious dealer in wigs to adopt his filthy manufacture, by mixing with their own locks the hair cut from the heads of other people—frequently on account of fever, and sometimes under circumstances of a still less attractive nature. We share with our Correspondent the disgust he feels at these mercenary, who, for the sake of selling a few sham curls and fictitious tresses, put falsehood literally into the heads of the rising generation—and, oh horror! the female part of it. We are not advocates for violence, and we are rather disposed to agree with the Dramatist, that "the man who lays his hand," &c. &c., "is an," &c., "whom it would be gross flattery to call an," &c. &c. We, nevertheless, are disposed to think, that if a young lady is suspected of wearing false hair it would be allowable to dash her wig to the ground, and though we are not inclined to recommend the tearing of the hair, we would excuse any one who should unmask a female impostor by carrying away the "false front" under which she may have ventured to present herself.

A KIND WORD FOR THE CZAR.



OME flowers, as we all know, were strewn on the grave of NERO—it is supposed by some solitary friend, in whose affections even that tyrant held a place. More probably the act was performed by some small boy in a spirit of opposition. To this motive only can be ascribed the sympathy with the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, exhibited in a recent debate, by the MARQUIS OF GRANBY. According to the *Morning Chronicle*—

"The MARQUIS OF GRANBY said it was a matter of regret to him to observe the tone and language that had been used by Members of the Government and others, who were no doubt conscientiously opposed to the aggression of Russia. That aggression might be wrong, as well as dangerous to the interests of this country; but it would be more becoming this great nation if it entered into the argument of the facts more in the

spirit of the Honourable Member for Manchester than some of the speakers that night."

It is difficult to say whether it is more extraordinary that the MARQUIS OF GRANBY should feel for the injured name of NICHOLAS, or that he should coincide in any sentiment with MR. BRIGHT.

"He objected to the tone of these speeches, a tone which the Emperor on his part did not employ. The Emperor gave us full credit for our desire to maintain the peace of the world, a credit which we, on the other hand, denied to him. (Laughter.)"

We have given the Czar a great deal too much credit for a desire to maintain the peace of the world. For that desire he has had twelve months' credit, which is twelve months too much. We gave him more credit, we are sure, than the MARQUIS OF GRANBY would expect from his tailor.

"He knew that there were gentlemen who believed that, do what the Emperor would, or say what he might, there was an underhand meaning very different from that which appeared; and he said that if they entered on the discussion of these blue books and correspondences in that spirit they could not arrive at the truth."

Few gentlemen doubt the meaning of what the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA does. There was no equivocation in the Sinope massacre. But one signification can be attached to his assertions when delivered from the cannon's mouth. The doubt is as to the sense of what proceeds from his own. For instance, when he calls himself a gentleman, it is clear that he means something else; and a correct though vulgar answer to his pretence to be such, would consist in telling him that he is another.

"He thought the Honourable Member who had stigmatised Russia as having acted fraudulently would regret having used such an expression of that power."

Why, any more than having applied the same expression to the conduct of any "gentleman" that has been sent to the House of Correction during the past week? One should rather rejoice in having employed so temperate, yet just, an expression when one's indignation might have hurried one into the use of coarse substantives, and adjectives, and even participles of a low and profane description.

"Then came the Vienna note, which the Emperor, who was called 'the disturber of the public peace,' was willing to accept. What Russia wished for was the Protectorate of the Greek Church. Was there in that demand anything that we should really be afraid of? Was there anything in that demand that showed she wished to take Constantinople?"

Of course there was not anything in the demand that showed any such wish. Good care was taken that there should be nothing of the sort. Really such a question is unworthy of the name of the noble MARQUIS. So simple an interrogatory may be regarded as the sign of the Green Man rather than that of the MARQUIS OF GRANBY.

When, for merely destroying a single life by violence, an individual is called a number of names, of which the mildest is assassin, the question which LORD GRANBY may be invited to consider is, whether to describe the Czar as "the disturber of the public peace," is not to speak of him with a gentleness so extreme as to be absurd.

Fiddlededum and Fiddlededee.

THERE are two Philharmonics, the Old and the New. The one is almost always full, the other generally empty. Musicians, when they wish to distinguish the former from its young rival, make a musical point of calling it the "Don't Philharmonic." The allusion to the emptiness of the old institution is understood at once.

THE DOMESTIC CAMPAIGN.

ALAS! must we have no Reform
On account of this pestilent war?
Can we only sit quaking, and list for the storm
Of battle, to roar from afar?
Because of the Russians and Turks,
Must there be an indefinite stop
To the whole of our local and national works?
In fact, must we all shut up shop?

The season that now is at hand
The winter of trade must it be,
Because France and England have taken their stand,
In arms, that the world may be free?
As far as appearances go,
There's somewhat more pleasant to hope;
No doubt we shall all due anxiety show,
But let us not uselessly mope.

The opera, with enterprise bold,
As usual has opened its doors,
And the New Philharmonic, as well as the Old,
Together with Concerts by scores.
Still ALBERT SMITH makes the ascent
Of Mont Blanc—attracting a shoal—
No matter what eyes on the Bear are intent,
Now climbing Ambition's long pole.

His carpet-bag WOODIN unpacks,
His sketch-book displays every night,
Albeit that Mussulmans strive with Cossacks,
And Britons and Muscovites fight.
Ventriloquist, Wizard, and Bard
Who pours the extemporised lay,
MR. JACOBS contrives, without any regard
To Russia, to conjure away.

WYLD's Great Globe continues to draw
In spite of the mad autocrat,
Who, scorning all justice, unheeding all law,
The original covets of that.
The Art-Exhibitions will not
This summer be closed, by the fears
And excitement occasioned by our having got
With Muscovy's Czar by the ears.

And well it is these things are so,
Because, of the enemy's thumps,
That one would be far the most mischievous blow
That struck us all into the dumps.
As heartless their object ne'er blame
Amusement who strive to impart;
At a time such as this our most sensible aim
Is to keep one another in heart.

FEMALE EMPLOYMENT.

"SIR,

"In these days of starving economy, when governesses and needlewomen are so shamefully underpaid, may I take the liberty of suggesting a new opening for female employment, which I think would be attended with the most beneficial and lucrative results. It is well known the many annoyances that bachelors are almost daily exposed to in connection with their linen. Legal students, perhaps, suffer the most in these trying emergencies, as there never is any one—not even a laundress—on the premises, to whom they can appeal for assistance. Now my suggestion is this:—I think that if a number of women were to go through the Inns of Court every morning with the charitable object of sewing, stitching, and mending all imperfect garments, they would realise a very large income. Their visits should take place between nine and ten o'clock in the morning before the day's studies began, and they might give notice of their approach by crying out, 'Any buttons want sewing?—any shirts to mend?' I am confident the returns would be very large, and that the new business would be an immense boon to all distressed bachelors. How often has the temper of the whole day been ruffled by a shirt minus a button!

"Yours, Sir, in all seriousness,
"AN OLD BACHELOR."



SHARP'S THE WORD.

ADMIRAL PUNCH'S SIGNAL TO THE FLEET.

A ROMANCE OF ROME.

THE literary organs of ultra-Protestantism are generally spoken of as serious journals; but those of the opposite party appear more deserving of the appellation. Our ultramontane contemporary, the *Tablet*, reviews a biography, one of the series of Oratorian Lives, called "The Life of SAINT FRANCIS of Assisi," which for seriousness in the narration of the most astonishing events, may not only be said to surpass the once famous *Methodist Magazine*, but also the *Wonderful* ditto; and at least to equal the personal memoirs of MR. LEMUEL GULLIVER. Having, without abatement of his own gravity, mentioned an occasional interruption of that of the Saint, who, he says, used to be raised "into the air during his contemplations, so high sometimes that he was even out of sight," at which times we suppose he was seen by multitudes of "the faithful," the Reviewer quotes the following as an authentic fact:—

"A MIRACLE OF ST. FRANCIS.—The earliest authors of the life of our Saint record a very singular miracle which he performed on his route in the house of a gentleman. All the inhabitants of the place were gone to the great square to hear him preach. A female servant who had been left in a house to take care of a child, wishing to hear the sermon, left the child alone. On her return she found the child dead, and half boiled in a copper of hot water, into which it had fallen. She took it out, and, in order to hide the disaster from the father and mother, she shut it up in a trunk; the parents, however, learnt their misfortune, which was the more afflicting as this was their only child. The husband entreated his wife not to let her distress appear, out of respect for the servant of God, who was to dine with them. During dinner FRANCIS endeavoured to inspire them with a holy joy, knowing what the ALMIGHTY had in store for their consolation, and at the end of dinner he feigned to wish to eat some apples. They expressed their regret that they had none to offer him; but pointing to the trunk in which the child was shut up, he said: 'Let them look there and some will be found.' It was in vain that they assured him that there was none there! he insisted on having the trunk opened. The gentleman, to oblige him, and with a view of hiding the object of their grief, opened the trunk, when, judge of his astonishment, on finding his child alive and well, and with a smiling countenance, holding an apple in each hand. Transported with joy he carried the child and placed it in the arms of the holy man. (Pages 36, 37)."

Certainly this would be "a very singular miracle," if it were true. Its moral meaning is particularly singular. In the natural course of things, children are apt to tumble into the fire, or into coppers, and generally to get into scrapes and hot water by reason of being improperly left by their nursemaids. Whether the cause of the abandonment be the policeman round the corner, or a popular preacher in the adjoining square, the practice of such dereliction is very undesirable; and the story of a miracle wrought to repair its consequences does not appear to be a very edifying anecdote. How the parents showed their respect for the Saint by hiding their distress from him, is not clear; and indeed the distress which could be concealed so easily, seems considerably less than natural on such an occasion. The pretence of the holy man that he wanted apples, and the appearance of the infant with one in each hand, certainly reminds us of some wonderful performances that we have witnessed—on the part of Clown and Pantaloon. The

SOME NEW QUESTIONS TO AN OLD TUNE.

Gin a Briton meet a Russian
Looking rather shy,
To come down upon the Russian
Won't the Briton try?

Gin a Russian aim at Turkey
While a Briton's nigh,
When the Russian sees the Briton
Won't the Russian fly?

Gin SIR CHARLEY in the Baltic
Should a Russian spy,
Won't SIR CHARLEY at the Russian
Have—at once—a shy?

Gin a Russian 'gainst a Briton
Shall his utmost try,
Ere he truckles to the Russian
Won't the Briton die?

"The Northern Lights."

If these Lights are supplied with Russian tallow, the sooner they take in a good supply of it, we think, the better, unless they have a particular desire to shine as one of the lights of other days. By the by, we are continually hearing of the "barbarian darkness of the North," and yet, in spite of all its tallow, there is no nation in such a state of darkness as Russia!

species of the apples is not mentioned by the hagiologist; he might as well have added that they were "monstrous pippins." Perhaps some of the pips are still to be seen at the Brompton Oratory.

QUOD NUNC DESCRIBERE LONGUM EST.

MR. PUNCH's contemporaries, who are always on the watch for some animal, mineral, or vegetable wonder, have lately discovered, in California, a tree, which grows to the height of 360 feet, and measures 90 feet in circumference. And they affirm that when one of these trees had fallen through decay, a horseman rode into the hollow trunk for upwards of a hundred feet, and then found space to turn his horse round and ride out again. Now *Mr. Punch* has no objection to the production of this tree-mendous article in print. He will tolerate it as he tolerated the "colossal cucumber" and "early gooseberry" of blessed memory. He admits that the gentlemen of the press must live, and as, if my LORD DERBY should ever succeed in preventing them from publishing the truth, they will be compelled to rely upon their power of invention for the means of subsistence, *Mr. Punch* would not have them allow that useful faculty to grow rusty. Let them, then, invent if they please a tree which shall throw into the shade even the whole of those arborescent myths, the Nine Elms at Vauxhall, but let them not presume to trespass upon *Mr. Punch's* province by interlarding their imaginative descriptions with jokes. The *Morning Advertiser*, after describing the before-mentioned tree, actually says, "This tree is said to be an evergreen pine; but, judging from its great size, we should imagine it to be a plane (plain) tree." The *Press* thus comments on it: "We have read of the 'Arabian trees which wept gum,' but remarkable as those trees were for their tears, this is at least as remarkable for its size (sighs)." The *Morning Herald* opines that the officer who rode into the tree was deterred from proceeding farther by his fear that he should not be able to find the route (root); and the *Standard* surpasses all the other offenders, by suggesting that the horse may have been frightened by the tree's bark."

The Tide of Opposition.

THE strongest and foulest opponent the City of London has is one they have created under their own noses in the inodorous shape of Father Thames, who, it may be said literally, is always running a muck, and not without some foundation for his dirt, against the Corporation.

THE WISH WAS FATHER TO THE THOUGHT.

THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA has forbidden the exportation of hemp from his dominions. So much the better for civilisation: give him rope enough, and he'll realise the old adage.



FANCY PORTRAIT.—MR. STURGEON.

THE "WALKING" GENTLEMEN-AT-ARMS.

THE necessity for sending our troops abroad has led to the consideration of how we may economise our forces at home, and the subject has produced the following short conversation—or legislative duet—in the House of Commons:

"MR. WARNER ROSE, in pursuance of notice, to ask the Secretary at War whether the Government are willing to consider the expediency of entrusting the ordinary escort duty of HER MAJESTY to the QUEEN'S Guard of the Honourable Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms instead of employing a cavalry regiment. At a moment when they were sending troops abroad, it might be well to avail ourselves for this special service of a corps in all respects thoroughly efficient for such a purpose, except that they were not mounted. (The Honourable Gentleman throughout his question was greeted with considerable laughter.)"

"MR. S. HENNESSY said—Sir, in consequence of the notice given by the Honourable Gentleman, I made some inquiries into the subject, and obtained some information as to the constitution of this corps. (Laughter). But as I find thereby that they have not been in possession of horses for a period of 150 years (much laughter), I am afraid that their clause of mounts might incapacitate them for the duties they would be called on to fulfil. (Great laughter)."

As it appears that the Gentlemen-at-Arms have not had a horse for a century and a half, it is probable that there would be a frightful falling off among the corps if any attempt were made to turn it into a body of cavalry. It would indeed be cruel to set any unfortunate fellow on horseback for the first time in his life, to act as an escort to the Sovereign; and indeed, unless the Gentlemen-at-Arms were to be strapped on by the legs, it is doubtful whether they would not have to vacate their seats in a rather undignified manner. Perhaps it might be worth the consideration of the Government whether it would not be a saving to the country to give "the honourable corps" half a dozen lessons in riding at the public expense, to enable them to hold on for the short time they might be required to do duty, instead of a cavalry regiment, in attending on HER MAJESTY. Perhaps an arrangement might be made to place the honourable corps on velocipedes, which as the road between Buckingham Palace and the Houses of Parliament is pretty smooth, would glide pleasantly enough over the ground, and thus the "gentlemen riders" might keep pace with the royal carriage without being called on for any effort in the way of horsemanship, of which they appear to be incapable.

It is quite evident that the Gentlemen-at-Arms are not as yet fit to trust to anything but their legs, and though it is their duty to be in attendance on the diplomatic circle, a few days' attendance on ASTLEY'S circle would much improve their general efficiency. They may be useful enough at a Drawing Room or Levee as supernumeraries in a sort of theatrical display, but at present their utility must be confined to that of "walking gentlemen."

The Sawney Bean of the North.

SAWNEY BEAN—according to Scotch chronicles—was wont to live and fatten himself upon babies. The SAWNEY ROMANOFF of RUSSIA is to be treated—according to certain politicians—after the like fashion. All our innocent ones—our little chicks—such as the infant Reform Bill, the baby Ballot, and the toddling Public Library Bill—are to have their tender necks wrung, and be straightway offered up to the maw of NICHOLAS. The EMPEROR OF RUSSIA'S carriage stops the way; and like the carriage of JUGGERNAUT, everything of living interest is to be thrown under its wheels.

THE (GRATUITOUS) EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THOUGH the exhibition of the Royal Academy does not open nominally till May, there was an exhibition on a much larger scale at Trafalgar Square last week, than will be seen this year within the walls of the National Gallery. We were present at the opening of the Exhibition, which had much of the effect of a moving panorama, and the pictures were extended in spring vans, displayed in cabs, carried in the arms, or hanging on the painters' hands, as many of them are likely to do for some time, while an eager multitude thronged round, to catch the best glimpse they could of productions which may not be destined again to be seen in public. We shall not criticise an exhibition of the very indiscriminate nature we have described, nor shall we say anything to wound the affectionate pride with which the would-be Titian hugged to his arms the piece of high art which is destined at some future day to take a very high place over his own chimney-piece.

There were some touching instances of pain shown by artists at resigning to other custody their cherished productions, but as the artists in question and their works are likely to meet again very soon—certainly within a month—it would be a waste of sympathy and pathos to grow sentimental on such a subject.

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.

MRS. DE POYNTZ HONITON LACEY does not intend coming up to town this year, but has already signified her intention of remaining at her country villa at Herne Bay until the autumn, when she will transfer her elegant establishment, as usual, to Margate. This resolution has been the source of great regret and unceasing lamentation amongst MRS. DE POYNTZ LACEY'S six unmarried daughters, and has caused no little panic in the most distinguished circles of Pentonville, where their beauty and accomplishments created, it may be recollected, so great a sensation two years ago. Their absence is to be attributed to the War, as their worthy and respected mother has been heard more than once to give audible expression to her fears that the London season this year, in consequence of the absence of so many officers, who are engaged on their duties in the East, will be a very dull one. This is not the only maternal breast by many, we have good reason for stating, on which the same vague fear has operated with precisely a similar effect.—*Fashionable Paper.*

What Ho! Apothecary!

MR. BLACKETT, in the Oxford debate of Friday, complained that the study of medicine had been entirely neglected at the University. This seems the more inconsistent, considering how much of the education administered there is a mere drug.

A SANITARY REGULATION.

(Respectfully submitted to the Board of Health.)

WE wish a Quarantine Law could be established, and rigidly enforced against all Persons who had proved themselves in Society to be Pests or Plagues.



ALL FOOLS DAY.

Vagrant Juvenile. "Hi! CAPTIN! YOU'VE DROPPED YER MOOSTARCHURS." [Gent is arrested by a horrible feeling of doubt and dread.]
Vagrant Juvenile. "OH YOU APRIL FOOL!"

FOR LADIES.

As SWIFT justly observes, wicked WILL WHISTON failed to discover the longitude. *Mr. Punch*, however, has made an important discovery bearing on that subject. He has found out the reason of the length of ladies' gowns. He always suspected that the stockings were at the bottom of it. Such turns out to be the case. The stockings are otherwise than white. But the case is not quite so bad as some may fear. The colour of the stockings is nothing worse than a very dark shade of—blue.

Some printed examination papers, put forth as having been set at a young ladies' school, have been forwarded to *Mr. Punch*. In corroboration of the view above advanced, *Mr. Punch* will cite a few questions from them; beginning with "Geometry:"—

"1. Define a circle."

The answer expected to this question, cannot well be imagined. That which it might receive in some cases, may be supposed to be A wedding-ring."

"2. What is an isosceles triangle?"

The question being understood, the reply perhaps would be, rather generally:—"The shape of a nasty little wretched sandwich that one gets at Mrs. ASTERISK's evening parties."

"5. Mention the two corollaries deduced from Prop. xxxii."

A corollary would naturally be conceived of by not a few young ladies as some sort of an ornament for the neck.

"7. Define a gnomon."

The definition would be vague, most likely. "Something horrid" would be the most perspicuous that could be reasonably expected.

Next comes "Algebra;" a little whereof will go a considerable way:—

1. If $a = 1$, $b = 3$, $c = 5$, $d = 7$, find the values of $\frac{2b}{a} + \frac{3c}{b} + \frac{5d}{c} - \frac{2a+b}{c}$ and $a^2 + 2b^2 + 3c^2 + 4d^2$.

2. Reduce to their simplest forms—

$$\frac{(a-x) - (2x-a) - (2-2a) + (3-2x) - (1-x)}{(2x^2 - 2y^2 - z^2) - (3y^2 + 2x^2 - z^2) - (3x^2 - 2y^2 - x^2)} \\ \left\{ 2a^2 - (3ab - b^2) \right\} - \left\{ a^2 - (4ab + b^2) \right\} + \left\{ 2b^2 - (a^2 - ab) \right\}$$

3. Multiply $9a^2 - 3ab + b^2 - 6a - 2b + 4$ by $3a + b + 2$.

The resemblance between the above formulae, and those of "Miss 4, drop 1," &c., would doubtless occasion a solution of the problems to be attempted in crochet.

Then comes Botany, and then Geology, wherein the following inquiries are propounded, among others:—

"10. In the Palaeozoic era, what names are given to the principal groups of anim is, and particularly to the fishes of the Devonian strata.

"11. In the secondary series, what strata prevailed? Name them in succession.

"12. In what strata are the fossil reptilia the most abundant? Specify some of the sanrians.

"13. In reference to the chalk, distinguish the upper from the lower strata, and describe two of its great beds in basins in England.

"14. In what respect did the fishes of the chalk period differ from those of the earlier strata?"

Chalk beds are not four-posters. Basins are earthenware, not chalk. These, perhaps, are the most satisfactory responses that would be returned to the preceding interrogations.

Chemistry is the next article; and the gentle pupil is required to say—

"18. To what cause may the expansion of bodies be ascribed?"

To eating and drinking more than is proper for them, the reply might possibly be.

She is also to solve this riddle:—

"21. How can we have ice and boiling water in the same vessel?"

"By shipping ice from Wenham Lake in a steamer," she may answer.

Then she is called on to

"26. Give a succinct account of the chemical action in burning a candle, mentioning the effects and products of the combustion."

Supposing the candle to be a composite, she might safely describe the result as a decomposition; and might add, that if the candle were burned at both ends, its combustion would be attended with a rapid disappearance of tin.

Under the head of "Histoire de France," she is requested to declare—

"15. Quel âge avait Louis XV. à l'époque de son avènement, qui fut régent pendant sa minorité, et à qui donna-t-il sa confiance?"

Rather a delicate question, the latter. In connection with History at large, she is asked—

"18. Who were the Seven Sages of Greece? Give some account of the poets."

A large order, as commercial gentlemen say, in regard to the poets. One more question from Mythology—

"4. What account does history give of Cybele?"

Pretty much as reliable an account as it gives of CINDERELLA, might be not very impertinently responded.

It must not be inferred from any of the above remarks that *Mr. Punch* disapproves of the cultivation of the female mind to the utmost extent of its powers. The more a lady knows about the crust of the earth the better, if she possesses a corresponding acquaintance with the formation of pie-crust. And as to mathematics, let her be a wrangler, as long as she keeps her temper in common argument.

THE SEWERS, ALIVE AND KICKING.

THE SEWERS Commission which was reported to have committed suicide a few weeks ago, seems to have "scotched" instead of having quite killed itself. The Home Office refuses to put the poor thing out of its misery; and the Commission is, therefore, neither dead nor alive; or, to use a more familiar phrase, it is in a "deadly lively" condition.

It is characteristic of the "ruling passion strong in death," that the Commission, which has always done things by halves, has only half killed itself. It is unfortunate that nobody will give the finishing blow to a body that has such a knack of leaving things undone, that it cannot even finish itself off in a business-like manner. We object to suicide in any shape; but really we cannot help thinking that when honourable gentlemen have made up their minds to do away with themselves, they should "do it, not leave the task" to the Home Office, which has enough on its hands without being called in to put a period to a parcel of unprofitable existences. The Commission of Sewers is at present in a dying state, in consequence of a self-inflicted blow, which was not decisive enough to be immediately fatal, and the result is, that we are bored with a death scene as long as that of a provincial *Richard the Third* who, after having been regularly riddled through the body in a dozen places, by *Richmond's* sword, has still a supply of vital sparks sufficient to keep him hopping and fizzing about the stage for ten minutes, like a nearly exhausted cracker. Can nobody put the Commission out of its misery? Our own correspondent *Echo*, has nothing to say by way of answer but "Misery."

NEW TITLE.—PALMERSTON, in consequence of his strong advocacy of Turkey, goes by the name now of "THE JUDICIOUS BOTTLE-HOLDER OF THE PORTE."

THE WRONGS OF SCOTLAND.

THE EARL OF EGLINTOUN made a motion on the wrongs of Scotland, and then almost immediately withdrew the same. Like his prudent countryman, detected crawling through a hedge by the proprietor on the other side, he has "gone back again." There is, however, no heart in the House of Lords; or, if there be, it is a heart of brains; hearts being, at times, strangely composed of such misused material. The House of Lords did not contribute the "meed of one melodious tear" in answer to the bagpipe oratory of the noble Earl, groaning, snorting, straining, shrieking—like unto a chorus of lunatic peacocks—with the wrongs of Scotland. And wherefore this apathy—this coldness of the moral sense—to the crying Wrongs of Scotland? Alack! The patriotic British peers at that moment bethought them of the wrongs of England, done unto her cuttysark sister. Was there not, at the time, the EARL OF ABERDEEN, that Scotch pebble, the Prime Minister of England? Has he not blown up the war, when—even as heretofore, blowing his porridge—he, all the while, believed he was cooling it? If Scotland has not her right sort of lion—has England, it has been asked, her proper sort of Premier? With a GORDON at the head of British affairs—with what face can Scotland complain of the iniquities wreaked upon her, by her southern sister? Nevertheless, with a lively hope of obtaining the ear—and the very longest ear—of the Government to the grievances of Scotland, the EARL OF EGLINTOUN had jotted down a few compensating matters that were to enter by way of full satisfaction to long-suffering Caledonia. The noble Earl having withdrawn his motion, in the most liberal manner has handed over the prepared list to be printed in the pages of the ever-equitable *Punch*. We give a sample (being short of space) of the things required:

That when in Scotland the Scottish Lion should take precedence of the Lion British. That when in England, the Scottish Lion would have no objection to give the *pas* to the pet of Britannia.

That Hyde Park should be moved to the vicinity of Edinburgh; and that the timber flourishing in Kensington Gardens should be pledged to be in leaf, themselves or by proxy, nine months in the year in Perth or Glasgow.

That every Scotch thistle (when and for so long a time as it pleased) should be allowed to appear as an English rose.

That the Tweed should no longer separate the two countries, but be bottled off, and deposited in the Bank cellars.

That—by way of some reparation being made to the neglected Ordnance Department—Mons Meg should fire nothing less than silver balls on saluting occasions; the balls to become the property of whomsoever shall find them.

That, to remedy the present deficiency of Scotch state officers, there should be instituted the dignity of Brimstone-Stick-in-Waiting.

That Holyrood House should be made a Crystal Palace, with power to add to the number.

That there should be a Scotch Lord Chancellor, expressly appointed to sit—not upon a luxurious woolsock—but upon a sack stuffed with actual thistles.

That all Scotchmen wanting places shall—by such proved fact—be allowed to take their seats as Scotch members in the Imperial Parliament.

That the Scottish lion—in deference to the known superior morality and piety of the Scotch people—shall be allowed the privilege of wearing two tails; one tail to wag on working days, and the other to rest on the Sabbath.

That, as a small recompense for his patriotism, the EARL OF EGLINTOUN be permitted to quarter a Haggis Proper in his arms, or to take it whole, as he pleases.

RIVAL PAPER-MAKERS.

THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA has petitioned the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA that the Austrian Troops, if sent into the Principalities, be not compelled to take Russian paper-money. How wise and business-like this is! It is on a par with the subterfuges and tricks that opposition tea-dealers resort to in order to allure each other's custom. Austria knows well enough that if the Russian paper gets into the market there will be but little chance for their own. We wonder it did not petition at once that the troops should be paid in nothing but Austrian paper-money. It could have made but little difference to the troops themselves, for the value of the paper, no matter whether it came from Vienna or St. Petersburg, would have been about the same. In the meantime, it remains to be proved how these paper-soldiers will stand fire!

A Russian Rushlight.

OTHO, the Kinglet of Greece, has been converting his small dominions into a candle, which, in the spirit of the well-known proverb, he is holding to NICHOLAS. He had better beware lest the candle should be snuffed out, and the candlestick peremptorily disposed of.

THE RIGHT SIDE OF THE QUESTION,
AND
THE "BRIGHT" SIDE OF THE QUESTION.

RAPPLE with wrong, however strong,
Whatever the struggle may cost us;
Think nothing gain while wrong-doers remain,
Nothing loss till honour is lost us.
Nail the flag to the mast, and fight to the last;
Submission like the pest shun."
Oh this is the voice of England's choice,
And "the Right side of the Question."

"Count well the cost. What in honour's lost

Will be made up to us in money:
Busy bees are we, and stingless should be,
Intent but on storing honey.
Meddle not with war between Sultan and Czar;
Think how income-tax we may best shun."
Oh this is the rule of the Manchester school,
And "the Bright side of the Question."

"The strong bully who'd wreak his wrath on the weak
Must be taught there is a stronger;
The thief in his course of fraud and force
Must be let to prowl no longer.
Should protocols fail, lead pills like hail
Of our offers will aid digestion."
Oh this is the voice of England's choice,
And "the Right side of the Question."

"Ne'er ask of two foes, which provoked to blows;
With the stronger make alliance.
Pocket sneer or flout, if it come to the knout,
You may dodge, but don't offer defiance.
If the Czar we resist down goes cotton twist;
Non-resistance is our suggestion."
Oh this is the rule of the Manchester school,
And "the Bright side of the Question."

"These Calmuck slaves, these Calmuck knaves,
Would tread out thought and culture;
But the talons we'll snip, and the wings we'll clip
Of the black Carpathian vulture.
The carrion bird, from the swoop deterred,
Henceforth shall the Turkey's nest shun."
Oh this is the voice of England's choice,
And "the Right side of the Question."

"The Russians sell corn and tallow as well,
And also hemp and bristles;
Raise their prime cost, how much is lost,
Dear payment for warlike whistles!
Let £. s. d. our standard be;
And every other test shun."
Oh this is the rule of the Manchester school,
And "the Bright side of the Question."

"There are worse things far than blood or war,
Higher things than cotton-spinning;
Such as Right and Truth, and Honour and Ruth,
And Glory for the winning!
There's a duty to do, and we'll carry it through;
Nor, Levite-like, the opprest shun!"
Oh this is the voice of England's choice,
And "the Right side of the Question."

"Spin—spin—spin—spin! Tin—tin—tin—tin!
Man makes money and *vice versa*;
As 'twixt Turkey and Bear, for customer,
Though an ugly one, best have *Ursa*.
Ne'er fash your thumbs, so the money comes;
To ask whence it comes we'd best shun."
Oh this is the rule of the Manchester school,
And "the Bright side of the Question."



ENTER MR. BOTTLES, THE BUTLER.

Master Fred. "THERE! THAT'S CAPITAL! STAND STILL, BOTTLES, AND I'LL SHOW YOU HOW THE CHINESE DO THE KNIFE TRICK AT THE PLAY."

[BOTTLES is much interested.]

THE WAR AND THE WOMEN.

THERE is one of the "horrors of war" that has hitherto escaped public observation, but it is a horror which is beginning to excite universal alarm amongst the unprotected females of England. It is all very well for the troops to go away cheerfully, with their bands playing "The Girls we leave behind us," but some of the girls that are left behind find it very difficult to reconcile themselves to such an easy and off-hand mode of treatment. One girl of our acquaintance, who is not likely to be left very long behind, writes on the war question as follows:—

"It has a serious aspect as regards us young ladies. We read every day of a draught of fine young men. Perhaps 50, perhaps 500, are sent off to the East. There won't be any one left worth having. There will really be no alternative for us but the Church. The clergy will have it all their own way."

There is something very pathetic in this lamentation over the perpetual draught of "fine young men," and the idea of throwing more young women into the arms of the clergy, who have already got their hands full of the sex, is very far from satisfactory. As it is, we have nearly every parson besieged with slippers, worked by fair hands, and inundated with tea-pots, purchased by the subscriptions of infatuated females; but, when the clergyman is the only article left in the matrimonial market, we may expect that not even the poorest curate will be safe in his surplice from the too affectionate grasp of some of the "girls" that the soldiers have "left behind them."

Astonishing Kindness.

THE *Globe* mentions a circumstance, respecting HOWARD the philanthropist, which constitutes by far the strongest instance on record of that illustrious man's benevolence. It is that he, at the age of 25, married a first wife who was then 52. HOWARD is generally admitted to have been an individual who was in advance of his age: but few are aware that the first Mrs. HOWARD's so greatly exceeded that of her husband.

GUY FAWKESOFF'S GUNPOWDER PLOT IN THE BALTIC.

AMONG the foreign intelligence published by some of our contemporaries, is mentioned a plan for the destruction of the British fleet in the Baltic, invented by an ingenious Russian gentleman, whom NICHOLAS, if it answers, will handsomely reward. Large masses of stone, or boulders, have been placed on the ice, in order that, when it melts, they may sink, and become artificial rocks, whereon our gallant vessels are to founder. In addition, these lumps of rock have been charged with gunpowder, communicating, by means of wires, with a galvanic arrangement in the nearest fortress, by means whereof, should the ship escape foundering, it may be blown up.

Our contemporaries have not described the contrivance for insulating the wires, without which this clever device would prove abortive, and which would have to resemble that of the submarine telegraph in every particular, except in being prodigiously stronger, in order to stand the rolling and bumping of the boulders.

From a peculiar source of information, we are enabled to state that the shortest of the insulating cables is a hundred miles long, and is principally composed, not of gutta serena, as was originally intended, but of India rubber, to allow for stretching. For the same reason the wires are formed of gold, that metal being superior to copper in ductility. These two circumstances are calculated to give some idea of the gigantic resources of the Russian empire.

It does not appear that the intelligence of this formidable arrangement for the annihilation of the Baltic fleet has created any great excitement amongst our tars; and we believe it has also been related to the brave corps of Marines without in any way disturbing their equanimity.

The Turf.

IN pure admiration of the ill-used NICHOLAS, it is said that LORD DERBY and the MARQUIS OF GRANBY intend, in their own august persons, to run this year for the EMPEROR'S CUP. If the Marquis should happen to win, there are heavy odds against his winning by a head.



PET OF THE MANCHESTER SCHOOL.

"HE SHALL HAVE A LITTLE TURK TO PULL TO PIECES—THAT HE SHALL."

SONG AND SUPPER.



Now then, waiter, bring that gentleman's kidneys!"

"Gentlemen, give your orders; give your orders, gentlemen: whisky brandy rum hollands gin; rum gin hollands brandy and whisky." "Cigar, Sir? Yes, Sir." "Gentlemen, if you please I'll sing a song." "Attention, gentlemen, if you please for a glee!"

The respectable medical practitioner, who wears black clothes, a white tie, and a staid countenance, smiles gently, speaks mildly, goes softly, and demeans himself altogether in a careful and decorous manner, will remember where he was wont to hear the cries and shouts above specified, at a time when he used to sport a pilot coat, carry a cudgel, drink frothing pots of stout, one at a pull, smoke cigars, and whistle and sing "Va-

ri-ety!" about the streets. Those exclamations were then familiar to his ear. He was in the habit of hearing them of nights, or rather of early mornings, vociferated in a subterranean supper-room, by the landlord and waiters of a large hotel in Covent Garden. Thither was it his custom to resort after the theatre, to eat poached eggs or devilled kidneys, or scalloped oysters, or Welsh rabbit, or all these things, and to drink a quantity of beer in addition to all that he had swallowed between the acts, followed by several goes of hot grog, with concomitant cigars. His ears, in the meanwhile, were regaled with a few glees, nearly always the same, bellowed and shrieked over brandy and water by certain professional gents, and an occasional song, equally familiar, which the landlord, who presided at the central table, volunteered to hawl. Comic songs in the cockney vernacular, and extemporaneous doggerel of a personal nature, in the same language, completed the harmony of the evening. The medical student of those other days recalls a scene of enjoyment approaching to dissipation, and mirth not very far remote from vulgarity.

The present correct attendant of genteel and serious families may now be horrified at the idea of going to "EVANS'S,"—*la'le Joy's*—as the place was called in his pupillary days, and was so called, not without reason. But it has ceased to merit that addition. Its joys commence before nine o'clock. As regards the ear, they are derived from singing of a character both diversified and superior. They are not interrupted by cries for gentlemen's kidneys, and shouts for orders. The succession too, of the performances is immediate; they are given from a platform, and not over brandy-and-water. The sense of propriety which has been acquired in the cultivation of patients, would no more be offended by the songs of other years. Their notes, falsetto and bass, are silent now, even as the voice of WILL WATCH, the bold smuggler, who at last really sleeps at peace with the dead—peace undisturbed by a requiem of jingling tumblers and ardent spirit-rapping of tables. This statement is made from the personal experience of a visit to the underground Hall of Harmony; which, though it lies as deep as ever, is by no means a low place, and may be pronounced to have been greatly elevated.

The entertainment consists of old madrigals and glees, and a variety of popular and classical modern music; with drawing-room songs of the PARRYIAN order: the programme, nevertheless, not excluding "*The Little Pigs lie in the best of Straw*," but not being inclusive of anything less suitable to the *boudoir*. The evening to which this account refers was also enlivened by a *SLONIANIC* improvisation—at the expense, however, of an ab. n. party—that party being the Czar of MUSCOVY.

Some eight chorister-boys, with as many male singers, besides two or three comic vocalists, constitute the staff of the establishment, and another staff is contributed by the veteran VOX JOEL, who whistles "*Rousseau's Dream*" and other touching melodies on a walking stick.

The performances generally were such as to be highly satisfactory to this present critic, particularly as he paid nothing to hear them beyond a reasonable price for his refreshments—which he really did pay for, and is not working out their amount in this notice, it being intended solely for the benefit of rational young men who cannot afford to subscribe to glee and madrigal societies, and may be glad to know of a place which offers all the amusement afforded by those associations, in addition to a supper, of which the cost is moderate, and which is the only thing to pay for.

A GOD-SPEED TO THE FLEET.

SAIL on, good ships! go, gallant men! with a people's prayer to guide you!

May fair winds still your canvas fill; no evil hap betide you. Upon the course that NELSON steered you once again are steering; May his spirit be your spirit—feared by all, and nothing fearing.

The little *Fairy* leads the van—with our island QUEEN to guide her—Whom Ocean gently beareth, as a proud horse bears his rider; Each a cloud of duck from deck to truck, the huge hulls follow after, While the sea-breeze loud, in sheet and shroud, pipes with a jubilant laughter.

In the QUEEN's name, with glad acclaim, the nation hails an omen Of Victory to her subjects, of defeat unto her foemen; Nor less in our old Admiral's—for is he not the peerless?—Of a family that ne'er knew fear, acknowledged the most fearless.

A holier cause your prowess draws to the East and to the Nor'ward Than that wherein our Viking Sires bore the Raven banner forward. Ne'er after fleet such heart-whole prayers went since the proud invader Threatened the narrow seas, with his "Invincible" Armada.

And then Old England's heart leapt up, as now again 'tis leaping; Nor found she then more gallant men to hold her flag in keeping. And if our QUEEN be of gentler mien, her silken robe is hiding A heart as leal, as throbb'd 'neath the steel of QUEEN BESS at Tilbury riding.

Great is the charge laid on us in the glories we inherit:

St. Vincent's name—and NELSON's fame—and COLLINGWOOD's pure merit;

To your hands we give in keeping our treasure of sea-glory; Be it yours to add new chapters to that immortal story!



NOW THAT THE HUNTING SEASON IS OVER, SOME PATRIOTIC FOLLOWERS OF THE CHASE VOLUNTEER TO DO DUTY AT THE HORSE GUARDS DURING THE ABSENCE OF THE HOUSEHOLD CAVALRY.

Military Intelligence.

THE expected arrival of the Militia has caused the greatest alarm and jealousy at Winchester. A spirit of the strongest dissatisfaction reigns, it is feared, through the ranks of the Police; and, if not speedily checked with a firm hand, may spread into a serious *émeute*. It is reported in one of the most hospitable kitchens, where his well-known gallantry often forms the topic of loud eulogium, that a distinguished Sergeant talks of sending in his resignation, with a view of offering his services to his country, if the War Office will only accept them, and allow him the same rank in any regiment, line or cavalry, that may be ordered for the East.



"WHAT A STUNNING MEERSCHAUM YOU'VE GOT THERE, CHARLEY!"

"YES, I THINK IT WILL BE HANDSOME BY THE TIME I'VE PROPERLY COLOURED IT."

THE JUDGES SENT TO COVENTRY.

THERE is really something more in being "sent to Coventry" than the phrase generally implies, for we have the authority of CHIEF JUSTICE JERVIS and MR. JUSTICE COLERIDGE for saying that the horrors of Coventry are intolerable by any decent member of any decent society. We cannot wonder that to send a man to Coventry is to "cut" him; for it is—if we may believe the papers—to cut him off from all the amenities of civilised life, and to doom him to a state of dirt, damp and degradation.

We are, however, speaking on the authority of the judges of the land, and we therefore proceed to quote some passages from the charge delivered to the grand jury the other day by SIR T. J. COLERIDGE at Coventry. After speaking of the offences, his Lordship proceeded to observe:

"The lodgings appointed for the Judges, he need scarcely say, ought (and it was not too much to ask) to be wholesome, clean, plain, and comfortable. He was quite sure the Judges would require nothing more; but he was sorry to say that the lodgings which had been prepared for him were quite prejudicial to health to remain in them—to eat, to drink, or to sleep in them. If any of the Grand Jury would take the trouble to visit the place they would bear him out in these remarks. The High Sheriff would also bear his testimony that for a person to remain there was impossible; it was really perilous to a man's health to live in such a place. The stench which pervaded the bed-room, the dining-room, and the other rooms of the house, was to such an extent that it was extremely offensive and unwholesome, and the Chief Justice (who was in a very delicate state), as well as himself, were obliged to sleep with their windows open. He did not think it right to sleep in the town another night, and should therefore go to Warwick."

We strongly sympathise with the excellent and learned judges, who in consequence of the disgusting stench at their lodgings, were the innocent cause of justice being brought into very bad odour. We cannot understand precisely from the words of the charge whether the two judges were packed in the same sleeping apartment, but as both their Lordships were obliged to sleep with the window open, we may presume that they were condemned to a "Double Bedded Room," which, though an excellent subject for a "screaming farce," is hardly a fit scene for the introduction of two of the most elevated of judicial characters. Neither of their Lordships is stupidly fastidious, but are both of them men of strong sense, and if they enjoy a strong sense of smell, there is no reason why that sense should be outraged by a bouquet of *mille odeurs* formed from the compound extract of drains and cesspools.

If such was the atmosphere of the Judges' bed-room, we may be sure that the furniture was not particularly choice; though if cleanliness could have been secured, their Lordships would probably have been indifferent as to whether the *Lit de Justice* provided for their repose was a tent, a turn-up, a half-tester, or a scissors. At all events it is

A SONG.

WHEN lovely woman, prone to folly,
Finds that e'en ROWLAND'S oils betray;
What charm can soothe her melancholy?
What art can turn gray hairs away?

The only art gray hairs to cover,
To hide their tint from ev'ry eye,
To win fresh praises from her lover,
And make him offer—is to dye.

INVASION OF HAMPSTEAD HEATH.

WRITING under the signature of "One of the Public," a correspondent of the *Times* informs us that—

"For the sixth time the persevering Lord of the Manor of Hampstead has applied to Parliament to alter his father's will, to enable him to build over his property at that place—a power which his father withheld from him."

The perseverance with which the individual alluded to returns, year after year, to the charge with his little bill, is worthy of an old English bill-man. But as the bill is not brandished in the face of the foe, but in that of the people, and is merely an instrument for cutting up and enclosing Hampstead Heath, we trust, for the good of the London public, that the said bill will be once more dishonoured.

Bright Thoughts on War.

FORTIFICATION is vexation,
Invasion is as bad;
While deckers three do puzzle me,
Shell Practice drives me mad.

quite clear that the Bed of judicial dignity is not always a bed of roses, and indeed poor JERVIS, C.J. seems to have been provided with something worse even than the bed of the Thames, for, we find from the following extract that he literally slept in a cesspool:

"CHIEF JUSTICE JERVIS sat in the Second Court, at St. Mary's Hall, and before proceeding to business made some remarks on the Judges' lodgings, even more strongly condemnatory than those made by MR. JUSTICE COLERIDGE. A document being handed to his Lordship in which it was alleged there had been some alteration of a figure, he said he could not perceive it; and took occasion to add, he was sorry to say he had been lying in a cesspool all night; a place only fit for pigs, or people who had been brought up in Coventry."

There have been judges in former times, and indeed there are a few still on the Bench, who could luxuriate in their pipe, and, vulgarly speaking, enjoy "a drain," but we doubt if there is, or ever was, a wearer of the judicial ermine, who could appreciate such a pipe probably in connection with the cesspool—and such a drain as CHIEF JUSTICE JERVIS was brought into contact with at Coventry.

PROPOSED NEW CREST FOR SIR C. NAPIER.



O RUS(S), QUANDO TE ASPICIAM!

NOTICE TO QUIT TO MR. CHARLES KEAN AT THE PRINCESS'S.—
"Away with Melancholy."



LOVELY NIGHT!

"WOT WAS THAT WHISTLED? VY THE NIGHTINGALS TO BE SURE. IF YOU'LL COME ALONG O' ME YOU'LL HEAR 'EM A GOOD DEAL BETTER."

THE LAW OF COMPENSATION.

EVERYBODY allows that some "compensation" is due to MR. STONOR, the newly appointed and dis-appointed Colonial Judge, who, after having sent in his testimonials, including the report of an election committee, imputing to him the offence of "bribery" was, notwithstanding the imputation, which he had himself brought under the notice of the Colonial Office, dispatched as a puisne judge to VICTORIA. Bribery must of course be kept far away from the judicial bench, but the question now is, why, with the details of the alleged offence, under their very eyes, the people at the Colonial Office thought proper to send the alleged briber as a judge to Melbourne.

We are told the affair was "overlooked" by the underlings, but why are not the underlings themselves properly overlooked and made to do their duty? It seems to be allowed, that the Colonial Office having ruined Mr. STONOR, will be obliged to effect the financial restoration of that gentleman in the handsomest possible manner. Now we are curious to know whether the "handsome thing" is to be done at the public expense, or whether the aforesaid "handsome thing" is to be done at the cost of those by whom the very ugly transaction that has taken place was perpetrated? As to the basis of the compensation, that will have to be settled hereafter, but we presume the old official standard will be followed, by giving something like a sum not exceeding fourteen-twelfths of the whole annual salary, with perhaps another office during the life of the person to be compensated, and a few thousands per annum for two or three generations of his posterity.

NEW VERSION OF AN OLD SAYING.—There is but one step from the Sublime Porte to Old NICHOLAS.

GREAT NEWS FOR MR. PUNCH'S "LITTLE FRIENDS."

"THE United Association of Schoolmasters of Great Britain" (says the *Morning Chronicle*) is about to open a permanent exhibition in London, containing specimens of educational books, maps, diagrams, &c. Mr. PUNCH, whose intimate acquaintance with everybody and everything around him is only equalled by his willingness to impart his knowledge to the public, hastens to offer the earliest information as to the nature of this exhibition, and the character of the curiosities it will contain. In it, he confidently affirms, will be found the rod which was wielded by DIONYSIUS after he had resigned the sceptre of Syracuse, and to this classical instrument will be appended one of the advertisements in which the same worthy announced to his young friends (in the purest Greek) that the vacation was about to terminate. This case of objects will command the attention of all profound scholars, and those, in particular, who have devoted themselves to the study of Greek roots will be pleased to have both roots and branches at once presented to their view.

The next case will contain the bow and arrows with which the first schoolmaster taught the first young idea how to shoot. On the bow is inscribed this motto from HORACE, "*Non semper arcum tendit APOLLO*," from which we may infer that the first schoolmaster occasionally gave the first young idea a half-holiday. In a third case will be found NERO's copy-book, with copies in the handwriting of SENECA. From the text-hand copies we extract "*Error non est culpa*," and from the round-hand, "*Prava intercommunicationes corrumpunt bonos mores*," as specimens of sound philosophy and elegant Latinity. Side by side with these samples of imperial penmanship will be seen an imposition assigned to the "little son" of CORIOLANUS and VIRGILIA for playing truant. The young scapegrace had to write out a thousand times the words: "I had rather see the swords and hear the drum than look upon my schoolmaster." There is some reason for thinking that this relic was once in the possession of SHAKESPEARE. Another conspicuous object will be the Mummy of an Egyptian Schoolmaster, who was embalmed in the memory of his affectionate pupils. In the same sarcophagus with this highly dried pedagogue were found the mummy of a cat of nine tails, and a number of papyri. These last, when deciphered, proved to be the holiday letters of the pupils, who, if we may credit their own assertions, were so happy at school that they quite dreaded the approach of the vacation. When MR. PETTIGREW unrolled the schoolmaster, he was rewarded by the discovery of the original "Rule of Thumb," which was placed at the ends of the fingers of the mummy's right hand. This valuable relic, however, will not be exhibited, as it quite supersedes the keys to WALKINGHAME and BONNYCASTLE, and

is what schoolboys commonly term "a fudge." It is therefore reserved for the private use of the United Association of Schoolmasters. "An eminent draughtsman has promised to contribute drawings, ground plans, and elevations of the *Ædes Valpianæ*; and another artist will furnish similar sketches of the *dulce domum*;" and a plan of the grounds surrounding that delightful mansion.

The schoolmaster, who has been abroad so long, has sent maps of the countries through which he has passed, with specimens of the natural and artificial productions of many lands. But Mr. PUNCH has not space to mention all the marvellous curiosities which this exhibition will contain. He will conclude, therefore, by saying that MR. PAYNE COLLIER has contributed the satchel with which "the whining school-boy" (mentioned by the melancholy *Jacques*) "crept so unwillingly to school." The satchel still contains some crumbs of unquestionable antiquity, which Mr. PUNCH who has tasted them, unhesitatingly pronounces to be the remains of a baked plum pudding.

NOT SO MAD AS HE SEEMS.

THE other day a lunatic ran up into a pulpit at Frome to demand from the parson an explanation of his sermon. We do not understand the precise ground upon which a verdict of lunacy has been returned in this case, for we cannot think that the fact of needing an explanation of a sermon is in itself a proof of insanity. We have often been lunatics ourselves, if we might be pronounced insane for having been puzzled by a discourse from the pulpit. Perhaps, however, the alleged lunacy consisted in the absurd expectation of being able to get the parson to explain himself. We admit the extreme impropriety of the act of the individual who chose such an unfitting time and place for the explanation he sought; but to pronounce him mad because he was puzzled about the meaning of a sermon is a measure so harsh that we call upon that eccentric society the Alleged Lunatics' Friends to look into the case as speedily as possible.

An Extreme Case.

'Tis said, in language terse and neat,
Extremes will very often meet;
Perchance, then, at no distant season,
E'en NICHOLAS may come to reason.

REMOVED TO MOSCOW.—NICHOLAS, it is said, takes up his quarters at Moscow, as being safer; thereby signifying by his absence from St. Petersburg, that "rubbish is not to be shot there."

THE "GAZETTE DE ST. PETERSBOURG."



He have lately received a copy of the above wonderfully veracious journal, and make a few curious extracts from it:—

"Our perfidious enemies are already beginning to perceive the foolish error of their ways: knowing well enough that they must soon be at a dreadful loss for tallow, the principal supply of which the barbarians draw from our enlightened country, they have resorted to the miserable expedient of lighting their principal thoroughfares with Gas! This is actually the case, and may be witnessed any night in the best streets of London or

Paris. Not satisfied with this short-sighted evasion, however, many of their shops and houses, also, are lighted with the same weak substitute. LORD JOHN RUSSELL, we are credibly informed, instead of lighting himself to bed as formerly, with a tallow candle, has a melancholy gas-pipe fitted up on the staircase, which, by leaving the door of his bed-room open, enables him to undress and to get into bed. Now, when we take into consideration the serious difference there is in price between tallow and gas, and when we know what a sickly, unsatisfactory light the latter gives, compared to the brilliance of the former, it will not be considered presumptuous, we hope, to surmise, that before many weeks are over, both London and Paris will be compelled—to avoid the increased expense—to remain in darkness altogether."

"The English troops are fed upon dead lambs, and the English horses upon had musty hay. These are the poor creatures our brave soldiers are to fight! Against such despicable foes, victory is no longer doubtful, but reduced to a matter of positive certainty!"

"The following cold-blooded insult to our beloved Emperor will scarcely be believed. We stake our honesty, however, upon the truth of it. In one of the lowest parts of London, called St. Giles's, may be seen exposed, at a hairdresser's, a large Bear, brutally ripped open, and over it is written, in large characters, 'ANOTHER FINE RUSSIAN BEAR SLAUGHTERED.' The allusion in this is but too evident, but we tell the Cabinet of St. James, that the *animus* of it is as contemptible as the sarcasm is weak."

"The average height of your French soldier is four feet three. The average height of your English soldier is considerably under that."

"We perceive that a contract for 600,000 puncheons of Rum has just been entered into with the English Government. This is to supply the British navy. Now, how low must be the courage, how weak must be the faith of your English sailor, when he requires so much Rum to support it!"

"The Russian soldier can thrash three French soldiers at any time. This was proved at Austerlitz, and innumerable other places, during the late war. Now it is an established truth that the French soldier is better than three English soldiers under any circumstances. History has put this latter fact beyond the smallest possible doubt, much less contradiction. Consequently, if a Russian can lick three Frenchmen, and a Frenchman is better than three Englishmen, it stands to reason that one Russian is more than a match for nine Englishmen. However our first victory will soon establish this point."

"The English and French ladies are so terribly distressed for a proper supply of bear's grease, that they are actually obliged to use lard for their hair; and when they cannot afford that, they are too glad to avail themselves of the assistance of a little butter. To economise upon the latter article, some of the proudest ladies both in England and France, are eating at the present moment for their breakfasts and teas nothing but dry bread."

"So straitened is the English Government for the necessary means of transit for its army, that it is compelled to solicit permission of M. LOUIS NAPOLEON for part of its cavalry to go through France. English pride is lowered to that humiliation!"

THE BALTIC AND THE EUXINE.

A CONTRAST AND A CAUTION.

AIR.—"Charlie is my Darling."

CHARLIE sails so daring, so daring, so daring—
CHARLIE sails so daring—the gallant old NAPIER!
DUNDAS lies never caring, never caring, never caring;
DUNDAS lies never caring, at Beicos all the year.

Oh I wish that in the Black Sea, the Black Sea, the Black Sea,
I wish that in the Black Sea we'd a CHARLIE to command;
Then the fleet we'd not so slack see, so slack see, so slack see,
Nor have to haul 'em o'er the coals, for not having coals on hand.

Still, CHARLIE, don't be rash, man; be rash, man; be rash, man;
My CHARLIE, don't be rash man, but cool as you are brave;
And DUNDAS, do try a dash, man; a dash, man; a dash, man;
And take a leaf from CHARLIE's book, upon the Euxine wave!

Ultimatisissississimum of Nicholas.

[Received by Telegraph.]

THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA has communicated with Berlin, offering to evacuate the Principalities, if the Sultan will eat pork chops in public with the Greek Patriarch, and afterwards, in undeniable black-strap, drink the health of the God of Russia.

THE PRICE OF IRISH MEMBERS.

MR. DRUMMOND declared that the price of Irish Members had been proved to be according to the scale of the income-tax: namely, 7*d.* in the pound. Surely, even this would be a very dear price: unless with Irish Members, as with certain other animals at market, it was agreed to sink the offal.

SUSPENDED CIVIL ANIMATION.

THERE is much sense in LORD PALMERSTON's suggestion in reference to the Property Disposal Bill:—

"It would be an intelligible course to enact that nuns should be deemed—as he believed was the case in some Roman Catholic countries—to be civilly dead, and therefore incapable of transferring property to any one after taking vows."

But as nuns do sometimes, there is reason to suppose, "fret at their convent's narrow walls" it would be necessary to make some provision for the restoration of civil rights and powers to the nun in the event of her coming to life again. The *Habeas Corpus* would afford the means of extricating her body from its living tomb—if her voice could only be heard from within it. Her property might then be restored to her, as it is in the case of other persons whose incapability of managing their own affairs is but temporary.

The Moral Mr. G. H. Moore.

MR. MOORE, in his attack on ill-used MR. STONOR, complained that the Government had clothed corruption "in ermine." Should the member for Mayo ever be exalted to authority, he might decorate himself with the fur of the old Irish wolf-dog; for never did Irish bound indulge in a louder Irish howl than did MR. MOORE against the injured MR. STONOR.

A Modern Bidder.

THERE is a "calculating boy" in the *Hull Packet* Office of whose surprising talent some estimation may be formed from the following paragraph:—

"CATTLE RETURNS FOR WEEK ENDING APRIL 6.—HELEN M'Garrison, from Hamburg, 10 Horses; Swanland, from Rotterdam, 11 calves. Total, 10 horses and 11 calves."

A PRUSSIAN COURT CIRCULAR.



THE following extracts from the Prussian Court Circular have been sent to us (we do not mind acknowledging the fact) by the valet of the KING OF PRUSSIA. This will account at once for their authenticity, to say nothing of the nature of the document itself, that carries within it the most convincing evidence of the truth:

"The King began dressing by first putting on his stockings, then he changed them for socks, then he pulled them off again, and seemed undecided which he should put on. He remained in that state for a quarter of an hour when he sent in the greatest hurry for his pedicure. In the meantime, his Majesty dressed, and when the pedicure arrived, he said he did not want him.

"At nine o'clock the King rang for his shaving-water, but I had not brought him his chocolate, which was no sooner ready than he said he should prefer a cup of tea.

"The King, when dressed, was pleased to intimate his intention that he was going to sneeze, but suddenly changing his mind, he coughed instead.

"The King, before going into the garden, stood contemplating two hats, which were hung up in the palace hall. One hat was white, the other black. He first put on one, and then the other. This he repeated at least a hundred times, when, quite uncertain which one he should put on, his Majesty went out at last without any hat at all.

"In the afternoon, his Majesty complained of a slight touch of the gout in the right foot. His attendants, schooled by long patience and experience into the instability of all royal wishes and feelings, sent for a quantity of ice; nor were they much out in their calculations, for in less than ten minutes afterwards, His Majesty was attacked with a violent pain in the head, and if the delay of a second had taken place in applying the ice to his temples, his Majesty might probably have changed his mind, and have been seriously laid up with an attack of small pox.

"After dinner, the King ordered his carriage round with the intention of repairing to the Royal Chapel. His coachman, however, drove him to the Opera House. His Majesty seemed much pleased at the sagacity of the man having so accurately anticipated his wishes.

"A Cabinet Council had been ordered at two o'clock, in order to revise the eternally-promised Constitution, which every right-minded Prussian has long since abandoned all hope of ever seeing. The Ministers, when they assembled, surprised His Majesty in the garden playing at skittles—an athletic game in which His Majesty is fond of spending the greater part of his business hours. It was curious to see the ministers, far from being surprised, pull off their coats, and join their sovereign in the sport.

"The King, feeling unwell in the evening, sent round to the chemist's for 'his usual physic.' The servant returned with a large box, which, upon being opened, turned out to be a case of champagne. His Majesty took a couple of doses, and felt considerably better.

"The King, before retiring to rest, wrote autograph letters to the QUEEN OF ENGLAND and the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH, assuring them of his steadfast (standhafte) sympathy and cordial co-operation. This augurs favourably for Russia, and, in fact, the troops were ordered the next morning to hold themselves in readiness to march at a moment's notice towards the Austrian frontier."

Manchester Mythology.

WE have just seen a pretty little picture, printed at Manchester, of MINERVA springing from JUPITER's head. It is most charmingly done, only the Goddess of Wisdom is not armed *cap-à-pie*. On the contrary, she is attired in the costume of a Quakeress, and the only weapon she carries is a cotton umbrella, the handle of which is fashioned into a likeness of BRIGHT. The other hand is holding a prospectus of the Peace Society. The effect altogether is very peculiar.

STRIKE OF SEAMEN.—There is one description of strike in which we hope our sailors will never engage—that of their colours.

THE DREAM OF THE "RUSSIAN GENTLEMAN."

(In the Unfinished Drama of that Name.)

SCENE.—*St. Petersburg. A Room in the Palace. The EMPEROR OF RUSSIA solus.*

Emp. A desperate game is that I've now to play; Austria looks adverse, and I dare not count On "MONSIEUR CLICQUOT," * brother to my wife, Because, though I could turn him round my thumb, Untoward subjects hath the muzzy king. I do remember, when I was in England, At Ascot I o'erheard a drunken knave Upon the thimble pea that staked a crown Cry Nick or Nothing! so play I, to be Or nothing or the Nick of all this world. If ever, now should I be wide awake,

[Sinks upon an ottoman.

How strange that I feel thus inclined to drowse!

[Nods. Music descriptive of supernatural agency interrupted by stertorous breathing. An APPARITION in the habit of ST. NICHOLAS rises.

App. My son! my son! my son!

Emp. (raising his head in a state of somnambulism). Thrice holy Sire!

Do I indeed behold thee? Sure, at least, Now I'm awake, and this can be no dream! *App.* My son, I come thy bosom to explore By the confession of thy mouth. Declare Frankly and truly, whether Christian zeal, Or mere ambition's lust, hath egged thee on To take up arms against the Ottomite?

Emp. Already thrice those holy chaps have yawned As now, and three times hath that canonised tongue, As with a solemn serpent's breath, intoned That summons in mine ear. Yet once again Hear me, great saint, protest that to this war I am incensed by holy fire alone.

App. In faith and truth?

Emp. In truth by faith sustained.

App. As thou dost hope for mercy?

Emp. Even so.

App. Upon thy soul's life?

Emp. Yea; upon the life

And venture of my soul. But, mighty Saint, Thou needest not adjure me by such gross And common oaths. Suffice it if I pledge The truth of my profession with a pawn Which I more prize, almost, nay, pardon me, Than that eternal jewel thou didst name: My word of honour as a gentleman!

App. Thine honour thou dost pledge that the world's peace,

Inflamed by Christian love, thou hast destroyed?

For this thou giv'st thine honour?

Emp. Ay, mine honour.

Bright as the golden glory round thy brow.

App. Thou say'st thine honour as a gentleman?

Emp. Nay now, sweet Saint, thou dost my patience tax.

Confound me if I lie! In Heaven's name, Against the Turk I've drawn the sword, by Heaven!

App. Ho ho! well sworn. Now am I satisfied.

[Horns protrude from his forehead. So swear the lips when I the heart inspire!

[His robe, slitting behind, discovers a tail. Then forward in thy pious enterprise!

[His staff assumes the form of a trident. And in my blessing prosper. Take it thus—

The Western Powers may NICHOLAS subdue!

In all thy counsels, stratagems, and schemes,

I ever at thy elbow will attend.

Meanwhile, farewell, my namesake and my son!

[Fireworks; amid which "Saint" NICHOLAS descends. The EMPEROR, uttering a loud shriek, falls senseless. Courtiers, Guards, Officers, &c., rush in tumultuously, and the SCENE closes.

* A sobriquet with which NICHOLAS honours his brother-in-law.

TWO THINGS RATHER DIFFICULT TO BE DONE AT ONCE.—To cultivate a Moustache, and a taste for Vermicelli Soup.



A BRIGHT IDEA.

TORTURE OF A NUN.

(From the "Catholic Champion.")

We blush to record another of the hideous outrages perpetrated upon Catholics by the furious bigots of the Law-made Church of England. Unable to trust ourselves with the indignation excited by the revolting detail, we will confine ourselves strictly to facts, leaving comment to the faithful.

A deputation from the committee appointed by the tyrant majority of the House of Commons, went, on Tuesday afternoon last, to the newly established convent of Our Lady of Self-Complacency, at Bayswater, and proceeded to exercise their function of Visitors. Every cunning and artful device had been adopted in order to disarm suspicion, and of the three commissioners, two were benevolently looking elderly gentlemen, fathers of female families, and the third was a young and well-born M.P., the owner of large estates, probably stolen by his ancestors from the Catholics of other days. The better to conceal their views, the deputation behaved with the most hypocritical affectation of courtesy, sending up their cards to the Lady Superior, from whom they had previously obtained an appointment, and begging that if the hour were at all inconvenient, she would name another. But the holy and venerable Lady knew too well the malignant nature of those with whom she had to do, to afford them a handle for accusing Catholics of resisting the Legislature, and they were at once admitted.

We might dwell upon the atrocious wiles by which it was sought to disguise infernal persecution. We could tell how politely the bigots behaved, how they affected to do their work with the utmost delicacy, and how evidently they had determined that neither word nor gesture should escape them that could be construed into insult or unkindness. The sickening shallowness of the artifice could deceive no true child of Rome. But it is to the abominable cruelty practised in one particular instance that we would advert as calmly—calmly, ye blessed Saints—as we may.

The persecutors, after a brief visit, were about to retire, really baffled, but pretending to be all smiles and courtesy, when a young and beautiful Catholic lady, Miss ANGELICA DANVERS (aged sixteen), and who is shortly about to devote herself and her fortune to the convent, happened to enter the room, and, almost before she was aware of it, found herself in the centre of the group. The tactics of the Inquisitors instantly changed. They evidently beheld a victim, nor had her sweet and cheerful smile, her fresh young loveliness, nor her musical voice, power to deter them from their course. The venerable Superior left the room to attend to those duties of hospitality which we are enjoined to practise, even towards our enemies, and as the door closed, that young and helpless creature was subjected to Protestant barbarity. We dare hardly write the rest, but O! gentle S. HOOKEY, and O! kindly S. WALKER, give us strength.

The poor girl was led to one of the massy chairs, in which, with a smile that might have disarmed a fiend, she took her seat, and she was instantly asked by one of the elder Inquisitors whether she did not think it delightful weather. To this insidious question, framed to

extort an answer that might be construed into a desire to get out of the convent into the open air, Miss DANVERS replied, with the simplicity characteristic of our faith, that it was rather warm. The younger Inquisitor was then left to assail her, and he proposed a series of interrogatories, apparently founded on the topics of the day, but really designed to entrap her. At length, when he proceeded to the length of asking her what she thought of the Opera of *La Vestale*, even the simple girl saw the allusion, and the future Nun hesitated to speak decidedly of the Vestal; but said that good works should be held in honour though they might not be understood. Angelic answer! But it could not melt these savages.

The Rack was shown her. The young saint regarded it with a smile, and said that a sister of hers had gummed the pieces together, and that she had only painted and varnished it; and she took out some of the visiting cards in order the better to show her work.

Unsoftened by the innocent cheerfulness of the poor child, the younger Inquisitor took up a piece of thin cord which was lying on the table and, tying its ends, put it over his two hands. She understood the signal, and with a slight flush of modesty, held out her own white hands for the torture. He twisted and involved the cord with fiendish ingenuity, and then transferred it, with a cruel smile, to her outstretched hands, muttering some ferocious jest about cat's cradles. Yet, long as the process lasted, for he took a strange pleasure in protracting it, and alternately taking away the cord from her and putting it on again, he could not destroy that smile—nay, more than once her laughter showed how a Catholic can defy Protestant malice.

Lastly, the poor girl was subjected to the Question Extraordinary. The younger Inquisitor, who, despite his fierce nature, seemed strangely fascinated by his unoffending victim—such is the power of true virtue—drew near to her, and in a low, intense whisper asked her whether her affections were engaged. Miss DANVERS replied in the negative, but hearing the footsteps of the Lady Superior, and wishing, even amid her own sufferings, to spare the feelings of that venerable person, added, in a low voice, "Here's Mother," appending a simple exhortation which from those pure lips ought to have had weight, even with the hardened doers of wrong. She merely said, "Do right, do." He seemed touched, and was thoughtful during the brief remainder of their visit, which was ended with all the hypocritical courtesy with which it began.

Brave girl! True martyr! Noble soul! Thus to have suffered is better than—

Since the above was written we have received afflicting tidings. It appears that the last words of Miss DANVERS to the young M.P. were misinterpreted by him—that he *did* write, and that she answered him. The result was that she left the convent, and they were married yesterday. S. HOOKEY, S. WALKER, another victory to these Protestant miscreants!

ANOTHER SMALL ITEM IN THE BILL AGAINST RUSSIA.

Nicholas Romanoff, Esq.

To John Bull.

Dr.

1854.	To Bill delivered per MESSRS. NAPIER and DUNDAS	£1,000,000
March	Very fine Reform Bill, (best manufacture, with great variety of clauses, warranted to cure all defects in the representation, to give new members where wanted, and take away old ones where not wanted, to reward industry, and to recognise education by giving each the franchise, to secure the expression of the feelings of minorities, to separate the polling-clerk from the tax-gatherer, to extend the right of voting to about a million of deserving candidates, and generally to rectify the Constitution); such act being utterly destroyed this night by your outrage	1,000,000
Apr. 11.		£2,000,000

With J. Bull's Compliments.

A Bit of our Mind.

THERE seems a little difference of opinion as to the fitness of ADMIRAL DUNDAS for the command to which he has been recently appointed. Some of our contemporaries appear to think, that for a man on active service he has been acting somewhat passively. Others again are quite the other way of thinking, and congratulate the Government upon having made a happy choice. For ourselves we would willingly abstain from offering an opinion in the matter: though were we asked to do so, we think we should scarcely be accused of anything worse than Cockneyism, if we ventured our belief, that although possibly for the Black Sea ADMIRAL DUNDAS may have been a happy choice, yet for the Baltic we certainly have hit upon an ap(p)ier.

GLADSTONE MADE EASY.

The following is an English translation of the financial statement made by the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER the night before the holidays, and of the debate that followed, and it is believed that a feat like that of explaining a discussion which so painfully bewildered the House of Commons was never before attempted.

Mr. Gladstone. Sir, upon the Sixth of March, I stepped forward, prim and starch, And unto this House I stated What it was I estimated MR. BULL would have in hand That day month.

Mr. Disraeli. I understand; And if memory serves me right—
Mr. Gladstone. Interruption's impolite In due time you'll have your turn, For the present, list and learn. Now, the sum which then I built on—

Mr. Disraeli (aside). (Gammon is not quite the Stilton.)

Mr. Gladstone. Was (the rounder sum the shorter's)

Just two millions and three quarters, But the cash which did come in Gave us an excess of tin, Being (MR. DISRAELI smiles)—yes, I see you laugh—

Just three millions and a half.

Mr. Disraeli. Showing, therefore, that you blundered,

In your thousands, by eight hundred.
Mr. Gladstone. Something under. That may be,

But no blame belongs to me. For the taxes I expected Could not be so soon collected, And I did not quite foresee There'd be such a rush for tea.

But, be easy, for it's plain We secure no real gain, Since these items, at a glance, Prove but payments in advance. So we'll take Three Millions, clear, As our Surplus for last Year.

Various Members (derisively). That will get us very small tick In the Danube and the Baltic.

Mr. Gladstone. For the present, don't be troubled,

Since the income tax is doubled.

Mr. Disraeli. Yes. But say, my Oxford NECKER,

Why you beggared the Exchequer, Taking from the Bank pavilions Rather more, Sir, than Five Millions.

Such a course is quite Satanic.

Just suppose you'd caused a panic?

Mr. Gladstone. Just suppose, Sir, just suppose!

Bother arguments like those.

First, if that's a satisfaction, Your five millions, and the fraction, Really come—you know it's true—

To a trifle more than two.

But the Bank accounts are kept

In a fashion so inept,

That I'm not surprised the nation

Is deceived by such quotation.

Mr. Disraeli. If I were a vulgar talker,

I should here refer to WALKER.

Mr. Gladstone (warmly). And besides, Sir, as a rule,

'Tis a doctrine of my school, That a man's an ass who anchors Faith in balances at bankers'.

If his purse is sure to fill,

Let him hoard or spend at will.

And this House is not averse

To replenish JOHNNY'S purse.

Mr. Disraeli (perversely). That five millions was a loss, Spite of your Tractarian gloss.

Mr. Thomas Baring. I'm afraid you'll be a sorrower,

GLADSTONE, you habitual borrower.

Mr. Gladstone. That's too bad, you city dunce,

Since I've only borrowed once.

Mr. Laing. You must pay it back. I own I should recommend a loan.

Sir H. Willoughby. So should I.

Mr. Gladstone. No, should you re-a-ly. Your reproof must cut severely.

I reply to each invective,

That my statement's retrospective.

And I'm not inclined to mention

What may be my next intention.

Mr. Disraeli. Vainly with your speech I've tried

To believe I'm satisfied.

Mr. Gladstone. I've no doubt you did it vainly.

Vanity's your foible, plainly.

All my measures (you may think 'em

What you like) increase our Income.

Stocks have only tumbled down

To eighty-eight and half-a-crown.

Trade's advancing—or (I'm guarded

In my words) is not retarded,

And the Public Credit—give it

Scope—is right as any trivet.

Mr. Disraeli. Trivet, yes, and bless your souls,

One you'll see across the coals.

Mr. Gladstone. Nothing, Sir, shall make us rue,

While unto ourselves we're true.

Mr. Cardwell. If we've nothing more to learn,

Perhaps the House may now adjourn.

CROWNED HEADS IN NIGHTCAPS.



the profane vulgar may avow themselves irreverent unbelievers. Be this as it may, NICHOLAS has had a dream; which dream, with his constitutional condescension, he has narrated to his chosen of the Court of St. Petersburg. It seems that ST. NICHOLAS appeared to the Czar, and—in his waggish way—quizzed the Emperor on his affected devotion to the war. It was all a sham and a flam, cried the Saint; whereupon the Emperor swore it was all a truth—truthful as his own sword. Again the Saint appeared, again doubted, and was again emphatically rebuked by Heaven's warrior in jack-boots. A third time the Saint presented himself; a third time declared himself dubious, when NICHOLAS reiterated his intentions of sincerity "on

the word of a gentleman." The Saint could no longer oppose such an expression of holy zeal so sanctified, but cried—"Go on, my Son; go on, my NICHOLAS! Proceed and conquer!" Therefore, NICHOLAS is determined to storm Constantinople, and bow-string the Sultan on the word of a gentleman!

This dream—we learn from private but most authentic sources—has set nearly all the other crowned heads in a ferment, and royal brains have wobbled with visions. The KING OF GREECE has had his dream. A few nights since he dreamt that the crescent moon of Turkey was turned into a green cheese and that he was eating it.

A very terrible dream has disturbed the slumbers of the KING OF NAPLES. He dreamt that he was turned into a huge lucifer match; and that one of his political prisoners rubbing him against the bars of a dungeon caused him to ignite, leaving behind him a shocking smell of sulphur.

The KING OF PRUSSIA dreamt that he was turned into a gallantee-showman's magic lantern; and that nothing came out of him but shams and shadows.

The poor POPE dreamt that he had become a bomb-shell, fired into the Eternal City for the punishment of his flock. Feeling himself about to burst, he awoke supplicating the saints to "save the pieces."

The EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA dreamt that he was turned into a sword, and that presenting himself to NICHOLAS of Russia, NICHOLAS grasped the handle; when, immediately the blade melted away in blood-drops.

About to go to press, we have received the following account from our own Correspondent at St. Petersburg of the last dream of the Czar: a dream only known to himself and our informant, who writes as follows:—"St. Petersburg, April 1. His Majesty has dreamt a dream. He thought that Death, the skeleton, appeared to him with a boot-jack in his bony hand; and grinning a horrid grin, said—'May it please your Majesty—just for the peace and contentment of the world—large—be good enough to take off your boots.'"

Wanted a Solution.

GIVEN: the will of PETER THE GREAT; to find the way to Constantinople, and the other places named for conquest in it.



NOTHING LIKE KNOWING THE COUNTRY.

Huntsman (to Officer going Abroad). "PLEASE BE SO GOOD, SIR, AS GIVE MY RESPECTS TO MASTER HARRY."

Officer. "OH! BUT MY BROTHER IS IN THE WEST INDIES, AND I AM GOING TO THE EAST."

Huntsman. "MAYHAP YOU 'LL MEET AT T'COVER SIDE ALL THE SAME, SIR!"

WAR TAXATION MADE VERY EASY.

THE fact mentioned in the subjoined paragraph is peculiarly consoling in reference to Ways and Means for War:—

"It is believed that the amount of duties received by the Customs of the United Kingdom up to last Saturday evening on tea, since the new duty came into operation on Thursday morning, will be little short of half a million sterling."

In order to meet war expenditure it has been all along anticipated that it will be necessary to retrace our late commercial policy by again raising the duties on articles of consumption that have been reduced. Really this unpleasant necessity appears, from the above statement, to have been too readily taken for granted, and on the contrary, there is ground to hope that finances for fighting will be most easily provided by the much more agreeable operation of diminishing the taxes on commodities to a very low figure. From a liberal reduction of the duty on French wines, for instance, might actually be derived considerable resources for maintaining hostilities with Russia, in addition to the advantage of strengthening our connection with France.

VIPER MITCHEL.

MITCHEL—who, let us hope, carried away in his bosom the last rotten potato from Ireland—MITCHEL has been yelling for an invasion of Canada by Russia. Will MITCHEL himself enlist? He ought: for he is just the creature to carry food to a bear. MITCHEL yells to his countrymen:

"That the success of England in the present war will tend to rivet still more firmly the chains upon Ireland, and that every Irishman who enlists in the British Army takes side with the foes of his country, and aids in her enslavement."

We hope MITCHEL will continue to write thus. His ink-bottle can do no harm to Ireland. The patriot blight has, we hope, disappeared from Ireland for ever: the very potato blossoms must smile in contempt of such slugs.

A CRITIC TO LET.

DOES MR. CHARLES KEAN want a young man with some impulsiveness and a good flow of ink, to write the criticisms on the productions at the Princess's Theatre? Because, if so, he might hear of such a young person at Belfast. The excited party who does enthusiasm for the *Belfast Evening Mail* says (of some MR. SULLIVAN, as it happens—but, bless you, to a young man who writes like this, it does not matter on what peg he hangs his inspiration):

"His conceptions of character are accurate, and his developments true to nature, which is the highest state of perfection to which imitative art can rise. Above all, he has soul, and it is that which surprises, enraptures, and transports his audience, so that the one feeling of enthusiastic admiration actuates them, and the theatre reverberates with thunders of applause."

Such a writer ought not to be lost to the London press. And the reason why we commend him to MR. KEAN is this, that we think that gentleman's literary staff may be short of hands, as the notices of the last Princess's farce were given at considerable length in two of the daily papers and—curious coincidence—in the same words—which was hardly fair to the editors.

Martyrdom of Murder.

LAST week three wretches were hanged for murder. The execution was made a martyrdom by the priest officiating—"In one moment," said he to the culprits, "you'll be in heaven." Thus heaven is to be gained by bullets; and the certain path to bliss to be marked with innocent blood! And of such teaching is the lesson of the gallows! In the present case the assassins were all but canonised by the sympathy of the mob.

MUSIC FOR THE FLEET.

THE favourite air performed by the band of ADMIRAL DUNDAS's ship is the old one of "*Peaceful Slumbering on the Ocean.*"



A STRUGGLE BETWEEN DUTY AND INCLINATION.

GALLANT LITTLE JOHN TAKING LEAVE OF HIS PET TO SERVE HIS COUNTRY.

A GOOD END;

OR, THE REWARD OF THE RIBANDMAN.

"MR. PUNCH,

"PROBABLY there are not many people who rejoice in an entirely self-approving conscience. If there are any, your humble servant is unhappily by no means one of them. I endeavour indeed to do as I would be done by, perhaps with some success, but in striving to perform what is right and avoid what is wrong in other respects, I know I very often fail shamefully. Few of my misdeeds have hurt anybody but myself—but that self I am afraid they have hurt very much. Had I to drink hemlock presently, I should not be able to do it like SOCRATES. I could not lay my head on my pillow composedly with such a nightcap. Thought of what I should have to say for myself on waking would trouble me. Even JOHNSON owned that his self-consciousness would be reflected by a voice in the air which should say, 'SAM JOHNSON, you are a very wicked fellow!' I wish I were no wickeder a fellow than SAM JOHNSON."

"Well, *Mr. Punch*, you will say, all this is making you my Father Confessor: I had better choose another. Well Sir; perhaps I had: a regular one: such a Father Confessor as either of the two priests by virtue of whose shriving the three Ribandmen, who were hanged the other day at Monaghan, were enabled to die apparently not only better than SOCRATES, but as well as ST. STEPHEN. The *Northern Whig* contains an account of the execution—perhaps I ought rather to say martyrdom—of GRANT, QUIN, and COOMEY, the individuals alluded to, for the murder of MR. BATESON. I subjoin a few passages from the reporter's statement illustrative of the euthanasia of these men:—

"Yesterday morning, through the courtesy of MR. TEMPLE, the Governor, I was permitted to see the three prisoners. In company with some others, I found them walking in one of the yards of the prison, after having largely partaken of an excellent breakfast. QUIN and GRANT were smoking, and the three appeared to be in the best of spirits. I expressed, as did several of the party with me, my regret at seeing them in their unfortunate position; and QUIN and COOMEY both replied in the strongest terms, that they were fully prepared for the fate that awaited them—that, thanks to the attention which had been paid them by their clergyman, they were ready to meet their God. In the course of the conversation which ensued, COOMEY particularly entered into religious topics, remarking that he never, in the whole course of his life, felt so happy as he did at that moment, with the confidence before him of, in a brief time, meeting his Saviour. . . . On our leaving, the unfortunate man shook each of the party warmly by the hand, and expressed a hope that when we were about to die, we would be as fully prepared for it as they then were."

"Unfortunate men?—unfortunate epithet: words should be better weighed though at a penny the line. Happy individuals, favoured persons, I should rather say. *Hamlet* wishes to know who would not destroy himself if he could escape the ills of life by committing suicide. Who would not much more willingly be hanged; regarding the subsequence of hanging with the eyes of GRANT and COOMEY?—

"Throughout the entire conversation GRANT and COOMEY spoke with a spirit and freedom which was perfectly astonishing—looking at their approaching end as a merchant might be supposed to do on entering on a prosperous enterprise, which would reap for him rich and glorious results. MR. SWANZY, the sub-sheriff, called upon them in the morning, and on going up to them, said he was sorry to see three men in their position. "Sorry!" said one of them in a tone of surprise. "Why, it is glad you should be, Sir!"

"So I think I should say if I were going to be hanged for murder." "It is glad you should be, Sir—glad that this world is going to be rid of me: wish me as the Judge did, mercy in the other!" It does not seem that this was quite what the prisoner meant:—

"He then asked them if they had any statement to make to him in relation to the offence for which they were to die? "No," said COOMEY, "our Saviour said nothing when he was executed!"

"A certain thief, however, did say something on the occasion to which COOMEY alluded; confessed the justice of his sentence: and this is the case of the two, one would think, that COOMEY might have considered the more analogous to his own."

"COOMEY and his companions preserved their exalted frame of mind even on the scaffold. QUIN and GRANT were first hanged:

"In passing from the yard to the pressroom, an incident occurred, which, though trifling in itself, tended to show QUIN's state of mind. Clothed in their dead dress, the two men passed through the yard, each in company with his spiritual adviser, and during the time they were shaking hands with some officers of the prison, the Rev. MR. SMITH had passed some distance in advance of QUIN, when the latter came skipping after him like a schoolgirl, threw his arm round his neck, and drew him on with a lightsome, hurried pace for a short distance."

"Danced him, in short, to the gallows. I wonder if DR. CULLEN approves of that sort of polka!

"QUIN said, "Hell cannot now scare us." (When the hangman pinioned his arms, "He's doing the best job that ever was done for us." (To the Rev. Gentlemen), "We return you many thanks, gentlemen. Will you not give us your blessing before you go?"

"Both reverend gentlemen then blessed them."

"The Rev. MR. SMITH. "Remember the penitent thief on the Cross. In one moment you'll be in heaven. You have eternal happiness within your reach."

"I think I need quote no further. Enough to say that COOMEY met his fate with such enthusiasm that it might have been imagined he believed himself to be POLYCARP."

"Is not this Irish deathbed—as I may venture to call it—calculated

to make any frail mortal wish his death might be like the death of COOMEY and his accomplices, and his latter end like theirs? Is not such a scene likely to prove especially edifying to Irish spectators? The cotton nightcap a crown of martyrdom; the gallows-trap a gate of life! this is indeed hanging Ribandmen to encourage the others. Really, Father Confessors should induce penitents to moderate their transports a little in undergoing capital punishment for murder. Else, perhaps, may it not be considered by the mob that the wilful murderer, at least if a Ribandman, is merely a devotee that 'wilfully seeks his own salvation?' 'In one moment you'll be in heaven!'—a dying philanthropist would be glad to be sure of that: a timorous hope that in a single moment one may not find one's self elsewhere, seems as much as can reasonably be entertained, in the highest state of reformation, by any moribund ordinary person, who, though no felon, is well aware that he deserves the appellation of

"REUS."

THE LUNGS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

WE sometimes exult in being finer fellows than our forefathers, because we have steam-engines and they had none. Certainly, on a railway, in a dockyard, in a cotton-mill, in various other commercial and national establishments, a steam-engine is an advantage which we may well consider ourselves to enjoy over them. Some, however, of those machines afford us the reverse of any ground for boasting at the expense of our predecessors: such, namely, as we employ, unsuccessfully, to effect purposes which they accomplished perfectly well without. They erected noble public buildings, so constructed as to ventilate themselves. They had no steam-engines, indeed, for the ventilation of those edifices; but the edifices did not require any. According to MR. SPOONER, the present House of Commons is ventilated by three; two below, drawing air in, and one above pumping it out. But MR. SPOONER says that the air is burnt and decomposed by this arrangement; that it passes through chambers, one of which stands over a great sewer; and is then forced up through the floor, saturated with dust. The question is, whether the term ventilation can be correctly applied to this process. If it can, then bees, when a hive is taken, may be said to be ventilated with brimstone: and small boys may be described as ventilating an apartment when they blow air into it impregnated with smoke by means of a lighted tobacco-pipe and a pair of bellows.

The mistake—for to poison instead of purifying the parliamentary atmosphere must be a mistake, else were it treason surpassing that of GUY FAWKES—has consisted in trying to cause the House to do that which the desideratum is to admit of being done by the inmates. It has been attempted to make the House breathe, whereas the endeavour should have been to render possible the respiration of the Members. The three steam-engines are a sort of lungs; but as this respiratory apparatus is connected with a sewer, it performs an office opposite to that of the lungs in the human body, which serve to exhale vitiated air and inhale pure only.

Thus the House of Commons may be regarded as a huge monster, breathing foul air, and the Members (no offence to the Irish Brigade) as parasitic animals which occupy its interior, and breathe the atmosphere which the monster has breathed previously. This is a mixture of deleterious and unsavoury gases. Not only that, but MR. SPOONER also affirms that it is traversed by "whirlwinds and tornados of dust flying through the house in a manner that is most disgraceful." The architecture of the House of Commons may be considered to have necessitated this state of things; to which, however, a totally different style of building would have been appropriate. The House, to suit such an atmosphere, ought to have been constructed with an entrance like a huge dragon's mouth, having a row of enormous teeth in either jaw, after a design which, we believe, will be found in some of the early editions of the *Pilgrim's Progress*.

That all discussion is not stifled by air calculated to smother anybody is a wonder to those who are ignorant of the adaptability of the animal economy. Perhaps, as the wind of heaven is tempered to the shorn lamb, so the air of the House of Commons is dulcified to honourable members. It has been held that there is a mysterious relation between things natural and moral. Rats live and thrive in sewers; can it be said that a House wherein laxity of party-principle has become general, is appropriately ventilated with air to which a sewer is tributary? The variations of temperature, occasioned by alternating jets of hot and cold air, also complained of by MR. SPOONER, may perhaps likewise be considered to represent the climate of England: and it would be well if the opinion of the nation were represented as accurately as its climate.

MR. SPOONER declares that the sum of £200,000 has been expended in order that the House of Commons may be supplied with air—consisting in a great measure of sulphuretted hydrogen. The name of SPOONER will shine the brighter for having called attention to this throwing away of good money after bad gas; a gas, however, whereby the first syllable of that name, considered as silver, would be very soon tarnished.



NEVER CARRY YOUR GLOVES IN YOUR HAT.

MR. POFFINGTON FLATTERS HIMSELF HE IS CREATING A SENSATION.—(Perhaps he is).

MISSING—GEORGE THE SECOND.

MR. THOMAS DUNCOMBE has threatened to bring the Great Globe about the ears of MR. WYLD, who, it was supposed, had carried off the statue of GEORGE THE SECOND from Leicester Square to set it up on his own private grass-plot. Very odd is it that our democratic friend of Finsbury should be so suddenly smitten with sympathy for the statues of kings; the more especially when—as was the sad, earthy case of GEORGE THE SECOND—it was nothing more than mere clay, with a coating of lead, and the thinnest over-coating of gilding. But it appears that the statue was, from the first, private property; and therefore—long before its final removal—was taken, a good deal of it, bit by bit, away by the ingenious fellow-countrymen of the Irish members.

The statue had an outside of lead, and it so happened, when any of the Irish hodmen or bricklayers engaged within the fortunate vicinity of the statue, felt upon them the inconvenience of thirst, that, with a notion of the assuaging properties of porter, they did not hesitate to remove from the statue as much lead as might, conscientiously weighed in the scales of a marine-store, purchase one, two, or three pots of malt, according to the modest necessities of the timid yet withal thirsty Irishmen aforesaid. Now, here is a sum to be worked out by MR. MOORE and other virtuous senators of his kidney, burning with indignation at the proved bribery of poor MR. STONOR: If the leaden tail of GEORGE THE SECOND's horse would go into twenty pots of porter, how many pots would the head go into? To Irish members, so capable on all occasions of making head and tail of everything, such calculation must be particularly easy.

Whilst, in the stern pursuit of our duty, we give this hitherto unknown history of the lead of one Member of the House of GUELPH, we must also, in justice to the ingenious Irishmen, who poured the lead melted into porter down their throats, speak of their unutterable disgust when they discovered the statue to be, not at all at all what they first believed it—a large lump of glistening gold, but hollow lead, with Dutch metal on the outside, and dirty clay within. They were disgusted, because they were cheated. Nevertheless, they made the best of the bad, and swallowed their disappointment cool from the pewter.

Alas, and may it not be even thus with the living Irish member; the sterling, golden M.P. for Potheentown? He stands on the hustings one piece of unalloyed gold. Common eyes cannot look at his brilliancy for winking. He is a member of precious price, which he proves when he bows to the minister. And then he rises in the house, and what seemed gold is proved to be the most dumpish lead: and—certain matters come out, and he is examined by a committee; and—och, murder!—our golden member is a thing of the very dirtiest clay!

But leaving this heart-breaking discovery, what is to solace MR. DUNCOMBE in his loss of the statue of GEORGE THE SECOND that MR. WYLD—as he boldly avowed to the awful face of SIR WILLIAM MOLESWORTH—has had carted away with other rubbish? For our own part,

we can bear with becoming fortitude the absence of GEORGE THE SECOND, and would suggest to MR. WYLD that he should duly affix outside his Great Globe the notice—“Statues carefully removed.” *Punch* thinks he could point him out a few; but just to begin with, merely names the statue of a certain duke on the top of a certain column. All his creditors declare that he “never came down yet,” so let us hope the time is come at last.

Should there be a new special office appointed, namely, the Keeper of the Statues, MR. DUNCOMBE has displayed the finest genius for the post. Give it to him, and in his new admiration for the House of GUELPH he would doubtless vote a blue satin great coat with gold frogs—(what a King Stork he was for gold frogs!)—to GEORGE THE FOURTH; and in the fulness of his gallantry bestow upon the statue of QUEEN ANNE a befitting amplitude of brocaded petticoat.

MA PAROLE DE “GENTLEMAN.”

REALLY if the term “Gentleman” is subjected to such base uses, it will be growing into a term of contempt. The European series of Gentlemen, hitherto, has not been a very favourable one. Only consider, there was GEORGE THE FOURTH, who was called the “First Gentleman in Europe.” And now, as a fit companion, there comes the EMPEROR NICHOLAS, who, we suppose, may be looked upon as the “Second Gentleman in Europe.” We do not know how the list can be extended any further, unless you put down KING BOMBA as the “Third Gentleman;” and it is really doubtful whether they would not have delicate scruples about associating with so bad a lot. With such examples before one, the innocent mind unconsciously exclaims, “Who would be a Gentleman?”



Interesting to Bankers.—The largest Check ever yet Drawn.

“STOP, CZAR!”

NICHOLAS, it seems, can rob a late ambassador, with the like completeness with which he can ravage a province. On the other hand, he illustrates the strength and delicate dealing of the elephant. For, says the old saw, the elephant can alike tear up an oak and pick up a pin. NICHOLAS can, it is now proved, pick an ambassador's pocket; all that now remains for him to do is to tear up the British oak.

CASES FOR THE PUBLIC CONSCIENCE.



REALLY we wonder that the frequent announcement of the receipt of Conscience money by the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, does not urge the conscience to act in a variety of ways on those who, in some shape or other, owe restitution to society. We cannot understand why the conscience should usually limit its accusing voice to cases of unpaid income tax, when there are a thousand instances at least to which, if conscience were to act conscientiously and indiscriminately, its monitions would be appropriate. We can, without hesitation, cite a few cases in which restitution might be dictated by conscience with the most unquestionable propriety.

Every barrister absenting himself from the trial of a cause in which he has taken a brief, should return the fee and all contingent damages as conscience money, to his client.

The parson who has curtailed the bishop of a portion of his first fruits should, at the voice of conscience, forward a pint of the earliest gooseberries to the episcopal palace of the diocese.

The dull Member of Parliament should send conscience money to all readers of newspapers who have read more than six lines of six speeches.

All the metropolitan milkmen should send round conscience money to all their customers who have been paying for new milk from the cow, and consuming a miscellaneous compound in which the struggle for ascendancy has been entirely between the pump and the chalk-pit.

We might, however, go on *ad infinitum*, in suggesting cases where conscience should make restitution, instead of limiting its influence to those frauds of which the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER has been the victim. We have said enough to give the key note to conscience for playing on the pockets of the public to a very pretty tune, and we hope that instead of making cowards of us all, conscience will inspire the public in general with the courage to acknowledge boldly all past error, and to open the pocket with spirit in offering due recompense.

ALARMING STATE OF WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

WHAT catastrophe can it be that has reduced the Cathedral Clergy of Winchester to destitution? The *Hampshire Independent* contains the announcement following:—

"THE CATHEDRAL BELLS are to be chimed no longer for lack of funds to pay the Ringers; so say the Chapter!!"

That the Reverend Gentlemen would—except under pressure of the direst necessity—deprive any individuals attached in an humble capacity to the Cathedral of employment; that they would take bread out of bell-ringers' mouths to put money into their own banks, is incredible. We are therefore grievously afraid, that by some misfortune which has not as yet been explained, the caputal estates have ceased to pay, and the Canons have been all ruined. Our melancholy imagination depicts them going about out at elbows; in ragged cassocks à la PARSON ADAMS. Poverty, however, is no disgrace to Evangelical men: nor is shabbiness a reproach to the cloth, unless it can also be imputed to the wearer. Let the tattered shovel-hat of Winchester go round for subscriptions; or else, peradventure, the next thing we shall hear will be that the Cathedral Service is to be performed no longer for lack of funds to pay the Clergy.

Canzonet by the Czar.

A province is to me
A material guarantee;
So's a chair and so's a table:
With me all's fish that comes to net,
I take whatever I can get,
And prig as much as I am able.

EXTRA SAFETY.

THE London Life Assurance Offices have given notice that they will charge no "danger premiums" upon the Assurance of the Lives of Officers in the Black Sea Fleet, so long as that squadron is under the Command of ADMIRAL DUNDAS.

MEAN SPIRIT.—Russia, enraged with Turkey for having been the cause of depriving her of her markets for tallow, revenges herself by stirring up Greece!

TURPENTINE TURPITUDE.

ALL the enormous gooseberries chronicled in the newspapers are not authentic. Neither, perhaps, are all the enormous acts. To the mere invention of some reporter, fertile in atrocities, let us hope the *Times* was indebted for the following case of

"DISGUSTING CRUELTY.—WIGTON, April 11.—At the petty sessions held here this day, MR. JOSEPH RAILTON, of Snittlegarth, presiding. MR. THOMAS HAYTON, of Gertard House, near Wigton, owner and occupier of a large estate; MR. GEORGE HAYTON, his brother; and ROBERT HARDING, a husbandman, in the employ of the first defendant, were charged, at the instance of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, with having wantonly tortured a greyhound dog. From the statement of MR. FORSTER, who attended for the Society, it appeared that on the night of the 7th of March, the three defendants got possession of a greyhound belonging to a neighbouring farmer; that, while the younger HAYTON held its head securely between his legs, his brother saturated the animal's hide with turpentine, and, setting fire to it, drove it away. By some accident the flames were extinguished soon after the dog reached the open air, whereupon the defendants again secured it and repeated their brutal act, after which the affrighted animal was seen to leave the house a second time enveloped in flames. As it afterwards appeared, the dog ran four miles to its master's home, where it was next morning discovered in a dying state crouched up under some straw, with its bowels protruding."

Such barbarity would be quite incredible, were it not certain that NICHOLAS EMPEROR OF RUSSIA is at this time guilty of much greater by plunging Europe into war, which is worse than dipping a greyhound into spirits of turpentine and setting it on fire, inasmuch as thence will ensue conflagrations of towns, cities, and ships, attended by the combustion of human beings, and thus by the torment of our species to an extent in the aggregate immensely greater than the agony above described as inflicted on a miserable greyhound. It is observable that the HAYTONS, according to the above description, are evidently claimants of the title of "gentleman," in which respect there is an additional resemblance between them and the Russian savage.

"The case having been satisfactorily proved by three witnesses, MR. WARRE, solicitor for the defence, urged that the occurrence was purely accidental, and that the dog had caught fire a second time from a cinder which had fallen out of the firegrate. (A laugh.) The defendants had certainly applied some turpentine in the first instance, and set light to it, but without any intention of destroying the animal. He hoped, from the high respectability of his clients, that the bench would take a lenient view of the matter, in which event, MR. HAYTON would have no objection to recompense the owner for the loss of his dog."

Respectability, according to THURTELL, is the quality which keeps a gig. The high respectability of the HAYTONS, probably—unless their case is merely a horrid newspaper romance—keeps a dog-cart; a vehicle for the conveyance of dogs for sport: such sport as the gentlemen (of the Russian sort) had with the farmer's greyhound. However, the height of the HAYTONS' respectability was such that justice could not, it seems, reach up to them.

"The magistrates having consulted for a few minutes, the chairman pronounced the decision of the bench. After administering a severe rebuke to the elder HAYTON for the unseemly levity he had exhibited during the proceedings, MR. RAILTON said, the bench had no doubt whatever that a most wanton and cruel act had been perpetrated, and that the charge had been fully brought home to the accused parties, who would each pay the highest penalty imposed by the act, viz., £5 and costs; or, in default, stand committed for six weeks to the county gaol. In pronouncing this decision, he felt bound to add that it was not the unanimous opinion of the bench; but a majority of the magistrates being in favour of the imposition of a fine instead of a committal to prison, he was bound to give effect to the opinion of that majority."

If the respectability of MESSRS. HAYTON had been no higher than that which consists in keeping a vegetable cart, and their offence had been no graver than that of beating, with a little too much force, the donkey employed to draw it, they would at this moment doubtless be expiating their guilt at the crank.

One of the Horrors of War.

"LIKE causes produce like effects." An atrocious piece of alleged robbery on the part of the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA has led to the making of a pun of almost unheard-of atrocity. When it was rumoured that the Czar had seized the furniture of SIR HAMILTON SEYMOUR, it occurred to everybody that NICHOLAS must be mad, and this supposition led to the frightful suggestion that to suspect the EMPEROR of insanity for stealing an ambassador's chairs and tables was the most chair-i-table construction to put upon it.

THE CZAR'S IDEA OF AN ANGEL.

NICHOLAS has called his brother-in-law, the KING OF PRUSSIA, "an Angel of Peace." An angel—after the Russian view—has of course two wings; one of infantry and one of artillery.

Naval Intelligence.

JUST as we were about to go to press we were favoured by the intelligence—(through a private and confidential source)—that T. P. COOKE had been sent for, and ordered immediately off to take the command, *vice* ADMIRAL DUNDAS, of the Black Sea Fleet.

THE GREATEST CONSOLATION IN THE PRESENT WAR.—That we are not fighting for the BOURBONS.



"A LITTLE GALE WILL SOON DISPERSE THAT CLOUD,
AND BLOW IT TO THE SOURCE FROM WHENCE IT CAME."—Shakspeare.

THE LORDS IN A BAD WAY.

On the subject of war administration discussed lately in the House of Lords, the *Times* observes:

"But, only think of this great question being debated with an attendance at first of about 50 peers, and before the end of Lord GASKY'S speech not much more than a dozen! Later in the evening a very important measure was read a third time, in a house of exactly a dozen, the numbers being 7 content and 5 not content."

The Peers are sometimes called an oligarchy, and certainly by mustering on the most momentous occasions in numbers so very small as those abovementioned, they seem desirous of meriting the appellation. It is to be hoped that their Lordships do not intend to gratify the extreme democratic party by gradually abolishing themselves as a branch of the Legislature: but if they continue growing small by degrees, and making themselves more and more scarce, they must ultimately vanish.

Court Mourning.

THE Court has been ordered into a week's—a little week's—decorous mourning for the late DUKE OF PARMA. Ladies are to wear black silk, and gentlemen black swords and buckles. It is believed that the grief exhibited at St. James's will be equal to the sorrow manifested by the people of Parma. Quite.

THE PORT ADMIRAL OF SOUTHAMPTON.

At the annual dinner of the Members of the Southampton Chamber of Commerce, according to the *Hampshire Independent*, the toast of "The Army and Navy" having been drunk, the MAYOR (J. T. TUCKER, Esq.) returned thanks for the Navy, as "Admiral of the Port." It is not perhaps generally known that the MAYOR OF SOUTHAMPTON is also, by virtue of his office, PORT ADMIRAL of that flourishing maritime town. Should an invading squadron ever get past Calshot Castle, it would of course be his duty to blow it out of the water, unless it stuck hopelessly in the mud. From this duty there is no fear that he will ever shrink: in the meantime we hope his exertions will only be required for the more agreeable one of giving friendly visitants a blow-out. The MAYOR OF SOUTHAMPTON, of late years, has always been ready to afford friends of all nations a bellyful, and no doubt the present Mayor will also contribute manfully towards giving the enemy a drubbing. May Southampton never be without a Mayor who is Admiral of the Port, and may that Port never fail to exhibit the beeswing! And may that gallant Admiral be Admiral not only of the Port, but also of the sherry, as well as of the claret and the champagne!

TREMENDOUS SACRIFICE.—The Reform Bill has been sacrificed to MARS.



MOUSTACHE MOVEMENT.

Gent. "I SAY, MOSEY! WHY DON'T YER GO THE 'OLE 'OG, AND LET ALL YER BEARD GROW, LIKE ME?"

BISHOP JANUS ON PUSEYISM.

DIVERS inhabitants of one of the fashionable districts where the elegant subscribers to the Church, and its other *habitués* amuse themselves with Puseyism, have appealed to the BISHOP OF LONDON to interfere, and to stop practices which, to the memorialists, appear to savour of Popery. They have stated their fidgets at some length, and DR. BLOMFIELD, with his usual promptness, has made a lucid and energetic reply which has just appeared in the daily papers. It will settle the question of the right of clergymen to add "attractions" and "effects" to the English Protestant Liturgy, and Mr. Punch has therefore much pleasure in giving it immortality.

The BISHOP OF LONDON to the KNIGHTSBRIDGE PURITANS.

"MY DEAR BRETHREN,

"I have received your letter, complaining of practices which you say are introduced by your clergyman, the REVEREND MR. LIDDELL, into the services at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. I fully admit that every member of the Church of England has a right to complain to the bishop of the diocese, but at the same time I deny that the conduct of the clergy ought to be made the subject of lay censure, and therefore, while responding to your appeal, I decline to answer your complaint.

"You object to the Flowers upon the Altar. I own that they are nowhere expressly ordered by the Prayer Book. But, in the time of EDWARD THE SIXTH, floriculture was not so well understood as it is now, and perhaps if it had been, flowers might have been appointed as church ornaments. I am confirmed in this view by finding, in the sermons of the bishops who edited the Prayer Book, many favourable allusions to flowers, and beautiful lessons drawn therefrom. At the same time, if any particular scent gives the congregation, or even the beadle, a headache, that flower ought not to be included in the bouquet. I need hardly add that I am also strongly opposed to the Pagan flower called "Venus's Looking Glass," and to the flower familiarly called Jump-up-and-Kiss-me, and if the rose should be thought to lean to the confessional, I think MR. LIDDELL must exercise his own discretion as to the propriety of retaining it.

"You object to the Cross upon the Altar. This is a mere question of heaviness. I am told that it is a very light one (*sic*), and therefore ought not to weigh much upon your minds. Remember that there is a cross on the top of St. Paul's, yet I have not heard that MESSRS. DAKIN AND CO., MESSRS. GRANT AND GRIFFITH, or other inhabitants of the churchyard, against whose orthodoxy nothing has ever been said to me, demand that it should be taken down. And I may add that there are several crosses in the Crystal Palace, which will shortly be opened on Sundays (with the approbation of myself and my episcopal brethren), and therefore offers a parallel case to that of a church. I

admit, however, that if the cross had been a heavy one it would have been a different thing.

"You object to the Intoning the Service. This is really matter of taste. I would rather hear good intoning than bad reading, not that I accuse MR. LIDDELL of reading badly, because, as you must have observed, I really know nothing about the circumstances, and indeed the presumption is that as he writes very well he will read well also. But as I cannot say that anything which tends to harmony is improper, I can only suggest that there are plenty of churches where the service is read abominably enough to satisfy the most particular Protestant.

"You object to the Chorister Boys. I agree with you that, as a general rule, boys are a nuisance, in church and everywhere else. But boys have a clear common law right (*See BURN'S JUSTICE*) to go to church, and when there, to sing: nor is there any statute or common law preventing them from wearing their shirts outside their other clothes. If there were, I fear the smock-frock, so interesting a feature in our country congregations, must be interdicted, and I am sure you would not desire an agriculturist to worship in his waistcoat. As regards the boys not using their handkerchiefs, I think it is a clear case for MR. LIDDELL's personal and continual watchfulness and interference, and that of every lady member of his family, and I have given him a wipe on the subject. As regards their struggling for apples, pinching one another, and introducing irrelevant remarks, connected with dinner, into the responses, I deem it a case for the beadle's cane.

"You object to the Perpetual Bowing: I quite agree with you, and think that no persons should bow in church except when they see an acquaintance, when, of course, common politeness dictates a smiling recognition, whatever part of the ceremony may be going on. But this practice is too universal among the orthodox to need my sanction. There is a very good paper in ADDISON'S *Spectator* on the subject, but as its argument goes the other way, you need not read it unless you like.

"You object to the Procession of Clergymen. Now here you are wrong. "Procession" is derived from the Latin *processio* (*See AINSWORTH'S DICTIONARY*), and means the act of proceeding. If you had studied logic, you would know that the service could not proceed unless some one proceeded to perform it. Well, if you are not Dissenters (which I hope is not the case), you will own that clergymen only ought to perform the service. *Ergo*, the procession is right. This difficulty I have thus happily been able to dispose of, I trust to your satisfaction, by means of the classical information I acquired in earlier life, and which has assisted me in obtaining one or two other desirable ends.

"Thus, my beloved brethren, I have set all your minds at rest, and it only remains for me to hope that in future you will not trouble me with such appeals, for they entail great vexation upon me. Circumstances change, and with them Bishops' opinions, but *littera scripta manet*, and it is disagreeable to be accused of condemning in 1844 what one encourages in 1854. Go quietly to church, and if you do not like what is going on, go quietly to sleep, so that the peace of the Establishment may not be disturbed.

"Believe me, my dearest Brethren,

"Your affectionate Diocesan,

"Fulham, Bon Vendredi, 1854."

"C. J. LONDON."

THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE HAS LEFT PARIS.



o the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE has at length torn himself from the delights of the French capital to go—to Vienna. Folks grumbled at the royal tarrying; but the fact is, the Duke is so great a man that he is not to pass through Paris—like a small cinder through a sieve—with a little shaking. Nevertheless, ignorant civilians began to be very uncivil; reporting that his Royal Highness intended to put himself for a term to the Military School, feeling himself as yet but a mere

child in arms. These cynics are silenced; for—at the time we write—His Royal Highness must be at least twenty leagues from the capital; and will not stay above two or three days in each town, to see the sights, and go to one ball at most on his way to take ship for the battle-field. There were great fears that His Royal Highness, in his enthusiasm for French delights, would, at Versailles, go so very near the waterworks that he would never again get his powder dry. We have the best authority for stating that no such accident has occurred.

THE POSTMAN OF EUROPE.



stamped a large brass double-headed Eagle. The Prussian Monarch's name will be henceforth identified with that of the celebrated "WALKER, the twopenny postman;" or it is probable that he may supersede at Astley's, and other equestrian circles, the fame of the "Courier of St. Petersburg," for the KING OF PRUSSIA has been figuring away lately in no better character than that of grand Dispatch-bearer of NICHOLAS.

A FORM OF BEQUEST.

A MR. HOLFORD of the Regent's Park, has left all his large fortune to the PRINCE OF WALES. A noble and a patriotic gift. MR. HOLFORD had no particular knowledge of the budding goodness of the PRINCE OF WALES; but having once seen his Royal Highness knuckle down at taw, MR. H. was convinced that he would become a glory to the nation; having once beheld him trundle his royal hoop, MR. H. concluded that the Prince would prove a master of the whole circle of politics. Therefore, MR. HOLFORD left the PRINCE OF WALES all his large fortune; and who shall impugn the sanity, the benevolence that dictated the golden bequest? Not *Punch*.

But as it is becoming a fashion (did not NIELD leave £300,000 to the QUEEN?) to bequeath money to the illustrious of the land; *Mr. Punch*—for the convenience of his friends—begs leave to submit the subjoined Form of Bequest to the many enlightened persons who will in the due course of the present mania, bequeath their fortunes, large or small (if large the better), to him—*Punch*.

FORM OF BEQUEST.

I, A. B., being of eccentric mind—but by no means mad, for I have employed no doctor—[*this may or may not be inserted, according to the fact*—do, in consideration of my affection, esteem, admiration, love, and enthusiasm of the many noble and exalted qualities of *Mr. Punch*, as exercised by him for the benefit of the universe, at 85, Fleet Street, in the City of London, do bequeath unto him [*here insert sum*] together with all [*here put in houses, messages, plate, horses, pictures, &c. &c.*; though it will materially aid the simplicity of the transaction to say ALL AND EVERYTHING without further circumlocution] of which I die possessed.

And I am the more induced to make this wise and benevolent bequest not in respect to any want soever that may be felt by *Mr. Punch*, for I know he can roll in gold, and rub himself dry with bank-notes—but in respect to the exercise of my own will, feeling that to leave money to hospitals, asylums, schools, alms-houses, or any other institution for the alleged relief, benefit, and protection of the human-kind,—is to make a very vulgar use of money that ought, by natural attraction, to meet money. As steel runs to magnet, so should gold go to gold. Therefore I leave [*here repeat bequest*] to *Mr. Punch*, not because the value of the bequest can help him, but because it pleases me.

And further, I beg of SIR PETER LAURIE, as Governor of Bedlam, to carry out my wishes: knowing that, in so far as regards *Mr. Punch*, it will be to SIR PETER a labour of love.

The testator—if wishing to keep his last will a secret from his poor relations—may have the above quietly witnessed, by calling up the cook and getting her to call in the policeman, who will both put their hands to the same.

THE MONITORIAL OUTRAGE.—Everybody must have been disgusted with the recent case of bullying at Harrow. We trust that the "Monitorial System," which has been established at that public seminary for young gentlemen, will be so modified that we shall never again be shocked by such harrowing details.

OUR SCORE AGAINST NICHOLAS.

If Income Tax be doubled
To pay the cost of arming,
If Traffic's course be troubled
By dreads and doubts alarming;
If our funds in price be fickle as
The glass on an April day,
We owe it all to NICHOLAS,
AND NICHOLAS SHALL PAY!

If the authors of Improvement
In State or in the Church,
Are barred from onward movement,
If LORD JOHN's left in the lurch,
If to ask Reform's ridiculous,
If abuses still bear sway,
We owe it all to NICHOLAS,
AND NICHOLAS SHALL PAY!

If our allies be slaughtered
By this "gentleman" deceiver,
If our choicest troops be quartered
In nests of plague and fever,
To be mowed down by death's sickle as
You mow a field of hay,
We owe it all to NICHOLAS,
AND NICHOLAS SHALL PAY!

If the orphan's cheek be slubbered,
And the widow's heart be chill,
If there's bare shelves in the cupboard,
And a vacuum in the till,
If, in short, we're in such pickle as
War brings, go as it may,
We owe it all to NICHOLAS,
AND NICHOLAS SHALL PAY!

If from quiet sleep we're shaken
By unwelcome roar of battles,—
If the Sultan's land be taken,
And SEYMOUR's goods and chattels—
From sublime unto ridiculous,
If we find "the priggish lay"—
We owe it all to NICHOLAS,
AND NICHOLAS SHALL PAY!

If a long-quenched fire be heating
Our English hearts and hands,—
If our ploughshares we are beating
Into bayonets and brands;
If to war—pastime perilous—
We're invited, far away,
We owe it all to NICHOLAS,
AND NICHOLAS SHALL PAY.

If JACK be beat to quarters,
Some, we know, must pay his shot,—
If the Tartars should catch Tartars,
As 'tis as like as not;—
Let those who try to tickle us,
If tickled, mind what I say—
They owe it all to NICHOLAS,
AND NICHOLAS SHOULD PAY!

Francs and Dollars.

THE decimal coinage question is gathering strength. The *Times* PLUTUS of the Money Market proposes that our tenpenny piece should be called a franc, "which expresses its value all over Europe," and further, that our piece of fifty pence or 4s. 2d. be called, in compliment to America, a dollar. Perhaps no measure could be better calculated to increase brotherly love among France, America, and England. That national hearts should beat towards one another is all very well: but what are hearts to pockets—what feelings to francs—what duties to dollars?

MONEY AND ITS MORAL.—It is impossible for a man to make ducks and drakes of his money without, at the same time, making a great goose of himself.

PENITENTIARY DRILL.



HERE was a letter from a correspondent of the *Times*, under the signature of M., proposing that Government should try if some use could not be made of the better sort of convicts by forming them into an "Experimental Brigade," with a view to make soldiers of them if possible. Regarded superficially, this project may appear open to acerbic remarks. For the Cavalry of the "Experimental Brigade" may be suggested the title of "Her Majesty's Horse Guards (Black)." A force constituted of convicts should, it may be said, be divided into regiments each named according to some characteristic delinquency. Thus one regiment would be termed "The Light Fingers;" another "The Heavy Burglars;" others being designated as "The Footpads," "The Forgers," "The Smashers and Coiners." A Second Regiment of Convict Dragoons might be composed of "Horsestealers;" the "Sheepstealers" also forming a corps of their own. The Infantry might be recruited principally from the London Pickpockets; and the sharpest of the thieves generally might be selected for Riflemen. The uniform of the various regiments might be pepper-and-salt, or fustian with different facings in each instance, and also for either side of each soldier; his right facings green, for example, and his left yellow. Finally it may be recommended that they should usually be played into action with the *Rogues' March*.

To the above observations it may perhaps be sufficient to reply, that as the military drill is capable of straightening the shoulders of a stooping bumpkin, so if extended to moral slouching, it may perhaps also render a rogue upright, and ultimately enable many a shamefaced offender to hold up his head.

THE PUFF SUBLIME AND RIDICULOUS.

THE following advertisement appeared in a recent number of the *Court Journal*. We are at a loss to determine the category of puffing to which this announcement ought to be referred, and we must leave our readers to decide whether it belongs to the puff blasphemous or the puff mythological:—

AVIS IMPORTANT AUX DAMES.

LE GRAND FELIX, le Dieu de la Coiffure, arrivant de Paris, est descendu chez le célèbre EDOUARD, Coiffeur, 127, Regent Street.

Mons. FELIX ayant appris avec regret que plusieurs personnes n'avaient pas été satisfaites, la saison dernière, des employés qu'il avait envoyés pour le remplacer, et desirant éviter tout désagrément, et surtout empêcher que l'on ne se serve de son nom, en ce que plusieurs employés se sont fait passer pour ses frères; Mons. FELIX a l'honneur d'informer sa noble clientèle qu'il n'a pas de frère, et que pour cette saison, lui et MONSIEUR EDOUARD exécuteront seuls le genre de Coiffure qu'ils ont composé expressément pour cette année.

Les Dames trouveront chez MESSIEURS EDOUARD et FELIX un assortiment complet des plus gracieuses nouveautés, et notamment une Coiffure inimitable qui ne se trouve que chez eux.

Leçons de Coiffure de neuf à une heure pour les femmes de chambres. Les Dames sont priées de se faire inscrire d'avance, &c.

We recollect hearing a posture-master at the opera described, rather impiously, by himself and his admirers, as "the God of the Dance," but the God of Hair-Dressing is a divinity unknown to any system, however degraded, of ancient or modern mythology.

The advertisement we have quoted represents the hair-dressing god as "descending" in Regent Street, and appearing to "le célèbre EDOUARD," whose celebrity is, as far as we know, bounded by the walls of his own establishment, for we, in our happy ignorance, never heard of him. It seems that "the god" had been working last season by very inferior agencies, whom we suppose we must—in continuation of the mythological allegory—describe as the "fallen angels" of hair-dressing, and who have offended by claiming brotherhood with their great master. LE GRAND FELIX indignantly disclaims the possibility of such an affinity. He "knows no brother! has no brother!" and will "bear no brother near the throne" of hair-dressing. He and the célèbre EDOUARD will alone execute those miracles of hair-dressing which they have "composed expressly" for the present season.

We can excuse the musical fanaticism which canonises a MOZART or even a MENDELSSOHN; we can forgive even the insanity that screams out *To Bacche* over a grand old fugue of BACH; but to attribute anything divine to the composer of a head-dress—the maker in fact of a wig—implies an amount of infatuation and fatuity combined which we cannot believe to be co-existent with the merest outline of humanity.

ECLOGA GRENOVICENSIS.

SCENE.—The "Lock up" of the Greenwich Police Station.

Persons.—Thomson and Johnson.

JOHNSON.

Dic mihi, THOMSON amice, since, quelled by our foes' greater number, Convenimus ambo at length in a place unpropitious to slumber, Wherefore we should not begin, *Tu*, calamum levem inflare, Et ego (I've broken my pipe) mea carmina tibi cantare?

THOMSON.

Incipe, mi JOHNSON, tunc incipe! Sweeter thy carmen Judicio nostro will seem than the song of the lark, tho' there *are* men I know, who would tell you with VIRGIL (his words, I believe, I Can quote) "Qui non Bavium odit, amet tua carmina, Mævi!"

JOHNSON.

By the steamboat to Greenwich we came! Illi robur et æs circa pectus Must have been, who, to boats crammed like those, with unparalleled cheek cou'd direct us;

For the crowd was so rough and so rude, that the boat, e'er she got here, had plenty

Of torn garments, coats, bonnets, and shawls to suspend Deo maris potenti.

On landing theouters salute us, each bawling out, "Siste viator!"

Here—"Nunc est bibendum," exclaims, from the Admiral Hardy, a waiter;—

From the famed Crown and Anchor another cries, "Nunc pede libero telus

Pulsanda!" A third with his hand towards RICHARDSON'S booth, would impel us,

Where the smoke from the pipes is so thick that the visitor glad to escape, his

Eyes smarting, is forced to exclaim, "Tui plenum, quo me, Baccy, rapis?"

So many invite us to tea, that we murmur, "Ah! sooner or later,"

As HORACE has told us before, "sors omnium urna versatur."

Next the learned pig's master inquires, "At kissing the cook who is quickest?"

And, THOMSON, it bothers thee greatly monstrari, et dicier, "hic est."

But as TELAMON, AJAX, ACHILLES, displayed the same failing before, I Can say to thee, "Ne sit ancilla, my boy, tibi amor pudori."

Then a potent clairvoyante invites us, but wholly declining to hear her, "He

Was right," we exclaim, "who taught, quid sit futurum cras, boy, fuge querere;

Towards the park, with its *kiss in the ring*, our footsteps directed must be, as

We remember, "nec dulces amores sperne puer, tu, neque choreas,"

For a while, at the foot of the hill, we stand to admire the follies, The tumbles and races of those quibus placent Arcadia colles;

And then rush to the "Kiss in the Ring," where the pueri lecti as fast as

Their legs can convey them along, are chasing the virgines castas.

As we go there, by rasping our backs with their scratchers, they try to surprise us,

Whilst ab angulo intimo comes the puellæ proditor risus:

With the handkerchief me POLLY HOPKINSON petit, and calls me "Her deary;"

Then pretends to run off at full speed, sed se cupit ante videri.

Nox erat at length, et in cælo fulgebat luna divinely;

And the folks in the fair have been plying the vile Sabinum so finely,

That the drink has produced (this effect of good liquor a terrible bore is),

Here rixam, here jocos, here somnum; and here, too, insanos amores.

You, THOMSON, then jump on a tub, (a teetotalter, thou!) and to shame 'em,

"Teacum obeam libens," you cry, "my friends; teacum vivere amem."

But vainly you add to these maxims, "Sodales, lenite clamorem!"

Only savages fight o'er their cups, so tollite barbaram morem!"

For a terrible shindy arises, "Quo ruitis? Quo, quo scelesti?"

The Peelers exclaim; and alas! seeing you taken up with the rest, I Rush on to your aid, and at length of the squabble the upshot and fruit is,

We're both borne, unlike PINDAR, along, numeris non lege solutis.

The Pope's Palm Branches.

THE POPE was last year so bothered for palm-branches, that this season he has blessed three hundred at one breath, and benevolently bestowed them upon the pious, to be worn in their button-holes. Whilst the POPE is blessing his palms, it is not unlikely that MAZZINI is binding together his birch.



TO BE SOLD—THE PROPERTY OF AN OFFICER GOING ABROAD.

HECTOR (PUNCH) REPROVES PARIS (CAMBRIDGE).

(Slightly improved from POPE).

WHILE Reverend SUMNER draws up Wednesday's prayers,
Punch to the Tuileries in wrath repairs;
 And entering, in the glittering rooms he found
 His friend the Duke, whose useless arms lay round;
 While opera-glass, white glove, and crush *chapeau*,
 Denote far less the Warrior than the Beau.

Him thus inactive, with an ardent look
 Great *Punch* beheld, and high resenting, spoke.
 "Come, GEORGE, is this the time for *fête* and dance?
 Why lingerest in the brilliant halls of France?
 Russia and Greece against the Turk conspire,
 Who begs his slow allies to open fire;
 Along the Danube ABDUL's champions fall,
 And the fierce Cossack climbs o'er TRAJAN's wall.
 DUNDAS lies idle, or from sulk or fear,
 And ice impedes the keels of bold NAPIER.
 While thou art courting fair EUGENIA's smile,
 Or watching the *grandes eaux* at proud Versailles.
 Your Royal Highness, were it not more fair
 Our troops to hearten and their toils to share?
 Start—and approve thyself the Moslem's friend,
 'Tis more than time the Russian's march should end."

The manly CAMBRIDGE from the sofa sprung,
 No vain excuses faltered on his tongue,
 Eight words alone he spoke. "By Jove, you're right.
 I'm off, my boy!" He said—and rushed to fight.

Iliad, vi. 388.

Offer of a Polish Legion.

VERY interesting letters have passed between a Polish officer and the Prime Minister, the Pole wishing to know if Poles would be accepted to "fight side by side with the English and French troops against the common enemy?" It is said that the EARL OF ABERDEEN will finally accept the offer, with this proviso—that the Poles must pledge themselves on no occasion whatever to fire ball. As a Prime Minister, there is nothing like being on the safe side.

THE ENGLISH GRAMMAR AND THE ENGLISH GOVERNMENT.

WE are sorry to have to announce, at the very opening of the war, a frightful murder of the QUEEN'S English by the English Government. The new Orders in Council lately put forth in HER MAJESTY'S name a case, and indeed several cases of bad grammar, which prove that, however capable our rulers may be of governing a country, they know little of the government of verbs and substantives. We have neither space nor inclination for an elaborate criticism, but it will suffice to give an instance of a departure from those principles for which COBBETT published a work, and LINDLEY MURRAY sells at the book-stalls.

We are told that

"It is not HER MAJESTY'S intention to claim the confiscation of neutral property."

We should really like to know, in reference to this passage, how the neutrality of property is to be ascertained. We have heard of "neutral tints," which might determine the neutrality of a picture, but we should be puzzled to decide on the neutrality of a chair, a table, a sideboard, or any other article of furniture. The only strictly "neutral" piece of goods we can conceive is an object so clumsily constructed as to be neither one thing nor the other. Perhaps, however, the Proclamation may be intended to recognise the new philosophy of table-talking, and it may be the wish of the Government to discourage as much as possible anything like a political bias in household goods, by protecting against confiscation such goods only as preserve a strict neutrality. We think it quite unnecessary to point out any of the glaring faults in Grammar which the Proclamation contains, and which will be obvious to the very meanest capacity. How these errors escaped the capacity of the Government must, after the above announcement, appear very remarkable.

Westminster Abbey in Danger.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY is about to be removed. On second thoughts, SIR CHARLES BARRY by no means approves of the structure, inasmuch as it does not harmonise—as he once thought it might—with his new Houses of Parliament. It is said that, in deference to the fine taste of SIR CHARLES, the Abbey will be removed to Copenhagen Fields.



HECTOR CHIDING PARIS.
 A HINT TO H.R.H. FIELD MARSHAL THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.
 "HIM THUS INACTIVE, WITH AN ARDENT LOOK
 THE PRINCE BEHELD, AND HIGH RESENTING, SPOKE."—*Pope's Homer.*

DUET BETWEEN PUNCH AND THE BRITISH PUBLIC.



THE following Duet has been written to the very easy and agreeable Air of "My Pretty Page," in order that it may be sung everywhere and by everybody:—

British Public. My faithful *Punch*, look out afar, Look out, look out afar!

Hear you no tidings of the war, No tidings of the war?

Punch. The British fleet at rest I see, With sailors whistling o'er the lee.

British Public. My faithful *Punch*, look out again, Look out, look out again; See you no fighting on the main, No fighting on the main?

Punch. No, dearest Public, all is still, All, all is still; Save when some Turks the Russians kill, Some Turks the Russians kill.

British Public. My faithful *Punch*, look out once more, Look out, look out once more; Hear you the British Lion roar, The British Lion roar?

Punch. The British Lion's tail I see, Wagging most portentously; And now I think I hear him roar Louder than e'er he did before. But, dearest Public, much I fear, 'Tis but an empty roar I hear.

British Public. Oh mind what you say! Have the fleet gone to play? Did I send them away For an idle display?

Punch. I know what I say; Now you've sent them away, I hope for the day When they'll get into play: I shall cry if they don't.

British Public. Oh mind what you say! Did I send them away For an idle display, I shall cry if I did, &c. &c.

Punch. Oh 'tis true what I say! Though I hope for the day When they'll come into play: I shall cry if they don't, &c. &c.

INSTRUCTIONS TO NAUTICAL MEN IN THE NOBLE ART OF QUADRILLE DANCING.

LE PANTALON.—Haul upon the starboard tack and let the other craft pass—then bear up and get your head on the other tack—regain your berth on the port tack—back and fill with your partner and box-haul her—wear round twice against the sun in company with the opposite craft, then your own—afterwards boxhaul her again and bring her up.

L'ETE.—Shoot ahead about two fathoms till you nearly come stem on with the other craft under weigh—then make a stern board to your berth and side out for a bend, first to starboard, then to port—make sail and pass the opposite craft—then get your head round on the other tack—another side to starboard and port—then make sail to regain your berth—wear round, back and fill and boxhaul your partner.

LA POULE.—Heave ahead and pass your adversary yard-arm to yard-arm—regain your berth on the other tack in the same order—take your station in a line with your partner—back and fill—fall on your heel and bring up with your partner—she then manœuvres ahead and heaves all aback, fills and shoots ahead again and pays off alongside—you then make sail in company, till nearly stem on with the other line—make a stern board and cast her off to shift for herself—Regain your berth in the best means possible, and let go your anchor.

LA TRENISE.—Wear round as before against the sun twice, boxhaul the lady, and range up alongside her, and make sail in company—when half-way across to the other shore drop astern with the tide—shoot ahead again and cast off the tow—now back and fill as before and box-haul her and yourself into your berth, and bring up.

LA PASTORALE.—Shoot ahead alongside your partner, then make a stern board—again make all sail over to the other coast—let go the hawser, and pay off into your own berth and take a turn—the three craft opposite range up abreast towards you twice, and back astern again—now manœuvre any rig you like, only under easy sail, as it is always "light winds" (Zephyrs) in this passage—as soon as you see their helms down, haul round in company with them on port tack—then make all sail with your partner into your own berth, and bring up.

LA FINALE.—Wear round to starboard, passing under your partner's bows—sight the catheads of craft on your starboard bow—then make sail into your own berth, your partner passing athwart your bows—now proceed according to the second order of sailing—to complete the evolutions shoot ahead and back astern twice, in company with the whole squadron, in the circular order of sailing.

A FRENCH AGGRESSION.

AMONG the other afflictions of the House of Commons is one MR. FITZSTEPHEN FRENCH, an Irish Member, who has lately taken to popping up in every discussion, and impeding the debates with some commonplace or other of exceeding dullness. Of course FRENCH has a perfect right to do this, and other people have an equal right to laugh at his pertinacity. But when FRENCH commits a furious and unprovoked onslaught upon innocent arithmetic, the man who would refuse to stretch forth his hand to rescue addition in distress is unworthy to be the countryman of COCKER.

A night or two before the holidays a Committee was being appointed. This Committee consisted of fifteen members. The nominator explained that he had taken pains, the question being one of party, to select as nearly equal numbers as he could. He had taken eight gentlemen from one side, and seven from the other. But this would not satisfy FRENCH. He popped up, as usual, and had got ever so far into his speech before the House knew what he meant. It was then discovered that he was complaining of this mode of reckoning.

"But what could I do?" asked poor MR. FORSTER, the nominator, piteously. "I can't get more than eight and seven into fifteen."

This view of the case seemed to strike MR. FRENCH for a moment, and he may have been counting the Committee on his mental fingers. Perhaps he reflected that though, in his own Roscommon, such a paltry Saxon plea as arithmetic offered would have been scoffed into contempt, it would hardly do in the presence of Exchequer Chancellors GLADSTONE, DISRAELI, GOULBURN, and BARING (not to mention SIR CHARLES WOOD, who is rather more of a Roscommon arithmetician), to insist that in a committee of fifteen the two sides should be of equal number. At last the light shone upon the FRENCH mind, and he dashed at the loophole through which it gleamed:

"I would appoint men of sense."

It was bold. But the House saw MR. FITZSTEPHEN FRENCH's evident device to evade serving (though the precaution was needless, for nobody asked him), and another insult was heaped upon Ireland by its being agreed that eight and seven did make fifteen. However, we hope that FRENCH will bring the matter again before the House after the recess—it will, at all events, give him the chance of making another speech. Perhaps the real secret of his wrath against arithmetic was that having, the night previously, been boring the House at an unseemly hour, he had been himself "counted out."

A Windfall to the Prince of Wales.

A MERCHANT, named HOLFORD, has died and left all his large fortune to the PRINCE OF WALES. What a pity there was no such sort of enthusiasm in former times! If folks had only left fortunes to the last PRINCE OF WALES—who was duly festered into the whitlow GEORGE THE FOURTH—what money would have been saved the country! We, however, may take some comfort from this growing desire on the part of a rich and loyal people; we may cease to vote a single farthing for royal branches. In time, Royal Highnesses—like Royal Hospitals—may come to be supported by voluntary contributions.



THE HEIGHT OF IMPUDENCE.

Blackguard Little Boy (to Queen's Coachman). "I SAY, COACHY, ARE YOU ENGAGED?"

THE DRAMA IN THE SUBURBS.

EVERY now and then an attempt is made to get up an interest in the metropolis for some little theatrical speculation in the suburbs, and we are told by an advertisement or two that a dramatic season is about to commence at Greenwich or Richmond, or Kensington as the case may be, with a powerful company from London. The Theatre Royal Kensington used to be remarkable for the largeness of its promises and the smallness of its performances; until a few years ago the proprietor, finding no other chance of filling the pit, converted it into a public bath, in which condition it knew, for the first time, the reality of an overflow. The private boxes were converted into dressing compartments, and the scenery was transferred to the walls—an arrangement which enables the bather to swim from the Bay of Naples to Venice, and back again, in three minutes and a half with, or without, the friendly aid of corks and bladders. Instead of a suburban *Shylock* in a Holywell Street hat and a Houndsditch gaberdine, strutting before the Rialto to a fourpenny pit and a twopenny gallery, the Kensington schoolboy now gazes on the view of Venice from the centre of the bath, which his imagination transforms into the middle of the Adriatic. This illusion is far more complete than any that was produced at the Kensington theatre in its palmy dramatic days, when the great tragedian MACKEAN had been "secured" to perform the highest possible tragedy at the lowest possible salary.

We have been led into these reflections by an announcement of the opening of a country theatre with a company of the highest talent from the Theatres Royal Drury Lane, Lyceum, and Manchester. The names not having been given in the advertisement, it is possible that the *élite* of those establishments may be performing *incog.*, with a lofty disregard of personal renown which actors, in general, are not distinguished for. The most touching part of the advertisement is that which intimates that "an omnibus will be in attendance at the close of the performances" to take the audience home. Alas! we have seen audiences for which a cab might have been sufficient, and even then the driver would not have been in a position to charge for an extra passenger.

QUERY ON CAVALRY.—If a COLT's revolver is not a horse pistol, the question is, whether it ought not to be?

HYMN TO ST. NICHOLAS.

(By his Namesake.)

SAINT, of Russia's empire holy,
Whom as Patron we adore,
See a client, bending lowly,
To thy picture, kiss the floor,
Me, Lieutenant of thy throne,
Me, thy name who likewise own.

Thou the favoured land defendest,
Smelling sweet of tar and pitch;
Thou thy guardian arm extendest
O'er the race in fallow rich.
Ever be our hides thy care;
Still preserve our caviare.

Chiefly prosper the incursion
I have made upon the Turk;
Islam's surely thy aversion,
Deign to bless the holy work.
Are not we thy special charge,
Whether captive or at large?

Not for help do I beseech thee
In a Russian's name alone,
For I trust my prayer will reach thee
In another, no less known,
As pertaining to a class,
Sacred to St. NICHOLAS.

Thou of all, in every nation,
Art believed the friend to stand
Who subside through depredation,
By the strong or stealthy hand;
Thou defendest all who seize
On "material guarantees."

Whether territory grasping,
Or a table, guard me still,
Bless my clutch, whatever claspings,
Stranger's sticks or subject's till,
Empire, Ottoman by name,
Or the chattel called the same.

Though I be with foes surrounded,
Though the constables increase,
Let me never be confounded.
Lo! Great Britain her police
With the French against me bands:
Keep my collar from their hands!

FIRST STEPS IN WARFARE.

THE most important military movements that have as yet taken place have been principally those which have been accomplished by the energy and activity of distinguished officers, figuring in the "Lancers." These exploits have been performed in the face of balls; but have not as yet encountered the opposition of bayonets. The enemy's flank has not in any instance been turned, but the opposite party has been met hand to hand, and driven completely round about. Advancing, receding, deploying to the right and left, and defiling about the scene of action with a quick step, have constituted the most important evolutions. The chasseurs have also distinguished themselves by chasséing: but it cannot be said that the steps hitherto taken in the conduct of hostilities have been limited to quadrilles; for those warlike operations have also included the "War Polka." We trust, however, soon to hear that our heroes have finished their *galops*, and are riding as hard as they are able after the Russians.

Doubtful Diplomacy.

WE are told to take heart from the pleasing fact that the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE visits the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA. Is the Duke about to startle the world as a diplomatist? We do not doubt his genius for the duty, but are afraid of his extreme good-nature. It is an old axiom that you cannot safely bolt a door with a tallow candle. Neither do we think that Austria will be induced to load her gun with Cambridge butter.

THE POETRY OF POTATOS.

THERE is not, at first sight, any very natural affinity between potatoes and poetry; but we have received a circular from a potato salesman in Newington who has, evidently, so much sensibility that we should expect all his potatoes to have watery eyes, from the sheer force of sympathy.

His circular opens with a business-like avowal of his determination to sell at a moderate profit, and we detect no gleam of fancy in the first paragraph beyond a playful allusion to the superiority of "a nimble ninepence" over "a slow shilling," and a quaint offer to provide "bags" for families to carry home their potatoes in. Up to this point the potato salesman alone is manifest; but, suddenly, the poet bursts forth in allusion to his "mother," his "boyhood," and his "father's homestead near the New Forest, in Hampshire." It seems that his childish recollections cling round an old saucepan in which his mother was in the habit of cooking potatoes; and, after exclaiming parenthetically, but rather prosaically " (Please to remember that it must be an iron saucepan)," he goes into a rapturous strain on the mode in which his mother used to "strain the water off her taters."

Having indulged the "pleasures of memory," our potato poetaster proceeds to give utterance to the following gush of feeling, which would melt or mash the hardest heart, and might extort a pensive sigh from the most mealy-mouthed of critics. Speaking of his mother, the potato-poet says:

"But she is no longer occupied in the homestead, for her silvery hair tells me she is not far from a better home. Well indeed do I remember the old farm house; there I see my father still—the quiet village, with its humble swain," &c. &c.

There is much more in a similarly touching style; but we feel we cannot do justice to the potato poet in comparatively lifeless prose, and we therefore will suppose that we have entered the warehouse, drawn forward two chairs, taken our seat by the dealer's side, and entered on the following dramatic dialogue:

CHARACTERS.

POTATO POET. STRANGER.

Stranger. How much are those?
Potato Poet. They're a superior sort,
Grown in a garden where I passed my youth—
(Three pound for twopence)—'twas my boyhood's home!
Stranger. I'll take sixpennorth. But you spoke of home—
Potato Poet. Oh, 'twas a lovely spot! (weigh out nine pounds.)
Well I remember how my father sat
In his arm-chair—(now, can't you find the weights)—
He was the village HAMPTON.

Stranger. (That's a bad un;
I'm not a goin' to take that specky tatur).
Proceed. I love to hear romantic tales
Of youth's bright holiday—(That weight looks light.)
Potato Poet. (It's a good ounce in favour of the buyer).
The village bell is ringing in mine ears—
(BILL, there's a customer in the front shop);—
My footsteps press again the village green—
(Them cabbages must go to Number Six).

Stranger. How fresh the verdure of your youth appears;
How thickly memory is planted out
With roots whose seeds were sown in infancy.
(I'll pay for the potatoes).

Potato Poet. (Thank you, Sir).
If that potato hath a watery eye,
Start not to see in such an eye as mine
The gushing tear; for I have recollections
Which fill the bursting warehouse of my heart.
Bear with me, Sir, I pray thee.

Stranger. That I will.
But, though I bear with thee, there's something yet
That I must with myself contented bear—
(I'll carry these potatoes home myself).

Potato Poet. (I'll send them, if you please).
Stranger. I'd rather not.
Who's born to bear, must bear what's to be borne. (Rising.)

Potato Poet (rising). I thank you, Sir.
Stranger. At parting, take my hand.
Potato Poet. Most willingly. And, in return, I offer
This hand of mine—a market-hand of radishes.

[The STRANGER exit as the POTATO POET retires into his Warehouse wrapped in thought.]

A Good Omen.

THE first Russian prizes taken are vessels laden with salt: the very article that we propose to put upon the tail of the eagle.

A MODERN MYSTERY.



ALAN ROLLESTON, a well-dressed but strange-looking man, having a huge red beard and bear-skin coat, was charged with loitering and sleeping in St. James's Park, and refusing to give any account of himself.—The Defendant had been remanded for a week, to enable INSPECTOR WALKER, of the A Division of Police, to ascertain if anything was known respecting him. It was proved that for some time past he had obstinately persisted in remaining in the open park—literally taking up his residence there; and, as he always appeared attracted towards the royal carriages when they passed, the Police had felt it their duty repeatedly to order him off; but he invariably returned, and at length, being unable or unwilling to state how he got his living, or what were his motives for sleeping in the open air, he was taken into custody.

The Magistrate cautioned him that he was liable to a term of imprisonment as a rogue and vagabond for sleeping in the open air, and advised him therefore not to repeat the offence, desiring the Police, at the same time, to apprehend him if he did. For this once he might be discharged.—Police Report.

Oh, who is this stranger so dark,
With beard so suspiciously red,
Who spends all his days in the Park,
And never goes home to a bed?

His object there's none can divine;
Though harmless his manner and mien,
Some mischief he sure must design,
For he looks at the coach of the QUEEN.

To prison they lead him away;
Of course they are perfectly right:
His crime—doing nothing by day,
And sleeping *al fresco* at night.

Of punishment still to be feared,
The Magistrate, shaking his head,
Has warned the strange man with the beard,
If he does not go home to a bed.

But oh, beak! of conviction beware,
Lest judges of learning and worth
Shall hold on appeal—None can sleep in the air
As long as he lives on the earth.

SCENES AT ST. PAUL'S, KNIGHTSBRIDGE.

FROM a memorial addressed by MR. WESTERTON, the Churchwarden of St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, to the BISHOP OF LONDON, it appears that the performances of which that church was some time ago the theatre are still going on to a great extent under the auspices of the HON. AND REV. R. LIDDELL, the incumbent; ceremonies and observances being practised, and use being made of ecclesiastical "properties," in such a manner as to impart a Romanesque character to the services. It is due to the Bishop to say that he does express his disapproval of many of the papistical monkeyisms denounced by the churchwarden; but it is equally due to truth to add that he disapproves of them with evident reluctance. The subjoined allusion to the cross on the communion table will exemplify the spirit of his lordship's reply to the memorial:—

"As this cross (which is not large and massive as you describe it, but small and light) was on the table when the church was consecrated, though not seen by me, a large offertory dish being on part of it, I am not satisfied that I have authority to direct its removal without consent of the churchwardens and parishioners except by a formal decree of the Consistorial Court. I certainly wish it to be removed, and should be glad if the parishioners would agree to its removal without such authoritative sanction."

THE BISHOP OF LONDON is said to be a wag, and no doubt he reads his *Punch*—which is not the same thing with reading *Joe Miller*; as is too generally the case in perusing jocular publications. Were the right reverend prelate indeed familiar with the class of witticisms denominated "Old Joes," it is not likely that he would have penned the above parenthesis of apology for the Puseyitical cross—an apology which is identical with the celebrated plea, "Tis only a little one." The same excuse will cover the introduction of diminutive images, tiny wafers, and infinitesimal beads, to which if there be added a few indulgences and a little auricular confession, we shall have a totality which may be regarded as a sort of petty popery.

Criticism for the Author of Evil.

THOUGH not present at the grand Review in honour of the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE that lately took place in the Champ de Mars, we may observe that we hope the contributors to that Review will join effectually with the United Service in cutting up NICHOLAS.



TRAPPED.

PAPER WONDERS.

THAT man is grass is, of course, a solemn truth, solemnly received; but that nettles should be paper is a bit of news that will startle the millions. Nevertheless, the *Gardener's Chronicle* declares that "nettles and mallows in particular" make excellent paper. "The common stinging-nettle" has a splendid fibre, and in Germany has been made into first-class paper. At this very hour the world is so prosperous, so well-to-do and well dressed, that commerce cries in vain for rags to feed the paper-mills. And here are millions and millions of reams of the green material—the much-abused and long-neglected nettle—idly growing in our very ditches. Will not Mr. GLADSTONE look liberally, scientifically at this enormous waste of greenness—this dreadful sacrifice of vegetable power? The *Gardener* declares that the fine old English stinging-nettle possesses a fibre "scarcely inferior to hemp." Hear that, NICHOLAS; and tremble at the rod of nettles in store for the chastisement of Russian trade! The like cheering authority also assures us that the Spanish broom (*Spartium junceum*) makes first-rate paper: but this scientific fact, we doubt not, has long been known to Spanish statesmen; all Spanish bonds having been printed on broom paper, that they might be swept out of the Spanish memory as cleanly as possible. Be this as it may; let us as Britons rejoice in the possession of our never-failing crops of British nettles, ready to be converted into "first-class paper." And there is a hopeful moral, a

comforting assurance in this discovery, that at length does justice to the scorned, abused, neglected, "common stinging-nettle." A thing growing in ditches; a wounding, irritating, wicked weed, stinging men, women, and children—it has still grown with a name for unmixed badness. And now, this thing of ditches shall be gathered, and steeped, and daintily manipulated, and come forth to the world, in its revealed self, the whitest, purest paper! Beauty that would squeal at a touch of the saw-edged leaf of the "common stinging-nettle" calling it a cruel, odious thing—may now lay her hand upon the purified leaf—(its soul of whiteness and innocence evolved from its green, acrid body,)—and, tracing thereon gentlest thoughts for eager, happy eyes, may bless the common stinging-nettle. Let no man, undeservedly cast down and reviled, despair;—for even nettles—common stinging-nettles—are looking up.

When will Mr. GLADSTONE permit Mr. DISRAELI to address him on a note of "first-class paper," i. e. nettle-paper?

Cambridge at Vienna.

THE gifted Duke has received telegraphic orders to turn somewhat out of his way, to be present at the marriage of the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA on the 25th. What a pity! Here is a young warrior, panting, perspiring to gather laurels, and our Premier sends him to sniff at orange-blossoms.

THE MARINER'S COMPASS.



of my voice, and if I don't make other craft steer according as I calls out to 'em, it's no use. And there's an end on it."

OUR contemporary the *Times* has, rather unceremoniously, but to all appearances quite logically smashed the Mariner's Compass, and pronounced it an unsafe guide for even the best ships, with the most experienced crews and the most able captains. The following opinion has been given by an experienced aquatic authority, CAPTAIN DIGGLES, of the *Daffydown-dilly*, who has been nicknamed the Admiral of the Whitey-brown, from the colour of his countenance:—

"As to the Compass," says CAPTAIN DIGGLES, "why, hitch up my old trowsers and splice my main braces, if I ever could see, with my dear eyes, the use of a compass or a pair of compasses in the Navigation of the River. Odds tars and tarpaulins! who would stand to look at a compass with a coal barge bumping down on your weather side, and a wherry under your lee, with a capful of wind blowing the hat off your head, and no more sea-room than enough to get your boat's head in between the shore and the shingles. The only compass I ever trust to, is the compass

contribution to some hard-up Reverend. As the Friend of the Clergy are going to have their usual dinner in a few days, we trust the subject of clerical washing bills will be taken into consideration, and arrangements made to secure to every poor parson a surplice, sufficiently clean to prevent the necessity for such dirty and shabby appeals as we have alluded to.

SHAVING FOR LADIES.

CERTAIN quacks are advertising "Roseate Powder," described as "the most certain and elegant preparation for the removal of superfluous hair on the arms, neck, and face, so inimical to beauty," and "Poudre Subtile," which "removes that great disfigurement to beauty, superfluous hair on the face, neck, and arms, in less than ten minutes, without pain or injury to the skin." There are just two methods of removing hair; cutting and burning: and as powders cannot cut, those abovementioned must operate by combustion or chemical corrosion, which amounts to the same thing. How it may be possible to corrode or burn hair, without producing the same effect on the skin whence it grows, it is not easy to conceive; but if the thing could be managed, the razor would soon be entirely superseded. We wonder whether the "Roseate Powder," or the "Poudre Subtile" could be employed, instead of boiling water, or blazing straw, for the purpose of scalding or "swealing" a pig.

THE LIVERPOOL CHURCH IN DANGER.

THE following paragraph shows the frightful effect produced on the Church in Liverpool by the refusal of the parishioners to contribute three farthings to the wants of the Establishment:—

"CHURCH-RATE REFUSED IN LIVERPOOL.—After a contest of unexampled duration, the parishioners of Liverpool have refused to vote a church-rate of three farthings in the pound. The poll closed yesterday (Tuesday) with the following results—the majority against the rate being 537 persons, and 412 votes. The churchwardens state that in consequence of this decision, 2 clerks, 7 sextons, 2 organists, 10 singers, and 21 bellringers must at once be discharged from their connection with the parish churches, and that no sacramental bread and wine, and other expenses—such as insurance, washing, cleaning, &c., can be allowed to four other churches. The result of the polling was received with loud cheers."

We used to regard as rather an unmeaning song the old distich commencing

"I owe you five farthings,
Say the Bells of St. Martin's

but we now see a closer connection between farthings and church bells than we ever dreamed of. When we find that the refusal of three farthings can knock off at one blow twenty-one bellringers from a provincial town, we can easily understand the influence that a debt of five farthings may have had on the bells of St. Martin's.

We presume the unfortunate bellringers will be without a peal from the decision of the parishioners, who seemed so satisfied with their own work, that they cheered the announcement which intimated the necessary discharge of a batch of clerks, organists, singers, and sextons, in addition to the twenty-one individuals who have hitherto been hangers-on to the parochial bell-ropes. We may, at all events, congratulate Liverpool on the comparative quiet it will henceforth enjoy, for the officials who are to be discharged are all, in some way or other, connected with the production of noise, and are *pro tanto* disturbers of the public tranquillity.

Some of our readers will be a little shocked at the rather unseemly juxtaposition of certain items in the latter part of the paragraph quoted above, which furnishes a by no means uncommon instance of a tendency on the part of the Church authorities to mix up washing-bills and cleaning expenses with matters of a more sacred character. There is something rather disagreeable in the idea of being called upon to subscribe for a clean surplice for the clergyman, as a portion of our contributions to religious purposes; and we would rather that a reverend pastor should follow the advice of NAPOLEON, and wash his dirty linen at home, if he cannot make himself fit to be seen in the pulpit without sending round to beg for the means of paying his laundress.

The mendicant habits of the poorer clergy are indeed becoming so troublesome, that a day scarcely passes without our receiving an envelope containing a card with a slit cut in it, for the convenient transfer of any coin from a sixpence to a sovereign, as a



A CAP THAT WOULD COMPLETELY SPOIL THE APPEARANCE OF OUR PICKED MEN, HUMBL Y SUGGESTED TO H.R.H. F.M. P. A, WHILE HE IS ABOUT IT.

Ambiguous Tapers.

THE *Morning Post* states that—

"HIS HOLINESS THE POPE has forwarded QUEEN ISABELLA the magnificent present of a box of candles."

The meaning of this present may appear to be an encouragement to her most Catholic Majesty to persevere in reading by the POPE'S light. We trust that is the case. We hope Prus did not, by his gift of candles, intend to hint any necessity for their conjunction with white sheets.



MONSIEUR CLICQUOT THINKS IT SAFER TO TAKE SHELTER TILL THE SHOWER PASSES OVER.

THE "GENTLEMEN" OF THE BAR.

THE Bar must be a very honourable profession, because we are always hearing from the Members of the Bar themselves that the profession is not only a most honourable profession, but *the* most honourable of professions. It is true that there is often a broad distinction between profession and practice, which distinction accounts perhaps for the fact, that while the Bar is the most honourable of professions it is not inconsistent with the most degrading practices. A barrister may ally himself with the lowest class of touters for the purpose of extracting a base fee from a pocket that is filled with the pickings of the pockets of other people; a barrister may fraternise with sham attorneys and their pseudo-clerks, and representing himself before a facile Judge as "regularly instructed," may be allowed to swindle somebody or other out of a fee; a barrister may do this, and more than this, and may yet remain a Member of the very "honourable profession."

We shall be told that the practices to which we allude are peculiar to the scum and the dregs of the Bar, but that we shall never find men, holding a recognised rank in the profession, descending to any practices unworthy of a "barrister or a gentleman."

As the Bar declares itself the arbiter of what is becoming to its own dignity, we must leave the Bar to decide on that part of the question; but we must take leave to determine according to our own view how far certain doings at the Bar may be conformable to the conduct of a gentleman. It may be professional, but it is scarcely gentlemanly to impute fraud to witnesses, though we are aware that there is plenty of precedent, among even the leaders of the Bar, for implied and direct accusations of a still graver character. It seems to be perfectly "professional," when defending a murderer, to suggest that the murder may have been committed by one of the witnesses—a course that was adopted a very short time ago by an eminent Old Bailey barrister on circuit—a worthy follower in the school of the advocate of COURVOISIER. It has been urged that it is unfair to judge of the Bar as a profession by that portion which selects Newgate as the field for its exertions, but we regret to find that Westminster Hall furnishes instances in which some of the most respectable names at the Bar may be found in connection with practices such as a Barrister may not be ashamed to avow, but which a gentleman would, we think, repudiate. The following extract from a law report in the *Times* affords a by no means singular specimen of forensic taste in the Superior Courts and among the higher grades of the profession:—

"In this cross-examination of the plaintiff by MR. SERJEANT BYLES, he was asked whether he had not suggested to the defendant that there should be a robbery at the

Great Globe, as many shillings would come in from persons coming to see the place where the robbery was.

"MR. WYLD most indignantly denied this, and added that no one who had not been the associate of thieves and convicts would have suggested that such a question should be put.

"The learned Judge told MR. WYLD he should only give the denial.

"The plaintiff said it was a most offensive question.

"The JUDGE. That may be.

"Upon the question being repeated,

"The foreman of the jury rose, and said he thought it a most improper question; it was one totally irrelevant to the inquiry. As he understood the case, it was whether the defendant had deceived the plaintiff and the public, or whether the plaintiff and defendant had combined together to deceive the public.

"MR. SERJEANT BYLES said he must do his duty.

"The JUDGE. Yes; but draw it a little mild—a little mild."

Here we find MR. SERJEANT BYLES asking a witness whether he had not proposed to obtain money from the public upon a false and fraudulent pretence—a question which elicited an indignant denial. The learned Judge, feeling no doubt that the question was perfectly professional, put no check on the tongue of the barrister, but rebuked the witness for his indignation, and told him "he should only give the denial." The question was admitted by the Judge to be "offensive," but the "Rule of Court" seems to be, that barristers are privileged offenders, and that witnesses must be made the objects of such offences as barristers may choose to commit—there being no rebuke to the wrong-doer from the Judge, who is ready with a reprimand instead of protection for the wronged party.

OH! PANTALOONS OF CHERRY.

Dedicated without permission to the EARL OF CARDIGAN

Oh, pantaloons of cherry!
Oh, redder than raspberry!
For men to fight in things so tight
It must be trying—very.

'Gainst wear, though fine the weather,
They would not hold together,
On saddle-back they'd fly and crack,
Though seated with black leather.

Oh, welcome declaration!
That timely reformation
The soldiers brave from galls will save!
Without that decoration.

In overalls more spacious,
If crimson, still capacious,
The bold Hussar will rush to war.
LORD CARDIGAN is gracious!

Eleventh!—gallant fellows—
In cherries, blues, and yellows
More amply made, with sharpened blade,
Go where BELLONA bellows.

And though with colours glaring,
Your uniform be flaring,
You'll be no less than by your dress
Conspicuous for your daring.

MR. URQUHART'S MARE'S NEST.

In an address to the inhabitants of Manchester, according to the *Times*, MR. DAVID URQUHART said—

"The nation is plunging into a war. In ignorance it believes it to be made against Russia. I know that it is made in concurrence with Russia, and this knowledge it is which urges me to make you this proposal. It is with Turkey, and ultimately with France that you will fight, unless your hand be stayed."

There is or was a "Clergyman of Cambridge University," who having cured himself of a nervous or mental complaint, offered, "from benevolence rather than gain," to cure others. We will not say that MR. URQUHART would be a proper subject for the benevolence of this Cambridge Clergyman; but the reverend gentleman's charity might be usefully bestowed on the meeting which MR. URQUHART succeeded in convening at the Corn Exchange, to hear him expatiate on the above propositions. There may perhaps, be some little hope of *them*. In the mean time, how true it appears to be that one individual like MR. URQUHART makes many.

Manners for the Million.

NEVER give anybody the lie, however gross may be the falsehood he utters. To him who says the thing which is not, it will be a sufficient rebuke to answer, "That's a NICHOLAS."

A WAR CATECHISM.

(To be answered by those whom it may concern.)

- "Who is it can't finally make up his mind,
In sending our cavalry over the water,
If it's safer to trust them to steam or to wind?"
(A reply will oblige—from the proper quarter).
- "Who can't fix, if for troopers to sail all the way,
Or to march across France be the easier and shorter?
Who to-morrow finds out he was all wrong to-day?"
(A reply will oblige—from the proper quarter).
- "Who keeps soldiers and generals dangling behind,
While the Russians are marching, our allies to slaughter
To remonstrances deaf, and to reasoning blind?"
(A reply will oblige—from the proper quarter).
- "Who sends Commissariat officers out—
Less active by half, than SIR JOHN BURGOYNE'S daughter—
Knowing nothing of all they should know most about?"
(A reply will oblige—from the proper quarter).
- "Who leaves sick without physic, and well without grub?
What's become of that much bepuddled shipload of porter?
Who allows each and all, on hap-hazard, to rub?"
(A reply will oblige—from the proper quarter).
- "Who keeps transports waiting for freight, till on each
The demurrage runs up to a sum would have bought her?
Who shoots out, like raw lobsters, our troops on the beach?"
(A reply will oblige—from the proper quarter).
- "Who loads soldiers' backs till they're ready to faint;
Sticks their necks in a stock that is positive torture;
Makes 'em shave what is useful, and polish what ain't?"
(A reply will oblige—from the proper quarter).
- "Why must not common sense teach that old fool, Routine,
And oust her, if still she won't practise what's taught her?
Is the soldier a man, or a drilling-machine?"
(A reply will oblige—from the proper quarter).

MILITARY MESS-BEER.



THE "CANNON BREWERY" has for some time existed; but brewing is now practised in a corps not connected with the Ordnance. The following paragraph, from the *United Service Gazette*, records that advance in military economy:—

"CONCENTRATED BEER FOR THE ARMY.—The Infantry Brigade of Guards are to try the experiment of brewing their own beer in their barracks. The process is most simple and requires only a certain quantity of hot water to render the concentrated beer palatable drink. Ten non-commissioned officers are told off to try its effects. They are allowed to drink as much as they please, but restricted from taking any other beer, or spirits. The porter is approved of, but the ale is not a favourite. This introduction is most important to the troops now proceeding to the East."

Fiat experimentum in corpore vili, says the proverb; which by the above account seems, with regard to the "Concentrated Beer," to

have been translated, "Try the experiment on a Corporal:" unless the ten non-commissioned officers told off to test the "effects" of the liquor include sergeants. Certainly the Infantry Brigade of Guards cannot be regarded as a *corpus vile*, or vile corps, but on the contrary, must be acknowledged to be a "crack" regiment. We cannot help questioning the palatable character said to be imparted to the concentrated beer by hot water. Hot water at an early stage of brewing is requisite to constitute a mash; but if added to malt liquor after fermentation seems unlikely to make anything but a mull. The "effects" produced on the subjects of the experiment, would, we should fear, be of an antimonial nature; and what confirms us in this apprehension, is the statement that those individuals are allowed to drink as much of the beverage as they please. To be at the same time restricted from taking any other beer may be a necessary, but is a hard, condition; for we apprehend that any other beer would be preferable to the concentrated after dilution. It is not wonderful that the ale is not a favourite;

and most likely it requires a very liquorish tooth to approve of the porter. The introduction is no doubt most important to the troops going to the East: and its consequences indeed may prove extremely serious.

THE CIVIC FAST.

THERE is but one LORD MAYOR in the United Kingdom who could have been supposed capable of issuing such a summons as that whereof the subjoined is a true copy:—



"SIR,
"YOUR Worship is desired to be at the Mansion-House on Wednesday next, the 26th day of April, 1854, at Two of the clock in the Afternoon precisely, to BREAKFAST, in a Black Suit and your Scarlet Gown,—afterwards to proceed from thence to St. Paul's Cathedral, on foot; being the day appointed by Her Majesty for a General FAST and Humiliation.

"C. W. HICK, Swordbearer.

"N.B. The Lord Mayor will leave the Mansion-House at a Quarter before Three o'clock, and Divine Service will commence at a Quarter-past Three o'clock precisely.

"Swordbearer's Office, Mansion-House,
"Friday, 21st April, 1854."

The foregoing composition, but for the Cathedral therein specified being St. Paul's instead of St. Patrick's, would of course be ascribed by everybody to the LORD MAYOR OF DUBLIN. His worship is requested to come to the Mansion House on the Fast Day to break his fast, and then to walk to church. Moreover, it being also the day of Humiliation, he is directed to put on a Scarlet Gown.

Scarlet Gown and Lobster Salad are perhaps the Mansion House equivalents to Sackcloth and Ashes.

How jolly it would be to fast, that is, to break-fast at the Mansion House every day! How fat a man would get in a Lent of fasting there! Only it is to be feared that gout would be the result of such abstinence; or that the loss of blood and the use of cooling medicine would be necessary thereafter.

His Worship may be supposed to have really fasted all the morning of the 26th, and not to have broken his fast until 2 P.M. But that is a charitable supposition. The probability we would bet upon is, that he ate a hearty breakfast of eggs and ham, or bloater and buttered toast, with tea or coffee at ten or eleven, and broke his fast, of three or four hours' duration, a second time at the Mansion House. For the municipal refection it will be seen that three quarters of an hour were allowed; a time sufficient to enable an Alderman to put a great deal of pigeon-pie, and various other things, out of sight.

However, there seems much sense in the view propounded by one of the clergymen who preached on the day in question—to the effect that fasting, in the present era, should be a spiritual instead of a bodily mortification; and therefore we do not blame the LORD MAYOR and Aldermen for satisfying their appetites, even if they appeased their hunger with cold capon, and their thirst with champagne. It must be recollected that they had to walk all the way from the Mansion House to St. Paul's, having less than half an hour to do the distance in; so that if they had not broken their fast at the former edifice exhaustion must have occasioned them to break down on their journey to the latter. Indeed they may reply to the charge of fast breaking, that a walk of that length, within that time, is quite fast enough for any alderman.

Important to Wounded Seamen.

THOUGH success may attend some of our naval operations, the results of others will certainly be unfortunate, unless our fleets are well supplied with surgeons, which they are not likely to be until medical officers in the navy are placed on something like the footing of other officers and gentlemen.

ADVICE FOR MARTINETTS.

MILITARY authorities should consider whether it would not be advisable to abate a little of their solicitude for the tidiness of a regiment, and pay somewhat more attention to its mess.

THE FRUIT OF CLOTHING COLONELS.

A SLANG name for certain cavalry regiments is, we believe, "The Light Bobs." Perhaps LORD CARDIGAN'S Hussars may be termed "The Bob Cherries."



FOR THE SOLDIERS' CHILDREN.

ENGLAND'S WAR VIGIL.

By solemn custom in the olden time,
The squire deemed worthy to be dubbed a knight
Kept vigil lone, from evensong to prime,
Within the church—all in his armour dight.

And standing reverent, or kneeling low,
For past misdeeds did Heaven's forgiveness pray,
And guidance ask that he might bear him so
As true knight ought—in deed and word alway.

And, when the shadows of the night had waned,
And while the matin mass the priests intone,
He on the altar laid his sword unstained,
As dedicate thenceforth to God alone.

So kneels our England e'er she goeth out
A knight—to battle in a godly cause,
Humbling herself—but not as one in doubt,
If God will bless the weapon that she draws.

She layeth down the burden of her sin,
Knowing it great, and hard to be forgiven;
And, for the strife that she must now begin,
Looks up for strength where true strength is—to Heaven.

And Heaven will hear her prayer and aid her hand,
For it is lifted to defend the weak;
To put down force and falsehood from command,
And Heaven's own vengeance for ill deeds to wreak.

Then stand by, selfish scoffer, with thy sneer
Of "Cross and Crescent"—creeds to deeds belong.
The Holy Symbol we then most revere
When we deny its power to sanction wrong!

JOINT NAME FOR SMOKERS AND DRINKERS.—To-Bacchanalians.
(Pronounce *i*, TOBACCO-NALIANS).

LAWYERS IN AUSTRALIA.

WE have read some sad accounts of the glut of lawyers in Australia, and we are told of a barrister who has been obliged to turn porter, in which capacity he has had several heavy cases entrusted to him. We suppose the bar still stick up for professional etiquette, and when a load is too heavy for one, the leader no doubt insists on its being endorsed regularly by being hoisted on to his back with the professional intimation, "With you MR. SO AND SO," who is "instructed" to lend a hand with the burden. Many learned gentlemen, who have been accustomed only to consider the weight of evidence, are obliged to make themselves acquainted with the weight of furniture, or anything else they may be employed to conduct through the courts and alleys of Australia.

The only really satisfactory part of the business must be the "refresher," which in the shape of porter is no doubt very acceptable to those who are compelled to make PORTER's works—in preference to COKE's—their constant study. The wig must be rather an indifferent substitute for the knot, but it is certainly a more profitable employment of the forensic horsehair than devoting it to knotty points of law, which do not appear to be much in favour with the Australian community.

A CONJUROR'S DIAMONDS.

THE Wizard of the North pays a very flattering compliment to the intellectual perceptions of the citizens of Glasgow. He invites them to see his conjuring, for this convincing reason: he has "appeared before every monarch of Europe," and been duly jewelled by the same. But what of that?—

"The Citizens go out of RESPECT, which is more valuable to the WIZARD than the MONARCHS' DIAMONDS WHICH HE WEARS."

Such being the case there can be no doubt that if the Citizens of Glasgow will pay the conjuror their personal respects, the conjuror will return for the same all his diamonds; and thus, respect being "more valuable," he will still be a considerable gainer by the exchange!

MOUSTACHES IN THE BANK.

SOMEHOW or other, there is in the Gentile world an antagonism between moustaches and money; oddly enough £ s. d. will have nothing to do with the least assertion of "tip." The young men of our generation have been exhorted to lay down their razors and to take up with moustaches: many unsophisticated enthusiasts have answered to the appeal with somewhat of the vigour of a SAMSON, putting, as it may be, the hairiest or downiest countenance upon the movement. On this, the tyranny of bare-faced MAMMON asserts itself in MAMMON's very highest place—yea, in its golden pulpit. Gallant young clerks of the Bank of England were beginning to grow good promissory notes of moustaches, when MAMMON, looking upon these hirsute shootings, cried—"Shave, young men: shave, or resign." This is a hard, tyrannous fact. The youths of England, entrusted with the treasures of the Bank, were ordered by a certain day to present clean faces or each a fairly-written resignation. They did both: that is, they one and all exhibited their resignation, by sacrificing the objectionable hair. And this is called a free country; in which a man is not allowed to keep his moustaches and his place! It is whispered that the shorn young gentlemen have drawn up a petition to Parliament in the matter; a petition to be presented by MR. MUNTZ and supported by COLONEL SIBTHORP.

Give a Czar a Bad Name.

"THE EMPEROR NICHOLAS is the possessor of house property in this city."—*Limerick Chronicle*.

What? In addition to all else that can be charged against him, NICHOLAS is proved to be an absentee Irish Landlord! Then somebody is as black as he is painted.

Te(a) Benedico.

It appears that we have, during the last quarter, derived an enormous and unexpected revenue from tea. It is hoped that the money thus obtained will go some way towards the expense of the war, and that by the aid of our Hyson we may defray some of the cost of our Gunpowder.



ENGLAND'S WAR VIGIL.

MAY 6, 1854.]

[PUNCH, No. 689.

ERUDITION UNDER BONNETS.



perienched by them in finding gentlemen sufficiently learned to be suitable husbands for them. That, however, will perhaps be got over if their erudition include a knowledge of common things. They are instructed, I perceive, in Algebra, Geometry, and Arithmetic; in Biblical Literature; in Botany, in Dancing and Exercises; in Drawing, both of the figure and landscape, with Perspective; in Elocution; in English Grammar, Composition, Language, and Literature: in French; Geography; German; in Harmony and Composition; History, ancient and modern; Italian; Latin, and Natural Philosophy; Pianoforte; Singing; and Spanish.

All this is very well. Nay, Greek might have been included in the course, and there is no objection that I see to the addition of Hebrew. But are the Mathematics which the young ladies—very properly—learn, simple or mixed? The latter, I hope. I trust that the Algebra will be taught with a view to practical application in calculating the results of shopping; and that the Geometry will be subservient in some way to the cutting out of frocks. I also trust that the Botany will have a certain reference to dealing with the greengrocers; the Drawing to the preparation of Poultry for the table; the Elocution to speaking out instead of coquetting; the Composition to the admixture of ingredients component of pudding; and the Natural Philosophy to domestic economy at large. Lastly, may the acquisition of Spanish be attended by the formation of just notions of the value of something which was synonymous with that language until the experience of Spanish bondholders had shown that Spanish does not signify money. Otherwise, I should not wish my nieces to go to College.

"Fogey Place, April, 1854.

"P.S. I alluded to puddings. Ladies' Colleges have Donnas, I suppose, as those of Oxford and Cambridge have Dons. Could not the Donnas of Northumberland College invent a Ladies' College Pudding?"

WANTED, A FEW SMART, HANDSOME YOUNG GENTLEMEN to dance at Evening Parties, on account of the great drain of Officers that the War has carried off to the East. They must converse freely about the Weather, the Opera, and all fashionable topics, and be accustomed to good society. They must be well practised in the Polka, Waltz, (single, as well as *à Deux Temps*), Schottische, and not be above dancing in a Quadrille, if needed. They must be single, and not exceed the age of Forty. They must not refuse to dance with an elderly lady occasionally, if the size of her property is such as to warrant the presumption. The terms offered, including a Champagne supper, are of the most liberal description, and may be ascertained at GUNTER'S, St. James's Square, or of the Secretary of the "DISTRESSED YOUNG LADIES' ELEGANT PARTNERS' ASSOCIATION," at Hanover Square Rooms. Young Gentlemen presenting themselves must bring with them a white neckcloth, as a specimen. Not the slightest objection, at present, to Officers in the Militia, but no tradesman, unless extremely rich, and highly respectable in the wholesale line, need trouble himself by applying.

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THE RUSSIAN GUY FAWKES.

AIR—"Popular."

I SING a Northern Autocrat, old NICK the prince of Sinisters,
Who made away with Turkey once, the Sultan and his Ministers:
That is, he would have made away with them, but was prevented,
For France and England stopped the way, and NICK was circumvented.

Chorus—Bow, wow, wow!

The Russian Bear is going to the dogs I trow.

A flimsy quarrel to hash up he soon was at no loss you see,
And being out of temper said, "I'm fighting for the Cross you see:"
Most piously upon his sword he then invoked a blessing,
And vowed that with its naked edge he'd give the Turks a dressing.

Bow, wow, wow, &c.

With coolness quite cucumbrian, despising all formalities,
He sent his army to invade the neutral Principalities:
Then passing o'er the Danube he besieged Constantinople,
At least he has not done so yet, and never, we may hope, will.

Bow, wow, wow, &c.

By sea his arms with victory not long were unrewarded:
Sinope's famous triumph stands in history recorded;
And yet opinions differ—no two men think the same now,
For what he calls a victory we've quite another name now.

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Another drubbing soon he gave the Turks at Oltenitza,
And made them run with holy gun, and holier howitzer:
'Twas so at last his version ran—to horse-marines and Prussians,
But according to the Turkish tale the rush was by the Russians.

Bow, wow, wow, &c.

At Cronstadt too great stones he sank, with powder each well loaded,
And thus blew up the British fleet, and all our hopes exploded:
That is, he means to blow them up—the papers clearly show it,
But now the trick itself is blown we think he'll hardly do it.

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His pledged "parole de gentleman" he never once has broken,
Nor crooked policy has shown, but upright and plainspoken:
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A Word to the Economists.

OUR ultra economists, with a profuseness of words which hardly seems to tally with their character for sparing, are continually complaining of the Government expenditure, and alleging that there's scarcely branch of the service but what wants lopping. Now, to adapt a favourite politicism, this may be the fact, or it may not. But in either case we must be permitted to observe that, for the honour of the Nation, we never wish to see the Vessel of the State a Screw.

SATISFACTION FOR A RUSSIAN GENTLEMAN.—All that NICHOLAS wanted of Turkey was a trifling Note. Instead of that he has got serious Check.

ERUDITION UNDER BONNETS.



AFTER PUNCH,—My attention has been attracted by some advertisements, in the *Times*, of certain Colleges for Ladies—admirable institutions, no doubt, if properly conducted. The list of studies put forth as the *curriculum* pursued at one of these seats of learning comprises so many branches of knowledge, that the Spinners and Mistresses of Arts (who may graduate therein will be considerably more than matches for the Bachelors & Masters who have obtained corresponding honours at the universities. Hence some difficulty may be experienced by them in finding gentlemen sufficiently learned to be suitable husbands for them. That, however, will perhaps be got over if their erudition include a knowledge of common things. They are instructed, I perceive, in Algebra, Geometry, and Arithmetic; in Biblical Literature; in Botany, in Dancing and Exercises; in Drawing, both of the figure and landscape, with Perspective; in Elocution; in English Grammar, Composition, Language, and Literature; in French; Geography; German; in Harmony and Composition; History, ancient and modern; Italian; Latin, and Natural Philosophy; Pianoforte; Singing; and Spanish.

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TREMENDOUS SACRIFICES AT ST. PETERSBURG.



THERE is no reason for doubting the facts alluded to in the following paragraph from the *Times*' foreign correspondence:—

"If our accounts from St. Petersburg are correct, some of the Russians have made great pecuniary sacrifices. The well known COUNT ANATOLE DEMIDOFF, whose revenues are enormous, is said to have placed them at the disposal of the state for the duration of the war, while BARON STIEGLITZ, the Court banker, has voluntarily contributed 300,000 silver roubles. A Russian financier may be an exception to the general rule, but moneyed men seldom or never have the patriotic feeling so strongly developed as to part with a sum equivalent to £55,000 or £60,000 sterling."

Of course a Russian financier is an exception to the general rule. Financiers of most other countries engaged in warfare, limit their patriotic contributions to paying

their war-taxes—with or without grumbling, as the case may be. For the Sovereigns of other nations, for the most part, carry on their wars by means of national taxation; and if our double income-tax is a partial impost, still the confiscation is Parliamentary and Constitutional. But NICHOLAS is a "gentleman" who seizes upon material guarantees. That gentleman would assuredly have overdrawn his account with BARON STIEGLITZ by a sum considerably exceeding 300,000 roubles, if the Court Banker had not volunteered that amount as a material guarantee for honouring a larger cheque on demand. If Mr. Punch were a Russian subject—supposing the possibility of *Punch's* existence in Russia—His Majesty, doubtless, would exact a material guarantee from Mr. Punch, unless Mr. Punch prevented him. He would lay hands on, and appropriate the till of Mr. Punch and his strong box, and the whole of his extensive stock forming the present publication, together with his few back numbers, and all his other stocks and shares, and estate—real and personal—and his stick, and all his sticks; and his cattle, and his dog *Toby*, as material guarantees of Mr. Punch's good behaviour. The only method by which Mr. Punch could prevent the Imperial Gentleman from thus making a material guarantee of his whole property, would be that of surrendering the greater portion of it. He would willingly resign £60,000 to his Emperor, if he possessed £60,001, and think himself lucky that his sovereign master permitted him to have one other sovereign in the world.

In reference to the tremendous sacrifice above mentioned, it may be observed that the "God of the Russians" begins to require offerings, as his worshippers are discovering to their cost. It must be so, if they will worship such a god: the Russians will be obliged to sacrifice money as well as children, to MOLOCH.

THE COINAGE OF THE BRAIN.

DURING the Easter recess there has been some difficulty in filling the newspapers; but happily the paragraph-mongers came to the rescue with their usual alacrity. The most original idea which we have met with, and which stands out in grand contrast to the early gooseberries, and other common places of the kitchen garden, is the discovery in a ditch of some hundreds of coins, with 341 ounces of silver, and several hundred battleaxes, all marked with Roman characters. This has been a most fortunate find for the penny-a-liners, though we have not heard of anyone else having derived any profit from the digging up of so much wealth, which will no doubt disappear as soon as the necessity for furnishing "copy" is terminated by the recommencement of the debates in Parliament.

The whole of the articles enumerated are said to have been found in an urn, which was, it is to be presumed, the depository of some Roman miser's earnings. How they came to be so long overlooked, and how it is that those who made the ditch never noticed its contents, nobody attempts to explain, nor is it worth while to inquire. It is enough for us to feel that we are always protected against the possible barrenness of our newspapers by those timely treasures which are lying conveniently ready to be brought to light, whenever a supply of paragraphs may be required.

Peace Deputation Extraordinary.

We understand from most "exclusive sources" (which we believe, nevertheless, are open to everybody) that a special deputation from the Peace Society has been lately waiting on the keepers of the Zoological Gardens, for the purpose of requesting an immediate discontinuance of the zoo-phytes.

GOG AND MAGOG TO LORD RUSSELL.

"MY LORD,

"As we, GOG and MAGOG, the guardian spirits (in wood) of the City of London, have ever lived together in the most perfect harmony, we are somewhat agitated in our ligneous breasts by an accident that threatens to become, in fact, a civic institution.

"For many generations we have been accustomed to have four Members to represent us in Parliament; namely, as we have always considered, two for GOG and two for MAGOG. But what has been our condition for some time past? We have but three between us; BARON ROTHCHILD taking his seat outside upon the steps, with little chance, as it appears to us, of being permitted to rest himself inside.

"In this dilemma, and as we cannot divide three members—having one-and-a-half apiece—we wish to know how we are to decide the matter? We have more than once thought of tossing for the odd man, but hardly like to make an M.P. a matter of heads-and-tails.

"Will you, dear LORD JOHN, give us your advice upon the matter. We do not wish to be hard upon our shut-out member, the Baron; therefore if, so long as he is excluded from the House of Commons, he will come and sit of nights with us, he shall be duly welcomed by his bewildered constituents,

"GOG AND MAGOG."

VALOUR UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

MARCH, march, pipeclayed and belted in,

That is to say you must march in good order;

March, march, broiling sun melted in,

Stocks all so tight that on choking you border:

Martinet's anger dread,

If you can turn your head,

Martinet, stubborn as any old Tory;

Shave, and make ready, then,

Half-strangled Englishmen,

March on, as well as you're able, to glory!



A STRANGE ANIMAL SEEN IN OXFORD STREET LAST WEDNESDAY.

Query. Was it a Militiaman? and is H.R.H. F.M. P. A. experimentalising upon the gallant "fellow!"

Indecision.

A CAPITAL portrait has been published abroad of the King of Prussia. He is represented standing between a bottle of Champagne and a big sword, uncertain as to which of the two he should draw. It is called "MEDITATION ON THE EASTERN QUESTION."

POODLE MEPHISTOPHELES AT THE PRINCESS'S.

No man, like a Frenchman, can trim a poodle. This, we believe, may be conceded as a national merit. No man, like a Frenchman, can so quickly teach a poodle so many tricks; to fetch and carry; stand on three legs; pick letters from a biscuit alphabet; and, in a word, do all the things that make the cleverest of dogs. The skill of perfect teaching cannot be denied to the patience and intelligence of French genius; and, assuredly, MONS. CARRÉ has marvellously vindicated the Gallic ability by so trimming and teaching GOETHE'S Poodle, *alias* *Mephistopheles*, that his originator would never know him again.

"Seest thou the black dog"—says *Faust* to *Wagner*—"ranging through the corn and stubble?"

Faust. Mark him well! For what do you take the brute?

Wagner. For a poodle who, in his way, is puzzling out the track of his master.

Faust. Dost thou mark how, in wide spiral curves, he quests round and ever near us? and, if I err not, a line of fire follows upon his track.

Wagner. I see nothing but a black poodle.

Such was the conviction of MONS. MICHEL CARRÉ; and so, in 1851, he goes to work, and trims and shapes GOETHE'S poem of *Faust* into a thing for the French stage: and the thing—poodle-like—having had its run upon all-fours in Paris, may now be seen under the very moral management of MR. CHARLES KEAN, in Oxford Street. A mere poodle; and—for a poodle—one of the dullest dogs that ever defeated a teacher. But that the poodle should have been trimmed by a Frenchman was, doubtless, its excellent recommendation to a manager who prefers his plays, even as his gloves, to be of Paris make. They can be so stitched to fit, and be held so easily in hand!

For what could the startled, confounded manager have done with the *Mephistopheles* of GOETHE? He would have shaken at its power; and haply, have transgressed under it, like a poodle itself scared and frightened by Jove's thunder and lightning. Now, poodle *Mephistopheles*, as trained and taught by MONS. CARRÉ, was an animal not beyond the powers of the master of the Princess's revels—a puppy-dog to be led in a string, or carried under the arm, even as puppy-dogs are tethered or borne by flunkies.

"Driven behind the stove"—(caves *Faust* of the real poodle, GOETHE'S poodle)—"it is swelling like an elephant; it fills the whole space; it is about to vanish into mist. Rise not to the ceiling! Down at thy master's feet! Thou seest I do not threaten in vain; I will scorch thee with holy fire. Wait not for the thrice-glowing light. Wait not for the strongest of my spells."

Now here are thunderbolt words, and scathing conjurations, that a common manager, a merely simple provider for a simple public, can hardly be expected to confront and live through. And these things are of GOETHE'S poodle: but the Frenchman teaches the dog to answer to a very different sort of order: hence, when the poodle or *Mephistopheles* of the Princess's, enters upon his two legs, he runs in, with no more of the devil in him than may be expected of the dullest of footmen, with just enough of speech to be stupid upon any subject, and on the very shortest notice. Never was poodle cut so bare—shorn so close that the very skin has been nipped by the scissors, and still shows the unsightly wounds—never was poor poodle so maltreated as GOETHE'S tremendous black dog by the irreverent Frenchman. Nevertheless, an easy critic has declared in favour of M. CARRÉ'S dog, as it appears in the hands, or upon the arms of MR. CHARLES KEAN,—saying in justification of the clipping and exposure of the poodle, as shown at the Princess's—

"One person, if he had now been living, would have decided on the wisdom of the manager, who having an effective Easter piece in view, selected the low-art fabrication of M. MICHEL CARRÉ in preference to the high-art creation of the German poet. The person we mean is—GOETHE himself."

Just as it might be said, "one person, when MR. CHARLES KEAN shall enter into Elysium, will at least step forward and embrace him for his acting of SHAKSPEARE, with every conceivable and inconceivable scenic effect, and the person we mean is—SHAKSPEARE himself!" Even as GOETHE might hug and thank MICHEL CARRÉ for his "low-art fabrication" (his low cutting of the jacket of the poodle), so will SHAKSPEARE embrace MR. CHARLES KEAN for his fabrication with very low cuttings of CIBBER'S *Richard the Third*. Wonderful must be the sources of gratitude in the Fields of the Blest!

The *Faust* and *Marguerite*—at the Princess's—shows MR. CHARLES KEAN to be a born spectacle-maker. As WILLIAM PITT was said to be a "heaven-descended minister," so by a liberal stretch of compliment, CHARLES KEAN—as developed in his last wonder—may be considered a heaven-descended showman. Or if any of our readers should think the terms too strong, they have only to reverse them, choosing upward epithets from the opposite.

Wonderful is the process by which all the poetry, all the grandeur, is discharged from GOETHE, the imagination and subtleties of the Master being supplied by the pulleys of the machinist and the colours of the scene-painter! Everything of life and beauty has been extracted, and a *caput mortuum*—that is, CHARLES KEAN'S *Mephistopheles*—remains.

And yet MR. KEAN never acted so naturally in all his life. He was

quite down to the part; his perceptions of the poetic trotting upon four legs. He, no doubt, felt the triumph of common-place, and rejoiced in his element. We have been accustomed to associate with *Mephistopheles* a devilish subtlety; a laughing spirit in the eye, burning like burning-glass. MR. KEAN was more consonant with his poodle-trimmer: he had no more subtlety in his speech than the waiter at the Dog Tavern; nothing more scorching in his looks than might flash from brass buttons. There was boldness, but no burning.

Some of the scenic effects are very beautiful, and worthy of the Princess's as a gallery of illustration. The vision of *Marguerite*—(thanks to *Marguerite* herself!)—was very lovely; and the procession to the Cathedral showed that the Manager had been a profound observer of the condition and demeanour of people going to prayers. The sprinkling of babies was very judicious and a little touching.

The musical contest for the soul of *Marguerite* between the demons under the stage and the angels over it was somewhat bold upon a moral English public: but when the soul of *Marguerite* in white muslin, borne by angels in satin petticoats was carried to heaven ("without wires," cries a critic, hysterical with admiration)—the delight of the gods was perfect.

The morality of *Marguerite*—as painted (in rouge) by M. CARRÉ—gives us rather *Marguerite* from the Palais Royal than *Marguerite* from the well. We would advise MR. KEAN to take a view of the latter, so exquisitely painted by Miss HOWITT. It may do him good, as a royal and moral manager.

As a piece of show and mechanism (wires unseen) *Faust* and *Marguerite* will draw the eyes of the town; especially the eyes that have least brains behind them. It is the very triumph of vulgar showiness, uninformed by a spark of genius. MR. KEAN'S poodle is all over a very dull dog; a dog without a bit of the wag in him, even in his tail.

Nevertheless there is one triumph due to the actor. His new nose is perfect: it has the true demoniacal curve. We never saw a better view of the Devil's Bridge.



CONSCIENCE MONEY.

"The HOUSE OF BEDFORD is of Norman origin, the family having been, before the Conquest, seigneurs of Rosel, near Caen. The parish priest of the district lately wrote to the DUKE OF BEDFORD for a subscription towards the purchase of a bell for the parish church. His Grace did more. He generously bought the bell out of his own pocket, and presented it to the grateful curé. It is to weigh 1,200 lb.!"—*Newspaper Paragraph on its Round.*

"For the thousands of pounds of Church gold it did sack,
Through bluff HARRY, the great HOUSE OF BEDFORD, to settle,
To the Church, in atonement, gives generously back
Twelve hundred good pounds—of bell-metal."

THE RUSSIAN SMITHY.

To call the Russian Government a Cabinet is a misnomer. The lies which it has asserted require that it should be denominated a Forge.

PROOF OF THE PROSPERITY OF IRELAND.—The difficulty of procuring rags for the manufacture of paper, and the very high price that is demanded for them.



THE LATEST IMPROVEMENT (?) IN GUARDS' CAPS. WHAT NEXT!

HORRORS ON HORRORS' HEAD.

THERE is a wretch in human form
(Would that his mortal course were run),
Who brooking indignation's storm,
Has uttered this atrocious pun.

The caitiff who by chance had heard
The Census had been lately taken,
Seemed teeming with some thought absurd,
By which his sides were rudely shaken.

Then on a sudden out he burst
In utterance by laughter choked,
And made of puns the very worst
That ever common sense provoked.

'Twas this, Ha, ha, I understand,
The recent Census doth include
The population of the land,
The gentle, simple, mild, and rude.

But who the reason can explain
Under what singular pretences,
They have included the insane,
Who clearly are not in their Census.

WHAT IS THE SEAT OF WAR?

WE hear a great deal of the Seat of War, but we think the expression is scarcely appropriate to the subject. The nearest approach that we can conceive to a Seat of War in the literal sense would be a Camp Stool. We sincerely hope that when our troops arrive at the Seat of War, they will think less of the Seat of War than of making a gallant stand. Judging from a recent correspondence in the *Times*, we should be inclined to believe that as far as the 11th Hussars are concerned, the Seat of War must be the black leather used in seating their cherry-coloured pantaloons.

TOUCHING MEMORIALS OF A PUBLIC FUNCTIONARY.

WHEN it was made known to *Mr. Punch* that COLONEL MABERLY had ceased to preside over that vast establishment, "from whose bourne no money-letter e'er returns," a gentle sorrow overcame the great dispenser of mirth to nations. After musing for a while upon the mutability of mundane things, and the accidents to which human greatness is exposed, *Mr. Punch* took from his *escritoire* a quantity of highly interesting documents, some of which had been forwarded to him by COLONEL MABERLY in reply to private inquiries, whilst others had been collected by him during his rambles through the country. A few excerpts from these choice papers will show the public how valuable the whole must be, and will perhaps induce some antiquary or virtuoso to offer more for them than the miserable twopence per pound which *Mr. Punch's* butlerman has had the audacity to propose as the true equivalent for them.

Paper 59.—A letter, written by COLONEL MABERLY, in reply to a question from *Mr. Punch* as to the reason for the nondelivery of a letter addressed to him at 85, Fleet Street, and containing £500, the gift of a constant and enthusiastic reader. In concise terms the Colonel informs *Mr. Punch* that the "proper officer" has been directed to make the necessary inquiries. Letter dated 5th April, 1849.

Paper 82 is connected with the first-mentioned document, by a piece of red tape, and by its subject matter, as it refers to the former correspondence, facetiously calls *Mr. Punch's* case, No. 89,579,685, and informs him that the "proper officer" has failed to obtain any reply whatever to the necessary inquiries. This paper, which is dated 19th December, 1852, further recommends *Mr. Punch* never to send money through the Post Office, except in registered letters, or by Money Orders. It is thus endorsed by *Mr. Punch*:—"Mem. To take COLONEL MABERLY'S advice."

Papers 89 and 163.—Two envelopes, in which COLONEL MABERLY had kindly enclosed letters, which he had been unable to deliver for *Mr. Punch*. A condensed intimation of the urgent necessity which had compelled COLONEL MABERLY to deprive himself of the pleasure of forwarding *Mr. Punch's* letters is printed on the flap of each envelope, thereby affording a striking proof of the immense quantity of work performed in the Post Office, and of the scarcity of letter-paper in that establishment.

Paper 101.—A Broad Sheet, addressed to the Postmaster of Pogis-super-Mare, and informing him, that on and after the 1st April, 1854,

the Major Money Order Offices of Chough-cum-Crow Parva, Smithville-in-the-Marsh, and Upton Brownjones, must be treated as Minor Money Order Offices, and that the Minor Money Order Office of Hurstrobinsion must, from the same date, be regarded as a Major Money Order Office. No reason is assigned either for the punishment or the reward, but as the Postmaster of Pogis-super-Mare is ordered to place the Broad Sheet in his office window, *Mr. Punch* is inclined to hope that the disgraced towns have been reduced for their guilty participation in case No. 89,579,685, and that the happy Hurstrobinsion has been rewarded for occasionally delivering money letters.

Paper 144.—In this document COLONEL MABERLY informs *Mr. Punch* that LORD MAIDSTONE has attempted to forward to Fleet Street a copy of his poem, *The Deluge*, but that as his Lordship has transgressed the regulations by making annotations in pencil on the leaves, to direct *Mr. Punch's* attention to the fine passages, the Post Office has been compelled to detain the book, which, however, *Mr. Punch* can receive on the payment of seven shillings and sixpence for postage. To this letter *Mr. Punch* has addressed a suitable reply, begging COLONEL MABERLY not to trouble himself further about the book, but to retain it as a mark of his, *Mr. Punch's* esteem.

Before *Mr. Punch* consigns these beautiful Memorials once more to the gloom of his *escritoire*, he would remark, that COLONEL MABERLY carries with him to his new office the hearty good will of many who have found him a just and a kind master. May MR. ROWLAND HILL, who succeeds to his honours, inherit his popularity also, and come to be as much regretted at a future time by those over whom he is appointed to preside.

A Spirited Manager.

MR. EDWIN FORREST is stated by the American papers to have become a convert to the spirit-rapping swindle, and to be indulged with special manifestations. The bulky tragedian is rising in the world: when he was last in England nobody thought him worth a rap.

NEEDLESS BARBARITY.

THE punishment of the pillory has long been abolished in the case of civil offences; and it does seem inconsistent not only with our present civilisation, but with justice itself, that the unoffending soldier should continue to be subjected to that of the stocks.

LETTER FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.

FROM OUR SPECIAL CIVIL CORRESPONDENT.

Constantinople, April 29th.



HE discretion you kindly allowed me of selecting my own head-quarters for the purpose of observing the war now raging in Turkey, has decided me on remaining here, for several reasons. I need hardly say that any consideration of my own personal safety and comfort had nothing to do with the selection, but I have felt most deeply that it would be eminently unjust to you if I permitted any accident to prevent the regular transmission of my letters; and as, in the neighbourhood of conflict one never knows what may happen, I have taken up my abode between two and three hundred miles from the scene of action. Of course, I consider that my right to exercise the same discretion still exists, and should the Russians approach nearer to the capital, I shall hold myself at liberty to retire upon Trieste, or even to make Paris the basis of my operations. I hasten to give you this assurance, so that you may have no apprehensions on your own account.

You desire me to transmit to you accounts of the progress of the war, and descriptions of its incidents. I have great pleasure in doing so. This war, then, begun in consequence of the aggression of Russia upon the Danubian Principalities, and of course the Sultan sent out his armies to meet the invader. England and France have promised to help Turkey, and are landing soldiers for that purpose. So much for the state of the war. As regards its incidents, great bravery is shown on both sides, and from what I have read, in history, of the character of the belligerents, I have no doubt they will sustain the respective honours of their countries. May a glorious war be speedily followed by a lasting peace.

But it is right that you should understand that information of this precise and graphic character is not to be obtained without much self-devotion and personal sacrifice. I do not complain of this necessity; but it is only just to mention it. I have taken apartments at one of the two decent hotels in this city; and it may be interesting to your readers to know that I pay twelve francs per diem for my accommodation. This includes a rusk and coffee before rising; a French breakfast with various dishes, and wine, at eleven; any refreshment in the way of lunch; and a table-d'hôte at six. It also includes my bed. But alas! for human happiness. This very day a series of misfortunes has rendered me wretched, and made me incapable of writing to you with my usual serenity. There is a mosque near my hotel, and the man who stands in the minaret, and calls the people to prayers, has a very bad cold, and, in consequence, I was awakened in the morning by a most dissonant croaking, which is still in my ears. Next, one of the mosquito curtains of my bed was torn at the top; and though I do not know that any of the animals got in and bit me, still the thought of having been exposed to such a chance does not conduce to equanimity. The rusk of to-day was burned in the baking, and the coffee was spilt over it, so that I had to send it away untasted.

At breakfast the omelette was cold, and although the *cotelettes à la minute* were very well cooked, they were by no means so tender as they should have been, and it was some time before I could procure iced water for my wine, the freezing powders being exhausted. I may also add, that the grapes were not so fine as I could have wished. When I desired lunch, the corkscrew was mislaid, and I had to go all the way up stairs to the second floor to get my private *Eau de Cologne* screw from my dressing case before I could have any pale ale. Dinner was at least a quarter of an hour late, and although I cannot, as a faithful reporter, find fault with the *cuisine*, the soup, fish, and *entrées* being all unexceptionable, the confectionary was very meagre, and a jelly, which was near me, was literally opaque, instead of being transparent. Let me add, that there is no bolt to my bed-room door, and I am compelled to take the trouble, when I would fasten it from within, of shifting the key from the outside to the inside, and that my windows rattle violently in the breezes of the Bosphorus.

I have drawn a melancholy picture, but it would be false philanthropy to give a *couleur de rose* description of the position and resources of

Turkey. Civilisation has much, very much, to do before this country can emerge from the debasement of Mahometanism. I shall write to you again by the next post; in the mean time, I am going to the Opera. *Sabul hier olsun.*

THE CIRCULATION OF PUNCH.

SOME of our contemporaries are very busy in making comparative tables of the relative circulation of certain periodicals from data supplied by the publication of the returns of the Stamp Office. In some cases there have been quarrels between obscure papers, about which the public care nothing; but if one journal of small circulation can only establish the fact that there are other journals with a circulation still smaller, the result seems to be regarded as a triumph. The following is the style of announcement that has been very prevalent of late in some of the London and provincial newspapers:—

"IMPORTANT TO ADVERTISERS!"

"We feel a proud satisfaction in calling the attention of the Advertising Public to the exalted position occupied by the *Independent*, when compared with rival journals."

"Number of Stamps issued within the last Six Months to the following Newspapers and Periodicals:—

The Pocklington County Independent . . . 1,046

N.B. This is exclusive of Six Stamps spoiled in Printing.

The Manx Kitten	1,095
The Old Pocklington Watchman	925
The Liberal Pocklingtonian Free Press	426
The Suburban Post and Hyde Park Herald	114

"It will be seen from this official statement, that the *Independent* circulates considerably more than the average of the *Kitten*, and upwards of ten per cent. above the *Old Watchman*, leaving the *Free Press* and the *Post and Herald* in a decided minority. When it is remembered that the *Independent* circulates among all the old county families, while the *Kitten* is only admitted to the humblest hearth, and the *Watchman* can scarcely be said to be received within the portal of any fashionable abode, we need scarcely say that the *Independent* is the best—indeed the only desirable medium—for Advertisements."

We have not taken the trouble to go into any calculations as to the relative circulation of *Punch* and other periodicals, for we hate arithmetic, and indeed, we have no slate if we were even disposed to do a sum. We therefore leave it to the curious in these matters to ascertain how many times greater our circulation is than that of the *Manx*, or any other literary Cat or Kitten that is desirous of coming up to the scratch in the struggle for notoriety.

WHAT A RUSSIAN GENTLEMAN MAY DO,

BUT WHICH AN ENGLISH GENTLEMAN WOULD BE ASHAMED TO DO.

HE may forfeit his word at all times, and with impunity.

He may pledge himself to do a certain thing one minute, and do the very opposite the next.

He may hold out hopes and promises with a view of tempting a person to cheat his friend and ally, and, finding himself fail in those propositions, he may hold similar hopes and promises to that friend and ally with the view of tempting him in a similar honourable manner.

He may gainsay all he has previously said, and, when convicted with his own words, he may deny them, or at best declare vehemently that such things were only said lightly in conversation, and never intended for a moment to be taken seriously.

He may propose to take away the property of a poor unoffending neighbour upon the benevolent plea that he is "*un homme malade*," and that it is impossible he can last long.

He may do his utmost to set friends at variance, in order that he may derive a profit from their dissensions.

He may detain a gentleman's carpet-bag, keep back his property, and break into his boxes, with the view of prying into his letters and secret correspondence.

And, lastly, when detected, when exposed, when regularly convicted and obliged, in the presence of united Europe, to go down upon his knees and sing small, he may take advantage of that degraded position, and, with the voice of injured innocence, or exulting triumph, begin singing a *Te Deum*!

Mr. Brotherton's Little Evening Song.

(To be Sung during Parliament at 12 P.M.)

EARLY to Work, and Early to Rise,
Will make the House Healthy, Wealthy, and Wise.

THE GREAT NAVAL SCHOOL.

SIR CHARLES NAPIER and his brave seamen, who are kept within bounds at present, by the ice in the Baltic, are like a lot of schoolboys who are looking forward impatiently to the "*breaking-up day*."



EASE BEFORE ELEGANCE.

PUNCH AMONG THE PAINTERS. No. 1.

To me, "in populous city pent," May comes not more pleasantly in the early green of the squares and parks, and the lilac blossom of the suburban gardens, than in water-colours in Pall Mall, or in oil at Trafalgar Square. And, next to Nature, what can *Mr. Punch* have better than DAVID COX, or MARK ANTHONY?

Dear old DAVID! I feel as if you and I were shaking hands for a long, long parting. Is it the heavy mist of tears in my eyes, or the dimness of years in yours, that blurs those Welsh mountains and wild Western moorlands, the last, I fear, that your glorious old hand—true to the heart as ever, but now trembling—will create for the pleasure of all that have ever looked Nature lovingly in the face? Alas! and is Time drawing the veil between you and the looming hills, and gusty skies? In brain and heart you see them still—bright and fresh as ever—perhaps brighter and fresher! But the eye will grow glazed, and the stiffening finger will flag, for all the minute bidding; and the inward beauty and glory will pass faintly and more faintly into shape and colour, till what used to be noble, free, and generous transcripts of earth, and sea, and sky, are now hazy and indistinct—landscapes of Dream-land!

All who have ever loved Nature, must love DAVID COX. How not love the man who for fifty years has done liege suit and service to the solemn purple of far-off hills, the sudden gleam of golden corn-fields, the stately march or wild glee of summer clouds, the tossing of meadow-grass on the uplands, or the flush of heather-bells along the moor!

Well, let those who love him take their leave of him; for there hang his last works in the room of the Old Water-Colour Society, touching, in their mellow indistinctness, but honestly beautiful to the end. He leaves many good men behind, but no equal. There was in him that intense sense of the solemnity, beauty, and variety of Nature, which made every drawing of his fresh and gladdening, familiar as his hand was to all of us, and much as he affected the same spots and subjects year after year. North Wales had his heart. He had absorbed its colouring and contours into himself.

In one of *Mr. Punch's* country excursions—and where may not *Mr. Punch* set up—that is, set down—his pavilion, and sound his *roo-too-it?*—he came, after a successful *pitch* at Llanrwst, to the bridge at Bettws-y-Coed (you will please to supply the vowels), and looking round him, exclaimed to himself, "I know this country!" He *did* know it—in DAVID COX's drawings. For it was to this very spot—as *Mr. Punch* found out in a confidential chat among the artists at "The Oak" that night—the faithful old fellow had resorted year after year, loving the place like a mistress, wooing hill and field and river, till they laid their hearts bare to him, and told all they had to tell—every year something new and always worth the telling, and whispered to none but old DAVID.

So go, my dear young friends, reverently and tenderly, and give your farewell and God-speed to DAVID COX, for he will draw no more. He will divide the skirts of his weather-stained, wind-rent old mantle

among many, for whom the rags and tatters will make whole suits, wherein they will array themselves very proudly, and make no small figure in May Exhibition-rooms.

MR. NAPTEL will have a large cantle, if he give us many such bits of grey river-bed, and dank foss-side, as he shows this year.

Let MR. LEE, R.A., look at MR. NAPTEL's water-rounded, moss-greened stones, and learn what river-boulders are like, before he next indulges in his short-hand way of symbolizing slate and limestone, gneiss and granite—at per square yard.

MR. BENNETT, too, deserves a respectable fragment, which, I am sure, dear old DAVID would not begrudge him, could he see those bits of furzy down and ferny woodland, reflections of out-of-door nature in the compass of a twenty-two inch frame, so true, that to look at one is like looking out of window on to a gravelly Kentish heath, or a lush Surrey forest glade. And MR. MCKEWEN has earned a portion of the honoured garment by that noble study of Windsor Oaks, though, in the rest, he yet lacks perfect reverence for that mistress who taught old DAVID so much—Nature.

Nor will I deny a lappet to GEORGE FRIPP, in consideration of his true service to river-bank and sea-side; and I will give a roll of the wadding to COPLEY FIELDING, albeit he takes Nature's hand with his gloves on, for the greeting, though a dainty and a gingerly one, is honest and respectful.

But you, bright trickiness of T. M. RICHARDSON—deplorable dexterity of ROWBOTHAM—stand afar off! not a rag of DAVID's cloak for you, until you cast off the pride of the hand, and mortify the lust of the pencil, and become like little children at the feet of Nature.

I wonder why bishops patronise the Water Colour Societies so strenuously. I never go to either gallery but I am awestricken by the apparition of a shovel hat and apron. Vagabond as I am, it makes me uncomfortable; but I am pleased to see these high spiritual dignitaries enjoying what I can enjoy. I fancy we must both be the better for it. I don't remember ever to have met a bishop at the Academy Exhibition. I mention the Episcopate, because there is one thing I must protest against, and I wish the bishops would back me up in my remonstrance. I presume they belong to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and I know they do not now, as a rule, encourage field sports (though I have heard of a prelate who is a good judge of a horse, and can back, buy, or sell one, with MR. ANDERSON's elegant young man, or MR. ANDERSON himself). I refer to the representation of the sporting butchery perpetrated in a certain high quarter, now so painfully prevalent. I cannot pass a print-shop, or look into an exhibition room, but there I see F.M. THE PR-E ALB-T, very often in company with her GR-s M-J-TY, surrounded by heaps of slain beasts, birds, and fishes. His R-L H-GHN-ss seems to proceed on the continental principle of knocking down everything that gets up, for his "bag" is always of the most miscellaneous description, including specimens of the whole game range, from red deer to snipe. It would appear to be quite a toss-up, when he goes out to "stalk," if he may not bring home a dozen brace of grouse, half-a-score of black game, a caper-caulzie, a pair of widgeon, and a mountain hare or so. I am glad there are no wolves or wild boars in this country, as I am certain we should have them too added to the slain, and I tremble at every new outbreak in this sort lest I should find his R-L H-GH-ss has bagged a badger, or—*puddet dictu*—a fox!

Altogether, when I consider what game-preserving leads to—when I reckon up crops destroyed, leases unreformed, hedge-rows kept standing, farmers injured and irritated, poaching, with its attendant drunkenness and pauperism, promoted, jails filled, limbs broken in midnight scuffles, lives lost in hot fight on the greensward, or in miserable ignominy on the scaffold, I cannot but regret that one who has striven so well and worthily for the improvement and culture of the poor and neglected, should set such a very sporting example.

HER M-J-TY (God bless her!), knows *Mr. Punch's* loyalty at all times, and just now that loyalty burns with a hotter fire (if possible), than usual. I am sure both She and His R-L H-GH-ss will take my hint in good part, and in future turn MR. HAAG's pencil, and SIR EDWIN's brush to better account.

And now shall we turn into the Royal Academy, or have you had enough for the present?

Next week?

Very well then—Next week—*Messieurs de l'Académie, à votre tour.*

Something Queer in Hats.

AMONG other advertised novelties, we observe that some inventive genius in Paris has recently been patenting a *chapeau de cuir*. We cannot help fearing that the patentee must look for more than common strength of mind in his customers, seeing they will obviously have to bear the imputation of being leather-headed.

CONUNDRUM FOR CLASSICAL SCHOOLBOYS.—If anybody asks you why MARC ANTONY, when he fled at Actium, was like NICHOLAS? answer, Because he was a Roman-off.

DRAW THE RAZOR.

A War Song.



HE foe is at hand, comrades brave,
So prepare to gain the day.
Do you want to know the way?
First of all, you must shave my boys, shave!

Let your blades be all polished and keen,
And your enemies you'll whop,
By the help of MECH'S strop.
To your arms, then, and shave for the QUEEN!

Your swords, in their steel scabbards shut,

May as oyster-knives grow blunt;
But you boldly may confront
Any force, if your razors will cut.

So draw, lads, your razors, before
Drawing swords, and never heed
For your country how you bleed
Chin and lips whilst you mangle and score.

Close shorn we will ne'er be afraid;
And let every Russian bear
Come upon us, if he dare;
They shall see how we mow down a beard!

And where in the world is the match
Of the British troops who shave,
Whence they learn how to behave
As they ought, when they come to the scratch?

A SHOCKING KIND OF PUFF.

"MR. PUNCH,

"A POSTMAN'S double rap was given at my street door, and immediately my servant brought me a letter, on the back of which was written the word 'Electric Telegraph.' My nearest relations live on a line of railway, whereby I once received a telegraphic communication, apprising me of the death-seizure of one of the most near of them. On taking up the letter endorsed as above, my first impression was, that some other one of them had been taken dangerously ill, or had died suddenly. The consequence was a palpitation in the heart and a swimming in the head, and if the palpitation had been a little more violent, there would have been a death to be telegraphed down that same railway instead of up, and an undertaker would now be making final arrangements respecting the writer of this. And as the envelope, so alarmingly marked, turned out to contain merely a handbill, advertising the sale of a lot of haberdashery, the coroner's inquest, which would have been held on the body of that victim of puffing, might, in justice, if not in law, have returned a verdict of manslaughter against MESSRS. TOWZERY, GANG, and Co., for causing the death of your humble servant,

"A NERVOUS MAN.

"Suburbs Place, May, 1854."

"P.S. Since the reception of the above startling notice, another has been left here of the same sort. The practice of sending about these dangerous puffs is becoming general. It will be nothing to me now that I am used to it; but will very likely kill somebody else."

An Imperial Settler.

WHEN NICHOL'S alluded to Turkey as "*un homme malade*," he meant to say, in wine-merchant's phrase, that "the Porte was a little sick," in consequence of its having been so terribly shaken lately; and that all it wanted was "settling"—kindly inferring that if he was only allowed, he would very soon go in and settle it.

A CERTAIN CURE FOR STOUT PEOPLE.—Get a situation as a letter-carrier, and live on your salary!

PITY THE POOR COPYING CLERKS.

THOUGH we have not much respect for a certain class of writers who are merely copyists, our contempt extends to those only who put forth their copied writings under the false pretence of originality. The poor Copying Clerks are guilty of no such fraud, and we deeply sympathise, therefore, with a gross piece of injustice, of which they have lately been made the victims. There is, as we all know, a zeal for Law Reform, but there is a tendency in this as in many other matters, to begin the reform at the wrong end, by cutting down the small pittance of those who are ill paid, and leaving untouched, or even augmenting the incomes of those who are already paid more than sufficiently.

There existed formerly a body of men called Taxing Masters, who had long been taxing public patience to a fearful extent, and who had also been taxing the pockets of the Suitors in Chancery to the amount of several thousands per annum. In obedience to public opinion, the intolerable nuisance was abolished in name, though permitted to continue in fact; for though the officers were released from their duty, the public pocket was not relieved from the necessity of paying their salaries. A measure of compensation was arranged, by which four individuals have received considerably more than a quarter of a million of money within the last eight or nine years; and as if the living incubus on the public had not been sufficiently burdensome, the Chancery Suitors are to be haunted for seven years after the death of the four placemen by their respective representatives. These official ghosts are, however, bent on no merely spiritual business, but they are to come with open hands, demanding and carrying away more than ten thousand a year in their deadly clutches.

It is bad enough to be taxed by living office-holders, but it is almost unbearable to be called upon by salaried functionaries clamouring from the grave for posthumous pay, and sweeping off their annual thousands after all their own liabilities are discharged, and even the debt of nature is satisfied. This mode of effecting a piece of Law Reform contrasts rather violently with the mode in which the poor Copying Clerks are treated, who are made to count any number of figures representing pounds as one word, and a sum of £774,022,638 5s. 3d. as three words, though to write them down would require probably the ruling of three lines, and certainly very considerable care and reference to the figures to prevent any mistake in transcribing them.

This piece of economy at the expense of a class already so ill-paid, that a "Copying Clerk" is almost synonymous with "half-starved drudge," has been introduced by LORD ST. LEONARDS, who seems to have forgotten that a copying machine—if human—requires food, shelter, and clothing, to keep it in motion. The case of the unfortunate Copyists has been properly taken up by the *Legal Observer* and the *Law Times*, but these being class papers, they can produce only a partial effect; and it has struck forcibly on the bump of benevolence of *Punch* that he ought to make known to the world at large, the wrongs of the Copying Clerks, and thus invite towards them universal sympathy. It is but sorry Law Reform which pampers with a very plethora of compensation, both present and posthumous, the holder of an overpaid office, continuing his profits to him as it were in the grave, by the hands of his representatives; and at the same time sends, perhaps prematurely, to join him, through starvation, the overworked Copying Clerk, with or without his ill-fed wife or one or more of his attenuated children.

As LORD ST. LEONARDS shows a kind interest in soldiers' wives and families, we are sure we have only to bring under his notice the effects of his order—which was no doubt well-intentioned, but ill-considered on his part—to cause him to set to work to obtain the rescinding of a regulation which it is feared will reduce to starvation point a body of men who have always been rather too near that very unenviable position on the social foodometer.

IMPORTANT EXPLANATIONS.

IN Friday's Debate on the Navy Estimates CAPTAIN SCOBELL (who usually talks sensibly enough) brought up two matters of complaint. One was that in an official despatch, a steamboat had been twice referred to as "he," and the other was, that MR. STAFFORD, late Secretary to the Admiralty, had used the word "it," when speaking of a vessel.

Mr. *Punch* is requested by SIR JAMES GRAHAM to explain that the male pronoun was properly applied to the steamboat in question, that boat having been a screw, which a female, of course, never is, and MR. STAFFORD begs it may be added that, when he used the word "it," he was speaking of a neutral vessel.

HEALTH.—An indispensable requisite, for business as well as amusement, which young men spend the greater part of their money in damaging, and old men the greater part of their wealth in repairing.



TASTE IN 1854.—VILLIKINS AND HIS DINAH IN THE DRAWING-ROOM.

Young Lady (who ought to know better). "NOW, WILLIAM, YOU ARE NOT LOW ENOUGH YET. BEGIN AGAIN AT 'HE TOOK THE COLD PIZEN.'"

RUSSIAN PRIZE POEM.

Why should we deprive our neighbours
Of their trade against our will?
That's to profit by their labours,
Not to ruin and to kill.

Almost daily Russian prizes
Are into our harbours towed,
Merchant ships of different sizes,
Freighted with a various load.

Why are we our Northern brothers
Forced to spoil and plunder thus?
Why obliged to cut each others'
Throats?—the fault is not with us.

They unto their Czar's ambition
Yield themselves the wretched tools,
To his wicked will, submission
Rendering like abject fools.

He in his design succeeding,
What will be his people's gain?
To behold their Tyrant leading
Fellow captives in his chain.

Other men the vile yoke wearing,
Which beneath their necks are bowed,
In their degradation sharing,
By the knout together cowed.

Russians! is not this the battle
Which the FIEND's own vassals fight?
Driven to slaughter like the cattle,
Are ye all imbruted quite?

Why compel us to annoy you,
When so gladly we'd have done?
Why let NICHOLAS destroy you?
Ye are millions—he is one.

THE ABOLITION MANIA.

It is one of the minor evils of a gross abuse, that all sorts of ludicrous attempts are constantly being made to abolish it. Everybody admits that the abuse ought to be got rid of, but nobody can help laughing at the lame and impotent measures that are taken to bring about the desired conclusion. It has long been a settled thing that the Ecclesiastical Courts are a nuisance that must be swept away; but we never can suppress a smile when we pass a certain zinc plate on a certain door-post, not very far from our own abode, inscribed with the magnificent words, Society for the Abolition of the Ecclesiastical Courts. The "Society" seems to occupy a floor, or the portion of a floor, and we cannot help contrasting the insignificance of the premises with the grandeur of the conclusion which the Society aims at.

As there are several other equally ambitious Associations that are just as ill-lodged as the one we have named, we would propose that they all unite their means for the purpose of taking one good house, in which the various Abolition Societies should have separate apartments—or, at all events, separate brass plates—assigned to them. There are Societies for the Abolition of a State Church, for Reform of the Law, for getting rid of the Court of Chancery, and a variety of other more or less useful purposes. Should the house become inconveniently crowded, it would be easy, by a proper arrangement as to the knocker and the bells, to keep the Societies distinct from each other.

For example, we would have on the door-post such notices as the following:—

- For the Abolition of the Ecclesiastical Courts, ring the top bell.
- For the Anti-State Church Association, and for getting rid of the Bishops, give a single knock.
- For the Reform of the Peerage, pull the lower bell twice, and walk down the steps of the area.
- For the United Brotherhood and Social Community for the Division of Everything, knock and ring, and walk right up stairs to the top of the house, when the door is opened by a check string.

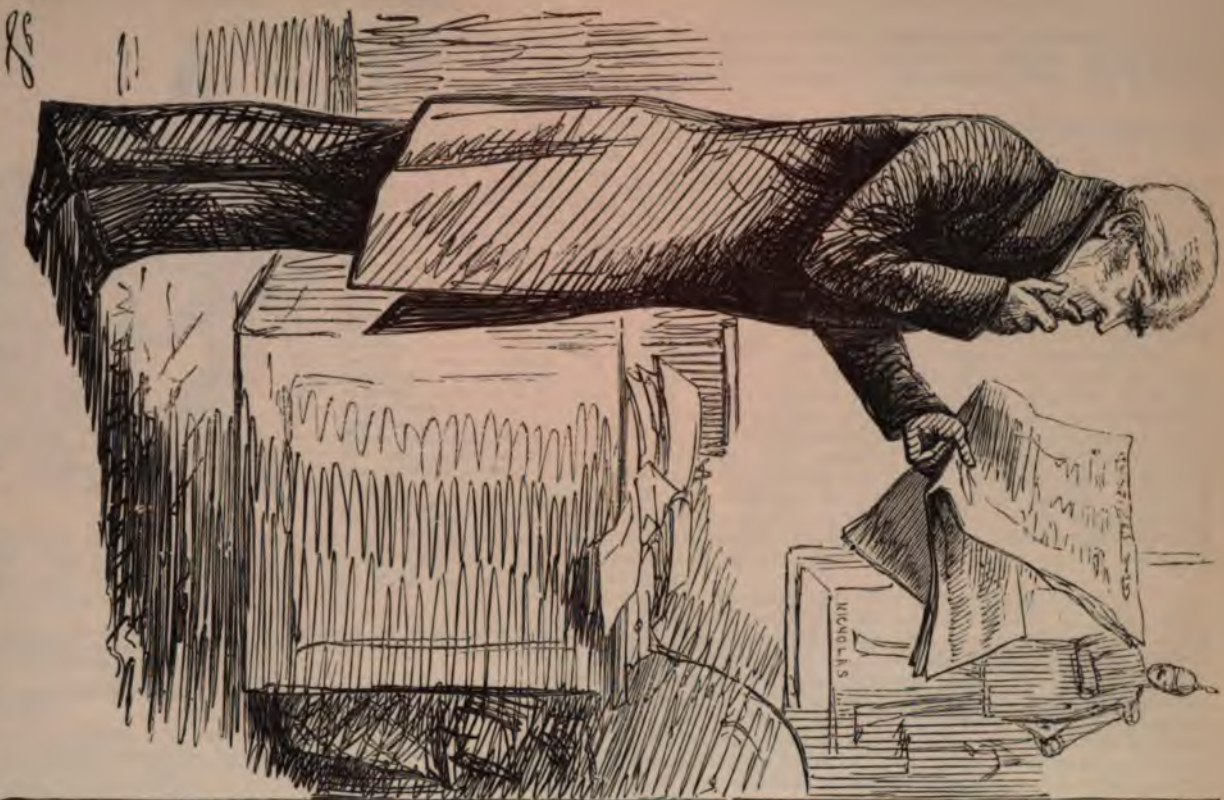
GROSS LEVITY OF THE CZAR.—When NICHOLAS compelled the Jews to serve in his army, he took a very unwarrantable method to increase his Levies.



CASE OF REAL DISTRESS.—BEGGAR-GIRL WITH BONNET AS WORN.

"DO, KIND GENTLEMAN, GIVE ME A PENNY; I 'VE 'ARDLY 'AD A BIT O' BONNET ON MY 'ED THIS SIX MUNCE."

A FACT FOR MR. CHAMBERS'S MISCELLANY.—A young lady, of weak mind, but strong affection for conventual establishments, has gone over to Ireland with the intention of seeing if she cannot take the "Vale of Avoca."



FELLOW-FEELING—THE BOMBARDMENT OF ODESSA.

Aberdeen. "BOMBARDMENT OF ODESSA! DEAR ME, THIS WILL BE VERY DISAGREEABLE TO MY IMPERIAL FRIEND."

Nichols. "BOMBARDMENT OF ODESSA! CONFOUND IT! THIS WILL BE VERY ANNOYING TO DEAR OLD ABERDEEN."

MAY 13, 1854.]

[PUNCH, No. 670.

PUSEYISM HAVING ITS FLING.



First, we could not altogether understand the meaning of the subjoined paragraph, which appeared one day last week in the *Morning Chronicle* :—

"ST. PAUL'S, KNIGHTS-BRIDGE.—We understand that the scrutiny of the votes for the election of a churchwarden, has resulted in a majority for Mr. DAVIDSON, and legal steps will be taken to prevent Mr. WESTRISTON from exercising the office. At an influential meeting of the parishioners, held on Saturday, it was unanimously resolved to spare no expense in defending the services as at present conducted at St. Paul's, from whatever quarter they may be assailed, and a defence committee of noblemen and gentlemen was formed for that purpose."

What was intended by the resolution "to spare no expense in defending the services," &c., "from whatever quarter they may be assailed," puzzled us entirely, until some light was thrown upon the subject by a police case which subsequently appeared in the *Times*, stating that at

"WESTMINSTER.—The REV. CHARLES F. LOWDER, one of the curates at St. Barnabas Church, Pimlico, described as of St. Barnabas College, appeared to a summons, charging him with assaulting JOHN LEOWICH."

The case against this reverend gent. was thus stated by the attorney for the plaintiff :—

"There was in the district of St. Paul and St. Barnabas an election on Easter Tuesday for the office of Churchwarden. It was not necessary to mention, as important to the charge with which the magistrate had to deal, the particular character of that contest, but there were two candidates for the office, the cause of one of whom was espoused by the defendant, while the complainant was a man employed to carry a board by a committee seeking to procure the return of the other candidate. The complainant was carrying his board in Ebury Street on the day in question when he was astounded at finding himself suddenly attacked by a number of lads throwing eggs and stones at him. The circumstance became the subject of inquiry by the committee, when, to their surprise, it was ascertained that the eggs were furnished to the persons throwing them by the defendant, and that they were incited by him to commit the assault which was the subject of the present charge."

Thus one of the expenses not spared in defending the services in question was the expense of providing eggs, probably rotten, wherewith to pelt the placard-bearer of the un-Romanesque churchwarden. In this manner are those services defended when assailed from the quarter of a man employed by the opposite party to carry a board. Puseyism carries on its own little war in the district of SS. PAUL and BARNABAS by egg-shelling its adversaries, who ought to be thankful that it has no other means of shelling to bombard them with. But as straws thrown up show which way the wind blows, so eggs and stones flung at a man's head from the instigation of a Puseyite curate, indicate the animus of Tractarianism.

Lest that clergyman should be imagined to have been the victim of exaggeration, a few more lines must be extracted from the police report :—

"After the information received by the committee, the churchwardens waited upon the defendant, as they could not possibly believe that he had so far forgotten himself, when he made a direct admission of the act imputed to him, stating that it had been done in a moment of indiscretion and want of reflection. This admission was followed by a letter from defendant repeating it, and acknowledging that he had incited the boys (the choristers of St. Barnabas) to bedaub the boards, and offering to make any reparation to the person who had carried them."

So the battle of Puseyism is fought by the choristers or acolytes of ST. BARNABAS under the leadership of their priest. That ecclesiastic, we are glad to see, apologised and offered to make reparation for the egg-throwing : so did some lay gentlemen some time ago concerned in a similar outrage at Epsom. The apology was accepted ; evidence withheld, and reparation was made by the reverend defendant to the amount of two pounds. The magistrate was thus happily enabled, with a good grace, to avoid the scandal of sending him to the House of Correction : an institution in which Tractarianism will one day involve itself, if, not content with aping the mass, it betakes itself to hurling missiles.

The Royal Academy Cupboard.

We are told (and the conduct of the EMPEROR NICHOLAS has since confirmed it) that the "Prince of Darkness was a gentleman." We are indifferent about the Prince, but we should say that "the Picture of Darkness," was the Octagon Room in the Royal Academy.

A HINT TO MR. MITCHEL.

WE see that the vitriolic MR. MITCHEL has been writing one of his nice letters to "the survivors of the Irish in Ireland under forty years of age ;" whom he insults by addressing to them the following nonsense :—

"I believe it is safe enough to assume that in the war now imminent, England being at one side and Russia at another, all your sympathies, my countrymen, are with Russia."

The assumption may be safe enough. It may not—MR. MITCHEL being where he is—jeopardise MR. MITCHEL's neck—or nose. But MR. MITCHEL has a reason for his assumption, so that what he professes to assume, he really infers. According to the MITCHELIAN logic—

"The sole reason and ground of this is, of course, that Russia is the enemy of England."

Therefore are the sympathies of MR. MITCHEL's countrymen—thinks MR. MITCHEL—with Russia—Siberia, of course, notwithstanding.

It is likely that the sympathies of MR. MITCHEL himself are really with Russia. As he approves of the flagellation of slaves, so he may perhaps admire government by the knout. Did he live under such a régime he would probably accommodate himself to it in respect of his speech and writing. The laceration of human flesh by the stripes of the hangman would probably form in itself a pleasing object of contemplation to MR. MITCHEL—he being personally unwhipt. There is something in the gratuitous malignity which he has always evinced, that renders it possible that MITCHEL of the Vitriol-Squirt delights in gloating over the idea, and would still more keenly enjoy the reality, of human agony.

Perhaps MR. MITCHEL had better take care what he writes. He is now in a land of liberty ; yes : but a land of liberty for public indignation as well as for private malice. He may express rather too much sympathy for despots ; he may give the American people a little more atrocious nonsense than they will stand. Peradventure he will carry his fanatical hatred to England rather too far in attempting to instigate Irish rows in aid of Russian barbarism. We know what end the fanaticism of MR. JOSEPH SMITH led to : and MR. JOHN MITCHEL should consider that he has an office which may be burnt about his ears, a back that may be scored with a cow-hide, and a skin which may be tarred and feathered.

PARLIAMENT AND THE PRESS.

A FEW members of Parliament who seem to have an instinctive horror of all "intelligence," have been attempting a crusade against the press, which in their legislative wisdom, they think, knows a great deal more than it ought to know, and learns with a quickness which appears quite awful to those with whom slowness of apprehension would find sympathy. The other day a notice stood on the paper of the Lower House for a question to be put to the Government "as to the circumstances under which the *Times* reporter obtained his passage to Gallipoli." It would be scarcely more absurd and impertinent to ask in the House of Commons, for an explanation of "the circumstances under which the Bow Street police reporter obtained the means of riding outside an omnibus from the corner of Catherine Street to the corner of Bridge Street, Blackfriars." Some honourable members appear to be very indignant at the early and accurate intelligence of the press, and are disposed to argue with great indignation "what right a newspaper reporter has to go anywhere as early as anybody else, or to know anything that has not already reached official ears," the apprehensive qualities of which are not always equal to their longitude.

A recent notion seems to be, that nothing less than a Lord ought to be permitted the facilities of rapid locomotion on board ships taken up for Government purposes. We recommend the Lords, for their own dignity, not to press this point too far, lest the aristocratic body should suffer by the necessity that would arise for selecting from among "their Lordships" the regular reporters of the newspapers. When a nobleman is wanted there is no doubt he can be had, for it is only recently that an Earl was quite accessible as a writer of testimonials in favour of a quack medicine. We should be sorry to hear in the House of Lords any allusion to "the noble penny-a-liner on my right," but if the newspapers should be driven to dispense with their unprivileged reporters, we have no doubt that titled correspondents would soon be in the pay of the newspapers.

Hint for Head Quarters.

THE Army has its Greys, and Blues, and Buffs, May pig-tailed Pedantry not add, the Muffs ?

SENTIMENT FOR THE SERVANTS' HALL.—May we never smell any powder but what is white !



Beautiful Being. "WELL, I MUST SAY, PARKER, THAT I LIKE THE HAIR DRESSED À L'IMPÉRATRICE. IT SHOWS SO MUCH OF THE FACE."

DEBATE ON THE EMPEROR'S CUP.

(Specially reported.)

HOUSE OF COMMONS. Tuesday, May 2.

THE House was about to adjourn, when

LORD CLAUDE HAMILTON begged leave to call attention to a subject which had occasioned much pain to himself and other honourable members. ("Hear!" from MR. COBDEN.) He had read in some of the newspapers a statement, that it had been determined that the Cup so munificently presented, as one of the Ascot Race prizes, by the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, should not be accepted this year. He wished to ask the Government whether they had any official information on the subject.

LORD PALMERSTON said that he believed the statement alluded to by the noble lord to be correct; and would add, that he quite approved of the decision of those who had the direction of the matter. But he did not think that the noble lord ought to feel uncomfortable. (Laughter.) He only inferred the noble lord's discomfort from the curious wriggling gestures with which he addressed the House. (Renewed laughter.) No slight could be intended to the noble lord's friend, the Czar; for instead of our having a race for one of his cups only, a British fleet was just then running for his whole service of plate, and anything else they might find at St. Petersburg. (Loud cheers and laughter.)

MR. BRIGHT said that the noble lord had, as usual, made an effective use of claptrap, but he (MR. BRIGHT) saw nothing to laugh at. He was one of those who did not take a violent interest in horse-racing; but he liked consistency. A foreign potentate, with whom we were engaged in an unnecessary war—(Hear, hear!)—yes, he understood that cheer. Well then, a necessary war, a war rendered necessary by reckless politicians and an incendiary press. Would that suit them? Well, this potentate was charged with faithlessness. At any rate he had shown faith in this matter; for, having promised a cup, he had not withdrawn his promise, in spite of the declaration of war, and the Russian Consul had instructed a celebrated artist to prepare the article as usual. But they, forsooth, were to sulk like schoolboys, and refuse a piece of silver worth several hundred pounds, just because we had

foolishly quarrelled with the man who offered it. But it was all of a piece.

SIR JAMES GRAHAM suggested that on the contrary it was all of a war. (Laughter.) But he would venture to remind the hon. member for Manchester that in the words of SHAKESPEARE—

"To the noble mind
Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind."

THE MARQUIS OF GRANBY said that this was another scandalous insult to the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, who was treated most cruelly. Why, let them argue the matter logically, in the way he (LORD GRANBY) always tried to do. What was the object of horse-racing? Why, to improve our breed of horses; and horses they all knew were used in war. Well, nevertheless, the Emperor continued to patronise our races, though they were to improve horses that might be used against him. Was that the act of an enemy? (Hear, hear!)

LORD JOHN RUSSELL admitted that the question was one upon which the House might fairly be called to give an opinion. He did not find any reference to horse-racing in Magna Charta; but races used to be run at York in 1607; and CHARLES THE SECOND, usually known as the Merry Monarch, gave a cup of the value of one hundred guineas. The act for suppressing races with ponies and weak horses was passed in 1739, after which, plates were given in several places, and the breed of horses improved, until brought to perfection in the case of FLYING CHILDERS, who at Newmarket ran three miles six furlongs and ninety three yards, in six minutes and forty seconds. The great LORD SOMERS had not turned his attention to the subject, and perhaps as regarded MR. FOX, in connection with horse-racing, the less said the better. (Hear, hear!) He owned that he thought the House ought to have more information on the question, and he should not object to the appointment of a Select Committee.

MR. COBDEN said that his only claim to be heard on Racing was that he was member for the west Riding. (Laughter.) A man had once been hanged for refusing his liquor, and perhaps we might come to no good by refusing this cup. (Hear, hear.) As to pretending to feeling in the matter, that was trash. It was, according to the advocates of war, lawful to plunder the enemy. Mind, he (MR. COBDEN) did not say so, believing that all plunder, except the legitimate gains of trade, was unlawful, nor was Russia our enemy. But if it were right, surely

THE PUFF PATRIOTIC.

"Up, up with the Standard of England!"
(The song is two shillings—no more!)

"The War is declared boys," says NAPIER.
(This ballad 's a certain encore.)

"Now Britain and France are United."
(The song of the day. See Review.)

"Yes Britain shall see the Turk Righted."
(Arranged for a captain and crew).

"Stand up to your Guns, my brave Britons!"
(For two dozen stamps postage free.)

"Hark, hark 'tis the roar of the Lion."
(Arranged as a solo or glee.)

"Down, down with the Flag of the Despot!"
(The words are from TWEEDLEDUM's pen.)

"We fight by the side of the Frenchman."
(Lately sung by DUNDAS to his men.)

THE AMERICAN CENSUS.

THE Americans, who always go a-head in everything, have gone a-head of us in their census; for, instead of limiting it as we do to human beings, the United States have prepared a statistical account of all their cattle. We are rather surprised that the Great Republic should have officially recognised the animal kingdom, and admitted it to the same tables with its own citizens. We should have hardly thought it worth while to ascertain the number of asses in America, and indeed, if it were proposed to do the same in Great Britain, we should set the thing down as absurd, if not impossible. One meets so many donkeys every day of one's life, that to calculate the number would be an endless task, and indeed the animal is not always to be recognised.

"Le Malade Imaginaire."

WHEN NICHOLAS talked of Turkey being "*un homme malade*," he knew well enough that the Sultan was secretly pledged to SCHAMYL (*sham ill*).*

* SIR PETER LAURIE (with his compliments).

and logically to rob the Czar of the price of this cup, say three hundred guineas or whatever it might be, was clearly a sensible act. Why, if a soldier cost fifty pounds (as had been stated by the Secretary at War), by taking this silver you impoverished the Czar by six soldiers, and some shillings over. (*Hear, hear.*)

MR. DISRAELI had not intended to speak on this subject, indeed he was in the habit of never intending to speak on any subject on which he found himself addressing the House; but he felt that it would be disrespectful to HER MAJESTY, who was accustomed, in the enjoyment of her usual gracious and graceful recreation, to visit Ascot, were one who had been honoured with office under the Crown not to offer a few remarks on this occasion. The conduct of HER MAJESTY'S Ministers was as mean, shuffling, and disgraceful as usual. The noble Lord, the Home Secretary, had, in turf language, cut out the running, but with something less than his usual happiness, while the Right Honourable Baronet had been a bad second, and the Noble Lord the Member for London had been literally nowhere. (*Laughter.*) The cup was to be referred to a committee. He thought the committee had better consider it in their cups. (*Murmurs.*) Oh, you don't like that? Very well. Then I am compelled to read—I had not intended to do it—thirteen or fourteen speeches of the Noble Lord's, delivered in 1819, 1820, and subsequent years. The Right Honourable Gentleman began to pile volumes of HANSARD on the table, when, in answer to a piteous look from the Speaker,

MR. BERNAL OSBORNE rose to order. There was no question formally before the House.

The SPEAKER said, he knew that, but had feared that if he stopped the debate, Hon. Members might think he wanted to get away to some party. That thought often prevented his cutting short most unprofitable discussions.

MR. BROTHERTON hoped that the Right Hon. Gentleman would have no such delicacy in future. He begged to move the adjournment of the House.

LORD CLAUDE HAMILTON protested against the subject being thus burked. The Emperor was a very kind man, and gave a very nice cup, and Ascot was a very pleasant place, and on the evening of the cup day he (LORD CLAUDE HAMILTON), always went to a delightful dance.

MR. BERNAL OSBORNE. In fact you have a regular game—cup and ball.

LORD CLAUDE HAMILTON. I despise anything that comes from Osborne. (*Order, order!*)

SIR JAMES GRAHAM would certainly tell HER MAJESTY of that disloyal speech, the next time he visited the QUEEN at the Isle of Wight. (*Great confusion, LORD CLAUDE HAMILTON gesticulating violent protestations, in the midst of which the House adjourned.*)

[The above report bears *prima facie* evidence of accuracy, and therefore Mr. Punch inserts it, but he cannot help remarking that the daily papers allege that there was "no House" on the date above given. The Reporter will be good enough to explain the discrepancy before taking his salary.]

"TO GUILTY MINDS A TERRIBLE EXAMPLE."

If these lines should meet the eye of any habitual punster, let him pause, ere it is too late, in his melancholy career. The following frightful specimens of the fatal effects of punning proceed from what must be called by courtesy the brain of a once innocent member of a respectable family. He had been for some time giving rather alarming symptoms; but the fearful climax which has thrown all his friends into the deepest affliction, was reached at a dinner-party last week, when the unhappy individual asked the following questions, and getting of course no reply, made the heartrending answers annexed to them:—

1. Why is the four-poster on which the man who sells my stockings sleeps, like a plantation?—Because it's a hosier-bed.
2. When is any other place in the world very like Simla?—When it's Sim'larly situated!!!

The unhappy object was removed amid the groans of all who were present.

New Palace for the Czar.

We cannot but lament the fate of the unhappy serfs, so many myriads of whom are driven by the EMPEROR NICHOLAS to perish miserably for the gratification of his pride and ambition. It is a pity that no memorial of the poor fellows should be preserved. We could suggest one. At present, their bones are either devoured by wild beasts, or left to crumble on the field of battle. Could no pious hands collect them, to serve as building materials for the construction of a Temple to be the habitation of the "God of the Russians?" No doubt the Czar would feel more at home in such an edifice than in any palace, and instead of residing within stone walls, would be glad to live amid walls consisting of his subjects' skeletons.

TEMPERANCE OUT OF TEMPER.



OUR own Correspondent" informs us that a Temperance Meeting has been held at Birmingham, where a large number of Reverends had collected to denounce nearly every kind of drink, and to endeavour to put out everybody's pipe by a crusade against tobacco. We are as hostile to intoxication as any clerical teetotaler can possibly be, but we cannot help thinking that everything has its use, as well as its abuse, and there may be some good in a pot of beer, though the reverend teetotalers will tolerate no half-and-half measures in their hostility to BARCLAY, PERKINS, COMBE, DELAFIELD, MEUX, and ELLIOTS' entire.

While giving credit to the Reverend water drinkers for their hatred of a gross

abuse, we cannot admire the very gross abuse which some of them shower on those who indulge in the use of alcohol. We hardly know which spirit we ought to visit with sterner condemnation, the intoxicating spirit of the gin shop, or the very unchristian spirit in which some of the teetotal orators pour forth their denunciations of intemperance. According to the REV. W. LANDELS, every dealer in any intoxicating drink "is a promoter, supporter, and distributor of curses and damnation." In the reverend gentleman's charitable view of the case every publican is a fearful sinner, who, to quote the words of the Christian minister, "grows fat on the blood of the souls of men, are the locusts of society, licensed banditti;" and, indeed, such scourges to humanity that the REV. W. LANDELS is described in the report as expressing the amiable and ultra pious wish "that God in his mercy may suddenly cut them off, to prevent others from following in their footsteps."

We should like to hear a definition of temperance by a clergyman, who, while preaching up the virtue of temperance, prophesies speedy "damnation" to the whole of the beer and spirit dealers, and suggests that they will all "go down to hell" in a rather expeditious manner.

The Reverend Gentleman appears to forget that there are many kinds of intemperance, and not the least disgusting sort is that which blurs forth upon others a stream of fierce and fiery trash, which is poisonous to the reputation over which it is poured, and is, in fact, a species of moral alcohol or vituperative vitriol, thrown recklessly about to the damage and destruction of the character of a whole class of the community. Ardent Spirits are objectionable enough, and neat brandy, rum, or gin, may be called, literally, an unmixed evil; but we doubt if any spirit can be much worse than the spirit in which the REVEREND W. LANDELS has attacked those who are engaged in the sale or consumption of intoxicating liquors.

CAPITAL EXAMPLE FOR THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

We understand that Vauxhall Gardens, if ever they open again, are to be closed every night at twelve o'clock. Now we think this example might be followed with great advantage by the House of Commons. Surely the hour that is considered quite late enough for pleasure, ought to be considered equally late for business. The law that applies to ham-sandwiches ought to cut with equal keenness against the arguments that rival them in thinness. We make MR. BROTHERTON a present of our argument, and we hope he will use it with effect in getting a law passed, that no parliamentary fireworks be let off after eleven o'clock, and that as the clock strikes twelve, all the ten thousand additional lamps of oratory be, every one of them, blown out. Any Member found loitering about the House after midnight, to be locked up until the housemaid comes in for the Petitions and the other waste-paper the next morning; and furthermore, that he be not allowed, under the penalty of MR. DISRAELI answering him, to speak for a month.

THE MARCH OF INTELLECT.—This March has not yet taken any Steppes in Russia.



THE NEW ALBERT BONNET FOR THE GUARDS.

USEFUL KNOWLEDGE AT OXFORD.

THE Oxford "University Intelligence," the other day, exhibited a wonderful advance of intelligence on the part of the University. It announced that

"The Reader in Experimental Philosophy (MR. WALKER) will commence a course of lectures on Franklin and Voltaic Electricity, at the Clarendon, on Monday, May 8th, at 1 o'clock."

The parenthesis in the foregoing statement is not meant to indicate that it is a hoax. Under the same head we find this further announcement:—

"The Professor of Botany (DR. DAUBENEY) will lecture during this and the succeeding term on Vegetable Physiology, and on some of the principal natural families of plants."

In these plants clearly no deception is intended; they may be understood to mean *bona fide* productions of the vegetable kingdom. The following concludes the list of notices:—

"The Laboratory at the Ashmolean Museum will be open on Monday, May 8th, for instruction in Chemical Analysis and Experimental Chemistry. The Laboratory hours will be from 10 A.M. till 5 P.M. daily, Saturdays excepted. Should a sufficient class be formed for the purpose, MR. MASKELYNE purposes to give a course of lectures on Chemical Analysis, at 2 o'clock on three days of the week."

Experiments are actually to be tried at Oxford. The University will not stand upon the old ways any more. At least it will try if the new are not better in Chemistry. Perhaps MR. MASKELYNE will succeed in convincing the "Heads of Houses" that there are more than four elementary substances, and DR. DAUBENEY will manage to persuade the Hebdomadal Board that there are roots in the earth, and out of it, of nearly as much consequence as those of the Greek and Hebrew languages. MR. WALKER may make them understand that FRANKLIN was almost as clever a fellow as PROMETHEUS; and let us hope that the University, under the influence of his Voltaic Electricity, will prove itself to be something better than a galvanised corpse.

She-Doctoring.

WE learn from an American paper that DR. HARRIET HUNT has been lecturing at New York on "Woman as a Physician." DR. HARRIET would doubtless give a new reading to SCOTT'S hackneyed lines—

Oh woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please
When pain and anguish wring the brow
A ministering M.D. thou."

We must say we prefer the original "angel."

EVERYONE'S ENEMY AS WELL AS HIS OWN.—THE EMPEROR NICHOLAS.

SPLENDOUR AND ECONOMY.

It is possible to live on any scale of grandeur by the expedient of never paying anybody, but this system cannot be pursued for a long time. In order to unite magnificence of living with moderation of expenditure, the best plan is to pay your tradesmen, when you are obliged, but never till then, with the exception of settling a bill voluntarily now and then for the purpose of maintaining your credit. Otherwise, make your tradespeople wait as long as you possibly can; and when a tradesman will wait no longer, pay him. Pay him at once. Don't let him sue you, in the County Court or elsewhere, because that will increase your expenses. Pay him, and immediately employ somebody else, with whom commence the same method of dealing over again. In this way it will be possible for you to live many years at a rate very much exceeding your income, and to keep up a highly genteel appearance with a little money, if you are rogue enough to practise such a species of swindling.

Gas-trick Symptoms.

ALL the gas-lights in the House of Lords went suddenly out during a debate last week, but LORD REDESDALE, who was speaking, "proceeded with his address as if nothing had occurred." MR. PUNCH, on reading the debate of that night (it consisted of noble notions as to the income-tax) is rude enough to think that several other speakers besides LORD REDESDALE talked in the dark.

CONTRABAND OF WAR WITH ENGLAND.



OUR friends in the army will be glad to hear that the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA by an Ukase, dated yesterday, has declared the following articles, shipped for the British market, liable to seizure, as contraband of war:—Pipeclay, soap of all kinds, razors, and neat's leather; materials, all of which our system of military discipline has induced him to consider essential to the efficiency of our army.

This stroke of policy on the part of the tyrant will defeat its own purpose; because, in as far as it deprives the British soldier of the means of shaving, and whitening his belt, it will prevent him from wasting a very considerable portion of his time; and by how much it tends to diminish the supply of that substance of which his stock is made, by so much will it conduce to

the abatement of apoplexy in the army.

Wise Men at Blows.

THE Proverb expressly says, "*De gustibus non est disputandum.*" However, the ventilation of the House of Commons gives a decided blow to the truth of this proverb, for ever since the House was built, our architects and chemists and scientific men have been disputing about nothing else than "*de gustibus*;" and they are even squabbling now, with the gusts still blowing about each other's ears. Their own breezes would matter but little, but the poor unfortunate members come in for all the side-blows.

LA COSAQUAISE.

THE French army has a new song, very popular, at present, amongst the *tifis* and the *toulourous*, called "*Czar ira! Czar ira!*" Politeness, due even to an enemy, forbids us mentioning where, it is said, the Czar will go to.

REMARKS ON RUSSIAN CREDIT.



HE manufactures of Russia are few, but her fabrications are innumerable.

We snail stand no chance with the Russians if they shoot as well with the Minié rifle as they do with the long bow.

OSTEN-SACKEN's guns would be all Paixhans if his ball were commensurate with his bounce.

The report of a Russian cannonade is something incredible.

It is a curious paradox that even when NICHOLAS and his Officers are advancing, they are lying still.

Although pugilism is not a mode of warfare practised by the Russians they fight in a great measure by fibbing.

Even if we reduce the Czar to terms, it will be necessary to understand all his terms in the opposite sense.

Noun-Substantive, in the Russian language, is a word which stands for a thing that is not.

THEATRICAL RELIGION.

A Billet-Doux from a Young Lady in Belgravia to the LORD BISHOP OF LONDON, touching the Puseyite Performances at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge.

"MY DEAR DUCK OF A BISHOP,

"I HOPE you won't be so cruel as to alter the performances at St. Paul's. I will never forgive you if you do. They are so delightful, you can't tell. I can assure you it is as good as going to the play: in fact better, for all the plays are closed on the Sunday—but here the Church is open all day, and one can go in without paying anything at the doors. It's so delightful, you have no idea!

"If you close St. Paul's, there isn't a place in London half so amusing where we can go to. If you do, I declare I will call you a *monster*, that I will.

"The singing is so delightful. The intoning is so much better than the drawing, sleepy, good-for-nothing, abominable, hum-drum way in which most clergymen read the prayers. It's quite charming. MR. LIDDELL's voice, too, is the best I ever heard for a clergyman. The upper notes are as sweet as MARIO's—whilst his lower ones remind one not unfavourably of FORMES in *Der Freischütz*. He charms you one minute, and frightens you the next. I will tell you, my dear Bishop, what is the only thing I can compare his singing to. You have been in a *Montagne Russe*, of course?—I mean the *Montagnes Russes* that used to be exhibited at Tivoli years ago at Paris, and were so fashionable. Well, MR. LIDDELL's intonation is exactly like a celestial *Montagne Russe*—you keep rising and falling all the while—at one moment being lifted up to the skies, and the next brought into rude contact with the world. It's like being in a swing, merely to think of it.

"As for the flowers, if they could be spread all over the church, until it looked like a Floricultural Show, I should like it all the better. Indeed, if a bouquet could be given to each lady as at a wedding party, I should not object. Flowers cannot hurt anybody, and for my mind I think if MR. LIDDELL was in the habit of preaching with a white camellia, or with a rose japonica, in his button-hole, that his discourse would probably be all the sweeter for it, and in the absence of real flowers, surely artificial flowers are better than none?

"Then persons complain of the processions: I have no patience with such stupid people. To my way of thinking, there are not processions half enough. They make certain ceremonies pretty and effective, which without them would pass unnoticed. I do not mind telling you in confidence that if a little dancing was also introduced, the effect would be all the greater. For instance, if a number of young ladies in white muslin were to run before the curate, and sprinkle flowers on his path before ascending into the pulpit, how very charming it would be!—wouldn't it?

"As for the bowing and the like, I do not see why because persons are inside a Church it should prevent them being polite. Is it any excuse for being rude because you are in a pew?—and if I meet my dearest and best beloved friend LADY ANNA LOUISA in the chancel, or one of the aisles, is that a reason why I should cut her? I am sure, my dear Bishop, from what I have always heard of your great kindness of heart and sweet urbanity of manner, that you are too much of a gentleman ever to propose such a monstrous state of things. You would scorn such vulgarity, I am sure you would.

"Therefore, *mon cher* Bishop, do not take from us our bowings and our processions; do not attempt to pluck away from our pretty altars one of the handsome vases that at present decorate it; pray leave us in the undisturbed enjoyment of our flowers, and allow us to sing

in any way we please. Believe me, such habits are not in the tiniest bit theatrical—on the contrary, they are not half theatrical enough. Only let us perform the service according to our manner of thinking, and I will engage that there shall be as great a rush of carriages outside as on any night when SOPHIE CRUVELLI is singing. If I had my way, not a seat should be let for less money than the price of a stall at Drury Lane. Why not have ivory crosses for St. Paul's in the same way that you have bones for Covent Garden?

"I beseech you, my dear good-natured angel of a Bishop, to attend to my little trifling wishes. They are, at best, but mere *bagatelles*. Now, if you only will, I promise you I will work you a pair of beautiful embroidered braces. But I know you will, that's a dear."

[For obvious reasons, we suppress the signature, but the original, written on scented paper, lace-edged, may be seen at any time at our Office.]



THE NEXT INSTRUMENT OF TORTURE THAT WILL PROBABLY BE INVENTED IN THE WAY OF SHIRT COLLARS.

A Joke for Exeter Hall.

IT is not often that we take a liberty with the name of a private individual, but really the REVEREND JABEZ INWARDS must excuse us, if the temptation has, in his case, been too much for us. When we look at the Reverend Gentleman's name in its constant association with pious objects, we cannot help feeling that there is something rather appropriate in the little regard that may be supposed to be felt by the REVEREND JABEZ INWARDS for all *Externals*.

We pause for a Reply.

"DEAR PUNCH,—In your number of the 6th inst. you remark on the scarcity of rags in Ireland, and the consequent advance in price of that commodity. Please say in your next if ragamuffins are available for any purpose; and if so, what is the present value of JOHN MITCHEL.

"Yours truly

"ONE WHO WISHES TO KNOW HIS OWN VALUE."

THE CZAR OF PAUPERS.—Who is the poorest man in the world but NICHOLAS ROMANOFF? For surely he is the worst OFF by far.

WHOLESONE TRUTHS ABOUT UNWHOLESONE SHAMS.



PHILOSOPHERS tell us that the term "Barley Sugar" is a corruption of "sucre brûlé," burnt sugar, and, if we may trust the statements of the Analytical Commission in the *Lancet* of the 18th March and the 15th April, this opinion is fully borne out by modern barley sugar, the greater portion of which ought to be burnt with the least possible delay. *Punch* having learnt, with alarm and horror, the character of the messes which, under the name of comfits, he has so often presented to his beloved offspring, now solemnly devotes himself to the discomfiture of all those unprincipled sugar-bakers, who seem really to out-Herod Heron in their hostility to infants. And first he would warn his young friends against

some "thick pieces of sugar confectionery, about two inches long and three inches thick, and about half an ounce in weight." They are termed "Ginger Palates," but, as they are coloured throughout of an intense yellow, with a mineral pigment (chromate of lead) in an absolutely poisonous quantity, it is clear that Palates is a misprint for "Palettes," and that the "ingenious youth of nations" might with as much propriety devour the contents of a paint-box.

Here also it must be stated, that the lively hue of the ginger lozenge, which so many of *Mr. Punch's* friends ascribe to the presence of an unusual quantity of ginger, is due solely to the before-mentioned pigment. The ginger lozenges of only one vendor, *MR. HEARN*, of 56, Tottenham Court Road, have been found genuine, and *Mr. Punch*, penetrated with the profoundest respect for this eminent man, graciously appoints him his Sugar Baker, and informs him that *Judy* also will look upon him as *HEARN*.

If those who are warned by *Mr. Punch* against the lozenges should turn to the various rocks as they are called, they will only be flying from Scylla to Charybdis; for the Albert rock, Yellow rock, and others (which, as they are made of burnt sugar, may be called igneous rocks), are as dangerous as the Symplegades or the Acroceraunæ, as indigestible as hornblende, and more nasty than gneiss. The mothers of England may be certain that they will infallibly injure their children, if they allow them to be thus "rocked in their cradles by the deep" and designing vendors of poisoned sweets. The various abominations sold under the names of "Scotch mixture," "Kiss me now," "Sugar buttons," and "coloured shapes," (which last are more questionable shapes than any the poet ever dreamed of) differ only in appearance, but are wonderfully alike in their powers of doing mischief.

And here *Mr. Punch* must remark that the Analytical Commissioners, in speaking of the various pigments employed to colour these wretched preparations, have omitted to point out an analogy between the articles and the purchasers. They say, "the simple greens are verdigris, which contains copper, and SCHEEL'S green, which contains both arsenic and copper." Who does not see that these simple greens are well suited to the other not less simple greens who possess copper and spend it on such trash?

Nor must it be supposed that the colour alone is at fault, or that the mischief is only skin deep. Much of that which appears to be sugar is flour, or at least something which the millers have called flour, but into the composition of which alum and bone-dust enter largely. *Punch* could, however, forgive the introduction of that which the children must eat in the form of bread if they do not get it in their comfits, but he does not think that gypsum, chalk, plaster of Paris, pipe-clay, potters' clay, and Cornish clay were intended to form part of our diet. He has heard that lichens can exist and support life comfortably on such substances, but he must say that his likings are quite opposed to the introduction of such articles of food, and he gives the makers and vendors of this poisonous rubbish notice, that if they offer to cram the three above named clays down the throats of his little friends, he will speedily exterminate them without mercy.

PUFFING AND PIETY.

THE following advertisement, cut out of a country paper, has filled us with a compound mixture, in which disgust and contempt are the chief ingredients:—

TO WESLEYANS AND OTHERS.

THOSE Persons who wish to BENEFIT the FUNDS of the BRISTOL ROAD CHAPEL and SCHOOLS, and who may need the aid of a Dentist, may do so by calling upon *MR. SELVEY*, SURGEON DENTIST, 109, Great Charles Street, Birmingham, as he would suggest to his friends, that it is his intention, during the month of May, to give one-half the amount arising from any one case that may come under his notice, or several cases, to the amount of Twenty Pounds. *Mrs. S.* strictly confining himself in all such cases to the last day of the present month. The parties so applying to state the fact on their first visit.

9738.

JOSEPH SELVEY.

This is certainly a novelty in the puffing business, and appeals through the hollow tooth, as well as the empty head, to the pocket of real or affected piety. The advertiser undertakes to give to a religious and educational object one half of all he can get to the amount of twenty pounds by pulling out, plugging up, or otherwise dealing with the decayed teeth of all those who like to mix up a little good or imaginary good with their own evils. We cannot say how far the arrangement will benefit the Chapel and Schools, but it will certainly pay the Wesleyan Dentist very well if it gets him all the cases which he evidently has set his heart upon.

We can but hope that the religious dodge will not be encouraged among advertisers, for if it succeeds in one instance, we shall have all the quacks in England giving a pious flavour to their nostrums and their testimonials. It is bad enough to see a large number of the Peerage, and a good percentage of the Bench of Bishops quoted daily as high authorities for the painless extraction of corns; but if the pious element is to become a permanent portion of the daily puff, we fear that we may be often exposed to much additional nausea.



"Oh! My!! BETSY!!! WHATEVER *HIS* THE MATTER WITH YOUR DOLL!"

"Oh, he's ALWAYS a AILIN'; HE'S JUST HAD HIS MEASLES, AND NOW HIS FACE IS TOOK AND BROKE OUT WITH THE MUSTARSHERS."

The Vehicle of Government.

THIS vehicle is a large omnibus, and the conductor of it is LORD JOHN RUSSELL. It is licensed to carry 654 persons—653 persons inside, and one out. The person who is at present out, is BARON ROTHSCHILD. The other passengers will not allow him to come inside, but always bang the door in his face. LORD JOHN, however, allows him to cling to his skirts, as the Baron has always followed in his steps, and you may depend upon it that, at the very first opening LORD JOHN sees, he will manage to push him in.

THE MANCHESTER CREED.—Cotton for, and to, everybody!

THE WAR BUDGET MADE EASY.

MR. JOHN BULL. MR. WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.

Mr. Gladstone. JOHN, I wish to state to you
What new taxes I've in view.

Mr. Bull. Really, WILLIAM, I don't care,
So we thrash that Russian Bear.

Mr. G. Still 'tis right that I should show
How your balance stands, you know.
Fools alone frank speech offends,
While short reckonings make long friends.

Mr. B. In our neighbours' phrase, *c'est vrai*,
Ergo, WILLIAM, fire away.

Mr. G. First, I want to say a word
On some charges which you've heard.
Certain folks think fit to blame
My financial conduct.

Mr. B. Name!
Mr. G. There's that bright and shining lamp
FITZROY KELLY—MISTRESS GAMP—
MISTRESS HARRIS—THOMAS BARING,
BUCK the dreary—BEN the daring—
HENLEY—

Mr. B. Whose whole life's a grumble.

Mr. G. CHRISTOPHER—
Mr. B. Bucolic BUMBLE.

Mr. G. Groaning BALL—perpetual MALINS—
Mr. B. Modesty's among his failings!

Mr. G. COLONEL SIBTHORP.
Mr. B. Well, you've got

To the best of all the lot!
With his name, I must insist
You'll be pleased to end the list.
Who the deuce, my GLADSTONE, cares
For such factious prate as theirs?

Mr. G. If you see it in that light,
I'm relieved from trouble!

Mr. B. Quite.
This BULL holds those Bulls of Bashan
In the lowest estimation.

Mr. G. Then, Sir, I will but rejoice,
That I've saved the public coin,
That the single debt I made
Was a trifle, and is paid;
That the nation's ledger, yearly,
Will be kept a deal more clearly,
And I will at once proceed
To explain our present need.

Mr. B. GRAHAM asked, the other night,
For six millions.

Mr. G. Very right,
Ships and soldiers, shells and guns,
That's the way the money runs!

Mr. B. Take just what you want for war,
All I say is—whack that Czar.

Mr. G. So encouraged, my demands
Shall be ample. Thus it stands.
Those six millions we'll provide,
And a "margin," Sir, beside,

Since it's well to overhaul
Funds to meet a sudden call.

Mr. B. Margin, not of Zurich's waters,
But a million—

Mr. G. No—three-quarters.

Mr. B. What you ask is not excessive;
Try what tax is least oppressive.

Mr. G. First, the Income Tax (I'm troubled
But I'm helpless,) must be doubled.

Mr. B. (mused). May that Russian rascal,
burn him!

Be confounded in æternum.

But you're right.

Mr. G. I knew you'd say so.
May the war be short!

Mr. B. I pray so.

Mr. G. Well, three millions thus arise.

Now to find some new supplies.

JOHN, the taxes called Assessed

People thought were set at rest,

And arranged their small Penates

On our promise—'twere a *bêtise*

If we trapped them.

Mr. B. *Bêtise*—worse,

Sooner empty out my purse.

Mr. G. There's the postage. Shall we
raise it?

Cheerfully the public pays it.

Mr. B. Don't let's balk their cheer, for
fighting.

I should feel each poor man's writing

Blushed to bear taxation's fetter,

And became a Scarlet Letter.

Mr. G. Nor can we replace, it's clear,

Taxes we removed last year,

Nor disturb our boon to tea—

Mr. B. Oh how wrath my wife would be!

Mr. G. On tobacco though, we—

Mr. B. Steady!

Bacco's much too dear already;

From the Duke to Temple Bar

You'll not smell one good cigar;

And besides, my gentle juggler,

Raising duty tempts the smuggler,

Not to name the frightful grabbage

Which the Jews would make of cabbage.

Let your crows find other carcase—

Spare the teapot and cigar-case.

Mr. G. Then look here. Your brother

PAT

Drinks much Spirit.

Mr. B. Swear to that.

Mr. G. So does ANDREW.

Mr. B. In a way

Still more sad.

Mr. G. We'll make them pay.

Scratching, with exciseman's talon,
On their casks new rates per gallon.

Mr. B. Yes, that's right—the operation
May promote a reformation.

Mr. G. Then the Sugar. We intended
Certain duties should be ended.

Folks must wait till by and by,

Nor expect this in July.

Next, by sorting every kind,

Brown clay, white clay, and refined,

And on each its duty sticking,

We shall have some pretty picking.

Lastly, for my greatest coup,

This is what I mean to do:

Every class of course engages

In a war the nation wages,

Therefore war to burden dooms

Something every class consumes,

And the tax must fall, I fear,

On the nation's darling—Beer.

Mr. B. You forget his curse, I'm sure, man,

Who "of beer" would "rob a poor man."

Mr. G. I'd not rob him. Who before

Drank, I trust will now drink more,

Glad that each fresh pint bestows

One fresh blow on England's foes.

Next in ease to standing neuter

Is the task of standing pewter.

Double X shall make addition

To our double Expedition

And the Brew shall turn out ruin

To the base and wicked Bruin.

Mr. B. Urged with all your usual tact,

You shall find yourself well backed.

How d'ye lay it?

Mr. G. On the Malt,

Mr. B. Hey! the farmer will find fault.

Mr. G. Not the farmer, but his "Friends,"

With a view to private ends.

We shall have a fight, no doubt,

But I mean to fight it out.

Two and nine each bushel bore,

Which we'll raise to shillings four,

And from what the people quaff

Raise two millions and a half.

Mr. B. That makes up the sum you spoke of.

Mr. G. Yes, no sum to make a joke of;

But not more than Britain's willing

To advance.

Mr. B. No, not a shilling.

Better plan than you've presented

Could not, WILLIAM, be invented,

And your part in England's quarrel

Gives you, Sir, another laurel.

May your Budget, as the phrase is,

Help to blow friend NICK to blazes.

A CLERICAL LUBBER'S HOLE.

ANOTHER Irish grievance—a truly Irish one—has been ventilated. Several of the Pope's Brigade have been pertinaciously repeating a question to the First Lord of the Admiralty, as to whether the Papist sailors in the fleet are compelled to attend Protestant worship on Sundays. SIR JAMES has, ever so many times, assured the querists that no such hideous and torturing tyranny is practised, but MR. LUCAS, on Friday, with the double ingenuity of his Quakeropapistical training, discovered a new way of putting the matter. He abused SIR JAMES GRAHAM for having said that the Roman Catholic sailors had made no complaint on the subject; and proved that they had complained by alleging that an Irish priest at Portsmouth had been so frightfully afflicted at this soul-destroying persecution, that he had threatened to walk all over Ireland persuading the people not to enlist.

SIR JAMES once more explained that the rule in the navy is that service shall be performed, and that every seaman shall be "permitted" to attend—that there is no compulsion, and that if Popish JACK likes to chew his tobacco below, while Protestant BILL is staring at the Chaplain on deck, he has a perfect right to do so, and the two theologians can compare notes afterwards. And the First Lord repeated that no complaint had been made by officers or men, seeing that there was nothing to complain of, but that he had received

remonstrances from a couple of priests, who had not, however, the impudence, *mirabile dictu*, to say that they were employed by the aggrieved parties. So eager are these mischievous priests to manufacture a grievance, that they do not fear to risk such a ridiculous blunder as this, though it must be exposed as soon as committed. As for Priest KELLY, who threatened to commit treason, MR. LUCAS explained that he had not carried his threat into execution. If he had, averse as everybody is to inflicting severe punishment on a fool, however dangerous—it would have been a case in which *Mr. Punch* would have liked to see the extreme penalty commuted for as sound a flogging as the brawniest boatswain in the maligned service could lay on. Persecute JACK for his religion! *Punch's* dear eyes! his lee-scutters are running over at the thought, and he really insists upon that being stowed, and upon splicing the mainbrace, to the confusion of the Brigade.

Unexpected Fairness.

In the debate on the Oxford Reform Bill, MR. HEYWOOD moved that the statutes of the new legislature at Oxford should be framed in the English language. But the House rejected the proposal, feeling that it was manifestly unjust to ask of Oxford what Westminster is utterly unable to achieve.



THE LION, THE EAGLE, AND THE BAT.

Vide ÆSOP'S FABLES.

THE QUEEN OF THE MAY-MEETING.

You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear,
To-morrow is a field day in the Hall of Exetère;
Of all the blessed times, mother, the blessedest far away,
For I'm to be Queen of the May-Meeting, I'm to be Queen of the day!

I sleep so sound all night, mother, I fear I scarce shall wake
In time to get breakfast ready for the REVEREND JABEZ CAKE;
Then I've my plain capote to trim—the sweetest pale French grey—
For I'm to be Queen of the May-Meeting, I'm to be Queen of the day!

'Tis a meeting for the mission to benighted Owhyhee,
And if we should be late, mother, the best places full will be,
And one likes to be where one can be seen, and hear all they say—
Or I shan't be Queen of the May-Meeting, I shan't be Queen of the day!

They say they've got a native, mother, all tattooed with red and blue,
They say he's eaten loads of men, ere to Christian grace he grew;
We'll invite him home to tea, mother, he never will say nay,
If asked by the Queen of the May-Meeting, if asked by the Queen of the day!

From the world, its pomps and vanities, I've learnt my heart to wean!
Shall I put on my white crêpe shawl, mother, or my Pomona green?
And I think my dove-coloured poplin would not be out of the way,
As I'm to be Queen of the May-Meeting, as I'm to be Queen of the day!

I shall wear a plain blonde *ruche*, mother, it becomes me more than flowers.

The REVEREND JABEZ INWARDS will display his prayerful powers;
And that child of grace LORD HUMBLEBY will be in the chair, they say—
He shall own me Queen of the May-Meeting, he shall own me Queen of the day!

Let the worldly-minded scoff, mother, and object to us that we
Abandon our own heathen for the blacks in Owhyhee.
Let the benighted trust in works; let us still preach and pray,
And let me be Queen of the May-Meeting, let me be Queen of the day!

So you must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear,
For to-morrow 'll be a field day in the Hall of Exetère;
To-morrow 'll be of all glad times the gladdest far away,
And I shall be Queen of the May-Meeting, I shall be Queen of the day!

A Trifle for Otho.

FOR having abetted the villany of the CZAR, the EMPEROR NAPOLEON has given KING OTHO a scolding. Should this not have the desired effect it is to be hoped that the Allied Powers will give his Grecian Majesty a regular blowing-up.

SOME FOOL'S CAP FOR THE GUARDS.

WE cannot think that the new Cap for the Guards, called the "Albert Bonnet" can have been really designed by PRINCE ALBERT. It looks rather as if it had been invented by the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA; for it has the appearance of "a thing devised by the enemy" for the purpose of making the men ridiculous. The Prince Consort has long since arrived at years of discretion, and put away childish things; his irons and the other toys with which it is said that he used to play at hatter's shop. Besides, the Prince is a man of singular taste and delicacy, and, precluded as he is by his position from sharing in the dangers of active service, must of course be content with gracefully wearing his own uniform as Field-Marshal, and could never think of interfering with that of the army, of which he is not permitted to be more than an ornament.

The name of ALBERT has been assigned to the bonnet for no better reason than that for which it has been given to half-boots. Some mere civilian is responsible for the infliction of this ludicrous head-gear on the Guards; somebody who knows nothing about military matters at all, who has heard that there is a regiment called the Coldstream, has confounded that word with Coldbath, and, making an additional blunder, invented the cap for the Fusiliers; for this cap is the precise pattern of a convict's cap, and fear alone restrains the street boys from shouting "That's your ticket of leave!" as the wearers march by. In fact, it is not fit to be worn on any march but the Rogues' March; it is not a proper cap for any guard but a blackguard.



THE BRITISH GRENAДИER AS IMPROVED BY H.R.H. F.M. P. A., DECIDEDLY CALCULATED TO FRIGHTEN THE RUSSIANS.

NEITHER FREE NOR EASY

"As free as the air we breathe," has long been a familiar quotation; but it has only recently become in some degree a fact. While the window-tax existed the air we breathed was so far from free that it was burdened with a heavy impost, and even now there is a great deal of air breathed that is anything but gratuitous. The House of Commons ought to be, and is the freest of all possible bodies, but if its members were to be as free as the air they breathe, and no freer, they would be under a very heavy impost, for their ventilation has cost them £200,000, and air at even this price is not always attainable. There are, in fact, many instances in which the freedom of air is altogether apocryphal, and indeed the booksellers know that a mere puff is sometimes a rather costly luxury.

SWIPES FOR NICHOLAS.

WE've raised the malt-tax; let us persevere,
And through that Tax the Czar may sing small beer.

PUNCH AMONG THE PAINTERS. No. 2.



HE late MR. WILKINS's punch-bowl and pepper-boxes cover two gathering places for pictures, in one of which the old masters are met together, separated only by the breadth of a corridor from the young masters of the day. The flood just now sets so strong in the direction of the younger gentlemen, that it is not easy to work out of it into the slack water that lies, for the moment, all but unstirred round the resting-place of the giants of old. But, strong as is the temptation of fresh colour, fire-new canvasses, and contemporary criticism eastwards, it is a very wholesome discipline to resist it and give an hour's reverent meditation to RAPHAEL and FRANCO, to DEL PIOMBO and TITIAN, before your pleasant, easy-going chat with LANDSEER, FRITH, WARD, and the rest of the lads over the way.

Such a visit will be found wholesome in many ways, but most of all as it may in some measure prepare you for appreciating your contemporaries. There is my excellent and wealthy, but slightly atrabilious friend, BISTRE. You may hear him any day in his own gallery (furnished at much

BISTRE's lengthened residence in Italy), crying up the old, and pooh-poohing the new. But to see BISTRE in his bitterest glory you must meet him at the Academy Exhibition, and hear his withering comments on all the crowd admire. "Crude—raw—no daylight—no transparency—no juiciness. Modern Art! Pooh, Sir, there's no such thing!" There he stands, venting contempt about the doorway of the West Room, poisoning minds as people pass it, or, as he conceives, implanting true art doctrine.

He has a valuable coadjutor in SOUR, a gentleman much hated by the Academy, upon which he is in the habit of making fierce onslaughts in all manner of periodicals, ever since they hung his first picture at the top of the Octagon Room. From that day forth SOUR vowed vengeance against them, and renounced the active practice of the brush, for the more lucrative traffic in Old Masters, combining with this, in his leisure hours, the function of Academy-crusher. SOUR imparts to BISTRE much familiarity with technical terms, and at the same time sells him not a few pictures—of course, immense bargains. And now the two are planted arm-in-arm in the doorway of the West Room, dealing deadly stabs at wretched R.As.; perfectly in earnest all the while, for by long feeding of the eye on embrowned canvasses, they have lost all natural appetite for fresh colour—not to speak of the effects of a little jaundicing of disappointment.

I need not say this is not the temper of eye or mind I wish to engender by your preliminary visit to the Old Masters. It is rather that you may meet the BISTRES and SOURS on something like equal terms, being neither strange to the old when you contemplate the new, nor steeled against the new when you look on the old. I wish you to feel that Art is a living thing, and that its changes are matters rather to be taken to heart and studied, than vituperated. In the old time its themes were the grandest that could occupy human minds—family distinctions, national glories, religious beliefs. Its show-places were palaces, council-halls, churches. Its patrons were princes, magistrates, prelates, and popes. If it existed for the middle class, it was in their collective character of a people, or in their individual greatness as royal merchants. The populace partook of it as passengers through the streets, or as worshippers in chapels and churches. So whenever Art stepped down from her fellowship with emperors and kings, doges and princes, it was for such grand function as recording the life of a nation, or the faith of a world. How, with such work to do, could Art be other than vast in dimensions, elevated in aims, dignified in subjects, and powerful in execution? All these effects flowed, perforce, from the facts which surrounded and shaped the painter.

The Bistres, if they admit this much, will tell you that, wanting such patrons, aims, and purposes, Art is now dead. Not so. Art cannot die while men live. Art is the most omnivorous of mental growths.

She has been the cherished minister to the needs of the most civilised, but she is found at work in the gross life of the lowest savage. She has drawn light and colour from the sun and sky of Italy, but can catch a new and shadowy beauty from the grey mists of Holland. She can make herself as much at home beside the homely board of a Dutch or Flemish burgher, as in the marble courts of Venice, or the frescoed halls of the Vatican. But she suits her dress and conversation to her guests; can be hail-fellow-well-met with JAN STEEN or BRAUWER, amorously-courty with WATTEAU or BOUCHER; proudly patrician with TITIAN or VERONESE; picaresquely-picturesque with MURILLO; ecstatically-beautiful with RAPHAEL, or sternly-strong with MICHAEL ANGELO. It is the same living spirit that stirs under all these forms. And this same Art it is that, amid great discouragements, and by dint of hard struggles, still lives and works with us and for us, in this our convenient, expediency-loving, cotton-spinning, railway-laying, material generation.

There is no wisdom in telling the poor Muse—when, with infinite pains, she has transformed herself into a seeming that secures for her employment and subsistence even among us—that she is no Muse, but a pitiful tawdry jade, unworthy of a home beneath the roof which shelters the works she wrought in other times, when her standing in society was different. No. Let us rather take her tenderly and encouragingly by the hand, cherishing her and comforting her, and bidding her be of good cheer—praising what she has done well, hoping the days may come when she will be allowed to do yet better. Poor lady, she has had a hard fight for life. Loath to relinquish what once won her a glory that she still remembers, she has made desperate attempts from time to time to reanimate the dead forms of the past, to smuggle herself into our town-halls and churches, and, to her dismay and almost despair, has found herself pointed at with the finger of scorn for an impostor and a counterfeit. Driven thence, still clinging to all things splendid and brilliant, she has been fain to try the stage-wardrobe and the masquerade-warehouse, arraying herself bravely in satins and in velvets, and strutting as a courtier and cavalier, through our sad and sober streets or our papier-mâché drawing-rooms. There, too, thoughtful men have cried out upon her. Only in one labour has she found never-failing solace, and ample recognition—out of doors, under the everlasting sky, among the eternal mountains, amidst the ever-springing life of the forest and the moor-land—driven from men—has she found beauty to comfort her—beauty that alters not with usages and fashions, that stops with no zone of earth, and is confined to no period of the year. When Art is driven from all besides, she will still be found painting landscapes.

And now, my sermon ended, you may pass, prepared for appreciation, into the Academy Exhibition Rooms.

CONSEQUENCES.

THERE is a pleasant little fireside game in France, called the Game of Consequences, which we believe has lately, in defiance of the Game Laws, been imported free of duty into this country. As soon as it becomes popular (which every French play is pretty sure to do in England), we suppose we shall be looked to as usual for a supply of jocularities, which the constant reader will, as usual, palm off as his own. We are therefore tempted to anticipate the national demand by furnishing the following:

The consequence of getting into an empty omnibus is the having to wait until it's filled before you start.

The consequence of betting with a leg is that you are pretty sure to put your foot in it.

The consequence of having a haunch of venison sent you is the having to invite a dozen friends to eat it.

The consequence of your daughter's wearing thin shoes is the having a perpetual influenza in the house.

The consequence of celibacy is the finding no one who cares a button about you, as is sufficiently shown by the state of your shirts.

The consequence of arbitrating between man and wife is, that you will satisfy neither, and be disliked by both.

The consequence of tight lacing is a lengthened doctor's bill and shortened breathing.

The consequence of quarrelling with your wife is, that you will have to go with her to SWAN and EDGAR's the next morning for a peace offering.

The consequence of lending either a book, or an umbrella, or your name to a bill, is the comfortable certainty that the latter one will be returned, and the former two won't.

Hard Lines.

TAXATION, CORBEN, is by war increased;
The side that wins at best but loses least.
But if to greedy tyrants you succumb,
You then lose all, my buck, instead of some.

THE RIVER PLATE.—The Royal Thames Challenge Cup.

NATIONAL DEFENCES OF RUSSIA.

(From our own Correspondent.)



ESIDES the infernal machines which have been sunk in the Gulf of Finland for the annihilation of the British Fleet, an enormous galvanic battery has been constructed by order of the Emperor, for the same purpose. It consists of several thousand pairs of plates, each forty feet square, contained in a porcelain trough divided into as many compartments of corresponding magnitude. This formidable voltaic arrangement is laid down on the north bank of the Neva, along which it extends many miles. For its construction the whole resources of the empire have been taxed, every coopeck that could be obtained having been used to form the copper plates in combination with those of zinc. The cells, where the battery is required to act, are filled with nitric acid from an immense reservoir containing hundreds of hogsheds of that corrosive fluid. With one end of the battery a wire, of about the thickness of a man's leg, is connected, and on the end of this wire is fixed a mass of charcoal weighing

several tons, and attenuated to a fine point. A similar wire, but longer, insulated with gutta serena, is carried across the river under water, and emerges at the opposite bank, where its extremity is, in like manner, pointed with charcoal. The charcoal points are so arranged as to be exactly in a line one with the other. The moment the wire last mentioned is brought into connection with the battery, when the latter is in action, a circuit is formed, and an arc of light, of surprising brilliancy, and glowing with an almost inconceivable intensity of heat, plays between the two points of charcoal across the river. When it is considered that in the electric fire thus produced by means of an ordinary battery, platinum melts like wax in the flame of a candle, it is easy to conceive what would be the fate of any vessel on getting between the charcoal points the instant the galvanic fluid was turned on. A man-of-war, having a powder-magazine, would of course instantly detonate and disappear. If SIR CHARLES NAPIER ventures between the points of these "mighty opposites" he will be a bold man.

PROFESSOR HOCUS has also submitted to the Emperor a plan for destroying the British Public by poisoning the East wind, and is to receive a liberal reward if it answers. I am not in a position to give you the details of this scheme with minute accuracy; but the agent by which the wind is to be impregnated with deleterious matter consists, I believe, chiefly of prussic acid, which, as you are aware, is highly volatile. The principal objection to this project is the difficulty of limiting the operation of the poisoned wind so that it shall not, in its course, injure Denmark and Sweden: but this, of course, would vanish should those States think proper to side with the Western Powers. It has also been urged that if the wind should change, the mischief would fall on the Autocrat's own subjects: but his Imperial Majesty would sufficiently obviate this danger by keeping himself far enough out of harm's way.

CLERICAL EXCHANGE NO ROBBERY.

"ANYTHING for a change," seems to have its attractions for some of the clergy, as well as the laity. Attention was called the other night in the House of Commons to a case of mutability in clerical affairs, which seems to have been less satisfactory to the parishioners than to the parsons engaged in the little "transaction." There is a certain place called Fyfield, in Hants, where the resident souls are handed over to be "cured" in a rather unceremonious manner. Whenever the incumbent is sick of his duty, or, as in one instance, when the tradesmen are tired of trusting him, he effects an "exchange" with some other minister who has a fancy for looking after the eternal interests of the Fyfield parishioners.

We are sorry to find that one of the pastors of the Fyfield flock has, after seriously fleecing it, handed it over to somebody else, and gone as Civil Chaplain to Hong Kong, where he will be at liberty to pursue his sacred duties without having his tranquillity disturbed by the clamours of distant creditors. He appears to have given a practical lesson of the fleeting character of worldly wealth, by walking away with some of the parish funds and money entrusted to him for charitable purposes. Of course, one story only is good till another is told, and the reverend runaway may have a very good answer to the charge publicly made against him in the House of Commons. As the BISHOP OF WINCHESTER has described him as "highly respectable, and, as far as I am aware, well qualified to perform the duties of a Colonial Chaplaincy," there may possibly be some mistake; and we shall be very happy to hear, on competent authority, that amid the numerous "exchanges" of incumbents in the parish of Fyfield, there has, after all, been "no robbery."

THE LAND OF GREECE.

(A Lyric of the Manchester School—after the favourite BYRON Pattern.)

THE Land of Greece! the Land of Greece!
By BRIGHT and CORDEN loved and sung,
Wherein, till England broke the peace,
With Manchester wide dealings sprung;
They'd take our yarns and cottons yet,
If but the Czar alone we'd let.

The merchants look to Manchester,
And Manchester to £. s. d.;
And musing there on profits gone,
I felt our trade with Greece U.P.
Yet though in bargains close they shave,
I cannot deem the Greek a knave.

A cotton-spinner sat but now
Where engines clank and steam-pipes fizz;
And mules by thousands lay below,
And yarn in mountains—all were his.
He counted them at break of day—
And, a week after, there they lay!

Yes—there they lay! And where art thou,
My country? On the warehouse floor
The spinner's foot is silent now,
The piecer's tramp resounds no more!
And must thy yarns, both coarse and fine,
No more find sale across the brine?

'Tis something, spite of sneer and blame,
To stand up boldly in one's place,
And rouse the House to rage and shame,
Looking facts fairly in the face.
For what is left the patriot here?
For Turks a curse—for Greeks a tear!

The Tyrant of St. Petersburg
Is Freedom's best and bravest friend:
There once was talk of "crumpling up"
The Russias all; that's at an end.
No, NICHOLAS is good and kind,
The Turks, effete, and base and blind.

Trust not for strength to soldiers' ranks;
Paying for them expenses swells:
In English bobs and foreign francs,
The only hope of safety dwells.
Extend your trade, at home, abroad;
Why take to force, when you have fraud?

Set me on land, or on the deep,
I don't care which it is, not I—
So I can buy where goods are cheap,
So I can sell where goods are high.
A land of war shall ne'er be mine—
Give me your roll of cotton-twine.



COBDEN AS A GREEK.

HARD AS A BOARD.



PIERCE conflict is now raging between the Guardians of the Poor, in the various parishes of England, and the medical men whom the said Guardians employ.

The tactics of the Guardians are simple but effective. They take advantage of the overcrowded state of the medical profession, and of the desire of its rising members to obtain some public appointments which may give them standing, to offer the very smallest possible remuneration for the services rendered by them. The medical men, on the other hand, have no resource but to do their duty to those under their care, and to appeal, on every fitting occasion, to the Guardians' sense of shame, though, of course, such appeals are about as futile as an attempt to coerce a rhinoceros by whipping him with a play-bill.

MR. ARTHUR, the Medical Officer to the Poor at Deptford, recently tendered the following receipt to the Guardians of the Greenwich Union:—

"Received from the Guardians of the Greenwich Union the paltry sum of £20, for thirteen weeks extra service as house-to-house visitor, sanitary inspector, and for medicines supplied to the sick poor of Deptford, by which I find my services as a Professional Man, are valued at the same rate as those of a journeyman mechanic."

The Greenwich Guardians have been so delighted with MR. ARTHUR's testimony to their economy, that they have forwarded the document to the Poor Law Commissioners, in the belief that it will obtain for them a certificate of good conduct, or perhaps even a medal, formed of congenial brass. We fear, however, that they will be disappointed, as the competition is very great.

Punch does not himself know whether to accord the palm to them, or to the Guardians of those two unions who pay their medical man a salary of £2 per annum for attendance and medicines; or to the Guardians of Todmorden, where the medical officer earned £7 12s. in one year, for attendance upon, and medicines supplied to a population of 11,000 persons; or to the Guardians of the Rochdale Union, who appointed a Surgeon to vaccinate under the New Act, but paid him under the Old Act, whereby they saved a shilling per case; or to the Risbridge Board, who, when they were required to name some public places to which the poor might bring their children for vaccination, selected the belfries of the different churches in the district, as being nice cold, damp, and windy apartments, in which the congregated infants might catch catarrhs and rheums.

Punch trusts that MR. BAINES has his eye upon these things, and means to reward the Guardians according to their deserts, and he hopes to see the day when these Guardians, like ADDISON'S *Cato*, shall have, not only their BAINES, but their Antidotes.

APOPLEXY MADE EASY.

SOME days since Mr. Punch was startled from the propriety which usually characterises his actions, by the sight of the following terrific advertisement:—

TO ALL WHO ARE IN WANT OF A FIT.—The importance of which requires no elucidation to convince the most sceptical how indispensably necessary it is to health, comfort, and appearance."

As Mr. Punch met with this startling proposition in the advertising columns of the *Lancet*, he could but look on its author as a homœopathist, who, thinking that *similia similibus curantur*, had got it into his head that a slight attack of apoplexy or paralysis might be indispensably necessary to the health, comfort, and appearance of those who had reason to dread either malady. Perhaps (thought Mr. Punch) the man has found means to avert apoplexy by inoculating people with indigestion; but the more remarkable feature of his theory is, that a fit is indispensably necessary to the appearance, a notion quite at variance with that generally entertained.

The advertisement then continued thus:—

"R. T. PIGRAM, while willing to avoid the present system of puffing, adopts this means of making known his Self-Acting Indicator of the Human Figure."

Taking this paragraph in connection with that which preceded it, it was clear that "the present system of puffing," which R. PIGRAM

wished to avoid, must be the short-windedness, and wheezy, stertorous breathing of persons disposed to apoplexy; and thence it followed that the "Self-Acting Indicator of the Human Figure" must be, in all probability, a machine for testing the increased bulk of the patient, or, perhaps, an elastic collar, so graduated as to show, day by day, the growing thickness of the neck. Having stated his case, R. T. PIGRAM became taciturn, and abruptly wound up his prelection with the following axiom and corollary—

"An invention can only be known by its results. A trial will not only give satisfaction, but will justify in favouring R. T. PIGRAM with their recommendations."

Mr. Punch tried for awhile to discover from whom these recommendations were to be extorted; but, failing in the attempt, began seriously to meditate the purchase of the "Self-Acting Indicator," for since his abandonment of his former migratory life, he has grown somewhat fat and plethoric. And lo! at this crisis came some one, who told him that R. T. PIGRAM was a Tailor. But Punch cannot believe this.

ANOTHER SCENE FROM
"THE RUSSIAN GENTLEMAN."

An Unfinished Drama.

SCENE.—St. Petersburg. A Room in the Palace.

The EMPEROR and NESSELRODE.

Emp. Of hostile England, whose detested isle
May NEPTUNE'S flood o'erwhelm! KING
CHARLES THE FIRST
Did come to lose his head. Ha!—lose his
head?—

To think a crowned head may be lost!

Ness. My liege,
That English monarch was too liberal; made
Too large concessions; did not entertain
The high opinion that he should have held
Of his prerogative and kingly right.
That lowness 'twas which brought him to the
block.

Emp. More blockhead he. Well; him—this
foolish king—

Did OLIVER CROMWELL conquer and dethrone.

Ness. Your Majesty doth draw full buckets up
From the profound well of true history.

Emp. That OLIVER CROMWELL was a clever
dog.

Ness. He was a dog, an't like your Majesty,
Of sharper nose than common.

Emp. I remember
That CROMWELL had a saying, relative
Unto the troops he raised against the King,
His Ironsides. "I'll choose," said OLIVER,
"Men who some conscience have of what they
do."

He chose his men of conscience—and he won.

What's Conscience?

Ness. Sire, I cannot tell: the term
Is too abstruse and metaphysical.

Emp. This CROMWELL'S soldiers were called Puritans.
They quoted texts; they preached long homilies;
Sang psalms i' the nose; and turned their eyeballs up.
Then surely Conscience means fanatic zeal.

Ness. Your Majesty hath hit the nail o' the head.

Emp. And I will drive it home. Come, NESSELRODE,
And follow me into an inner room.

Here are the Christian symbol and the name
That Christians worship; texts, and scraps of psalms;
For instance, *Non confundar in æternum*,
Deus nobiscum, and what not. So come,
And we these scattered items will digest
Into a proclamation, which shall fire
My subjects' conscience; of whose pious rage
The conflagration Europe shall inflame:
And holy Russia shall one half the globe
Confound in ruin, blood and massacre.

[Exit EMPEROR, NESSELRODE following.]

A Lean Excuse.

THE Postmaster-General refuses to increase the salaries of the poor Letter-Carriers for fear they should get too fat, and not be able to accomplish the large amount of walking which they are at present called upon to do!



THE GOVERNMENT COURIER WITH IMPORTANT DESPATCHES FROM
THE SEAT OF WAR.

THE AUTOCRAT'S WAR SONG.

Ho! fetch my helmet hither, and bring me my cuirass,
Though I need no steel breastplate; no morion of brass:
Armed with the panoply of faith, shall I fear mortal man?
Go forth, my hosts, to victory, and I will lead the van!

For wherefore should the scoffer, without rebuke, declare
That I have stirred the contest, which to brave I do not dare,
And send my slaves to die for me, but from the conflict skulk,
Content, within my guarded walls, to hide my coward bulk?

Give me my sword, which the profane affirm I dread to wield,
My jackboots, also, and my steed; myself shall take the field.
Against the bands of MAHOMET in person I'll advance,
And charge the English heathen and the infidels of France.

Talk not to me of danger! What, at my army's head,
Shall I be less secure than on my throne, or in my bed?
Can any failure or defeat, can life or honour's loss,
Betide the champion orthodox—the warrior of the Cross?

Never to be confounded I have proclaimed my trust
A hypocrite all Europe will account me, as it must,
At bullets or at bayonets if I betray alarm,
As if I thought such things could do my carcase any harm.

I therefore of my forces the foremost man will ride,
And all the shots shall miss me, the swords shall glance aside
So shall I silence all the tongues that now against me wag,
And say that I can do no more than bluster, cant, and brag.

Millions of lives in spending, my courage shall be shown,
No more of others only, for I'll expose my own.
I'll fight like ALEXANDER and other conquerors old;
Shall NICHOLAS a warrior prove of less heroic mould?

And when my foes are vanquished, as they are sure to be,
The knout I'll wave in triumph o'er all that now are free.
With absolute dominion the world at large I'll bless,
All Parliaments abolish, and annihilate the Press.

My helmet therefore bring me, and all my warlike gear;
Hold! wait a bit—what ails me? I'm taken very queer.
Those tidings from Odessa have troubled me with qualms,
Here ends my war-song for to-day—we'll now go back to psalms.

PORTRAIT OF A RUSSIAN GENTLEMAN.

BEHOLD that aspect of inflated pride!
Reality, no doubt, is there portrayed.
By hand of man was that resemblance made
Of Europe's greatest living Homicide.
Fine Art is to foul object oft applied:
And natural effect of light and shade
May form the picture of a thing as vile.
Heaven bids the Sun on good and evil shine;
Makes it on NICHOLAS himself to smile.
Of him at whose fell deeds the demons laugh
A yet more speaking likeness there may be.
Faintly, perchance, yon countenance malign
Denotes the scoundrel's inner villany,
Whose full expression needs a photograph.

Notice of Motion.

By MR. BRIGHT. That as the English Government seems to have declared War with Russia expressly for the benefit of the *Illustrated News*, and nobody else, and inasmuch as that paper is evidently deriving the greatest advantage from its prosecution, which is more than Manchester is doing, that the proprietor of the said *Illustrated News* be called upon at his residence, and politely requested to pay, out of his enormous profits, the expenses of the War so long as it continues.

CONSOLATION UNDER THE WAR BUDGET.

LET us hope our shelling out may have the effect of shelling Cronstadt.

THE FIRST BORES UPON RECORD.—The Roman Augurs.

WANTED A HERO.

A FRENCH piece is now being performed at the St. James's Theatre, in which the hero is an English actor, who has become the object of the attachment of a young lady, whom he disgusts by pretending to get drunk, because her father's pride will not allow him to consent to the alliance. We have been rather amused by the critics in the daily papers, who differ as to the actor whose life has furnished the anecdote on which the drama is founded. One critic says it is GARRICK, another alleges that it is KEMBLE; but whether STEPHEN, JOHN, CHARLES, or the late loud-tongued HARRY, of the Cobourg in its most Cobourgy days, no one can enlighten us. For our own parts, we see no need to go back so far as GARRICK, or even KEMBLE, for the hero who won the heart of a young lady in the boxes. We have seen young ladies at the Victoria sensibly smitten by HICKS, and we have been told that GOMERSAL in the height of his imperial career, had at his feet half the milliners of Stangate.

The GARRICKS and the KEMBLEs are not the only actors who have won the hearts of the female part of an audience, nor do we think the tragedians should be allowed the merit of fascination exclusively to themselves, as if the tender passion could only be inspired by the passion—anything but tender sometimes—of the serious actor: the dress goes much further than the acting in these theatrical affairs of the heart, and we have seen the walking gentleman, while decorated with spangles and bedizened with property stars, greeted with suppressed mutterings of "what a duck!" from a female spectator, who had evidently fallen deeply in love with him from the moment when he threw back his cloak and announced his nobility by showing his glass breast-buckle. We hope the friends of some of our living actors will claim for them the interest which belongs to the "professional," whose life may have furnished the incident that has given rise to the French play of "Sullivan."

The Old Girls they've left Behind them.

THOSE who wish to do a good turn to the wife of a soldier on foreign service, cannot do better than give her a mangle. If any of our readers should have a mother who is about to sell her mangle, we earnestly entreat him to look out for the respectable wife of some soldier abroad, and let her have it a bargain. Many a poor woman will be able to turn an honest penny if she has the opportunity of turning a mangle.

CAUSE FOR REJOICING.—Paris may be France, but let us be thankful that Manchester is not England!

JENKINS AT THE FRENCH AMBASSADOR'S BALL.

THE king never dies, and the sovereign of penny-a-liners belongs to a line that will never become extinct. The recent Fancy Ball at the French Embassy has brought out JENKINS, in all the colours of his rainbow livery. He is confessedly

"The Monarch of flunkys
We crowned him long ago,
With a loud loud laugh,
And a bushel of chaff,
And the cap and bells—ho! ho!"

If ever there were a pretender to a throne—based on the solid foundation of rubbish continually being shot forth—those pretensions are at once rendered absurd, by the undoubted sovereignty of JENKINS in the realms and realms he occupies. Over his own peculiar kind of subjects he is indeed supreme; and over such a subject he had an opportunity of showing his absolute sway on the day after the Fancy Ball given by the French Ambassador.

He begins by intimating the impossibility of mentioning the matter "in terms of common-place narrative and detail"—for "common-place" is not the sort of place that would suit JENKINS. He tells us that "throughout the whole of yesterday afternoon there was much excitement in the neighbourhood of Albert Gate," a passage which proves that the writer had begun to lurk, early in the day, about the area railings of the Embassy. While thus occupied he discovered that "the approaching visit of HER MAJESTY formed a fertile theme of discussion to the quidnuncs of the neighbourhood." Who may be the quidnuncs alluded to we cannot tell; but we know there is a pawnbroker's next door, and a publichouse next door but one, so that JENKINS by popping in at the former, and chewing a quid at the latter, may have been allowed to join in the discussions he speaks about. His observations were for some time confined to the "outside of the mansion," which he seems to have been hanging about from an early hour; and from the graphic manner in which he alludes to "the groups watching anxiously each opening of the great doors," there is little doubt that the nose of JENKINS was a prominent feature of the group, as viewed by the hall-porter from the inside of the premises. In this position JENKINS caught a glimpse of "the huge bales of cocoa nut matting and crimson cloth" which were being "borne in by van loads to decorate the staircase."

Another external object that seems to have attracted the attention of JENKINS was a sort of gymnastic proceeding on the part of "two patriotic neighbours in Knightsbridge Road," who "drew a line across it early in the afternoon from the tops of their houses, where the united flags of England, France, Turkey and America, floated triumphantly in the breeze." One of "the two patriotic neighbours" was an adjacent publican, who is probably not very particular where

he "draws the line" between patriotism and puffery, or what flags float triumphantly so that he is enabled to draw a few extra gallons of beer. JENKINS was evidently an outsider, for he says, "the decorations of the exterior were indeed such as to invite attention"—the only invitation he appears to have received. But he was not to be defeated, and he accordingly contrives to smuggle his way in under circumstances which the following passage unmistakably indicates:—

"The preparations in the interior were so admirably managed as to be brought to a close early in the afternoon, after which all was repose and order throughout the mansion."

It is clear that JENKINS had been watching his opportunity to gain an entrance. "Early in the afternoon all was repose throughout the mansion." JENKINS evidently got in while the hall porter was asleep. Having gained the hall, where he ought to have begun to feel himself at home, JENKINS takes a peep at the "appearance of the staircase," and finding that "all is repose" he ventures "opposite the entrance to the hall," where he finds the "chancellerie of the embassy now devoted to the uses of a cloak-room." This is not a very considerable deviation from the ordinary use of the apartment, for a collection of cloaks would not be ill-adapted to a chamber devoted to acts of diplomacy.

Creeping carefully to the right, JENKINS discovers "the supper-room, where tables set out with exceeding taste sparkled with rare fruits and costly viands." We can imagine the extent to which JENKINS's mouth must have watered as he crept about among



"cherries, at a guinea a pound, and peaches at forty-eight shillings per dozen." It is fortunate that the couplet of DEAN SWIFT

"Always pick a peach
When it's within your reach,"

did not occur to him.

JENKINS seems to have maintained his position inside the house until after the *fête* commenced, for we find him peeping

"through a plate-glass door," and witnessing a sight that must have filled him with envy. He in fact gazed upon "a band of musicians all arrayed in blue surcoats with the arms of the embassy emblazoned on the front in rich gold embroidery—the COUNT WA-

LEWSKI having inherited from Poland this fashion of clothing musicians in livery." The sight of the embroidery on the coats, and indeed the livery altogether, came home to JENKINS's "business and bosom" in a very forcible manner. "It certainly," says

JENKINS, who is, of course, familiar with his own figure in a looking-glass, "It—(the livery)—certainly very greatly enhances the effect." While gazing with admiration on the liveried musicians "a refreshing breeze first reminded the guest that a window had been taken out," and the probability is that the absence of the window may have reminded the intruder of an aperture through which he might expect to have been pitched had he been discovered. At all events, he hurries away from the spot, for he says, "We therefore will visit the drawing-room, where most of the guests first assembled."

Having once got among the guests in their fancy dresses, JENKINS, in his very fanciful livery, must have felt himself comparatively safe; and his narrative assumes from this point a tone of greater confidence.

"Ascending the staircase," says JENKINS, "to the next flight we enter the tea-rooms. Here the fresh air and moonlight scenery of the Park will tempt many a visitor to stay in lively enjoyment of his escape from grandeur and

heated luxury to the refreshing quiet and coolness of the charms of nature." Fancy JENKINS "escaping from grandeur,"—or, in other words, taking a place out of livery.

We are after all in doubt whether he was not discovered, and put outside the door; for if he were still within the mansion, how could he have seen "the stately and majestic figure of the COUNTESS OF KINROUL as she stepped from her carriage, looking the conscious and worthy kinswoman of the renowned family of admirals?" Unless the Countess descended from her carriage in a naval hornpipe step, humming "The Sea! The Sea!" or adopting the phraseology of the stage tar in conjunction with a nautical fancy dress, we cannot see how

she could have put any one in mind of a whole "family of admirals."

We will not follow JENKINS in his very small personal remarks on the ladies present, nor insult them by allusions to the "brilliant beauty" of one, and the "peculiar figure" of another, but we cannot help pausing to inquire what could have been the costume of the Speaker's lady, who, JENKINS says, "represented a lady of the Court of France between the 16th and 17th centuries." We cannot be surprised that a matron at a fancy ball should disguise her age as well as her person; but that any lady could have so effectually disguised her age as to have placed herself between two centuries, and thus brought herself to no age at all, is rather too great a mystery for us to unravel. A lady between the 16th and 17th centuries must have been, in fact, nowhere—a position in which we think JENKINS will find himself after a perusal of this article.



THE WAR POSTMAN.



what he can for the comfort of the services, and under certain restrictions (the chief of which is that he must be allowed to condense the epistles as if they were for telegraphic dispatch) he is willing to ensure communication between the service and its friends, by inserting in his journal, every word of which is read in every part of the world, the material contents of letters which may be sent to his office. He forwards the first batch; but in the mean time he begs to express a hope that MR. ROWLAND HILL, so worthily promoted to high authority in the Post Office, will celebrate his accession to office by looking into the matter. If Government despatches are so wretchedly slow that the Press is compelled to furnish the information, there is no reason for applying the same rule to private despatches.

"ISABELLA ATKINSON to HENRY MACFARLAN (*H.M.S. Smasher, Baltic*). Has cried ever since he went away. Has been to three balls, but would not dance at any of them. All her partners assured her that she was looking ill. Hopes he will be true to her as she is to him. Should break her heart if anything happened to him, and begs him to keep down stairs out of the way of the guns. Has had a lovely bracelet from CAPTAIN V., but takes no pleasure in wearing it, and only puts it on because, being a cable in gold, it reminds her of HENRY's ship. CAPTAIN V. has promised to take her to the Opening of the Crystal Palace; but what does she care for palaces? If she goes, it will only be that she may have something to tell HENRY in her next. Was at the Opera on Tuesday (CAPTAIN V. got them a box), but could think of nothing but the last time she was there with HENRY. States that she encloses a violet, but if so, it must have dropped out, and was more probably forgotten."

"JOHN EDWARD RATTLETON to CHARLES RATTLETON (*Gallipoli*). Urges him to go it, and thrust himself bravely forward, regardless of danger, and keep up the honour of England. Wishes to know, as CHARLES's cousin and heir, whether he can execute any family business for him."

"LAURA PENDELDROP to HORACE PENDELDROP (*Sculari Barracks, Asia*). This letter is from a young wife to her husband, and is chiefly occupied with information regarding their child, who is coming on delightfully, and fell out of bed five times on Monday, but never cried, and takes the greatest notice of everything. It states that a *jee-jee* (so in original) went past the window on Tuesday or Wednesday, and the infant immediately clapped his hands. A very favourable opinion of the infant's fineness, from the family medical adviser, is given. There are also details of the impertinence of one JANE, who has been sent away, and of the characteristics of a new comer, SARAH, to whom the infant did not take at first, but now does. Kisses are sent in P.S."

"MOSES TORIT to FREDERICK ST. PELAGIUS MONTAGUE (*Sculari Barracks*). Expresses great surprise that Mr. MONTAGUE should have left England without taking up some of his exptencies (so in orig.) and I.O.U's. Especially complains that he did not complete paying for the silver watch, for which he has as yet paid only £47 and some discounts. Threatens to outlaw him, 'without' he will tell the address of a CAPTAIN HARLEYBUFFER, against whom Mr. TORIT breathes great wrath. Mentions in P.S. that he has got some studs, skeleton pattern, which would be just the thing for Mr. MONTAGUE, and intends to keep them for him. Thinks he has been treated very shabbily; and swears he never got a farthing back of the original £50 lent last September, except the principal and a miserable £20 note, and some costs for his brother the attorney."

"MARY BROWN to JAMES PETERS (*Seaman aboard H.M.S. Spankerboom, Black Sea*). Says she reads the papers in the hopes of seeing that her PETERS has performed some gallant action; but Pleeseman Z, 9789, who is kind enough to come down most evenings and comfort her and Cook, laughs, and says she may wait long enough, and

that LORD ABERDEEN will not allow the Admiral to do much. Thinks if she were JAMES she would up and tell the Admiral out, there and then, that he had better not mind no sneaks. Says the half-sixpence is safe, and Missis is more cantankerous than ever: but she has a party next week, and MARY means to be ill in the middle of the preparations, to spite her."

"SAMUEL FLINSEY to JACOB MANIFOLD (*Reporter, OMER PACHA's Army*). Advises him to cook up something more spicy for his next, or he may get recalled; for the Editor has hinted that it would be cheaper to fudge up accounts of some startling and bloody battles, from the correspondence of the *Times*, *Chronicle*, &c., than to pay Mr. MANIFOLD for his stupid descriptions. Asks him who is to contradict him, let him say what he likes, and recommends him to 'come out a little.'"

"LORD ABERDEEN to ADMIRAL DUNDAS (*Varna*). Begs that he will strike as early and heavy a blow at Russia as he can, LORD ABERDEEN's only object in life being to humble the haughty and deceitful tyrant, NICHOLAS. The postscript is underlined seven times. 'You understand.'"



OBSEQUIES MADE EASY.

THE London Necropolis Company advertises First and Second Class Graves, and First, Second, and Third Class Funerals. This sort of nomenclature suggests the remark that Life is a railway, of which the terminus is at the Cemetery. However, we are glad to find that the fares—to follow out the style of phraseology—of the Company are very moderate, being £2 10s. for the first class, and £1 for the second; the third not specified. We wish success to this undertaking, which is the most reasonable that we ever yet heard of, and will, we hope, prove the means of saving many a poor family, bereaved of its bread-winner, the waste of much money, in addition to that loss, on a foolish and useless exhibition of manners and customs, rendered compulsory by the usage of a society which calls itself civilised, but is, in this respect, no better than the most barbarous description of natives.

CURIOUS CHINESE PROVERBS.

ON CONTENTMENT.

THE ripest fruit often grows on the roughest wall.
It is the small wheels of the carriage that come in first.
The man who holds the ladder at the bottom is frequently of more service than he who is stationed at the top of it.
Contentment is to the mind what a frame is to a cucumber—sunning it, and lifting it, even, from a dunghill.
The turtle, though brought in at the area-gate, takes the head of the table.
Better be the cat in a philanthropist's family than a mutton pie at a king's banquet.
The Learned Pig didn't learn its letters in a day.
True merit, like the pearl inside an oyster, is content to remain quiet until it finds an opening.
The top strawberries are eaten the first.
He who leaves early gets the best hat.
Pride sleeps in a gilded crown—Contentment in a cotton nightcap.

NOT TO BE FATHOMED.—There are secrets, like springs, that lie too deep for boring—and a woman's age is one of them.



A FRIEND IN NEED.

Our Artist. "Oh! MY DEAR OLD BOY! I'M SO GLAD TO SEE YOU! MY MODEL HAS'N'T COME, AND I'M IN A REGULAR FIX; SO, P'RAVE YOU WOULDN'T MIND BEING MY DEAD ARTILLERYMAN FOR AN HOUR OR SO."

THE ROW AT THE ROTUNDA.

In the Town of Dublin, where there's always bubblin'
The germs of piety and discontent,
All the religious met in force prodigious;
Though some litigious, all with one consent.

A stern objection to the base inspection
Of holy nuns did every heart possess:
A detestation of that legislation
Which no imagination can express.

ARCHBISHOP CULLEN, who perceived that sullen
Hot animosity stamped certain brows,
Gave us a warning, full of sacred learning,
Politics consarning to beware of rows.

But FATHER MARSHALL, with a tongue impartial,
PRINCE ALBERT'S ROYAL HIGHNESS did attack,
Remarks for making, Mother Church that shaking,
In coorse was evil spakin' behind her back.

On treason's border, he was called to order,
Which civil intimation he obeyed,
And without staying still went on inveighing,
We all hooraying at the spache he made.

When he had ended the uproar extended,
REYNOLDS blackguarded LUCAS like a thief,
And back to render the abuse, not tender
Was that defender of our thrue belief.

And then a rumpus quite beyond all compass
Arose us boys for unity between;
Sure such a shindy, 'mong the Sikhs in Indy,
Or when the says were windy, ne'er was seen.

How them deceivers, and them unbelievers,
The heretic Commons, and the haythen Peers,
Must take delight in all our scratchin', bitin',
And scandalously fightin' by the ears!

Scene of contention too absurd to mention!—
And that is why my narrative I prune—
Of Brass Band braying the idea conveying,
The instruments all playing out of tune.

THE DEAD LETTERS FOR THE BALTIC.

"A LETTER from home" is a luxury that must, it seems, be paid for as a luxury by our sailors in the Baltic. Official theory says that the men shall receive their letters for the postage of one penny; but hard fact announces that twenty-four times that sum shall be exacted.

We have been made acquainted with the contents of a letter from a seaman on board the fleet to his mother at home, to which, as it may be applicable to a thousand other cases, we give publicity. It will serve as a "warning" to the mothers and sisters of many of the men on whose courage and fidelity all England, and indeed nearly all the civilised world, has staked its best interests. A sailor writing from the Baltic to his mother, at the beginning of the month, tells her that it is expected they will begin work in good earnest on the 10th of May, and informs her where, if anything happens to him, she may get the pay that is due to him. But the addition to the letter is the most touching part of it, and we give it in his own words as nearly as our memory can carry them:—

"Please don't write any more letters; and tell SARAH (his sister) not to write any more, as we have to pay two shillings a-piece for them when we get them."

The reflections suggested by these words we forbear from putting into type, as every reader will find them in his own heart, if he happens to have one.

NEW DRAMATIC LICENSE.

WE hear that a new Proscenium is in course of preparation at the Princess's Theatre. The playhouse was wont to bear the old significant motto—*Feluti in Speculum*. That is vulgar: now MR. KEAN has obtained such notoriety for his production of French Hobgoblin pieces, that his new Proscenium will bear the following appropriate inscription, approved by the Lord Chamberlain:—

CHARLES KEAN,

LICENSED TO DEAL IN FOREIGN SPIRITS.

GIVING JOSEPH THE GO-BY.

MR. HUME wishes the wills, which are at present admirably kept at Doctors' Commons, to be deposited in a safer and more convenient place. Quite proper. But the veteran reformer should not stoop to exaggeration. In the debate on the subject, he said—

"With regard to Doctors' Commons, he had himself examined it yesterday, and the room was so narrow and inconvenient, that it was scarcely possible to pass the fifteen or sixteen persons who were there engaged in making references."

This is obviously an inaccurate statement; for what says the proverb? "Where there's a will there's a way." And therefore there must have been a Way for MR. HUME to pass the fifteen or sixteen examiners of Wills. We trust that he will qualify this statement, the rather that it will give him another opportunity of exposing a locality which deserves all that can be said against it.

ANTICIPATED EPITAPH ON THE CZAR.

To the Memory of
NICHOLAS,
EMPEROR OF ALL THE RUSSIAS.
AND EVEN HERE HE LIES.

The Consumer's Question.

THERE was a great talk in the debate on the Malt Tax about its being a "Consumer's Question." We don't know what this may be, but we should think that the most general question, and not always the pleasantest one, which every consumer must go through the form of putting, was "WHAT HAVE I GOT TO PAY?"

GOOD NEWS FOR TEETOTALLERS.—Government has raised the Malt Tax to put a stop to Bruin.

THE CZAR'S DIABOLICAL SUGGESTION.



HE last accounts of NICHOLAS represent him as lying still—in both senses of the phrase. He does not risk his imperial skin, and he immolates his imperial word. The subjoined epistle to OSTEN-SACKEN is a fresh specimen of the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA'S veracity; but to describe it as simply false would be doing an injustice either to the profound subtlety, or astonishing folly, whereby it must on the one hand or on the other have been dictated. Observe that it is quoted *minus* blasphemy.

"On the day when the inhabitants of Odessa, united in their orthodox temples, were celebrating the death of . . . the allies of the enemies of his . . . name attempted a crime against that city of peace and commerce, against that city where all Europe in her years of dearth has always found open granaries. The fleets of France and England bombarded for twelve hours our batteries and the habitations of our peaceful citizens, as well as the merchant ships in the harbour. But our brave troops, led by you in person, and penetrated by a profound faith in the supreme Protector of justice, gloriously repelled the attack of the enemy against the soil which in Apostolic times received the saintly precursor of the Christian religion in our holy country.

"The heroic firmness and devotion of our troops, inspired by your example, have been crowned with complete success, the city has been saved from destruction, and the enemies' fleets have disappeared. As a worthy recompense for so brilliant an action we grant you the Order of St. Andrew.

"St. Petersburg, April 21 (May 3)."

"NICHOLAS."

In this style after his first lesson—not from Mr. LEWIS, but—from ADMIRALS DUNDAS and HAMELIN does the Czar write. He says that the allied fleets bombarded the habitations of the peaceful citizens, and the merchant ships in the harbour, when it is notorious that they spared both. He asserts that the enemy was gloriously repelled, whereas the French and English retired after having silenced the batteries with a loss of some two or three men killed, and considerably under thirty wounded between them. And thus, he adds, the city was saved from destruction, although he had just before said that it had been bombarded for twelve hours. A lie so inconsistent we English never hear told, except in a felon's dock; but Nature asserts herself wonderfully: and the same incongruity of falsehood appears in the burglar who stands in ankle-jacks, and the greater villain who stalks in jacks of larger dimensions; in BILL SIKES and in NICK ROMANOFF.

Probably if ROMANOFF were to come to be hanged, as, if caught, the objection to capital punishment in the abstract is the only reason why he should not be, he would, precisely as some of our desperate ruffians do, persist in an impudent denial of his crimes to the very last.

However, the object of these remarks is not to moralize on the Czar's immorality, but to expose his craft—assuming the foregoing letter to betray the knave and not the fool. To affirm that our ships were beaten, to declare that they bombarded the city and the merchantmen, whereas the facts were just the reverse, what object can these falsehoods have had, but to tempt the two Admirals to put instantly back to Odessa, and show NICHOLAS that he is not to brag and lie with impunity at their expense, by razing the city, whence he says they were repelled, to the ground, and blowing every Russian vessel to atoms? And then the Emperor might have arraigned us at the bar of European opinion for the barbarity which he would have provoked us to commit, and which, doubtless, we might commit to any extent, on his subjects, for aught he would care, so long as it answered his purpose.

But let not our brave sailors be tempted by the adversary to give them this handle. The next Russian city they attack, they must feel themselves strongly instigated to leave not one stone upon another. But never may Britons suffer the Imperial brute to drag them down to the level of his own ruffianism. At least, let them direct their fire on no dwelling-house, unless they have good reason to suspect that it contains the Czar.

One more word as to the Imperial style. Its florid character gives it a strong resemblance to the Papal—not that we mean to compare the flourishes of his HOLINESS with the lies of his WICKEDNESS. This

similarity is particularly observable in the allusion to "the soil which in Apostolic times," &c. Can it be that NICHOLAS believes himself to be the POPE. Does a dash of madness really mingle with the rascality of the blasphemous old reprobate?

IMPROVEMENTS IN ARMY CLOTHING.

IN consequence of the immense success of the cap invented for the Guards to pull down over the eyes, we understand it is intended—sacrificing appearance altogether to comfort—to substitute for the head-dress at present worn by the Line and the Militia, a plain cotton nightcap. In this regulation, one object which has been had in view is to conciliate Manchester, and reconcile it in some measure to the increase of the Army. Many other ridiculous alterations in military costume are also in contemplation; it being considered that to go about absurdly clothed practises a soldier's courage, so that the officer or man who has been accustomed to expose himself in the shell-jacket, or the Albert bonnet, may be expected to face anything.

RUSSIAN PASS WORD.

A most unhappy indiscretion,
To use a moderate expression,
Has Russia's Emperor committed,
His subjects—people to be pitied—
In war, through mere ambition raging,
Unmercifully by engaging.
Goaded like cattle to the slaughter,
They daily shed their blood like water.
The simple creatures make this gory
Libation to their Monarch's glory.
Oh! could one ray of reason brighten
Their intellects, their darkness lighten,
To perish thus, they'd see, is folly
Deplorable, and melancholy:
And quickly would an observation
From mouth to mouth pass through the nation,
Suggestive, though expressed with lenience,
"NICHOLAS is an inconvenience."

"A Money-Making Parson."

PRINCE ALBERT's denunciation of this animal—the nominal Christian dove become the acquisitive magpie—has made a great sensation throughout the Church. The BISHOP OF LONDON has expressed a deep sense of gratefulness for the condition to which it has pleased Providence to call him. Had he remained a parson, what money he might have made! Rising to the purer height of a Bishopric, what money he has refused to make! The amount is said to be quite unknown.

Gladstone's Presentation Plate.

WE have lost the "Emperor's Cup" at Ascot, but we have got instead an "Emperor's Beer Jug,"—for, thanks to NICHOLAS, every Englishman's Beer-Jug will cost more to have it filled now than it did formerly. By the by, it would be only a generous thing for the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, in reward for the proper spirit that was displayed in throwing up the Cup, to present Ascot with an "EMPEROR'S MUG"—the Mug to be made as handsome as national indignation would allow, and to be paid out of the proceeds of the additional duty on Malt.

Prejudice in Sport made Friendship in Earnest.

WE recollect there was a game at school called "French, and English," and this game consisted in two persons taking hold of a rope, and pulling against one another as hard as ever they could. However, this game must be altered now, and a fresh name found for it, considering that the French and English at present are holding on the same line of policy, and pulling the same way in the most friendly manner.

"Whose Pocket is to be Picked?"

THIS was the question drummed into Ministers' ears by Mr. DRUMMOND, loud in his condemnation of the malt tax. "Whose Pocket?" Whereupon COLONEL SIBTHORP observed to his neighbour—"Why the pockets of hops of course." The wag!

QUOTATION OF THE MONEY MARKET.—We can't help Tallow rising in consequence of the Russian war, but anyhow we can keep down Greece.



READY WHEN WANTED;



MILITIA VOLUNTEERS.



"LOR, ADOLPHUS, YOU'RE NEVER A-GOIN TO!—WHY YOU'LL BE GETTIN YERSELF MISTOOK FOR A HORSE-RIDER AT HASHLEY'S, OR THE MUSICIAN AS GOES TO HEVENIN PARTIES."

THINGS IN THE WATER.

"MR. PUNCH,

"I AM a loyal subject, and shall this very day—the birth-day of HER MAJESTY—drink her gracious health upstanding, uncovered, in a bumper of pump-water. Therefore, in the few lines I feel compelled to put upon paper, you must not believe that I am a low Radical; quite the reverse, whatever that may be.

"I am, Sir, a teetotaler; and consequently the overseer of the morals of my neighbours. If I drink toast-and-water, what right has anybody else to tittle-thick, treacly stout? If, in a state of hilarity—for such moments will arrive—I quaff a bottle of ginger-beer, that very jocund circumstance should touch the rest of the world with a wide and deep disgust for Bass's bitter. If I wear a water-lily in my holiday button-hole, let no man flaunt before the world that bacchanalian flower denominated sops-in-wine.

"And this, Sir, logically—for if anything makes a man logical, it is water—logically brings me to my argument. Last Saturday, Sir, the *Royal Albert* was launched at Woolwich; to which I have no objection—altogether the contrary. But, Sir, as a patriot and a teetotaler, I must protest against the heathen custom of christening a ship with wine—intoxicating wine. Our wooden walls, Sir, are made of oak; oaks, I need hardly perhaps inform you, grow from acorns. You might as well water the acorns with gin, as baptize the full-grown oaks with sherry. The logic of this, Sir, must strike you; or I have taken the pledge to very little purpose. Well, Sir, the QUEEN baptized the ship; but I give you the shuddering account from the newspapers:—

"SIR JAMES GRAHAM explained to HER MAJESTY the mode of performing the baptismal rite, and the suspended bottle was pointed out to her, with due directions as to the mode of breaking the same, and of christening the good ship. The bottle was a small one, of clear crystal, filled with sherry, covered with fine thick Honiton lace, and having two wreaths of roses, thistles, and shamrocks entwined round it, and attached near the top and bottom by silver cord, was suspended in its proper position. To the great delight of the assembled spectators the QUEEN herself advanced to the bows of the ship, and Mr. WILLIAM M'PHERSON RICE, master-shipwright, placed the bottle into HER MAJESTY'S hands, and after two ineffectual attempts, owing to the bottle falling obliquely on the metal plate against which it was to be dashed, the bottle was broken by HER MAJESTY, who at the same moment emphatically exclaimed, "God bless the *Royal Albert*!"

"Now, Sir, I am not a superstitious man; on the contrary, whatever cobwebs of that sort I may have had within me have long ago been rinsed out, so that pure reason shines through me—wherever I find it—like the sun through a cucumber frame. I am not superstitious; but I do ask you,—if we are not to tremble for the destiny of the *Royal Albert* sent into the wide waters with a bottle of sherry—(as for the size, that's nothing; it might be a phial or a magnum, I think the intemperate call it)—with a bottle of sherry in his figure head? With such an amount of intoxicating fluid there, is it to be expected that the *Royal Albert* will—as sailors say—answer his helm? Is it

even to be hoped that he won't roll in the trough of the sea? Is it to be imagined for a moment that (saving his Royal Highness) he will behave well? By no means. With that quantity of liquor continually about him, he'll be always missing stays, and continually falling foul of everything. That figure-head drugged with sherry must continually sleep upon the middle watch, and—I believe I am right, Sir, in the phrase—will never have a sharp look-out for anything. As for sailing in the wind's eye, it's impossible: for sherry, Sir, sherry is only another word for blind intoxication.

"What a moral may be found in that immoral ceremony! Consider, Sir, the bottle filled with sherry is 'covered with fine thick Honiton lace.' Now, Sir, isn't that a picture of wanton temptation arrayed in all the filmy beauties of the loom (I believe I'm right) to betray the manly reason? Is not sherry only another name for DALILAH, and the thick Honiton lace the bedizenment of the frail one? As for the 'two wreaths of roses,' what are they but the blushes that burn in the nose of a tippler, while the thorns, like pins into a pineushion, go unfelt into his heart? As for the 'silver cord,' it's nothing to my mind but a piece of hemp—of halter-hemp—electrotyped. And then, think of the moral of the whole ceremony! A loving and a faithful wife dashing a bottle at her beloved husband's figure-head with all the royal children beholding it. After this, can it ever be expected that the *Royal Albert* will take a Russian? No; for he has already taken too much sherry. My only fear is, that with the wine still in his head he doesn't—and who's to wonder at it?—run ashore for more liquor.

"But I have done, Sir. MR. BEHEMOTH POP has the subject for his next lecture, and will—with all his fire-engine force—improve upon it. I am delighted to say that the cause of teetotalism is striking root. We are earnest men, Sir; and some of us in our earnestness, are, we hope, not to be restrained by a weak consideration for mere truth. If we can get hold of any story about anybody in particular, we have a pretty way of turning the tale inside out; but then, it is all in the way of temperance, and for the crystal loveliness of water. For instance. There was a well-known person named CHARLES LAMB. He wrote a paper called 'The Confessions of a Drunkard.' Pat, Sir, we put the whole matter upon the man himself, and called it 'The Confessions of CHARLES LAMB.' Not but what this might have been improved into 'The Confessions of the Drunkard, CHARLES LAMB.' This may not be mere truth; but intemperance is not to be met by simple truth: at times, drunkenness must be coaxed.

"The illustrious author of *Truth in a Well, in six Buckets*; at 2s. 6d. per bucket (the water is so astringent, so binding upon veracity), the author of that deep, pure serial, is carrying confusion into the ranks of the tipplers. He reminds me of that beautiful picture of the gallant fireman, young HIGGINBOTTOM:

"Still o'er his head, while fate he braves,
His whizzing water-pipe he waves."

Not only does he drown a living poet as never rat was drowned, but he empties his bucket—and all for our glorious cause—upon a new-made grave. He swamps that bit of earth with the greatest respect for the dead, and with the lively hope, I'm sure of it, that lilies and violets will grow the thicker for the watering.

"Thus, Sir, continually recruiting from amongst the most chosen spirits of the day (I should rather say diamonds of the first water), the cause of teetotalism at all and any cost of what is called by its enemies decency, charity, and truth—the cause strikes root, and lifts its head up sweet and fresh as a morning daisy.

"Hoping, Mr. Punch you will—for the benefit of the Navy in future—always set yourself against the bottle of sherry at every launch dinner, I remain

"May 20, 1854."

"Your well-wisher,

"JOHN-IN-THE-WATER."

Mr. Punch cheerfully gives insertion to the somewhat incoherent communication of JOHN; but, at the same time, must express his belief that JOHN is one of the self-deceived many, who believe that if they drink only at the pumps of life, they are therefore guiltless of its vanities. As for the distinguished author of *Truth in a Well*, a man—it is Mr. Punch's opinion—may be as fond of water, and water only, as a duck: and nevertheless, like the duck, do nothing but deal in "Quack, Quack!"

A Popular War.

WHO can say that the present war is not a popular one? Will even MESSRS. BRIGHT and CORDEN take upon themselves to contradict so general, so cheering a fact, when it is publicly known that the British troops on starting for the East were, to a man, thrown into transports, and that, when they landed there they were also found in the same state!

BOW AND WOW!

WHEN the Puseyites do nothing but bow, and bow, and bow, Mr. Punch's dog Toby can do no other than bow, and wow, and wow.

JOHNNIE BREWED A PECK O' MAUT.



O JOHNNIE brew'd a peck o' maut,
And PAT and SAWNEY cam' to see;
Three valiant hearts, the lee-lang night,
They fought the Czar o' Muscovie.
We are na' fou, we're na war-fou,
But just hae Cossacks in our e'e;
Auld NICK to thraw the stoup we'll draw,
The noo we've taxed the barley-bree.

Here are we met, three freeborn boys,
Three freeborn boys, I trow, are we,
And mony a day we free hae been,
And mony mair we hope to be!
We are na' fou, &c.

There's Turkey's moon, I ken her horn,
The Crescent in the lift sae hie,
To cloud her is the Tyrant's aim,
But, by my sooth, he'll wait a wee!
We are na' fou, &c.

Wha spares for whosky's rise, awa'!
A carefu' coward loon is he;
Wha fears beside his chair to fa'?
We'll dang the Czar, amang us three.
We are na' fou, we're nae war-fou,
But just hae Cossacks in our e'e;
Auld NICK to thraw the stoup we'll draw,
The noo we've taxed the barley-bree.

OCEAN TWO-SHILLING POST.

WILL it be believed that the postage of a letter to the Baltic is 2s.; that this is the sum charged for a few lines from home to a common sailor: that so much has JACK to pay for a line from his old woman, or his young woman, or youngsters neither women nor men as yet? You expect JACK to be always at his Post; to stick to it, to die at it if necessary; you require JACK to maintain all these relations to his Post, and yet you fix your Post in a ratio of 2s. to him. "Come two to one" is a defiance hurled at the enemy in one of DIBDIN's sea-songs; and it will doubtless be repeated by every one of NAPIER's naval heroes; but that is no reason why you should charge two BOB to one JACK. Moreover, grievous complaints are made that the Baltic Postman is disgracefully slow, besides inflicting this tremendous double rap on the sailor's pocket. Is it for this that our income-tax is multiplied by two, and an additional copper put on our pewter? A two shilling Post is too much for a Post Captain, to say nothing of a JACK-Tar: and an Admiralty that allows such extortion to be practised on British Tars, deserves to be tarred and feathered.

Shakspeare to the Ladies.

THE Shade of MR. WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE, late of Stratford-on-Avon, presents his compliments to the ladies, and begs to refer them to a short speech written by him for a certain *Hamlet*, and addressed to one *Osrice*. The speech is this:—

"Your bonnet to its right use."

Hold Hard.

IN a Biographical Sketch of a lately deceased Professor we are told that "he held his chair for nearly fifty years." This is evidently a mistake, for it must be obvious, that instead of the Professor having held his chair for half a century, his chair must have held him.

WHOLESOME GLASS.

THE cup that cheers but not inebriates may be the tea-cup; but the glass to which that description is applicable is the Crystal Palace.

THE SUN AND HIS IMITATORS.

MR. LOWE, of the Highfield Observatory, whose letters to the *Times* seem to prove that he possesses the faculty ascribed to some animals of seeing the wind, assures us that the Sun has lately held a levee, at which five mock suns, his courtiers, were present. These reflected lights showed their subserviency, in that they kept their long tails, (which we must take to have been their trains) carefully turned away from their Lord and Master—a mark of respect which was the more remarkable as it was shown to the setting Sun. Doubtless, if the Sun had any spots on his face, the mock Suns wore patches to be like him, or induced the rosy-fingered AURORA to rouge their visages until they equalled his in rubicundity. The Sun is also said to have sported three rings on this occasion, but as they very soon vanished, it is clear they were only runaway rings, and we have very little doubt that the runaway rings of that evening were matched by the runaway Nox next morning.

"Cumuli clouds," says MR. LOWE, in his curt truncated phraseology—"Cumuli clouds near the phenomenon. After the sunset cloudless." Of course it was! When the clouds had seen all they wanted to see, they went home to bed. However, it must have been a very pretty spectacle, and *Punch* hopes that, when anything of the kind is next to be seen, MR. LOWE will give him

notice. In return, *Mr. Punch* promises that if he should see anything like it in Fleet Street, he will immediately say, "Lo! here it is."



DEGRADATION IN THE RUSSIAN ARMY.—GENERAL PULLTHELONGBOWOFFSKY has been degraded to the rank of private, for having treasonously toasted that he could throw a hatchet further than the Emperor.

I LOVE THE LORD MAYOR!

(Song, supposed to have been Improvised after Dinner at the Mansion House on a recent occasion).

BY THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.



I LOVE the LORD MAYOR with his chain of
gold,
And his Ninth of November Show,
It has all come down from the days of old,
And down may it ever go.
I love the City, the jolly old place!
The Cap of Maintenance, and the Mace.

I love the old Aldermen, brave old boys,
May their shadows be never less !
And their good old fashioned convivial joys,
I love them, I must confess,
Traditional turtle, and venison haunch,
And capon to line his Worship's paunch.

I love the Recorder, the Sheriffs too,
The Remembrancer likewise,
The Swordbearer is a hero who
Is glorious in my eyes ;
And my esteem and my reverence
For the City Marshal are immense.

The Toastmaster, and the Loving Cup,
Do I also love right well;
And may Swanhopping be still kept up
Whilst the River's tide shall swell!
I love the Mansion House, and Guildhall,
And Gog and Magog, I love it all.

I love the magnificent Civic Barge,
With paint and gold that flames.

And floats the old citizens, and their large
Proportioned, blooming dames.
My love for the Civic Coach of State,
And liveries blazing, is no less great.

I love the old notion of grand display,
And feeding rich and gross,
And I love the City Arms, I say,
And *Domine, dirige Nos!*
A dagger gules on an argent field,
Good luck to the good old gallant shield!

The Metage I love, and I love the tolls,
And I love all the City dues,
I rejoice in paying the tax on coals,
Which the journalists abuse ;
I am willing and happy to help maintain
The pomp of the Civic Monarch's reign.

I love St. Stephen's, I love St. Paul's;
May never Improvement mar
The little that's left of the City walls,
I love dear old Temple Bar;
And declare the proposal to pull it down
High Treason against the Civic Crown.

I love all those banners, and all that plate,
And I love that enormous pine,
And those heaps of fruit; I will also state
That I love this glass of wine.
May such good things here ever abound,
And here is my love to all around!

THE SHILLING THAT SIDNEY DID NOT "BLEED."

"MR. PUNCH.

"If you please I am a little 'Blue,'—that is I am a little Blue-coat schoolboy, and have if you please to complain of LORD MAYOR SIDNEY, who owes me a bun and a shilling, as also to all the other Blues; and I do hope that you will try and get it for me, as six of us put our halfpennies together every week, and always take you in. So, there's a good fellow, give a chap a leg."

"It wasn't our fault that LORD MAYOR SIDNEY wasn't elected. I suppose it was thought better that a real Duke—(isn't he a big one, too?) that wears a red coat and is gone to bleed for his country, as we say *pro patriâ mori*,—would be fitter. As JEM TOGGS said—'It was helmet against tea-pot—laurels against sloe-leaf'—and so the Duke got it. But that is no reason, as I say, that LORD MAYOR SIDNEY should spit his spite upon us Blues, and not give us the shilling and the bun, which have always been given, as I heard Monitor CAMDEN say, from the time up when WHITTINGTON and his Cat was Lord Mayor. Well, I wouldn't be shabby, I wouldn't, if I was a Lord Mayor! Only a shilling, too, and by rights—(as ISAAC

GRESHAM says—he's a monitor, and such a head for arithmetic)—according to the rise of money from that time, the shilling ought to be at least ten pounds—about which there is some talk among us of going to Parliament—at least ten pounds, not but what the shilling and the bun are all we ask for.

"Please, *Mr. Punch*, give us a help. And could you put in a picture of the LORD MAYOR—a regular cut you know—LORD SIDNEY buttoning up his pocket with the shilling inside of it, and the baker outside not allowed to bring in the buns, and all the 'Blues' about the Mayor—and the Mayor looking mean, and some of the Blues savage?"

"I'm sure you could do this, with more out of your own head. Do, there's a good fellow. Work upon his feelings like fleas, and get the Shilling and the Bun, for

"Your Constant Readers.

"THE BLUES."

"P.S. If you put this in, we'll buy two more copies. I'd almost forgot to say that some of us are awfully in debt, having—according to the ancient custom of the school—spent the shilling before getting it, which makes it difficult. I owe every copper of my money, and BILL RUMMINS has licked me twice already, and threatens to take out the whole sum in black eyes. So, dear old *Punch*, do pitch into the Mayor."

TO THOSE WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

WITH very pleasurable emotion *Punch* has seen a subscription set on foot for our soldiers' wives and children. Such a cause needed no eloquence to plead it, and a whole page of the *Times* filled with names of subscribers is a sufficient proof that the appeal has met with a liberal response. Charitable England has nobly done her duty, and has become trustee for the fatherless and widows—as far at least as her army is concerned.

Nevertheless *Punch* has still a couple of questions to ask his readers—he means, of course, the British nation generally. The first of these is, Have we no Sailors? And the second, Have our Sailors no children?

We are lyrically told, we know, that

"There's a sweet little cherub sits smiling aloft,
To keep watch for the life of poor JACK."

Nevertheless poor JACK does sometimes lose his life, even in fighting against Russians. And in such case we are not informed by what cherubic influence his widow and orphans will be kept from the workhouse. Surely then, with respect to the subscriptions aforesaid, we ought to speak with emphasis of the *United Service*.

Osten-Sacken Decorated.

THE Czar has decorated the General for his glorious victory at Odessa; a victory crowned by the destruction of the French and English fleets, and the capture of their respective crews, now on their way, marching to the music of their fetters, to Siberia. The order sent by NICHOLAS to the conqueror was the "Order of St. Andrew." As NICHOLAS is said to be fond of a grim joke, why not make it the "Order of St. Merry Andrew?"

TRUE TO THE LETTER.

CONSIDERING the delays that occur in sending out letters to our sailors now on active service, we cannot help suggesting, as a free translation of the familiar quotation, *Litera Scripta Manet*—a letter written (for the Baltic) remains (at the Post Office.)

PUNCH AMONG THE PAINTERS. No. 3.

In the rooms at last—and recovering from the glare of gilt frames, and the blaze of scarlet coats and red robes, and the supernatural lights on ladies' hair, and the dead white and carmine of naked bodies!

Oh for a dewy sward under my feet, green shade and silence about me, and sweet air to breathe, instead of this blaze of canvasses, this flush of spring bonnets—this buzz of low voices, and shuffle of many feet—this villainous atmosphere of carbonic acid gas. What wonder that my eye turns gratefully to that full-fed stream-bank, where the water-grasses, and bushy willows, and graceful birches come crowding down to look at themselves in the still water, leaden with reflection of the thunder-clouds, from under which the sun gleams out with a watery eye upon the summer fallows?

Here is the very landscape I was praying for; I need not look into my catalogue to see that it is marked with the name of ANTHONY. True, down to the leathern gaiters of that lazy old bailiff or keeper, reclining, careless of rheumatism, by the young man in corduroy, to whom he has entrusted his gun, and who, I regret to see, is basely slouching for a shot at the innocent water-hens. May the dank grass punish them both with aches and cramps, as it assuredly will, if they lie there long. The painter has painted nobler landscapes, but never a truer one, and the aspect of the sky, the character of the vegetation, and the whole "lay" of the place are faithful transcripts of English nature.

It is true that they lack the slippery conventional dash of MR. LEE, who writes R.A. after his name, which MR. ANTHONY does not; true also, that to chasten any pleasure with which the recognition of honest eyes and minds might reward the painter, the Hanging Committee have rejected the other pictures he sent—"pour encourager les autres."

On the same paternal principle, too, it may be that MR. GLASSE'S *Desert March* has been hung well out of sight over the entrance-door. But it serves him right. Has MR. ABRAHAM COOPER painted Arabs, and their tents, and their mares, and their "maidens,"—as I am sure he calls them—for every exhibition these twenty years, and is he to be faced out of countenance by a young whipper-snapper, who dares to put desert ground under his horse's feet, and a desert sun in the sky, and to fling blue desert shadows over the hot ground—whose Arabs are

"Long, and lean, and brown,
As is the ribbed sea-sand,"

instead of the sleek gentlemen at eighteenpence per hour, with whom MR. ABRAHAM COOPER delights to people the Sahara? At their peril who dare to attempt, and—still worse—to succeed, in Arab subjects when MR. ABRAHAM COOPER is of the Hanging Committee?

But one word to MR. GLASSE. Why paint *Cœur de Lions* and *Saladin*, when you might paint *Abu Youssef* and *Sidi El Hamets*? Wherein is a March of Crusaders a more kindly subject for the brush, than a *Caflek* on its way to El Caaba; or a Toorkman horde on *chappow*—pardon my parade of Orientalism; but I have been bitten by "Eöthen" and MR. LAYARD—or a Desert tribe shifting its quarters on the Metidjah? Why go back to the imagined thing, when the reality subsists in forms as full of colour, and with the actualities of visible existence about it, to boot? I am the more urged to ask this question, because I fancy that I can see, in the Exhibition of this year, that our painters are beginning to show an apprehension of this truth—that for Art to be a living thing amongst us, she must deal with subjects and themes from life, or at least subjects in which the universal life of humanity is reflected, though the garb and period be not our own. I hasten with pleasure to note every symptom of this happy change, and as the pleasantest and most masterly example, I do not need that dense ring of appreciating lookers-on—every one a critic—to guide me to MR. FRITH'S picture of *Ramsgate Sands*.

Shake hands, MR. FRITH. Allow me to introduce you to MR. JOHN LEECH, a gentleman who has been painting in black and white, year after year, month after month, week after week, graceful, true, and homely pictures of English life, but not more graceful, true, or homely, than this beautiful work of yours. Can I give you higher praise than to say that this is a picture after his own heart, (with the addition of unmatched dexterity in the use of the painter's tools,) alike exquisite in colour, drawing, and arrangement. MR. PUNCH hails in you a brother illustrator of the life round about us; not by any means a heroic life; unromantic enough in its employments, tame and vulgar enough in its amusements, poor and colourless in the cut and hue of its clothes, but still human, after your fashion and mine—something every one who comes here can understand and feel a living sympathy with, such as was never yet felt for all the gallants of the time of CHARLES THE SECOND, and LOUIS THE FOURTEENTH, and GEORGE THE FIRST, on whom you have been so long wasting your great skill and fine sense of humour. Why not, having thus begun, go on and be the HOGARTH of our day and generation?

Here, it is true, you have chosen a subject which confines you, mainly, to the trivial and common-place; a cockney *dolce far niente* is all you can make of it, with such touches of humour and satire as that admits, but with very small room for emotion or affection. Yet even in this way something might have been done without jarring against an

untruth. Suppose that in the midst of all this lazy enjoyment of sunshine and sea air, these lounging ladies and flirting widows, and vacant old gentlemen, and fussy old ladies, and happy sand-pie-making children, and their suite of Savoyards, and mountebanks, and donkey drivers, you had introduced, say some pallid, sickly darling of a young mother, brought from the reeking city to the sea-side in the faint hope of bringing back the blood to the pale cheek, and the fullness to the thin pulse, with the mother hovering about it, absorbed in her feeble charge, forgetting all the gaiety and movement round her, or only remembering it in the effort to kindle interest and amusement in her ailing little one. By this or some such incident, you might have supplied the note of human affection which is wanting to make up every complete harmony of common life, and by help of this the gaiety and enjoyment of your full-grown folks and the lusty gladness of your children would have acquired a double value.

Having done so much, however, I have no right to quarrel with you for not having done more, nor do I mean what I have said in the way of disparagement or dissatisfaction. On the contrary, I am thankful to you, and so is the public. May their delight cheer you on to better things of the same kind. More skilfully rendered common life cannot be, but you may find deeper themes in it, and chapters that shall awaken a profounder and more wholesome mood in those who come to look and to admire.

THE MUSICAL OPERATIVES.



E have now two operas in full swing—or, rather, in full play; one an opera for the millionaire, and the other an opera for the million. Both are successful, and yet both are distinct from each other, the Royal Italian Opera being distinguished by its *distingué* air, while Drury Lane appeals to a public of a less exclusive character. We are quite sure there is room for both, and we are disposed to welcome the establishment of a cheap opera such as that

at Drury Lane, where, if everything is not quite first-rate, it is excellent for the money.

We must warn the directors, however, against creeping away by degrees from their original plan of a "cheap opera." Already an extra shilling has been rather suddenly added to the price of one tier of boxes, and there are symptoms of a small disposition to ape the "fashionable arrangements" of the other house which, though all very well at the Opera, *par excellence*, are not likely to improve the prospects of the cheap establishment. An announcement has been put forth about enforcing the rules as to evening costume in certain parts of the house according to the plan adopted at Her Majesty's and the Royal Italian Opera. If people are to be victimised by having to resort to all the inconveniences which make up what is called "evening dress," entailing "low necks" on the ladies and "light kids" on the gentlemen rendering it necessary to make an expensive and uncomfortable thing of what ought to be a cheap and pleasant amusement, the affair will sink into a hollow sham, and a very empty one too, instead of growing into a successful reality.

People who have plenty of occupation in the day, don't want an hour's work in getting themselves up, regardless of outlay, in order to hear a little good music in the evening. We are not the advocates of muddy highlows and bearskin coats as an appropriate costume for the theatre, but we have also an aversion to tawdry finery on the women, and mosaic jewellery on the men, with gloves on the hands of both which reveal, by a terrific odour of turpentine, the cleaning process which has been resorted to.

By the way, while we are on the subject of operatic costume, we must protest against the admission at either house, of individuals wearing round their chests leather straps, such as the Police regulations require to be worn by busmen and cab-drivers. The pretence with which these leathern straps are worn at the Opera, is to carry a case for an opera-glass; but the arrangement savours so thoroughly of the cab-rank, that we trust some regulation will be adopted at both houses to put an end to the practice.

THE BOYS AND THE LAMPS



THE street into which the windows of our club look is more favoured by the boys than any other thoroughfare in London: for it provides them with the greatest number of never ending gratuitous amusements. There is not anything which those who have money pay to see, that the boys do not in their own simpler style, see here for nothing. The Polytechnic with its new inventions in science and mechanics is paralleled by the tin locomotives with the cotton-wool smoke that run up and down the board; the properties of condensed air are shown in the Pop-goes-the-Weasel pistols—the elasticity of metals by the penny Bogies with the hideous red heads and white rabbits' fur wigs who spring out of the boxes; and the power of the lever by the company of frogs who are for ever jerking themselves up by their cobbler's wax'd tails, from the tea-tray. The *Kolner Manner Gesang Verein* does not amuse its refined audiences so much as the Ethiopian Musical Union, with its quartette party of banjo, fiddle, tambourine, and bones, does the boys: they fraternise as freely with the sable *ELLA*, in the high shirt collar and drugged trowsers, who conducts from the opposite kerb, as the patricians do with the real director on the sofas at *WILLIS's*.

The boys also find their Zoological Gardens (when somebody else gives a penny) in the Happy Family. There is nothing so amusing in the Regent's Park as the raven who cannot balance himself on his perch because the monkey has tugged all the feathers from his tail. When the snow and frost came, whilst the street was yawning for its new sewers and gas-pipes, they had all the excitement of crossing the Glacier des Bossus brought to their own doors for nothing. *MARIO* is not so great to the subscribers in *A te O cara*, as *CHANTING JOE* in *Ben Bolt*; and the Philharmonic Orchestra is as nothing by the side of the brass-band at the gin-shop.

People pay to see Zulu Kaffirs—the boys hear the Lascar perform on the oyster-barrel drum for nothing. There is a huge organ comes occasionally with a moving series of views in front that forms at once the boys' Gallery of Illustration and Cyclorama and Promenade Concert. Their Chiswick Fête is the long barrow of musk, mignonette, and geraniums that passes slowly along the street; their Holland Park Gathering the feats of the acrobats (whom folks saw for money at Christmas in brighter dresses in the Pantomime), accompanied by the two Scotch boys with the bagpipes; and there is not a "screaming farce" at any theatre that provokes such roars as *Mr. Punch*, when after a severe chastisement on the back of his head he says, "How hard the wind blows!"

And, lastly, no pyrotechnical display at the Surrey Gardens, or Vauxhall ever came up to what the boys in our street saw for nothing when the oil-and-colourman's was burnt down. Talk of the Panopticon Fountain, with its 97 feet column of water—the great brewery engine that night sent its jet above 120! The boys again had the best of it.

But they were never so much in their glory as they were in this street, on the evening of the *QUEEN's* birthday. (May they grow up to men, and still find pleasure in the same anniversary.) We had a crown, and a *V* and an *R*—all in good old-fashioned variegated lamps; not that flaunting, flaring, flashing, flickering, flitting, flaming, fluctuating, fluttering gas affair, that somebody said, on the dingy fronts of the houses, always looked like a diamond brooch on a dirty man in corduroys—but the device of infancy and Vauxhall, and the Crown and Anchor ball-room of the days when we went to fairs. The boys lingered about the street all day long, and we could observe from time to time they criticised the arrangement from the pavement opposite. But the excitement began when the oily man arrived with the ladder to light up. By that mysterious communication, which acts with some subtle and unknown influence amongst street children, they began at once to assemble. Our attention was first called to the fact, by a troop of six or seven, who came out of a court in marching order, singing a measured chorus of "Ba-bal-loon! Ba-bal-loon! Ba-bal-loon!" There was no balloon in the air to evoke the cry, as we had sometimes seen on summer Mondays. But there was, we imagine, a link with a "gala"—(what is a "gala" practically,

beyond an additional gallon of oil in some old lamps on an older device?)—and this was enough to excite enthusiasm.

The first boy who came was a sturdy chap of six. He had no jacket; and his trowsers, the feet of which began where their normal knees had originally been, were kept up, in a wonderful manner, by half a brace. He took possession of the high kerb-stone against the foot of the lamp-post, and there he sat. It was his private box. The "omnibus" party next arrived. They also occupied the edge of the pavement, with their feet in the gutter; but they were not comfortable. There was a troublesome spirit amongst them in a comforter, crossed over an old feather tippet, and a Glengarry cap, that had been worn till it was demiglobular in shape, more like a grey fez without a tassel. He was, by dint of superior strength and the fulcrum of the lamp-post, constantly pushing the whole party along the kerb, as the clown does the bodies of the parochial, foreign, and constabulary victims in front of *Punch's* show. He had learned it from them. At last, a bigger boy carrying a bird-cage—who had evidently been expected back, wherever it was, for the last half-hour—pitched the Glengarry into the road. The owner rose to get it; the rank closed up, and he was deposed. He immediately tried to take possession of the private box at the lamp-post, and a combat was the result, which ended in both being nearly run over by a Hansom, and so dispersed.

An encampment of light infantry was now set up, consisting of four street babies and their nurses, whose united ages might have amounted to 25. The tenacity of life in these babies was remarkable. They were pitched about like school-bolsters prepared for a match; and thrown over the shoulders like Scotch plaids; and let fall on the paving-stones; and dragged up by their one arm, and generally ill-treated; but kept up a wonderful hilarity through it all, trying to clutch their nurses' noses, and dig out their eyes, and crowing and laughing, and suffering from indigestion, and wanting their noses blown perpetually.

All this time the lighting up went on to the admiration of the audience; and at last there was a very good "House." But the want of incident in the spectacle soon began to be apparent. The boys got restless and quarrelsome: we saw the wisdom of the French Government in constantly keeping the people amused. They bothered the babies, and commenced such wanton and unprovoked attacks upon the weaker powers as the *EMPEROR OF RUSSIA* might have been proud of. At last when a star at the corner flared up all at once, in gas, they gave a cheer and ran off in a body, to it: leaving us to reflect upon the instability of public favour, which is all very well till a brighter star rises, and the old favourite goes down at once without even a recollection. For if men are but children of a larger growth, then is the conduct of the boys greatly to be regarded.

Perfect Abandonment.

NICHOLAS complains, in his *St. Petersburg Journal*, of certain expressions being brought up in judgment against him, which were never intended seriously at the time, but were simply thrown off in the freedom of conversation, and the unguarded familiarity of gentlemanly "abandon." In our opinion, "abandon" is the very expression best suited to the case, for, as construed by the words and acts of *NICHOLAS*, it means the entire abandonment of "a Gentleman," which is precisely the fault he—poor injured Saint—is accused of.

GALLANT SOULS.—The Militia regiments have evinced so much spirit that to give it employment they are going to be embodied.

RUSSIAN COOKERY.



UNDER this head may be included three dishes; one provided expressly for the Czar; another prepared for discussion amongst Foreign Ministers and Consuls, and a third done up for the swallow of the Russian people. The dishes alluded to are so many versions of a story: as for example, that of the bombardment of Odessa. We subjoin samples of these concoctions. They are all addressed to NICHOLAS; but—

The First is Private and Confidential.

"SIRE,—With the greatest regret I have the honour to inform your Majesty that, in revenge for a shot or two fired on a flag of truce, all the works of this town have been bombarded and utterly destroyed by the enemy's steamers, with the exception of the commercial mole. The shipping protected by the mole, and the town itself, were unaccountably spared; but all the vessels of the Imperial mole were burnt. The powder-magazine has been blown up; seven hundred men have been killed, and three times that number wounded. I have the melancholy satisfaction of assuring your Majesty that I did all in my power to avert the calamity; but the men were shot down at their guns; and, I am sorry to add, had to be pricked up to them by the swords of their officers. I may, however, congratulate your Majesty on the blunder committed by the enemy in sparing the commercial mole and the city; which latter was occupied by soldiers, the inhabitants having all fled.

"OSTEN-SACKEN."

The Second is Diplomatic.

SIRE,—The allied fleets of France and England have bombarded this city and its defences, on the groundless pretence of our having fired on one of their boats carrying a flag of truce. Thanks to the valour of Your Majesty's gallant troops, whose loss has been small, the invaders were repelled after inflicting some trifling injury on the Imperial works, and a fortunately inconsiderable amount of wanton damage on our peaceful city. Nothing could equal the courage of the brave soldiers, except the fortitude of the faithful citizens. These, during the bombardment, thronged the churches, imploring protection for themselves and pardon for their enemies, who, schooled by the chastisement which they have received, will, it may be hoped, hesitate in future to attempt the crime of spreading devastation and slaughter amid the pacific dwellings of commerce.

"OSTEN-SACKEN."

The Third is Intended for Home Circulation.

"SIRE,—Again, by the favour of St. NICHOLAS and the blessing of St. ALEXANDER NEWSKI, a glorious victory has crowned your Majesty's arms.

"The combined French and English fleets, men of war and steamers, numbering a thousand sail, have bombarded Odessa for forty-eight hours, providentially with no effect but the displacement of a few stones of the fortifications, and the demolition of a house which belonged to a Jew, and of a Latin Church.

"Our loss amounts to two men killed and five wounded. Seven hundred of the enemy's ships have been sunk, and two hundred set on fire and blown up.

"This glorious result is to be attributed to the heroism of your gallant soldiers, inspired and aided by SS. NICHOLAS and ALEXANDER. Whilst the priests of the Orthodox Church, in her sacred temples, surrounded by adoring multitudes, amid showers of shot, shells, and rockets, were chanting the praises and invoking the help of the patrons of holy Russia, behold a miracle! Those two celestial champions descended from the clouds; and whilst one of them stopped the balls of the enemy, the other helped the men to point their guns.

"Under these circumstances, I have directed a *Te Deum* to be sung in all our churches.

"OSTEN-SACKEN."

Thus, in Russian cookery, the dishes served to the Emperor are plain; those dressed for ambassadors and diplomatic agents are more spicy; and the richest and most highly seasoned are composed for the common people. Simple viands are esteemed a luxury, and nobody but the Czar tastes truth *au naturel*.

HALF-AND-HALF JUSTICE.

A POLICE case reported in the papers of the 18th instant seems to us to contain far too good a joke to be lost. We therefore willingly secure it immortality by insertion in our columns.

One TIMOTHY REECE, a tailor, but described nevertheless as "a tall powerful fellow," was charged with having brutally assaulted his wife, "an elderly woman with grey hair." The outrage is thus described by the policeman:—

"The woman was stretched upon the ground, and the man, who was holding her by the legs, was in the act of throwing her out of the room. The moment he caught sight of me he ran back into the room and slammed the door to. I turned the woman over, and found she was perfectly senseless, her mouth full of blood, and her tongue, which was quite black, was protruding two inches from her mouth. I held her head in my lap for about a quarter of an hour, during which time I bathed her temples continually with cold water, by which means she at last came round, and the landlord of the house then carried her to his own room. I then saw that her face was fearfully bruised, her eyes both confused and swollen, and in the passage I found as much grey hair as I could hold in my hand. She complained of great pain also in her side, saying that her husband had severely kicked her, and she expressed her intention to give him into custody."

On the trial, however, the wife showed (as usual) "an obvious anxiety to screen the prisoner," and alleged that "she could not recollect anything that happened to her, except that she fell down, and struck her head." The prisoner had likewise a convenient forgetfulness, and "remembered nothing that occurred, except that his wife came home, and fell down." He could not, however, deny the recollection of having had "a month's imprisonment before for assaulting his wife."

Upon this the decision—judgment, in any sense, we cannot call it—was as follows:—

"MR. D'EYNCOURT.—I have no doubt whatever that these injuries upon your wife have been inflicted by you, but the evidence is not sufficient to justify me in putting the law into full force against you, and I therefore sentence you to be committed to the House of Correction for three months and kept to hard labour."

The "full force" of the law in such offences as this is six months' imprisonment, with hard labour: not too strong a dose in any case, and especially not in one like the present, where there had been a previous conviction. But as the outrage was not, in his opinion, fully proved, Mr. D'EYNCOURT was unwilling fully to sentence. He therefore split the difference, and let the prisoner half off.

This idea of giving half punishments for half-proved offences certainly appears to us both novel and ingenious. If the precedent be followed, we suppose a plea of "half guilty" will be shortly introduced; and in cases of murder, where the crime is only half proved, the criminal will be sentenced to be only half hung for it. "Never do things by halves" is obviously not one of Mr. D'EYNCOURT's legal maxims. Still we should advise him for the future to try and give rather more decided decisions. For ourselves we have certainly but little taste for that judicial half-and-half which it seems is now served at the bar of the Worship Street Police Court.

STEADY, CABMAN, STEADY.

It appears that the cabowners and cabdrivers of the Metropolis, irritated at their cruel persecution by the public, who insist on cabs being clean, cabmen civil, and fares *à la carte*, have been zealously organising a subscription avowedly designed to pay the fines and other expenses to which owners or drivers of cabs may be subjected by conviction of breach of the law.

Very good. But when cabmen conspire, Parliament men must combine, and Mr. FITZROY will probably be requested to introduce the following brief Act into the House, and get it passed before the recess:

TITLE.

An Act to amend an Act made and passed, &c., and commonly known as the New Cab Act.

PREAMBLE.

Whereas by the above Act, Magistrates are empowered to inflict pecuniary penalties on those who break it: And whereas this won't do: Be it enacted as follows:

- I. Such power shall be abolished.
- II. In all cases of convictions under the said Act, the sentence shall be Incarceration, with or without hard labour.
- III. (Interpretation Clause). This Act shall be interpreted without any nonsense; and if there be a doubt, the prosecutor is to have the benefit of such doubt.

Possibly this hint may have the effect of stopping an ill-advised subscription, against which Mr. Punch strongly cautions gentlemen who have the temporary honour of being his coachmen.

PUNCH AT THE PLAY.

"THE KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE,"

At the Haymarket Theatre, is a positive success. The piece will not limp a few nights, but run very many. Very deceptive to the unsophisticated in the ways of playhouses are the glories of first nights. The curtain descends to a thunder of applause: sometimes, it is true, like the thunder of *Festus*, it is "battered thunder." Cries for the author, cries deep as human sympathies, and loud as lion's lungs, demand the appearance of the magician. The wizard who has waved his wand for the last two or three hours, stirring men as housewives stir gruel, is called for to be worshipped and stared at. He is demanded, as men would shout to behold a new-fledged phoenix. That gifted creature—after a decent interval—comes forward! He is only a man after all. The audience subside somewhat from their adoration upon credit; almost convinced that the author is human, even like themselves. The author bows—once, twice, thrice; according to his capacity for gratitude, and retires into *chiaroscuro*, whither in two or three nights he is faithfully followed by his piece. This, nine times and three-quarters out of ten, is the supplement to a first night's triumph. Of all the primal thunders of applause, there lingers not an echo loud enough to wake a weazel. A few, few nights and the whilom rapturous author has only memory of the one night to console and strengthen him. "The author bowed from his box!" This, at least, is something. It may, haply, make a line in his epitaph, winding up, with "full-mouth'd diapason," the strain of posthumous praise—"He bowed from his box!"

The Knights of the Round Table is from the French; how much, or how little, we know not. But a piece—that piece, we hear, but make no affidavit to the fact—disembowelled from a French novel and called *Les Chevaliers du Lansquenet*, was in the May of 1850 fashionable at the Ambigu-Comique. That piece has been naturalised by MR. PLANCHÉ, the hero of a thousand like graceful conquests. We had rather that the Knights had been lawful issue of English pen-and-ink; nevertheless, they take to the climate very kindly. We know there is a sort of critic who thinks every play on London boards all the better if originally raised in Paris; to him comedy, like claret, can only be grown in French soil. Now we should have thought none the worse—haply, a little better—of the *Knights* (sharpers and swindlers all), had they been downright English BARRINGTONS, and not CLAUDE DUVALS. Nevertheless, MR. PLANCHÉ has made out for them very excellent letters of naturalisation with befitting emblazonments, as becomes united Pendragon and Rouge-dragon.

The plot is capitably tangled and capitably unwound. It is now all full of knots, and now one clear thread. The characters are many. There are the "knights"—sharpers and swindlers. A broken-down gentleman becomes teacher of the horn and the small sword. A young country gentleman, hearty and generous. A heroine—stolen by gipsies—who is slowly developed through many difficulties into a countess—and a mantua-maker, simple, though not as starched, as quaker muslin. Now all these are shaken together; again shaken; again and again, and at length take their proper places and meet with their exceeding great but due reward. At the end *Captain Cozens* staggers with *Tom Tittler's* sword through his body, and *Perdita* and *Sir Ralph*, and *Poplin* and *Tom Tittler* are in a way to become man and wife and to live happy ever after.

The Haymarket company is not a strong one. Let flattery do its best or worst, and even flattery could not coolly say as much. Nevertheless, MR. PLANCHÉ has been fortunate; inasmuch as all the parts have so fallen as to be well fitted. The hero of the drama is, truly, *Tom Tittler*—the ubiquitous and potent *Tom*. He drops down a chimney with the *à plomb* (we may twitter French on such an occasion) of a practical sweeper, and by means of rudest poker, disarms the hang-dog *Smith*, cunning as he deems himself at fence. BUCKSTONE was ripe as a ripe peach in *Tom*; turning just as sunny a face upon all things. His words, too, came with a flavour of richness that, at times, had withal a rare delicacy. Take, as a bite of the peach, the scene in which he declares his love for *Perdita*, and the manner in which he digests her refusal. MR. VANDENHOFF'S *Captain Cozens* is all to nothing his best effort in the modern drama. Cold, subtle, venomous, he seems as though he lived on snakes; a swindler whose syllables are drops of poison. Another phase of scoundrel is the *Smith* of COMPTON. Our contempt of the knave is, a great deal of it, merged in forced admiration of the constitutional coldness of stomach with which he swallows his wine, prepared aforethought, "with heroic magnitude of mind," not to pay for it. He is penniless; but he is great in his poverty: he has consumed a most luxurious dinner, and he dimly smiles with the sense of a successful thief. His stomach is no other than a place for marine-stores, and he is proud of his last acquisition. He is a swindler with a great serenity. MR. W. FARRER very nicely discriminated the character of *Sir Ralph Bootle*. There was the true country air in the young man just of age, who had not been in London "since he was in short coats." He wants what

practice will give him, self-control in scenes of pathos and deep feeling; but he promises to be a good actor: and we hope, for his own sake and for the name he bears, in the fulfilment of the promise. Little CLARK—the cherry-stone comedian, for upon the smallest cherry-stone he will always cut you something comic, defined, and sharp—had to do very little as *Dick*; but, as usual, made his deep, incisive little mark. Miss REYNOLDS was pathetic and natural as *Perdita*; and MRS. FITZWILLIAM by turns blithe, cordial, and tender-hearted, with her varying fortunes.

The drama has been carefully produced. The scenery very good; the more especially a view of Hampstead (which SIR THOMAS WILSON never shall build upon). In a word, *The Knights of the Round Table* have come very seasonably to the Haymarket, and we have little doubt will play the town out of a large amount of money; though with this paradox—the town will be the gainer, whether it stake for gallery, pit, stalls, or boxes.

TEETOTAL TENDERNESS.



UTTERBOSH is a gentle teetotaller. He is all for sweetness and softness; a man whose heart is melted honey continually running out upon the platform. Thrice happy, thrice prosperous cause, that secures his Platonic eloquence—for had not baby PLATO his bees in the cradle, even as BUTTERBOSH has his bees and buzz at the meetings of the Universal Brotherhood of the World's Teapot? But BUTTERBOSH is—he mildly confesses to the fact—a man of letters. He has mixed with men of letters. They are a sad set, all of them. When they shine, they only shine as raisins flame blue, from burnt brandy. BUTTERBOSH could weep, because he *does* weep, when he reflects upon the intemperance of his fallen brethren,

the literary men! It is very good of BUTTERBOSH. A few days ago—why does he not speak oftener?—he "enlarged on the Moral and Religious Advantages of Abstinence?" Very good. Abstinence from what? From evil-speaking, lying, and slandering? Oh no! he never dwelt upon such weakness. No.

"His observations among literary men had furnished proof, that not only the humbler but the superior classes suffered fearfully from the curse of intoxicating potations. As but one of many cases, that of THOMAS CAMPBELL, author of the 'Pleasures of Hope,' was tenderly alluded to."

This is so like BUTTERBOSH. Tenderly alluded to! Poor Tom's grave was scratched, not by jackal, but by a meek water-rat. But TOM CAMPBELL—who has left a legacy, a national legacy, in that grand song that now rises above the Baltic winds, that now shouts above the surges of the Black Sea, that song—"Ye Mariners of England,"—he can be affectionately mauled in his coffin; for "poor Tom's a-cold," and may therefore be exhumed as a dreadful example to the philanthropic Universal Brotherhood of the World's Teapot. The strong singer is dead—the Minstrel of the Main is silent,

"And his tongue lies a tuneless instrument;"

therefore may BUTTERBOSH softly bray above him. Poor Tom! He was "tenderly alluded to!" SIR JOHN MANDEVILLE talks of crocodiles—crocodiles of pathos—that "do eat men weepingly." BUTTERBOSH might have been one of these crocodiles; for he mumbles dead men's reputations tenderly, that is "weepingly."

The Administration of the Army.

TELL the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF to tell the SECRETARY AT WAR to tell the SECRETARY OF STATE for the HOME DEPARTMENT to tell the SECRETARY of the COMMISSARIAT DEPARTMENT, that the troops are required to march immediately, and are waiting for shoes.



GOOD NEWS! REAL SENTIMENT!

The Lady Emmeline. "NO, DEAREST CONSTANCE, I AM NOT UNHAPPY, THESE ARE TEARS OF JOY! FOR SEE HOW THE DEAR LORD AUBREY WRITES—(Reads an advertisement)—'I have much pleasure in giving my testimony to the skill of Professor Puffenburg, who has extracted two very troublesome corns without causing me any pain.—De Belgrave.' DEAR, DEAR AUBREY, THEN YOU ARE HAPPY!"

TIGHT LACING IN THE ARMY.



We hear sad accounts from the seat of war of gaunt guardsmen fainting under the effects of tight lacing: and though there may be something interesting in a delicate young creature "going off" into a sufficient amount of swoon to justify the tender application of smelling-bottles and *Eau de Cologne*, there is a melancholy absurdity in the idea of a brawny Coldstream requiring a sprinkling of iced water on his mahogany brow, and having his lungs relieved from oppression by

HE press occasionally favours us with an estimate of the number of female lives that are sacrificed to tight lacing; but we wish that somebody would furnish particulars of the mortality arising from tight lacing in the army. Effeminacy is not now a failing with which our officers can be charged, but the military practice of tightening the waist-band to a most uncomfortable degree, is less adapted to the stalwart wearer of the coat of mail than to the slim occupant of the petticoats of female.

the application of a stout pair of shears to rip up the seams of his jacket.

Another grievance under which our army is groaning, or rather gasping, is the Regulation leather stock or black choker, which takes our gallant fellows by the throat in the most violent manner. It may remind the soldier of the ties of home, to have his neck encircled by one of those ties, the wearing of which is the stiffest job he has to perform on parade; but though it is desirable that the soldier should never bend the neck or bow the head to the enemy, it is a pity that apoplexy or suffocation should be the occasional price of his erect attitude. If our troops are left to faint under the tightness of their cravats and jackets, a whole regiment, instead of being able to "support," "carry," or "recover arms," will be obliged to use their best exertions in "supporting," "carrying," and "recovering" one another.

The Doctor's Pen-Wiper.

DOCTOR RAFFLES—the papers tell us—was recently arrested in Italy for having "in his writing-desk a pen-wiper which assumed the shape and colour of a cockade." We hardly think this the true cause of the Doctor's arrest: it no doubt arose from a philological blunder. The authorities may have considered the pen-wiper as a venomous, mortal article; and for this reason: in Italian there is no W; hence, for Pen-wiper, the sagacious authorities read Pen-Viper.

ANTIMONY FOR THE RUSSIANS.

THE Correspondent of the *Vienna Medical Journal* on the left bank of the Danube states the number of sick in the Russian camp to be very great. We hope that the Russian forces before long will all have had a sickening.

TYPOGRAPHY HALF-SEAS OVER

It is stated, by those who have happened to hear a tipsy person speak, that intoxication produces a peculiar effect on the voice. Judging from the imitations of this with which we have been favoured, we should say that the subjoined orthographical curiosity conveys a very accurate idea of the pronunciation of inebriety.

"The comparison is so obvious that it disposes of the whole question, and rebukes the disavowal absurdum. The only proper way of dealing with the difficulty was to insist, not on privileges and exemptions in favour of a particular religious sect, but on the immediate revocation of the whole order of proscription. These dissensions of race and of creed are precisely the cause of anarchy and weakness so Turkey which a just and tolerant Government would seek to efface, by placing every class of the population under the protection of the law, common alike to all; and, if it be really the intention of the French as well as the English Governments to convince the world that the power of the Ottoman empire can be maintained and regenerated, it is inconsistent and unwise to humble the Ministers of the Sultan by demands and threats which they cannot either resist or obey with safety."

We were aware that intemperance occasions unsteadiness of the hand. But we did not know that it produces aberrations of that member precisely corresponding to the slips into which it betrays the tongue. Such, however, appears to be the case from the above extract, which we are sorry we cannot regard as an assemblage of mere typographical errors, fortuitously expressing speech influenced by liquor. We are afraid we must regard it as the actual result of excess. It is faithfully copied from the *Rothschilds Mail*, wherein it occurs in the course of an article copied from the *Times*. It does not appear as an isolated passage, presenting itself with that abruptness which would indicate a sudden attack of insanity, but is led up to by a gentle gradation of words mis-spelt; thus suggesting that the compositor, like most people who intoxicate themselves, exemplified the proverb, *Nemo repente, &c.*; and did not get so very bad all at once. Spirituous liquor was probably at his elbow, and it would seem that the character of composition thence resulting developed itself in proportion as he got on with his toddy; the term whereby the Scotch, we believe, denominate whisky-and-water; a mixture that, in all probability, constituted our friend's beverage.

The Autocrat Laid Up.

THEY say the Czar's unwell; if so, he can Now sympathise at least with one Sick Man.



THE BLACK CHOKER.

Dedicated to the Powers that Be.

Private Jones. "HERE! HI! BILL!! C-C-C-CATCH HOLD O' MY MUSKET! MY HEAD'S C-C-C-COMING OFF!"

OUR CRITIC AMONG THE PAINTERS. No. 4.

"AND so" (exclaims M'GILF, grasping his maul-stick with an energy of protest that makes it shiver in his hand), "you would restrict art to subjects of common and contemporary life! By what right—in virtue of what principle—do you presume to shut me out from the Past, with its picturesqueness, its brighter colours, its freer and more stirring life, untrammelled by our multifarious laws and conventionalities, its wars and processions and pageants, its passions and its faith? Why am I to turn from achieved history to history in progress?"

Softly, my dear M'GILF—I lay down the same law for both the past and the present. I but insist upon it that your pictures shall reflect life, and record some action, passion, emotion, or affection of men and women of a kind to awaken some answering thought or wholesome emotion in my mind. Do this, and I do not care if your subject be taken from Regent Street or Smithfield, A.D. 1854, or the Palace of ESAR-HADDON, at Nineveh, B.C. 780, or the Colosseum of NERO, A.D. 84, or Fontainebleau in the days of FRANCIS THE FIRST, or the Battle-field of Hastings, at the downfall of our worthy old friend HAROLD. But inasmuch as minds which can apprehend the actual and the familiar are more common than imaginations which can call up the departed and give life to the past, so I believe that for one painter who can perform the latter achievement, there are five-score that could attain, at least respectably, to the former. But now I find the five-score vainly essaying the work that only the one has thews and sinews for, and, in all probability, that one employed on the work that the five-score could not utterly fail in.

Moreover I prefer the present to the past, for the very reason that, as its forms and outward garnishings are less tempting and splendid, so the painter, in treating it, is likely to be urged more to inward significance and expression—to be led from the coat to the man, from the tailors' work to the Creator's. And thus his picture must, I conceive, become nobler and loftier, more worthy of a man to do, and of men to contemplate. Remember, too, that subjects from contemporary life are not necessarily unmeaning or trivial subjects. These, whether of past or present, are always unfitted for art, though they be presented with the texture of a TENIERS, or the finish of a BREUGHEL. Neither are subjects of even the commonest life necessarily vulgar. Take HOGARTH, for example, and see how, by infusing intention into his action, and expression into his faces and figures, he dignifies the lowest theme, and gives us pictures which are books.

What I say is this: that, while you painters seek only, or chiefly, after the pleasing and the picturesque, you are degrading yourselves wilfully into mere sense-ticklers, and that the likeliest way of lifting you out of this spreading slough is to bid you look at the world round about you, and to find what in it affords scope for presentation in forms that will speak to men's thoughts through their eyes. You will quote to me the case of the old painters, how they treated themes that were not contemporary, but chiefly events from the legends of the saints and martyrs of old, or the life of him whom the saints worshipped and the martyrs died confessing. But look how they dealt with their subjects. Not with an antiquarian parade of the outward semblance of the time and place where the events befell. No—they worked with the materials round about them. The Sea of Tiberias was the nearest lake; the street of Jerusalem a scene in Florence or Ferrara; the men and women—apostles, or saints, or spectators—the painter's friends and contemporaries. And so they got true life into their works, while we, travelling to Palestine for models, skies, architecture and costume, bring back something utterly bare and barren of all life whatever. They painted the heart of a subject; we paint its shows and seemings. And because of this, I say again, that I rejoice to see one painter here and there venturing away from the past into the present.

I do not for all that wish for more of such pictures of the time as that ancient Associate MR. HOLLINS, for example, gives me. All I can say is, that his present is better than his past. But as he puts no more mind into one than the other, I can derive from him only this negative satisfaction that at least he is not now aping imagination, but honestly parading his want of it. He is painting what he sees, though what he sees is not worth painting at all.

But when MR. HUNT gives me such a picture as *The Awakened Conscience*, I feel that here is a man who comprehends some purpose of art in the world beyond pleasing my eye. I see a courageous determination to face one of the ripest evils of our time, and to read all of us youth a terrible lesson. Some tell me he has not succeeded—that his moral is obscure and his story unintelligible. I can only answer, that for my part I wish both were more of a riddle to me. I believe the main reason why this noble work and MR. HUNT's other picture of *The Light of the World* have met with comparatively little sympathy is, that most of us have ceased altogether to look to pictures for any deeper or stronger meaning than the mind can catch at a look. We have no notion now-a-days of the painter preaching us a sermon. What business has he, whose best purpose, in the ordinary conception, is to cover a given wall-space agreeably, to be knocking at our hearts or awakening our consciences?

Knock on, HENRY HOLMAN HUNT, for all that. Tell us more home-

truths. Set us face to face with our great sins again and again. Still paint our MAGDALENES, scared by the still small voice amid their bitter splendours, mocked in their misery by the careless smiles and gay voices of their undoers.

Which of us is not the better for that presentation of the woman waking from the dream of sin, meant not for the tempters only, but for the sisters of the tempted and the fallen? Why should our Exhibition lift up no voice to brand abominations against which the hard stones of our streets cry aloud, night after night?

Not that Art need dwell with pain, either. She may enshrine the common affections, as in those loving child-pictures of COPE's, where a father's fondness has guided the painter's hand. She may pleasantly whip our social follies and shams, as O'NEIL has done in that picture of *The Jury*, where the deaf and stolid twelfth man sits, like a rock, amid the clamour of his indignant brethren, locked up without meat, drink, or firing—candlelight excepted—to agree upon their verdict. Or she may sweeten the simplest little passages of life, as WEBSTER does in that village child, who shares her breakfast with the expectant dogs; or in those two works of MR. HOOK's (worth acres of his Venetian Doges, and Brides, and Banquetings) the *Rest by the Wayside*, and *A Few Minutes to wait before Twelve o'Clock*. In these a painter I always thought among the most conventional of a conventional school, has risen to truth and tenderness by contact with nature as he knows it, everyday life, and homely affections. None of these subjects are unworthy of a painter: for all read some lesson, or awaken some thought, affection, or emotion, in the spectator. I would mention, also, a roughly painted and homely canvas, of *Presbyters visiting a Village School in Scotland*. The name of the painter, STIRLING, is unfamiliar to me. The picture is hung in the Architectural Room, and excites, probably, little attention. But there is the heart of a man in it, and the hand of a painter, not masterly yet, but that will do better things.

Nor need our artists stay at home, either. But if they travel, let them return with realities, and give us not such foreign subjects as MR. UWINS paints, or MR. ABRAHAM COOPER, but such as MR. PHILLIP brings back from the streets of Seville, where existence is still picturesque. His bright and true *Letter-Writer of Seville* has found a buyer in the QUEEN, who, I am glad to learn, has become mistress also of FRITH's *Ramsgate Sands*. I congratulate HER MAJESTY on both her investments.

An example of what thought in the painter can do for a simple and poor subject is to be found in an unpretending little performance (with a new name—E. DAVIS,) which hangs near the door on the left as you enter the West Room. It is called *Meditation*, and represents an old villager, with a six days' beard, sitting by a lonely fireside, the light falling warm on a face gently saddened with old memories. You may build many a simple life-story out of that face, but I defy you to look at it and not see that the painter had some such story in his mind. The painting too, has all befitting technical merits to set off the homely pathos of the old man's gaze; and if any kind friend were to offer me my choice between this two-foot canvas and some more ambitious work not very far off, I know which I should choose.

MR. LESLIE, who rarely turns out anything that has not mind and meaning in it, has produced a *Rape of the Lock*, very graceful and courtly; but I would rather have that charming face which he has painted (under the title of *The Present*) looking in quiet satisfaction at a locket. I would have said a miniature, but that I think if it had been a miniature, there would have been more of a flush on the cheek, and more sparkle in the eyes. It is very lovely; and, when I recall a head about the same size, which he exhibited last year, and was imprudent enough to call *Juliet*, I am thankful he has not given any more distinctive name to this most winsome young lady.

DOUBTS ABOUT DRESS. BY AN OLD SOLDIER.

I HAVE KNOWN a good many military messes, but I doubt if in their clothing regulations some of our colonels have not made the greatest mess of all.

I doubt if trussing their men in such torturingly tight coats at all increases their activity in active service.

I doubt if it be possible for men to use their arms, when—thanks to stocks and cross-belts—they barely find it possible to use their lungs.

As to the stocks, I doubt if many would not quite as soon be put in the pillory. And I much doubt the truth of COLONEL MARTINET's assertion, that to make a good soldier you must begin by throttling him.

I doubt if giving our Light Cavalry such heavy accoutrements will be found to make their charges at all more formidable—except perhaps in a pecuniary sense.

Our soldiers are generally obedient to orders. Yet when a man is encased in his "regulation" clothes, I doubt if it isn't cruel mockery to bid him "stand at ease" in them.

Granted it be true that pipeclay makes the man, I doubt if the want of it would not make the happier fellow. In fine, I doubt if it be not possible to dress a raw recruit without trussing him.



ANOTHER BIT FROM THE MINING DISTRICTS

First. "WU'T TAK THY QUOAT OFF, THEN? OI TELL THEE OI'M AS GOOD A MON AS THEE!"

Second. "THEE A MON! WHOY THEE BE 'ST ONLY WALKIN' ABOUT TO SAVE THY FUNERAL EXPENSES!"

DE CZAR OB RUSSIA.

A Negro Melody.

OLE NICHOLAS, de Russian CZAR,
He set him people wid de Turks,
De English, and de French at war;
Dere nebber was sitch debble's works!
Sitch a cuttin' off heads and runnin' troo de middle,
Sitch a cuttin' off heads I nebber did see.

'Spose any Nigger 'fend his pride,
Him hab de fella's life flogged out
Wid a thousand cuts ob hard cowhide;
That there am what you call de Knout.
Sitch a cuttin' off heads, &c.

De lubly ladies, too, him whip,
Again his passions if dey runs,
He make de Knout, you knows, to strio
De tender skin ob holy Nuns.
Sitch a cuttin' off heads, &c.

De Czar him always hab his way,
He nebber care for groans and cries,
Nor what de people got to pay,
And, golly, him tell sitch whoppin lies:
Sitch a cuttin' off heads, &c.

Him take for sogers all he choose;
De Czar he play wid men at bowls:
And now him go and press de Jews,
Again deir conscience and deir souls.
Sitch a cuttin' off heads, &c.

At Petersburg de weather cold,
Most part ob de year de ribbers froze,
De spade him break again de mould,
And de North-East wind bite off de nose.
Sitch a cuttin' off heads, &c.

De Czar no like de frost and snow,
And wind dat nip him ugly face;
And so to war wid de Turks him go,
'Cause ole NICK want a hotter place
Sitch a cuttin' off heads, &c.

More hotter, praps, than him desire,
Him find himself before him done,
When dere's de French and English fire
A blazin' on de son ob a gun!
Sitch a cuttin' off heads, &c.

A LETTER FROM ANNA MARIA TO JANE HENRY,

ALL ABOUT THE LAUNCH OF THE PRINCE ALBERT AT WOOLWICH.

"MY DEAREST JANE HENRY,

"THE weather on Saturday last* was lovely. It wasn't too warm, nor too cold. The sun shone with its usual good nature—as if it was only too happy, like the best of us, to come out in its very best to see our dear little QUEEN—and as for parasols, you might have looked up to heaven all day without the slightest fear of a freckle.

"We started so early, and Papa was very angry because I wouldn't eat any breakfast. How is it, dearest, that when you are very happy, you cannot eat? I only know, if it had been my wedding-morning, I couldn't have taken less. We went along very slowly. The carriages were treading upon each other's heels all the way down. It was from London to Woolwich a perfect crush-room of vehicles.

"Every one was so polite, so kind, that we had not much difficulty in picking our way through the Dockyard. There were so many people, dear, it would have taken you all your lifetime to have counted them. Every one, too, looked so smart, that though I had on the beautiful dress, you know, that made the PARKINSONS so mad at our last picnic, still I felt half shabby, and should like to have gone back again to have put on something better;—but *n'importe!*

"You couldn't look anywhere without seeing a flag. They fluttered about in the air like so many pocket-handkerchiefs that were being waved out of window on some grand procession day when KOSSUTH, or PRINCE ALBERT, or some dear handsome fellow is going by. Each ship was decorated with them, and some of the steamers had so many colours all over them, that they reminded me of that vulgar MRS. ELMORE when she wishes to be very fine on a Sunday, and puts on all her wardrobe.

* This Letter was written a full fortnight ago—marked "Immediate"—entrusted to a private hand (MISS ALICE JONES)—and the natural consequence was that it was never delivered until yesterday.—ED.

"You have no idea what a monster of a ship the *Prince Albert* is! It is ever so tall, that in looking up to see the top of it, the bonnet nearly fell off the top of my head. You know the grand stand at Ascot. Well, I should say that it was full three times as high as that. Round it were constructed a number of seats, like the firework-gallery at Vauxhall, and these seats were crowded as on a grand opera night, with the exception that every one was in morning costume, and I cannot give you a notion of the beautiful effect it had!

"Papa wouldn't allow me to stop to admire any of the dresses, so I am sorry I cannot send you a description of those that struck me the most. We went up more staircases than there are in St. Paul's, and at last, panting and out of breath, I found myself on board the deck. Oh dear! the height was something terrible; and when I attempted to look down I am sure I shouldn't have recognised my own husband. You may have some small notion of what it was like when I tell you the bonnets looked no bigger than bouquets, and as they were all huddled close together, they presented the appearance of a handsome Brussels carpet, with a very gay pattern upon it.

"I was rather disappointed with the ship. It was very different to what I had expected. It is certainly very large; so large that, if Papa had not had on a white hat, I must have lost him over and over again. It would be a beautiful place for a ball, and I wonder it did not strike some of the officers to turn the deck to that purpose, more especially as all the things were cleared out of it. I don't know what ever the men will do when they want to sit down, because there wasn't a chair or sofa in the place. Altogether, I must say the ship looked wretchedly uncomfortable. I didn't notice a single carpet, and there was such a terrible lack of furniture that it looked as if the previous tenants had been moving, and had carried away all their goods. If the ship is to go to sea in its present state, I can only say that I am

extremely glad I am not one of the passengers. I must say, also, I do not admire much the plan upon which it is built. The staircases are extremely narrow, and very difficult to descend without knocking your head. The windows, too, are such little bits of poky things that I defy any one to look out of them, and besides they look dreadfully shabby without blinds or curtains. One curious thing which surprised me exceedingly, was that they had only a balcony at one end. Why not have a balcony all round? or you would imagine, if they had a balcony at all, they would have it in front of the ship, whereas theirs—dear JANE, don't laugh, darling—is right at the back. But it was evident all through that they sadly stood in need of a woman's superior taste to put their place to rights. The men are sad stupid at these things. And this is most incredible, if I had not particularly noticed it, they have not a fireplace in the whole ship. Whatever will the poor creatures do in the winter? It's terrible to think of it; but, however, it is just as well perhaps that they have no fireplaces because, they haven't a single chimney. Did you ever hear of anything so ridiculous?

"The *Prince Albert*, I am told, has been built with all the newest nautical improvements introduced on board, and I suppose the absence of any ropes and masts is one of them. However, I will not allude further to this, as I confess I do not understand much about such matters. A large covering was over the deck when first I went in; but, as I noticed this glass lid was taken off afterwards when we were in the middle of the river, I suppose it was only put up as a kind of awning in the event of its raining, and so far it was very kind of the dockyard people, very kind.

"We heard the people shouting down below, and the sounds of the different bands playing *God Save the Queen* came to us every now and then in soft gushes of loyal melody; but as for seeing anything, one might as well have been locked up in the nursery at home! The bulwarks—for that is the stupid name they give the walls on either side—are so high that one ought to have been on horseback to have looked over them. We were told the QUEEN had arrived; but bless you! as for being able to convince ourselves of that interesting fact, it would have been as easy for you to have seen the whitebait swimming in the water. I cried out, that it was a shame, and vowed I would leave the boat, but they stopt me, and said that not a soul was allowed to go on shore, until she was fairly off. Off, indeed! I had a good mind to leap off then and there, at once, only I was afraid of hurting myself.

"All of a sudden I heard a fearful hammering, as if a hundred thieves were trying to break into the ship. I thought of you, darling JANE, and regretted that I had not made a will before starting, leaving you all my jewellery, and letters, (with a request that you would burn them), as well as my beautiful new *glacé* silk dress that has not yet been sent home from MADAME JUPON'S. I clung to papa, but instead of comforting me, he only told me 'not to be a little silly.' The knocking was repeated, and seemed to come from right underneath the cellars. It continued for full five minutes, and then there was a dead calm, more terrible than the noise, and I expected the ship would explode, and that I should be shot like a rocket right over to the other side of the Thames. I pulled off my bracelets, and put them into my pockets to save them, when my attention was distracted by a man with a big voice calling out to 'every one on board to run about the deck.' This was done, I heard some one say, to shake the vessel—just as if we had not had shaking enough already! I implored the people to remain quiet—not to make a noise, or else we should all go to the bottom—but they wouldn't, dear,—they would go on, tramping round and round the vessel, singing and laughing all the while, as if it was the finest fun in the world. How I hated them—and what names I called them quietly to myself!

"*Tout d'un coup*—in less time than it takes to fill a glass of champagne—cries were raised of 'She's off!' I didn't know where she was off to—or where we were likely to go to—but at that moment, dear, I felt as if I would have given all I was worth—even down to dear JULIUS' portrait—to have been outside an omnibus—a market-cart—an alligator's back—anywhere but where I was! However, the people shouted—and cheered—and the band played *Rule Britannia*—and everything round me seemed so safe and happy, that, instead of going down upon my knees, I conquered my fears, and, with the quickness of the *Post Horn Gallop*, became as collected as if I were before my looking-glass. The sensation, dear JANE, was very delightful—though necessarily very brief. I felt something like the same tingle on that occasion in the conservatory when I thought the Captain was going to propose to me, and he didn't. It was a feeling of great, ecstatic, thrilling, soul-lifting happiness, such as I have experienced sometimes when winning at cards. I recollect the last time, when we played at *vingt-et-un*, and I won *four-and-sixpence at one sweep*, that the same warm, exhilarating glow shot through me, and I regretted that life was not made up entirely of such pure, unadulterated moments of divine joy. It was heavenly. This sensation—and I never shall forget it, dear, any more than my first valentine—compensated me for all the previous fright; and when I looked round, I discovered we were, strangely enough, in the middle of the Thames. Here another fear alarmed me, for I didn't know where they might be taking us to, and I trembled lest I might be

carried off to the Baltic to fight the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA; and I hadn't, dear, as much as a pair of scissors with me.

"The scene was very enlivening; at least, what I saw of it, for I do not mind telling you in confidence, my dear JANE HENRY, that it is the greatest mistake, if you wish to see a launch, to go aboard of the vessel that is launched. As for seeing, you see nothing. You are locked up in a great big vessel for four or five hours; they will not let you go, whether you don't like it or not, and you remain all that time without anything to eat or drink, unless you are wise enough to take a basket of provisions with you. Next time, I will take good care to secure a seat in one of the firework galleries, and I shall be quite content in being a spectator, instead of a stupid actor in the scene.

"There were not many ladies on board, and it was lucky for them, as we were not liberated until half-past three o'clock, and then we were carried ashore in brown-paper boats that I should have been ashamed to put a kitten in. Only think, dear! I had been on board ever since eleven o'clock, I had come away without any breakfast—and as there was no lunch, no refreshment, not even a Captain's biscuit, (I don't think they had as much as a Captain on board) to be had, you may imagine how hungry I must have been, and with what an appetite I enjoyed my dinner at the *Trafalgar*.

"The above is all I saw of the Launch, for in plainspoken melancholy *vérité*, I saw nothing.

"Oh! the *Prince Albert* is called 'a screw.' I looked for it on the deck, and everywhere, but the only evidence of the screw I could find was in the absence of the luncheon. Wasn't it mean?"

[Here follows the signature, and after that the usual postscripts, extending to a couple of pages.]

SEASONABLE INVENTION.



LL young Gentlemen going to the Derby are recommended to provide themselves with the Improved Pocket Chaff-Machine, which has been invented expressly for this annual occasion. The machine is worked by 40-wag power, and is warranted to supply chaff of the very best description, to any amount, and suitable to every possible emergency. The Patentee has deeply studied the noble Art of Chaffing, and is thoroughly acquainted with its gradual development; having specimens of its progress from the earliest vulgarity, down to the

present March—or, more correctly, May—of Refinement. His Machine has therefore been constructed to supply Chaff of the newest, as well as the most ancient description: and is adapted equally to every rank and station, not forgetting the Cab Rank, nor the Police Station. To the race-goer, however, it should perhaps be especially recommended, as it will furnish him with end'ess drolleries for the drag, raileries for the rail, and downy sayings for the Downs: together with the choicest collection of "sells" ever offered to the public.

The Chaff Machine is likewise constructed to produce, in great variety, those amusing questions of domestic economy, which originated, it is thought, with the now obsolete inquiry—"How are you off for Soap?" In fact, for senseless interrogatives, it may be almost said to rival the Court of Chancery: while, in cases where a reply is needed, it will invariably be found to answer expectation. Some little estimate may be formed of its powers, when it is stated that a purchaser was lately enabled to silence a dissatisfied Hansom Cabman—an achievement which is judged, by competent authorities, to be the most astounding feat of chaff-manship on record.

The Patentee has received the most flattering testimonials from several millions of his patrons, which are mostly too personal for publication.

ORIENTAL ANATOMY.—Everybody knew that a Turk was a Mussulman, but few appear to have been aware of his nerve.

MILITARY MEM.—The effect of strapping does not appear to be to render the English soldier a sharper blade than the French.

THE MENDICITY SOCIETY'S FESTIVAL.



pity a poor distressed creature," &c. &c. &c., you will enjoy, in giving a ticket instead of a coin, not only the sweet satisfaction of knowing that if the applicant is really necessitous, you are helping him; but likewise the satisfaction, almost equally sweet, of reflecting that you are dishing him if he is an impostor.

As the detection and punishment of dishonest mendicants constitute not the least important of the Mendicity Society's uses, it may be suggested that the success of its efforts in this direction should be exhibited in some striking manner to public notice. Thus it would appeal more particularly to that class of persons whose philanthropy is chiefly interested in the protection of society from fraud. For this purpose a *fête* of a novel and interesting nature might be held annually.

At the anniversary of the Association, which, with the co-operation of Government, should be celebrated in a conveniently spacious locality, all the rascals, rogues, and vagabonds, which it has been the means of bringing to justice throughout the year, should be publicly paraded, with their heads shaved, wearing brilliant prison uniforms, and having the description of their several forms of imposture pinned on their backs. After which, under a temporary shed erected for the occasion, they should all be set at work on so many treadmills arranged in a row; thus forming a spectacle somewhat of a nature of a fancy-bazaar, to which the public might be admitted at so much a head.

The objection may be raised to this scheme that it would destroy any vestige of self-respect that might be remaining in the minds of the prisoners. But in wretches who are capable of living in laziness by practising on the hearts of the charitable, and thereby doing all they can to harden them against real misery, every spark of that virtue is extinct. Especially is this the case with the base and disgusting begging-letter-writer, interspersing his abject affectation of pathos with methodical cant. The sound whipping of a number of these dirty knaves might almost form a pleasing feature of the entertainments at the Mendicity Society's Exhibition.

Refreshments should be provided for all parties, including prison-gruel for the rogues. A good band should also attend to perform a selection of music, including, of course, that celebrated March by whose steps the crank and the whipping-post are arrived at.

VICTORIOUS ROME!

THE Inquiry into the Conventual Institutions Bill has been abandoned—thanks to the gallant opposition of the Irish Brigade, in combination with Ministers—to the majority of the House of Commons. No doubt the Bill for regulating the Disposal of Property by Nuns will either share its fate or be thrown out. This is as it should be. The Holy Priesthood of Rome is letting the British Public know that it means to keep the government of its institutions to itself, and that it will not allow them to be subject to the law of the land. But the Roman Catholic Clergy must not stop here. At present every one of them is amenable to the jurisdiction of the secular courts. Though an Archbishop, or even a Cardinal, he might, if charged with a criminal offence, be tried, as if he were a layman and a heretic, at the Old Bailey. This disgraceful servitude can no longer be endured. The alleged misdeeds of ecclesiastics of the Church of Rome must be left to be dealt with entirely by their own tribunals. In short, the Roman Catholic Church must be placed above the law, as it very soon will be with MR. GLADSTONE to promote its views on the part of the Cabinet, and with such a friend in the Liberal Party as MR. BRIGHT.

Hospital for Bad Jokes.

We have opened a Hospital for Bad Jokes, and here are two of the patients:—

Seasonable Intelligence.—During the War it is intended to limit the British commerce with the Russians to taking their salt in exchange for our pepper.

Jones's last and perhaps his worst.—Why is the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA like the Panopticon?—Because he is a Base Czar (bazaar).

SERENADE FOR HEAD QUARTERS.

WHY alter the Soldier's Hat?
Pray, what is the use of that?
If you were wise,
Heaven mend your eyes!
You'd attend to the man's Cravat.

In face he is almost black;
His eyeballs are like to crack:
To keep him upright,
As well you might
Drive a ramrod down his back.

He won't strike a heavier stroke,
He won't give a harder poke,
Because the chap,
With a leather strap,
You are fool enough to choke.

You tell him to stand at ease;
You may tell him what you please:
Of course the word
Of command's absurd,
While his neck you gripe and squeeze.

The fellow upon parade
That faints like a lady's maid,
Will have hard work
To defend the Turk;
Too warm for him, I'm afraid!

He drops in the sun's hot blaze,
Exposed to its broiling rays;
They're forced to unlock
His belt and stock,
As you'd cut a pair of stays.

No odds British soldiers dread;
They have seldom, or never, fled:
Dy'e think they'd learn
Their backs to turn,
If you let 'em turn the head?

I request you to devote,
To the cut of the hat and coat,
Less thought and pains,
And exert your brains
To relieve the Soldier's throat!



IMPERIAL RIDDLE.—Why is the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA like the Sphinx?—Because he is a fabulous being.

MR. GRIEVE'S NEW SYSTEM OF WARFARE.



PERSONS who like seeing a war without being stunned by the noise, or blinded by the smoke, can see it to their great ocular satisfaction at the *Gallery of Illustration* in Regent Street. There they will find themselves on the field of battle, winning victories by the half-dozen: it is quite a new system of warfare, that the most timid need not object to. A child may go into the thick of it without crying—a lady can look on smilingly, and not have recourse once to her smelling bottle—and we fancy a member of the Peace Society, even, could brave the horrors of a war like this, without fainting. It is in truth, war, rendered not only perfectly safe, but deliciously agreeable. Quakers might join in it without doing any violence to their feelings—and Bishops, having seen it, would be sure to recommend other Bishops to take their daughters to the beautiful scene of innocent slaughter.

There is no occasion to get out of the way of the cannon-balls, for there is no shot that passes beyond the small one you pay at the

doors for admission. By this new system you are enabled to go through an entire campaign in half an hour, and when you leave you are no more tired than *UNCLE TOBY* was after he had been going through one of his wonderful sieges in the garden. In this way you assist in bombarding Odessa, and are present at all the grand engagements of the Turks, whom you cheer on with your sympathies, and hope they will not leave a single Russian alive to chant a *Te Deum* over all the rest. In this same easy, comfortable manner you sail with the Allied Fleet, the French and English ships, big and small, mixing joyously together, like boys in a playground. Who wouldn't go to war, when it is made so attractive? who wouldn't be a General for half an hour when he runs no risk of being bayoneted or shot? It is *MESSRS. GRIEVE and TELBIN*, who, by their new pictorial system, have achieved this pleasant harmless wonder.

To conclude seriously: Few persons have fought so many battles to please the public as *MR. GRIEVE*, and we must say that no one is more deserving than he is of the great victory he has just achieved with his martial brush at No. 14, Regent Street. It is now the duty of the public to see that this victory is not altogether a barren one—plenty of honour but no spoil.

WHICH WAY HAS THE MONEY GONE?

DRURY LANE THEATRE has been more than once connected with the interests of the wives, widows and children of the British soldiery. Many years ago, when a late magnificent lessee was rolling about the stage as *Richmond* in a death-struggle with *Richard the Third*—the gallant *Harry* and the crook-backed tyrant being both of them excessively drunk—the manager suddenly staggered forward and appeased the rising anger of the audience by announcing that the "proceeds of the next night's performance would be devoted to the relief of the widows and children of the gallant fellows who died at Waterloo." Whether the widows and children profited by the result nobody ever knew, because nobody took the trouble to inquire. In these days people are rather more inquisitive, and some persons are beginning to ask what has become of the proceeds of the *Fancy Fair* which was held not long ago "under distinguished patronage" at *Drury Lane Theatre*, for the benefit of the wives and families of our soldiers in the East.

The stalls were numerous and well supplied with those precious gimeracks which fetch almost fabulous prices, from being dealt out by fair and delicate fingers, which are not too delicate to clutch any amount of money that is offered, or too fair to accept the most extravagant prices for the most trivial articles. Nothing happened to mar the *éclat* of the whole proceeding until impertinent curiosity has commenced asking rather pertinaciously, "Which way did the money go?" The *LORD MAYOR* knows nothing, except that the *LADY MAYORESS* took at her stall the sum of £52 13s. 4d., which has, no doubt, been handed over with proper punctuality; but, as the *LADY MAYORESS* did not keep "the only booth in the Fair," it follows that, if there was anything really "fair" in the business, there must be a large sum to be collected from the other stall-keepers.

Curiosity seems to grow stronger for want of information, and the appetite of the public for a promised statement of results has been rather whetted than allayed by an intimation that "as soon as the accounts are made up they will be handed to the committee for publication." We do not see why there should be any difficulty in making up any account

of simple addition, though the delay may be explained if any subtraction or long division has been resorted to. We recommend all the parties concerned, if they value their own credit, to furnish without delay the information which has been called for, and the absence of which might warrant the insinuation that the fairness of the fancy fair has been of an entirely fanciful or imaginary character.

THE NAPIER COLUMN.

(From the Times, Tuesday, January 11, 1905.)

WE are happy to say, that at last the *NAPIER Column* is in course of completion. Yesterday the fourth bronze, representing the gallant and, we rejoice to say, still hale old Admiral, directing the storming of *St. Petersburg* in 1854, was fixed in its place on the pedestal. There is still much to do before the work can be finished, and those who are old enough to remember the burst of enthusiasm which the news of the storming produced in London, the illuminations, the rejoicings, and the thanksgivings in *St. Paul's*, sometimes wonder that upwards of fifty years have been allowed to elapse, and yet the memorial is incomplete. But such is the way in England, and the venerable *BARON NAPIER* (some day, it is whispered, to be raised even to the dignity of a Viscount) must not murmur. *VISCOUNT NELSON*, the nation's idol, died in gaining the most magnificent of sea triumphs, in October, 1805, and by reference to our files of the middle of last century, we find, that in May, 1854, the year of the *St. Petersburg* victory, the *Trafalgar Column* was incomplete. But *BRITANNIA* is solvent, and may be allowed long credit for her debts of gratitude.

OSTEN-SACKEN TO DUNDAS.

WHAT a regular ass
You must think me, *DUNDAS*,
In expecting such terms to arrange!
How can you suppose
With your bargain I'd close,
Our prisoners of war to exchange?
I'm not so to be sold;
I'm a soldier too old;
I have served much too long in the wars.
I say, do you spy
Any green in my eye?
For Russians who'd swap British Tars?

THE PUNCH SHELL.

MR. PUNCH has the honour of submitting to the Ordnance Department the idea of a new Shell—he means a bomb and not a jacket. This Shell, instead of being charged with gunpowder, is to be filled with literary combustibles, consisting of the daily and weekly newspapers; and also with numbers of *Mr. Punch's* own periodical, which those whom *Mr. Punch* has aggrieved or exasperated are welcome to say would render the missile a heavy infliction: to whom *Mr. Punch* may reply, that at least it would not be heavy enough to break certain persons' heads. Replete with authentic intelligence and just remarks, our shell is to be projected from an enormous mortar, and pitched into the middle of a Russian city, if possible without hurting the inhabitants. Bursting with its fall it would scatter its contents in all directions, and by real facts and truthful comments demolish the edifices of lies reared by the *EMPEROR NICHOLAS*.

SEASONABLE GARDENING.

VAUXHALL opens.—Plant out your cabbages,

TWO MINISTERS IN ONE.



WE hear that the Ministers have at last come to the conclusion that even a Secretary of State cannot fill two places at once; cannot, in fact, be at the same time the Minister of War and the Minister of the Colonies. A cleverer man than even the DUKE OF NEWCASTLE might fail in the attempt to have one foot in the old world, and the other in the new, for no man can be his own antipodes. It is, however, rather amusing to notice the way in which the *Globe* endeavours to show that although it is expedient to

separate the offices of War and Colonial Minister, there is no one but the DUKE OF NEWCASTLE who is fit for either. We are told that if we take from his Grace's hands the management of the war, we shall find out the difference at once (though by the way we should not object to a change), while if we were to remove the Duke from the Colonial office, everything would be in such a mess that we should greatly miss the discretion and tact, which brought about the great STONOR case.

According to the *Globe*, it appears that the Minister entrusted with the conduct of the War and the Colonies has shown such consummate statesmanship with regard to both, that it is utterly impossible to spare the Duke from either of the posts he has occupied. We can only say that if NEWCASTLE were to be rather powerfully hauled over the coals, the bestowal of the sack might not be altogether a matter of so much difficulty as the bland and benevolent *Globe* seems to anticipate.

OUR PRIZES TAKEN FROM THE FRENCH.

ALTHOUGH *Pour le Syrie* and *Rule Britannia* are alternately played by English and French bands; although the tricolor and the meteor flag still fly and flap lovingly together, Mr. Punch is happy to say that the bellicose spirit of Englishmen has not entirely evaporated; but that certain bold Britons, in defiance of the namby-pamby ethics of peace-mongers, continue to regard a portion of the French as their natural enemies, and therefore take everything as soon as it ventures to appear. The English playbills that lie before us ought to be encircled with woodcuts of laurels; with the British Lion gripping the Gallic Eagle, and compelling the bird about to be translated into another sphere, to drop its every quill. We shall, for the pardonable purpose of gratifying the patriotism of play-goers in general, allude to a few of our recent victories.

Knights of the Round Table (late *Les Chevaliers de Lansquenet*), gallantly taken by ADMIRAL PLANCHÉ of the White. A well-built ship, with a clean run from fore to aft. She answers her helm admirably, and has never yet been known to miss stays.

The Married Un-Married; Faust and Marguerite; captured under the command of VICE-ADMIRAL CHARLES KEAN of the Blue. The first is a very cranky craft; but by careful trimming of canvas, so as to catch the lightest puffs, has held her way.—The second prize can scarcely be called sea-worthy; but the rottenness of her timbers has been hidden by paint, and the whole craft pitched so very strong, and her hold so fumigated with brimstone, that condemnation has been stayed awhile. The sooner however she is broken up, the better for all aboard of her.

The Marble Heart, captured by the gallant CAPTAIN CHARLES SELBY, K.C.B. (Knight Commander of Bumboats). She is rather a heavy sailer; but on the whole a good sea-boat; and answers her helm very well.

The First Night, taken by COMMANDER WIGAN; a French egg-boat that, by means of good seamanship and proper ballasting, now sits as light as a sea-gull, and now rises like a flying fish.

These are only a few of our prizes from the French; but they still attest the courage of the hardy tar-translator, who will never lay down his British goose-quill whilst the enemy has a single craft, even though upon paper.

DRINK AND DULL SUNDAY.

WE understand that great alarm is felt by certain brewers and publicans lest the moral and intellectual recommendations of the Crystal Palace should generate a conviction that it would conduce to the welfare of the population, if that place of rational and innocent recreation were allowed to be open on Sundays.

At Glasgow and other places in Scotland, where there are no excursion trains or steamers, to take the labouring classes out of the smoke into the pure air on a Sunday, it is well known that a vast consumption of beer and grog takes place on that day, which the majority of the inhabitants celebrate by getting drunk, inasmuch that those who are excluded from the rail and the river, commonly enjoy themselves in the kennel. Thus the Scotch observance of the Sabbath conduces greatly to the advantage of the liquor-trade.

This consideration renders the parties above alluded to earnestly anxious that any movement tending to unclose the gates of the Crystal Palace on Sundays should be suppressed, and they will feel greatly obliged to any pious persons who will join them in resisting all suggestions to that end, in a quiet way. They do not want to get up a noisy agitation on the subject, lest that should have the effect of occasioning the pot-houses to be shut up on Sunday as well as the Crystal Palace, which would be worse than merely having their bars and their parlours thinned by the sober attractions of that edifice.



HORRORS OF WAR.

HOW OUR ARTIST WAS SCARED WHEN HE WENT TO A SEAPORT TOWN TO MAKE A SKETCH.

Petty Spite.

GOVERNMENT will not allow any more newspaper correspondents to follow the army, because those newspaper correspondents have hitherto been in the habit of anticipating by several days the contents of the Government despatches. What a woman's spite is this! They will be wishing next to keep the despatches secret altogether, and if the news of a second Trafalgar should arrive, it will only be made transparent to the public by the fact of ABERDEEN illuminating with a rushlight in his back bed-room.

The "Invalide Russe."

Is this great *Invalide*, of whom we are always reading so much, the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA? for the accounts lately have represented him as being very ill, and the nature of his supposed malady would account most naturally for the exceedingly mad statements that this very voracious *Invalide* has recently been indulging in.



WHAT MUST BE THE NEXT FASHION IN BONNETS.

FINAL PREPARATORY VISIT OF MR. PUNCH TO THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

(From the Court Circular.)

MR. PUNCH, accompanied by *Mrs. Punch*, and attended by *Toby*, paid a visit to the Crystal Palace on Monday last, in order to make a final inspection of the building, and, by special command of HER MAJESTY, to report as to its probable readiness for the reception of the QUEEN and the nation on Saturday the 10th of June.

Mr. Punch was conducted through the building by SIR JOSEPH PAXTON, to whom with his Highness's usual affability, he was pleased to express himself in terms of condescending encouragement, so gracefully balanced between cordial recognition and unalloyed approbation as to produce the happiest effect upon the mind of the auditor.

Mr. Punch then selected the site which it was his intention to occupy during the inauguration, stating to SIR JOSEPH that he had not deemed it necessary, although solicited, to take part in the ceremony. He was the godfather to the edifice, having originally invented and conferred upon it the title of the CRYSTAL PALACE; but he should leave to his friend the Archbishop the entire solemnities of the day, including an announcement which DR. SUMNER had most kindly undertaken to make, namely, that at the special instance of the QUEEN, arrangements would be at once effected for opening the Palace on Sundays. This announcement *Mr. Punch* said would immediately precede the anthem, "When the Poor saw Her, then they blessed Her."

Mr. Punch then accepted from the gentleman in charge of each department a small memorial of the visit—a cube of mosaic from Pompeii, a spangle from the Alhambra, and a feather from one of MR. LAYARD's bulls, being among the articles. The curator of the antediluvian reproductions also insisted on *Mrs. Punch's* taking away an Ichthyosaurus giganticus, as a trifle for her nursery.

The same evening *Mr. Punch* made his report to HER MAJESTY. It was marked by the lucid brevity which characterises all the compositions of his Highness. We have been favoured with a copy.

"MADAM,

"It will do."

"PUNCH."

THE SCHOOL OF SOLDIERSHIP.

WHAT makes British soldiers so valiant in fight?
Oh! their lips being shaved and their belts being white,
And their heads being cropped and their stocks being tight,
On these things their courage depends.

The reason for which they in battle prevail,
Is having coatees cut so short at the tail,
And so narrow as by a large measure to fail
Of coverings to answer the ends.

Their charge is resistless; and wherefore 'tis plain.
By taking their epaulettes off in the rain,
And preserving them free from a speck or a stain,
Their courage is kept spotless too.

'Tis quite beyond question undoubted and clear
That men who with pipeclay are forced to besmear
Their trappings and straps get divested of fear,
By being compelled so to do.

TEETOTALISM AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

A deputation of teetotalers last week took their melancholy way to the Crystal Palace, to remonstrate with the Directors against the resolution to vend to visitors the abomination of wine and beer. The deputation moreover expressed a very strong opinion against the statue of BACCHUS; which, at the suggestion of MR. STURGE, was decently covered with a suit of drab, and the god's vine-bound head surmounted by a broad-brimmed hat. This slight improvement of the antique was merely adopted to show the purifying and reforming spirit with which teetotalism would invest the mischievous incitements of Greek art. A muslin cap (the authenticated property of the late HANNAH MORE) has been sent for the acceptance of the VENUS DE MEDICIS.

A PRETTY SAFE PROPHECY.—There is but little doubt, before the War is over, that the EMPEROR NICHOLAS will find all his roubles turned into troubles.

WHAT NICHOLAS HEARD IN THE SHELL.

"So have I seen a boy
Applying to his ear,
The convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell."—*Walter Savage Landor.*

Aye—press it to thine ear, till confusion growing clear,
Thou canst read the mingled voices that fill its womb of war;
Hoarse sounds of fierce commotion, like the distant roar of ocean,
Drowning sobe mixed with hymns as of devilish devotion,
Sabres clashing—houses crashing—
Horses' hoofs at gallop dashing—
And the thunder of great guns from afar.

And thy pale cheek warms with life at the melody of strife,
And thy firm lip is clenched firmer, and thy knit brow sterner grows—
But hark!—what hush is creeping o'er that mad sound onward
sweeping?
And then upon the silence that burst of bitter weeping!
How it swelleth! how it knelleth!
How of broken hearts it telleth!
Cursing thee up to Heaven, as it goes!

Hark again to those faint groans!—the fever-stricken moans
Of victims that are fattening the dank Dobrudscha plains;
And mixed with that low moaning chaunt of full-fed priests intoning,
By the side of the Almighty their Autocrat enthroning.
And now, nearing, English cheering,
Blent with French—unwelcome hearing,
And a clank—as it were falling chains.

Hark, still, unwilling ear, as nearer and more near
War's music from the North blends with roaring of the sea.
Ha! knowest thou that thunder? 'tis thy forts that topple under;
Broadsides that shake the piles of St. Petersburg asunder,—
And strange noises, like the voices
Of a people that rejoices
To be conquered into freedom by the free!

Clash of prison doors wide flung; bursts of joy in Polish tongue;
Frantic greetings, as of those who ne'er thought to meet again;
Hearken yet, with chafing patience, to those hymns of up-ris'n nations,
On whose throat thy hand hath pressed like a vice for generations,
And the clamours of the hammers,
And the levers and the rammers,
That are hurling great Dagon to the plain!

MAJESTY OF THE CIVIC SENATE.

How delighted LORD CAMPBELL, who loves the LORD MAYOR and the City, will be to find that the civic dignitaries are behaving as such, by taking a dignified line! Witness what occurred at a recent Court of Aldermen; whereat, according to the newspapers,

"The LORD MAYOR informed the Court that he had received the report of the Commissioners of Corporation Inquiry from LORD PALMERSTON, in which report it was suggested that the Court of Aldermen should be totally abolished.

"ALDERMAN WIRE moved, without making a single comment upon the contents, that the document be referred to the Committee of Privileges.

"The motion was carried unanimously."

In this abstinence of the Aldermen from all remark on their enemies' proposal, what a sublime expression was there of silent contempt! It is really quite Roman, and may be considered to evince the spirit of the Capitol rather than that of Cheapside. There is every reason to believe that the Committee of Privileges will recommend the Fathers of the City of London to follow the example which they seem to be taking from a memorable act of the Corporation of the Eternal City, and that the Civic fathers will adopt the recommendation. Should the abolition of their Worshipful Court be determined upon, the Aldermen will make a grand effort of passive resistance against the execution of the decree. Clad in their scarlet robes, and wearing the insignia of their office, their Worshipfuls will assemble in their Hall of Legislation, and taking each their respective seats, await the approach of the envoys, appointed to command their dissolution, in solemn silence. The RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LORD MAYOR, also attired in full costume, and sitting in his chair of state, will preside over these venerable men. To heighten the solemnity of the scene the images of the immortal GOS and MAGOG will be placed upon pedestals at the back of his Lordship's throne, from above which they will frown down upon the intruders with indignation and astonishment. Awed by the

impassive countenances and profound gravity, as well as by the tremendous bulk of the civic magistrates, and overcome by the fumes of sacrifice ascending from the altars of their turtle-ary deities, it may be expected that the messengers will decamp with consternation, and report the utter impossibility of carrying into effect the mandate for the extinction of a senate consisting of such reverend persons.

LADIES IN RICH ATTIRE.



UNDER the head of "Fashions for June," *Le Follet* mentions

"A third robe of white taffetas, with large cheques in various shades of blue."

We have heard of ladies having thousands of pounds on in the shape of jewels, but now it seems they have carried the rage for valuable ornaments to the pitch of wearing large cheques. Who draws these cheques we should like to know; if the

papa of the wearer he must be very kind: if the husband, a miracle of generosity. A dress decorated with cheques would be a catching dress in a ball-room: but an heiress must have few natural charms indeed to stand in need of such embellishments. By a rich but ordinary widow they might be worn with propriety and wisdom, if it is wise on the part of such a party to marry; and indeed she might wear notes as well as cheques, together with gold and silver coin. But, although a lady cannot have her pocket picked of the money which is outside of her dress, we think that, for safety, she had better put it in her pocket than stick it on her skirts. Otherwise, a dress of which the ornaments were cheques would have this advantage, that no capital would be sunk in those ornaments; so that although they would render a costume rich, they would not make it equally extravagant.

A BIT OF A SEE.

AN account of the ceremony of inducting the new BISHOP OF SALISBURY on Wednesday last week, mentions that among other formalities of that proceeding,

"Here MR. ALFORD dug a turf from the field, and delivered it to his Lordship as seisin of the temporalities of his see."

Last Wednesday week was the Derby day, when the turf would naturally be uppermost in the minds of the generality of people, but if this was the reason why MR. ALFORD presented the Bishop with a piece of the substance so called, it was certainly an extravagant act of horse-worship. To present a man with a clod of earth before a number of people must greatly embarrass the recipient of the gift, as he could not eat it, might be considered ungracious if he threw it away, and would hardly be able to put it in his pocket. What is this for? is the question that might naturally have been asked by the Right Reverend Prelate; and his Lordship, who perhaps knows something about singing-birds, may have conjectured that the gentleman who gave him a turf intended it for a lark.

ORTHOGRAPHY AT WAR.

Is it Kronstat with a K?
Is it Cronstat with a C?
Is it Cron with s, t, a, d, t?
Or do you leave out the d?
Is Sebastopol the word?
Or Sevastopol do you say?
It really does seem most absurd
Not to spell one name one way.

THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN.

It is sometimes asked, What would be the consequence if ladies were eligible to sit in Parliament? One result of admitting individuals of the fair sex to vote in the House of Commons, might be to increase the practice of pairing.



WHAT NICHOLAS HEARD IN THE SHELL.

See P. 236.

[PUNCH, No. 674.]

JUNE 10, 1864.]



STRIKING EFFECT OF CHOKING AND OVERLOADING OUR GUARDS AT A LATE REVIEW

JUNE 10, 1854.]

[PUNCH, No. 674.]

RE-DRESS FOR THE ARMY.

We are happy to announce a sudden and decisive fall in the Stocks of the British Soldier. Our army may now be quoted at its full value, without those dreadful *coupons* which threatened to cut their heads off, and in an affair of desperate valour, in which all would be "neck or nothing," they will no longer be likely to be reduced to nothing by the stiffness of their necks.

We appreciate the desire of the authorities to give the soldiers redress for their grievances, though we suspect that, but for the dressing that has been administered to themselves, the authorities would have delayed still longer the step they have at last taken. We do not quite approve of the mode suggested for covering the deformities and discomforts of the military head-dress, by turning the bear-skin cap into a sort of bolster, and putting it into a pillow-case. Such, however, is to be the plan adopted, for MR. SIDNEY HERBERT informs us, the soldiers

"Are to be decorated with covers for their helmets and shakos, composed of white linen, for the protection from the heat."

We do not see why because we are fighting on the side of Turkey, our soldiers are to be made to resemble "the turbanned Turk;" and we suspect that it would be better to adopt a new hat of lighter material, than attempt to get rid of the inconveniences of the old, by adding to its bulk as well as its unsightliness. We shall have almost as great an objection to our soldiers displaying on their heads the white dishelout, as we should to their showing the white feather.

A "ROW IN THE BUILDINGS."

We can scarcely regret there having been "no house" on Tuesday in the Commons if, when a house is made, there is nothing better to be done than that which took place on Thursday night, when there was a regular "row in the buildings" devoted to the sittings of Parliament. LORD JOHN RUSSELL and MR. DISRAELI went at it "hammer and tongs"—an expression which we should think must own "ninny-hammer and tongs" as its most appropriate origin. The scene was almost as discreditable as an affair between "the Slasher" and "the Nobby one" for the benefit of "the Spider," or some other hero of the belt and boxing gloves. LORD JOHN'S hitting was bold and straightforward, while DISRAELI proved himself the artful dodger of the ring, and put in a few of his celebrated "nasty ones" with an effect that was truly disagreeable, if not very damaging. It is to be regretted that, while blackguardism has nearly lost its patrons in the prize ring, it should still amuse an audience in the House of Commons, and while the "noble art of self-defence" is at a discount out of doors the "ignoble arts of personal attack" are at a premium in Parliament.

LINES TO THE FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY.

My old friend, SIR JAMES GRAHAM,
 Eh?—what, always the same?
 At your old tricks again—oh, for shame, Sir, for shame!
 Will you make me re-roast
 You to cinders almost
 For your name being once more mixed up with the Post?
 'Tis your work and affair
 For the Navy to care;
 For the Navy; whereon no expenses we spare.
 And yet NAHER's brave crew
 Get their letters when due
 Some six weeks; if at all: and of course they blame you?
 An epistle, if we
 Should direct it "Black Sea,"
 In the Baltic, most likely, deliver'd would be.
 Now, is this not the case?
 And can you have the face
 To deny that you've grossly neglected your place?

IN THE PRESS.

WANDERINGS OF AN ENGLISH LADY'S MAID IN RUSSIA.
 —Edited by RICHARD CORDEN, Esq., M.P. This Tale of Our Times—in which the sufferings and persecutions of this estimable female, who, on the Declaration of War between Great Britain and Russia, was magnanimously turned out of St. Petersburg, to find, with one box only, her way to Berlin, where she arrived in poor health and questionable spirits—this Moving Story will be Edited for the benefit of the Victim, by RICHARD CORDEN, Esq., M.P., who in a recent speech so eloquently dwelt upon the General Felicity of English Servants in Russia, and of English Governesses, and English Ladies'-Maids in Particular.

A SENATE OF PUBLICANS.

THE Colony of Victoria has just agreed to a Constitution, according to which a seat in the Upper Chamber is accessible to those only who possess property to the amount of £10,000. It is estimated that the majority of ten thousand pound men in Victoria are Publicans, and it is possible, therefore, that the public interest may be safe in their hands. There may be wisdom in constituting a Senate of Publicans, who will probably be in favour of very moderate measures, and will be disposed to look rather to the spirit than to the letter of the laws they enact.

Some awkwardness may be anticipated in a Senate of Publicans, many of whom may have odd associations suggested to them by allusions to the Bar of the House. We can only hope, that when an Act of Parliament is on draft in the Upper Chamber, or Up Stairs Room, care will be taken to draw it mild. We may expect that a Senate of Publicans will occasionally be turned into butts by those who will be disposed to think very small beer of an aristocracy of malt and hops.

THE LORD CHANCELLOR'S STANDING ARMY.



HATEVER doubt there may have been as to the sufficiency of our military and naval arrangements, there can be no question as to the highly effective state of the officers and men forming the standing army under the command of the LORD CHANCELLOR. This powerful and indeed almost murderous force, seems to be kept up evidently on a war footing. It is to be regretted that there is no longer a Court of Review, for such a Court would find

plenty of employment in reviewing the troops placed under the command of the Chancellor. His staff numbers no less than three secretaries, three messengers, three bag-bearers, three court-keepers, three ushers, two mace-bearers, a tipstaff, a gentleman of the chamber, and a train-bearer, making an effective body of no less than twenty officers.

When we reflect upon the immense power represented by this body of well-disciplined men, we may judge of the effect of an attack made by them all at once on the pocket of a suitor in equity. However formidable may be an ordinary corps of rank and file, we all know that there is nothing so damaging, and indeed destructive, as coming into contact with the well-known file of the Court of Chancery.

We trust that some arrangement will be made to place this formidable force at the disposal of LORD RAGLAN; for if any power can make the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA pay for his temerity, it would be such an engine as that to which we have alluded. Should the Chancery corps be ordered on foreign service, there are thousands who would witness its departure with delight, and would feel that if sent to the right-about, the power which has been regarded with so much dread at home must strike terror into the breast of the foreign enemy.

Another Postponement.

THE Government despatches, and the delivery of the Baltic letters, have been postponed so long in consequence of the war. It has been felt that they would only tend to agitate and confuse person's minds, if made public at the present critical moment. Consequently it has been thought expedient to defer the publication of the despatches and the delivery of the letters until the war is completely over.

MUNCHAUSENOPP.

FRANKLIN, according to *Household Words*, thought that bows and arrows were good weapons, and ought not to have been abandoned. Certainly if we would fight the CZAR on equal terms, we should have recourse to the Long Bow.

Great News for Russia.

PORTUGAL has declared a perfect neutrality in the Turkish quarrel! Are we to be surprised at this? By no means. For how often, even at the best regulated tables, have we found that Portugal has had nothing whatever to do with the Port in question.

COMFORT FOR MANCHESTER.—The Russians cannot take our cottons in general, but they are at least receiving a great many checks.

THE NEWSPAPER AT BREAKFAST.

To MR. PUNCH.



SIR,—I am a resident in Pimlico. We have various grievances here, such as Puseyism (which involves bell-ringing at unheard-of hours in the morning,) (bad drainage (especially close to the Palace of our very Gracious Sovereign), abominably slow omnibuses (the Royal Blues), and other afflictions. But one can endure all these things if one can get one's newspaper at breakfast time. Sir, that is what we cannot get in Pimlico.

"My breakfast hour, Sir, is ten o'clock. When I pay a visit to Brighton (a very pleasing watering place), I breakfast at nine, and have the *Times* upon my table at that hour. In Pimlico, which is somewhat nearer the publishing office of that journal, it is impossible to obtain it until eleven, twelve, or any other fancy hour which may suit our news-agents, and their masters, the Boys.

"When you order a paper to be regularly supplied to you, the newspaper man smiles, and unblushingly assures you that it shall be at your door as the clock strikes the hour you mention.

"I have made, Sir, a list of the excuses and allegations which, for the last fortnight (that is to say, twelve days, excluding Sundays), have been tendered to me as explanations why my *Times* was not delivered within an hour—two hours—three hours of its being due.

"*Monday.* The Boy was not sure about the number of my house; very stupid—all would be right in future.

"*Tuesday.* The Boy had got fighting with rival news-boys, and they had taken away one of his papers, unluckily the one intended for me.

"*Wednesday.* The Boy had left my paper at No. 10, where the gentleman refused to give it up, and is supposed to be a mad party, leastways he swears awful, his servants say. (What do I care?)

"*Thursday.* The Boy reports that both Houses of Parliament sat so dreadfully late last night that all the papers are late. (This is an unlucky story, as the Lords do not sit on Wednesday, and the Commons invariably rise at six on that evening.)

"*Friday.* The Boy forgot his money, and when he got to the place in the Strand where the papers are obtained, found he had to come back, as they give no credit.

"*Saturday.* The Boy had run away.

"*Monday.* The Boy, being a new one, engaged in place of the runaway, did not know the streets about our neighbourhood.

"*Tuesday.* The Boy had knocked, he was prepared to make affidavit, eleven times, but could not make my servants hear, so went away in despair.

"*Wednesday.* The Boy had obtained his copies of the *Times*, but, putting them down in the shop where they were sold, while he paid, took up, on leaving, a bundle containing nothing but Supplements so had to go back.

"*Thursday.* The Boy thought he had understood from my servant (who went round in wrath for the journal), that I was going out of town, and therefore supposed it did not matter about bringing the paper.

"*Friday.* The Boy reports that the *Times* machine, which prints the papers, had broken down, and no papers would be out till the middle of the day. (I should say that my neighbours tell me this is a very frequent occurrence, and nowise creditable to a great newspaper office. Hardly a day passes but somebody in our street receives this intelligence, as a reason why he has not got the *Times*, while other people have.)

"*Saturday.* The Boy came home with a statement that in consequence of the Rooshian war and the rise in beer, the *Times* would not be published any more. He demanded his week's money, but, I am

informed, received more kicks than halfpence, and indeed had his salary confiscated.

"But, Sir, how do these twelve excuses, the regular ones in Pimlico, atone to me for the discomfort of breakfasting without my newspaper?"

"Permit me respectfully to pour my sorrows into your friendly bosom, and to sign myself,

"Your attached Subscriber,

"EBURY BARNABAS RANELAGH."

HOW TO BRING THE WAR TO A TERMINUS.

THE papers are continually describing some new wonderful engine of destruction, which is not only to annihilate a whole army at one coup, but in due time to annihilate war itself. The greatest engine of destruction that we are acquainted with is a railway-engine, and we are astonished that the English Government has not laid before the EMPEROR a most elaborate railway plan, stating that they would only be too happy, if he would but allow them, to cover the whole of his mighty Empire with railways, *free of expense*. The outlay would, necessarily, be tremendous, but the gain would be this:—The Armies, of course, would be conveyed by these railways, and if care was taken to appoint well tried, drunken stokers on each line it is very clear that no country, whatever its resources might be, could possibly stand up long against such a terrific system of wholesale slaughter. The war would probably be brought to an end without a single engagement having been fought, and we should almost feel inclined to forgive the great loss of life these railway-engines of destruction had been to ourselves in the consoling thought that they had been the happy means of exterminating an enemy so formidable in point of numbers, as Russia.



FANCY PORTRAIT—"PEGASUS."

A Strange Sympathy.

A CORRESPONDENT accounts for the strange sympathy that at present exists between Russia and Prussia, in the following manner:—At the head of the former is NICHOLAS—the great man of the latter is MANTEUFFEL. Now the popular nickname of NICHOLAS is Old NICK, and the literal meaning of MANTEUFFEL is Man-Devil. There is nothing so very wonderful, therefore, (he says) in the fact of Old NICK and a MAN-DEVIL walking hand-in-hand, and taking their political steps together!

JONATHAN AT JAPAN.

THE Americans appear to have found Japan a country of polish, so considerable as to render it quite worthy of its name. What is still better, they have been under no necessity of taking the shine out of it.

THE PROBABLE END OF NICHOLAS.

AFTER having, through mere obstinate pride, caused the death, in most cases agonizing, of many thousands of human beings, and brought wounds, mutilation, and revolting outrage upon perhaps as many more, including women and children, it is very likely that NICHOLAS may not be torn in pieces by subjects, or executed by captors. Indeed, if he fell into the hands of the Allies, dethronement, probably, would be the extremity of retribution which it would be thought possible to inflict on the great Thief and Murderer, who would then be styled the "unfortunate Monarch," &c. We expect that he would be allowed to retire to this country; where a palace would be provided for his accommodation, which he would occupy alternately with a suite of apartments at the Clarendon, and at the Star and Garter.

Mollified by misfortune, we should then have our friend NICHOLAS doing the amiable. He would visit national schools and infirmaries, express interest in the scholars, and sympathy with the sufferers, and put his name down for donations to the institution. He would go over Chelsea and Greenwich Hospitals, and chat with the veterans. He would subscribe to soup-kitchens and Bible Societies, and now and then attend missionary meetings. He would take drives about

Windsor and Richmond; and occasionally pull up to relieve a beggar. All of which doings would be chronicled in the newspapers under the headings of "MUNIFICENCE OF NICHOLAS," or "BENEVOLENCE OF THE EX-EMPEROR OF RUSSIA," &c. &c. Nay we may live to read such a paragraph as the following:—

NICHOLAS AND THE PEACE SOCIETY.—The meeting of the Peace Society, which took place yesterday, was honoured by the presence of the EX-EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, who occupied a seat on the platform between Mr. CORDEN and Mr. BRIGHT. His Majesty addressed the meeting in very good English, and described in forcible language the horrors and folly of war; expressing the pleasure he felt at having become a convert to peace principles.

Lastly, this wortay would die, not in a perpendicular line, but in a horizontal position: quietly between the sheets of a bed, of which we should be requested to draw the curtains around "fallen greatness," and forget all about the burnings, the manglings, the murders and unspeakable atrocities. The yells of the tortured myriads would have been long ago hushed; the *Te Deum* that mingled with them would have died away, and we should be invited to join in the destroyer and tormentor's *Requiem*!



NICHOLAS IN THE POUND.

A War Minister Wanted.

It is at length decided that we are to have a War Minister; a distinct functionary, whose whole mind shall be rolled up in the contemplation of cannon-balls; whose every silent thought shall be mute gunpowder, ready to explode with destructive power at a touch: a Minister, whose big, belligerent manner shall at once announce him to the beholder, as—BRITANNIA'S Minister at War. Two or three different persons have been named for the post: they have, more or less, their merits; but one name has hitherto been most shamefully passed over, and that name is—JOHN BRIGHT.

Spanish Honours.

THE QUEEN OF SPAIN has showered a lot of Spanish orders upon Turkish officers. "Madam" (says the ghost of DOCTOR JOHNSON through *Punch*), "before you so distribute your favours had you not better consider what they are worth?"

Dead Levellers.

"AN average physician is enough for St. Bartholomew's Hospital," is—according to a Governor of that Institution, writing to the *Times*—the opinion of some of his brethren. More than enough, we should think. An average physician would diminish the number of patients with a rapidity which would satisfy the most sanguinary individual.

Nero and Nicholas.

AFTER the burning of Rome it is said that EMPEROR NERO was found playing the fiddle. EMPEROR NICHOLAS, it seems, has been taking a leaf out of his music-book; for after the burning of Odessa, it most certainly has been found he played the liar.

CITY INTELLIGENCE.—"I would not be a turtle," prettily once remarked an alderman in our hearing, "I would not be a turtle because then I could not eat it!"

JENKINS AT A FASHIONABLE WEDDING.



HERE is a season for whitebait, a season for oysters, a season for "baked-taters," and there is a season for JENKINS, who is coming out with a richness of flavour that will justify our serving him up from time to time to our readers as an occasional dish or entrée. We propose to dress him in his own sauce, and garnish him in his own artificial flowers. We shall not give the public too much of him, for JENKINS relieved by JENKINS, would be as bad as calf's head replaced by calf's head.

The marriage of the EARL OF DURHAM and the LADY BEATRICE HAMILTON, furnished a theme recently for the genius of JENKINS, who sets out by announcing that

"The event which unites the noble houses of LAMSTON and HAMILTON creates ties of relationship between a number of our most ancient and distinguished families."

We like the majestic mode in which father JENKINS, taking at once the plural and parental characters of royalty, adopts as "ours" a number of the most ancient and distinguished families. These families appear to be raised to an elevation even more than Royal, by the recognition bestowed on them by JENKINS, who says—

"It has been our lot to be present at the performances of the hymeneal ceremony, when the bride and bridegroom represented the very highest families next to Royalty, and when even Royalty itself attended to do honour to the occasion; but in no instance whatever, within our recollection, has the general body of visitors included so large a portion of the *élite* of society."

There was, in fact, such a crush of aristocracy,

"That many noble individuals who, under ordinary circumstances, would have been accommodated near the altar, had to take their chance in those parts of the sacred building appropriated to free seats, &c."

We were not aware that, "under ordinary circumstances," the aristocracy were drawn up into a position near the altar, which we thought was usually appropriated to the charity children, though we can understand the sympathy JENKINS must feel with those who "had to take their chance in the free-seats," a chance to which—after carrying the Prayer Books to the door of a pew—he must have been often subjected.

It is clear that JENKINS did not immediately force his way into the church, for we find him as usual, hanging about the railings, or occupying, perhaps, one of his ordinary posts—a lamp-post in the vicinity. "At eleven o'clock," he says, "the company began to arrive," and for three-quarters of an hour a long succession of carriages were "setting down." It is extremely probable that, during these three-quarters of an hour JENKINS himself experienced "a setting down" more than once from the police, whose duty it was to keep off the pressure of impertinent curiosity from the guests at the wedding. "Some little difficulty," adds JENKINS, "occurred in marshalling and disposing of the equipages," a difficulty which must have made JENKINS burn to display his abilities in calling up and ordering off the various vehicles. The narrative proceeds to inform us that

"The bridegroom, accompanied by his 'best man,' arrived in an ordinary brougham. His lordship was not recognised by the public outside, and entered the church unnoticed."

How is this, JENKINS? There has been an unpardonable omission on your part, for if you recognised "his lordship," a timely shout from yourself of "Hollo, boys, hollo!" would have at once been responded to, and your remark on the bridegroom having "entered the church unnoticed" would not have been justified.

JENKINS and the crowd soon found something with which they were familiar, for

"The well-known HAMILTON crimson liveries were immediately recognised, and the occupants of the carriages were respectfully greeted by the crowd."

These carriages we are told "consisted of three coaches belonging to the MARQUIS OF ABERCORN's private establishment." We were not aware that the Marquis had any public establishment of coaches, and though we have heard of some peers being job-masters on a very large scale, we do not believe that in this instance the imputation which the awkwardness of JENKINS clumsily suggests, is at all justified.

After describing the contents of the first two carriages, and giving rather impertinently the age of one of the bridesmaids, JENKINS tells us that

"The last carriage of all contained the infant LADY MAUDS HAMILTON, completing the interesting, and perhaps unexampled group of six sister bridesmaids."

Does JENKINS mean to tell us that "the infant" was alone in the coach? for if such was the case, it is to be regretted that the Chancellor, who has *ex officio* the care of infants, did not appoint somebody to represent "the infant" on this interesting occasion.

Next follows a burst of admiration in which all the footman declares itself. The passage ought to be written on plush, in gold lace letters, with a margin of livery lace, punctuated with aiguillettes for commas, a couple of livery buttons for a colon, and a cockade for a period. It runs thus:

"As the coaches decked in the gorgeous paraphernalia—heraldic and emblematic—which symbolise the honours of 'our old nobility,' dashed up to the vestibule, the effect was really grand, and forcibly illustrated the difference between substantial magnificence, and the gingerbread glitter sometimes got up for purposes of mere display."

We should like to know what other "purpose" than "mere display" was to be served on this occasion, and how the "gorgeous paraphernalia, heraldic and emblematic," emblazoned on the panels of the coaches, the harness of the horses, and the liveries of the footmen, differed from the ordinary quality of "gingerbread glitter" which JENKINS, for a moment forgetting his shoulder-knot, seems to look down upon.

JENKINS is much struck by the *tableau* that now presents itself.

"Immediately behind the parents of the bride were the bridesmaids standing in order according to their ages and stations, and forming a charmingly picturesque group."

We have heard of a set of "jugs in sizes;" but a set of bridesmaids "in sizes," is a novelty that is more appropriate to ordinary earthenware, than to the very aristocratic clay here alluded to. The occasion appears to have given rise to an effect not unlike a *tableau vivant*, or a group at MADAME TUSSAUD'S. We are told by JENKINS that—

"The friends who stood around had, by some involuntary and fortuitous arrangement of their places, so disposed and grouped themselves, as unconsciously to form a highly artistic *tableau*."

How are we to know that the grouping was the effect of chance; and may we not presume that a wedding of so much distinction had had the benefit of a dress rehearsal, with a view to that perfection of the *mise en scène* which seems to have been accomplished? We decline to follow JENKINS in his personalities, but we must ask—though we know we shall ask in vain—for an explanation of the following paragraph:

"The features of the venerable COUNTESS OF HADDINGTON, crowned with the reverend honours of age, contrasted touchingly with those of the brilliant beauty of the younger ladies present."

We cannot exactly see how age can be said to crown features with "honours," though age, we know, plays sad "tricks" with the features of all of us. It is bad enough of JENKINS to force himself into the halls and staircases of the fashionable world, but it is really unpardonable of him to ransack the bridal *trousseau* for the purpose of publishing a list of the presents given to the bride on her marriage. How the porters allowed him to rummage among the luggage of the newly wedded pair, is quite unaccountable, and the extent of his curiosity may be inferred from his announcement that "a bracelet inlaid with hair was the present of the younger members of the bride's family." The lady's maid certainly deserved to lose her place for having given JENKINS access to her lady's jewel-box. The present, however, that seems to have possessed the highest interest for JENKINS, was one to which he himself had probably been a contributor. It consisted of "an envelope case and blotting book," which had been purchased by a subscription from the wages of all the domestics in LORD ABERCORN'S establishment; and their young "Missus" cannot make a better use of it than to blot out the recollection of the account given by her too obsequious domestic of her recent marriage.

CLASSICAL DEBATERS.

CALIGULA OR NERO?

Who's right, and who's amiss?
That, THESIGER, 's your hero,
And GLADSTONE, yours is this.

But to talk of ancient Romans,
Your notes you should compare,
With your BACCHUS, MARS, APOL-de-rol,
And your DOCTOR LEMPRIERE.

Unity is (not always) Strength.

WHEN SHAKESPEARE spoke of—

"—A voice potential,
As double as the Duke's,"

he would seem to have made prophetic allusion to the double voice which the DUKE OF NEWCASTLE may be supposed to have in the Government, in pursuance of his double office of War and Colonial Minister.

THE RUSSIAN FLEETS.—THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA is such a rogue, that, if his sailors are worthy of their sovereign, his navy ought to be speck with a K.

THE OPENING OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE.



THE 10th of June, 1854, is destined to become a red-letter day in forthcoming almanacks, and to supersede such important and mysterious announcements as *Blaise, St. Cyp. Leonard, or Enurachus* in all future calendars. The Opening of the Crystal Palace will be better worth chronicling than *Rich. Bishop Chick.*, of whom mention is made in our diaries, where the word *Rich* prefixed to *Bishop* reads remarkably like surplusage.

Everything smiled on the morning of the 10th of June, in honour of the opening of the Crystal Palace. The sun smiled on the chimney-pots; the policeman smiled on his beat; even the cabman smiled on his fare, and the vendors of spurious "Guide Books" on the road to the Palace smiled in their (shirt) sleeves at their customers.

The visit of *Mr. Punch* had evidently been the subject of much anxious consideration by the authorities on the line of road, and Policeman A 1, had drawn himself up—to his utmost height, to look in at the window of the cab which formed part of our escort.

On arriving at the Central Transept, we at once played our cards (of admission) into the hands appointed to deal with them, and we immediately "cut in" with our partners. On gaining the interior, we were shown, with great politeness, the seat reserved for us; but nobody knew the way to get to it. As it seemed to be fortified by impassable barriers, guarded by crowds of officials, each of whom was, no doubt, in his way a "great gun," we looked at the taking of our seat as a piece of business almost as difficult as the taking of Cronstadt, and accordingly after a little reconnoitring we sat down, as nearly opposite the royal dais as possible. There we had an opportunity of inspecting the Farnese HERCULES, who seemed to be contemplating with calm superiority, the failure of the police in the truly Herculean task of keeping back the crowds, every individual of which seemed to have some special reason for going into some special place, which had been specially reserved for some other person. In vain was *Mr. Snooks* assured that he was occupying the spot intended for the ARCHBISHOP of CANTERBURY, for *Mr. Snooks* had come resolved to "have his see," while *Smith* was, with difficulty, persuaded to resign the place of the Prime Minister, into which the physical force of the masses had, for a moment, carried him. *Jones* found himself suddenly occupying the position of the Prussian Minister, and though he was recalled most emphatically by several voices, it was not till the police escorted him back to the barrier, that he consented to fill a less obtrusive station.

The orchestra presented a magnificent blaze of white waistcoats, producing such a brilliant effect that the dazzled eye sought relief in the fur collars of the aldermen's gowns, or in the hair of their heads, or any other object of a soft and sombre nature. Wonderful as was the effect of the harmony of a thousand voices, there was something so novel in the harmony of a thousand waistcoats that, for some time, the spectators seemed wrapped in the bosoms of the orchestra. With the arrival of HER MAJESTY, whose punctuality is enough to shame half the clocks in London, and put even the bell of St. Paul's on its metal, the business of the day commenced.

The presentation of the various Handbooks to the QUEEN, was chiefly interesting to the assembled multitude for the opportunity it gave of criticising the various degrees of dexterity with which learned and scientific gentlemen can go backwards down a flight of steps—a feat which requires a PROFESSOR RISLEY, who perhaps from this circumstance calls his gymnastic tricks a "drawing-room" entertainment, rather than a PROFESSOR FORBES or a PROFESSOR OWEN. Men whose lives have been devoted to forward movements, are not well calculated to take backward steps; and it is no discredit to them that they failed in a movement of a retrogressive character.

The books and addresses having been transferred to LORD PALMERSTON, who never seems to feel that his hands can be too full, the royal

party paraded the building, and we were glad to see that the QUEEN took the opportunity of aiming a tremendous blow at the infinitesimal bonnet mania, for HER MAJESTY wears a real and a sensible bonnet, while many of her subjects wear a crown—and nothing but a crown—as a substitute. Of all the shapes folly and fashion have taken, none in our recollection has equalled the modern bonnet-shape.

After the departure of the royal party, the barriers were removed, but such was the crowd, that even *Punch* found it difficult to circulate. The Refreshment Rooms soon became a counter-attraction to the numerous Courts; but as we sipped some very bitter bad table-beer, price sixpence per glass, we wondered where were the "cheap and substantial viands" the directors had advertised. No doubt every defect will be remedied, and the thousand attractions already on the spot, will be multiplied a thousand times; but even at present there is enough to see to repay the cost of a hundred visits. We advise the whole world to get presented at all the Courts in the Crystal Palace, where every Court that is worthy of the honour, is ably and faithfully represented.

COMMISSIONER PHILLIPS AND EMPEROR NAPOLEON.

It is all right, at last, with LOUIS NAPOLEON. The English alliance has, no doubt, done much for him; nevertheless something was wanting to fix his destiny. That something the Emperor has just conquered, in the admiration of MR. COMMISSIONER PHILLIPS, who in a review of "Napoleon the Third," speaks of his proclamations as "redolent of the spirit [of what spirit did they smell?] of the first NAPOLEON, replete with all his fire, and breathing all his eloquence!"

It is said that LOUIS NAPOLEON is so much touched by the disinterested tribute, that he has sent to MR. PHILLIPS a wig-box, with the royal portrait painted at the bottom. Moreover, every day the Bar of the Insolvent Court expect to see their Commissioner enter decorated with the geranium riband of the Legion of Honour.

A Swim in a Sump.

"A POOR DRESSMAKER," in a letter to the *Times*, complains that people bathe close to the Serpentine Bridge, over which she has to walk of a morning. Her annoyance might be remedied by looking hard into the sky, or bringing her bonnet forwards in defiance of the reigning fashion, so that its sides might serve the purpose of "blinkers." But this would not lessen the indelicacy of bathing in the Serpentine near the Bridge, or anywhere else in that piece of fluid that passes for water. Do the bathers know what it is into which they plunge? If they did, they would soon renounce all indulgence in a bath which, if dirt-cheap, is proportionately nasty, and which, though it may not be costly, is undeniably sump-tuous.

A Tip-topographical Definition.

AN incurable punster, at present confined in Bedlam, declares that Austria has so often been a bankrupt, and her exchequer at present is in such a dreadful state of exhaustion that her title ought henceforth to be changed to EXHAUSTRIA.

THE CZAR'S CELLAR.

BEING at war both with France and England, the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA has his supplies of champagne stopped by the French, and we take care to seal up all his ports.

Vegetables for the Army.

It has been proposed that the Commissariat should issue rations of cauliflower to clothing Colonels, to compensate those gallant officers for the loss of cabbage which they have sustained through a recent arrangement.

AN ANGLO-FRENCH HINT TO NICHOLAS.

"*Mon cher, le Jeu ne vaut pas la Chandelle.*"

In other words, the game you are at present playing, my dear fellow, is not worth one of your own tallow-candles.

INDECISION.—The indecision of the KING OF PRUSSIA is known now by a different term—it is called "Berlin-Woolgathering."

LITERARY CHARACTER OF THE CZAR.—NICHOLAS has been the author of great misfortunes to Russia. He is an author whose subjects will soon be all threadbare.

GREECE (*newly defined*).—Since Greece has been backing up Russia it has been called "the RUSSIAN BEAR'S-GREECE."



Managing Mamma. "MY GOODNESS, ELLEN, HOW WRETCHEDLY PALE YOU ARE; FOR GOODNESS' SAKE BITE YOUR LIPS AND RUB YOUR CHEEKS."

THE PALMERSTONIAN SYSTEM OF PENMANSHIP.

IN his justly celebrated character of judicious bottle-holder, LORD PALMERSTON comes forward with an ink-bottle, and advice touching the employment of its contents. He will have all the Press with him: for every Editor is too well acquainted with the misery inflicted by illegible MS. There is, as the noble Lord remarks, a great want of proper teaching in the art of writing, and without having lived so long in the world as to be obliged to wear spectacles or mount a double eyeglass, we cordially concur in his Lordship's opinion as to what is proper and improper in that art:—

"The great bulk of the middle and lower orders write hands too small and indistinct, and do not form their letters; or they sometimes form them by alternate broad and fine strokes, which make the word difficult to read. The handwriting which was generally practised in the early and middle part of the last century was far better than that now in common use, and LORD PALMERSTON would suggest that it would be very desirable that the attention of schoolmasters should be directed to this subject, and that their pupils should rather be taught to imitate broad printing than fine copper-plate engraving."

We may say that fine writing is as great a mistake in letters as it is in literature—the chief use, whether of language or characters, is to get understood. It is a duty to write intelligibly to both the intellect and the eye. There are some who, for the life of them, cannot perform this duty in either of its branches—unfortunate persons!—but he who wilfully neglects it, or transgresses it, is a rogue, or at best little better than a rogue; that is, a humbug. There is a suspicious look about flourishes with the pen; and florid phrasology has a corresponding expression. By either is indicated a design to show off at least, and in all show-off there is something of the nature of imposition. Not to go so far as to argue that a man's moral character may be judged of by his handwriting, it may be affirmed that a letter well and plainly written is a letter of recommendation to the writer; raises a presumption at least in favour of his honesty.

It is to be hoped that LORD PALMERSTON will publish some copy-books with all the old texts: "Familiarity doth breed Contempt," and the other plagues of our boyhood: newly written, in defiance and contempt of that effete superstition of light upstrokes and heavy downstrokes. And we also wish he would open a school in Downing Street

THE GOVERNMENT POSTAGE-DAMPER.

WE see advertised several "Postage-Dampers," each extolling loudly its own particular merit. However, we think the Government is fairly entitled to the credit of having invented the largest and most wonderful machine of this kind, and we appeal to the arrangements for conveying letters to the East and the Baltic as satisfactory proofs that we are not bestowing upon the authorities at St. Martin's-le-Grand any praise that has not been most honourably earned. Could, in fact, any process be more "damping" than the one they have adopted? They receive a letter, keep it for some six weeks, and then charge the poor soldier to whom it is addressed some two or three shillings for it! This "Postage-Damper" is only capable, it seems to us, of one improvement, and we have no doubt that the Government will very quickly avail itself of it. The improvement we allude to is to enforce the prepayment of all letters to the Seat of War, and to keep them until the brave soldiers return; that is to say, not to send their letters at all. Surely if news is worth three shillings when only six weeks old, it must be much more valuable when it has acquired the good old age of a twelvemonth or two. Therefore we would recommend that each letter, before it is redeemed, should be charged according to the longevity of the intelligence it contains. We imagine that this system, if vigorously pursued, would prove a most efficient "damper" to all letters and all letter-writing.

A Case for the Bishop of Exeter.

AT Bovey Tracy, in Devonshire, the HON. and REV. MR. COURTENAY—according to the *Western Times*—"has been making a niche" in the church "for a holy water basin." The basin being duly prepared, we leave it to the BISHOP OF EXETER to administer to MR. COURTENAY a due towelling.

Dreadful Condition of Scotland.

THE Scotch are in such dreadful want of another Scotchman, that an enthusiast in the *Scotsman* newspaper has proved NICHOLAS OF RUSSIA to be of Highland "extraction." If true, all the better for the Highlands, we should say, that NICHOLAS is well out of them.

wherein to furnish instruction in penmanship on the Palmerstonian system. This establishment should be provided with a shop window, wherein the noble lord should place the testimonials of persons whose handwriting has been bettered by his instructions. These would be precisely the converse of those which the public is now familiar with, which exhibit, as the effect of so many weeks' tuition under Mr. So and So, a uniform dead level of mechanical copy, differing from the "scrawl," which they are exhibited as improvements on, chiefly by having had the stamp of their individuality effaced. In general also they are much less legible at any distance than the original pothooks; and therefore altogether considerably worse than these. Accordingly the testimonials in LORD PALMERSTON'S window should consist of contrasts between handwriting deteriorated and handwriting developed. As thus:—

1. "This is a specimen of my handwriting after having been spoilt in six lessons by a common writing master!" and 2. "This is my natural handwriting restored and amended by one hour's practice in the system of the HOME SECRETARY."

LORD PALMERSTON has always enjoyed some reputation for ability in Government, and whatever some people may think of that, they cannot refuse him credit for judgment in ruling the public copy-book.

Hospitality in High Quarters.

WE are afraid the rumour that DR. WAAGEN is to be fetched from Germany, and made director of the National Gallery, is too good to be true. At the British Museum, for example, we have so very few places filled by Germans, Italians, and other foreigners, that it would be quite a refreshing novelty to see some little patronage extended to alien ability, instead of being exclusively lavished on native talent.

BUFFON IMPROVED BY NICHOLAS.

JUDGING impartially from the quantity of *Te Deums* that have been heard at St. Petersburg, we should say that the Russian Eagle was, most decidedly, a Bird of PRAY.



"I'LL PUNCH YOUR 'EAD, DIRECTLY, IF YOU DON'T LEAVE ORFF. HOW DO YER THINK THE WHAT'S-A-NAMES 'LL BITE, IF YOU KEEP ON A SPLASHIN' LIKE THAT!"

RUDE AND CRUDE OBSERVATIONS.

BY A PLATITUDINARIAN.

NONE of us like the crying of another person's baby.

"I won't" is a woman's Ultimatum.

No man knows when he goes to law, or gets into a cab, what he will have to pay on getting out of it.

Red tape is the legal chalk with which a lawyer ruddles his sheep.

If we all had windows to our breasts to-morrow, what a demand there would be for blinds!

When a man has been "drinking like a fish," it is "the salmon" always that is to blame for it.

The Truth, with "London Pure Milk," lives certainly at the bottom of a well.

Years are the milestones which tell us the distance we have travelled, but it's rarely women count them.

Conversation was hid for a long time, until it was discovered in a bag of filberts.

Some persons are fond of "opening their minds" to you, as if it were a dirty-linen bag—only to let you see the foul things that can drop out of it.

Women, when they talk of "a good figure," must mean the figure 8, for that is the figure which is the most pulled in at the middle.

The dissipations that persons resort to to drown care, are like the curtains that children in bed pull round them to keep out the dark.

The bread of repentance we eat, is often made of the wild oats we sow in our youth.

CAPITAL TITLE FOR A NEW COMPANY.—"The DISRAELI Assurance Company."

OUR CRITIC AMONG THE PAINTERS. No. 5.

It is a great pleasure to find one's own wits jumping with a brother critic's, sometimes; for there are followers of the craft, whom if I found of the same mind with myself upon a work of art, I should conclude I *must* be wrong. But it is a bore when the other gentleman's judgment happens to be the first printed, as was the case in the *Spectator* of Sunday week, where I found the same pictures which I had selected for special mention in my last notice, praised to a tune almost identical with my own. All I can say is, that my notice was in the printer's hands, though not the public's, before the *Spectator's*, and that it is a case of coincidence and not copying.

I am proud, I confess, to find my eye and mind taking the same track as the *Spectator's*, but I mention the fact less out of pride, or to deprecate the suspicion of plagiarism, than that my readers may assign what value they think proper to either of our opinions from its coincidence with the other. If RHADAMANTHUS in *Punch* is infallible, then MINOS in the *Spectator* must be right; or if MINOS be right, RHADAMANTHUS can't be wrong.

Thus, my lord and lady public, you are quite safe in pinning your faith on the two of us together. What you are to do when we differ, I am at a loss to advise; and I find we *do* differ on one picture—MR. SOLOMON'S *Second Class*. MINOS calls it "sentimental"—using the word by way of disparagement. I confess that neither from the picture nor the word can I gather what MINOS objects to. It seems to me, for my part, that the subject is a well-chosen one. A widowed mother, with her daughter, is accompanying her boy—on his way to embark for his first voyage. The train has nearly reached its destination; and from the window of the second-class carriage you see the masts of the shipping, among which is the craft on board of which our cabin-boy is entered. The suppressed agony of parting has begun to work in the widow's face; the full tide of grief is setting in the sister's eyes, and the boy tries hard to gulp down his tears, from shame of a jolly tar in the same carriage in company with his "old woman," to whom parting has grown so common, that she faces it like a stoic, though she can understand the mother's sorrow still.

This story is intelligibly told. The expression of the heads seems to me feelingly, faithfully, and not obtrusively rendered. I wish MINOS would tell me exactly what he means by "sentimental," when he uses it as a term of contempt, or at least, dispraise. I presume he employs the word as equivalent to "mawkish," and if so, I vow I can see nothing mawkish in either subject or treatment. The subject is one that concerns motherly, sisterly, and filial love; and the workings of these various affections are all shown without weakness or over-forcing. I find the public understand the picture and are touched by it; and I

must own that to my mind it excels everything the painter of it has hitherto produced. Its companion picture, the *First Class*, pleases me less. I admit that the old gentleman sleeping in the sunlight, is capital, but the young lady looks to me affected, and the "gent" I fearlessly assert and will maintain to be an arrant spooney. But, setting aside this difference in our verdicts—MINOS and myself are of one mind—as to the pictures chosen for chief praise. The truth is, I believe that we both seek for the same things in a picture, and that there are so few pictures in the Exhibition in which these things have been principally aimed at, that no two men looking for them can miss them. What these things are, I must leave you to gather from all I have written or may write upon the subject of the year's pictures.

Among the painters who this year have gathered new strength by touching their mother earth, I ought to have enumerated FRANK STONE, who in the *Old Old Story* (which he has been telling, in every variety of costume this many many a year), has got quite a revived and fresh character by using his brush to paint men and women in picturesque, real *chasses*, at Boulogne, instead of models in masquerade-suits out of Wardour Street.

There is one work left for notice which aims higher, both in the dignity of the subject and the scale of its presentation, than any I have yet alluded to—I mean MR. E. M. WARD'S Picture of *Argyle's Last Sleep*. Except his *Marie Antoinette in the Temple*, MR. WARD has done nothing so good as this. To be sure, there are still his unpleasant technical mannerisms, blackness in shadows, flickering lights, untrue in themselves, and cutting up his masses in a way very destructive of dignity, and even effect to my eye; the conscience-stricken Lord of Council is unnecessarily bilious, and too tremendously remorseful even for such agony as is indicated in the story quoted in the catalogue; the turnkey—characteristic and national as his face is—does not come out from the door in substantial flesh and blood. But, after all, ARGYLE sleeping his calm sleep, is the crowning piece of the work, and that personage is nobly and feelingly represented. The likeness is true, as it ought to be in a work meant for a page of the Painted History of England, that is to cover the walls of the New Houses of Parliament. The expression in head and limbs tells unmistakably of a mind at ease, anticipating restful death in deep and dreamless sleep. The accessories—watch, Bible, heather-sprig, and paper with last thoughts—are well chosen, and placed to help the sentiment and point the story. Had all the picture equalled the left hand part of it, very few English pictures of its class would have been so good—still fewer better. As it is, with the defects (for such they appear to me) which I have mentioned, I feel glad and proud that this work is destined to be hung in a place befitting historical pictures. What need to talk of STANFIELD or ROBERTS? to indicate names and works that people go to, in

the catalogue or on the walls, at once and, as it were, instinctively?—to point out merits that everyone recognises? For the same reason I will say nothing of MR. GRANT's simple and manly portrait of LORD JOHN, or of his massive head of T. B. MACAULAY.

I have intentionally forbore to speak of MR. MACLISE's picture. I respect the thought and courage, visible all through it, the painter's mastery of hand in details of drawing, and his honest and conscientious elaboration. But the work leaves me unmoved, unaffected, unimpressed. I neither feel the horror of the slaughter, nor the grim irony of the bridal. Any raptures I might throw myself into over it would certainly be insincere; any disparagement I might give way to would deserve to be called impertinent. Who can fail to see that the strength of no common man has been put forth on that vast canvas? Before I venture to judge it I should wish to see it hung in some vast Gothic hall where, in rivalry with painted glass and bright tapestry, it would, I believe, have an effect and significance which here, amid the crowded and garish commonplace of the Academy walls, it is not to its discredit to be wanting in.

And now, when I have mentioned a dreamy and fanciful head, by ARMITAGE, called *The Lotus Eater*; CRESWICK's Landscapes—in the old style of subject and effect—and some charming landscapes by less known hands, especially two still Welsh river bits of MR. DEARLE's; a little glade in a Kentish wood, by a new man, ROSF, and an admirable *View of Toulon*, with a shelving beach and a ragged seaside track, by a Toulonnais, COURDONAN, in which the arid ashy-coloured hills in the distance are given with a terrible truth, and which, with the wonted courtesy of the Academy hangers, as the work of a foreigner, has been put down close to the floor,—I have really exhausted all in the Exhibition that has left such an impression on my mind as to render a catalogue unnecessary. No, I had forgotten a masterly portrait of Dr. Blakiston, by a painter unknown to me, bearing the same name—unpretending, small, but marvellously finished, rich in colour, appropriate in details, and unmistakable in characterization. Look for that portrait, my lord and lady public; it will repay the trouble, though the search may be a long one—and, when you have gone down on your knees to it (which you must do) tell me what you think of it.

Let me also applaud the cocks and hens of MR. HUGGINS; they are almost miniatures of the poultry yard. Neither HONDIUS nor HONDECOETER ever planted King Chanticleer more royally on his legs nor gave him a more knowing wag of the wattles over treasure-trove of barleycorn or grub. And it is something to see even cocks and hens painted with such nice observation and genuine sympathy as MR. HUGGINS shows in his little pictures. I hereby dub him painter in ordinary—*de la basse cour*.

It is not pleasant to think that in so short a compass should be comprehended all that a critic by calling—suppose him the barrenest of his craft—can find to say, honestly and with meaning, of an exhibition containing some 1200 works, within his judgment. Perhaps this is his fault. Let him hope for the arts' sake it may be.

"E'EN IN THEIR ASHES LIVE THEIR WONTED FIRES."

GOVERNOR HUBBARD of the Bank of England has made a noble stand upon the churchyards of London. He gallantly sets his back against a tombstone, and defies the sacrilegious rabble who would interfere with the gold-mines (belonging to the Church) in every city churchyard. Nevertheless, we fear the church-yards are doomed; and, what is worse, the bishops and archdeacons and deans who have proposed to themselves the last long solace of reposing in city churchyard—their long, sweet sleep soothed by the wheels of omnibus—will haply be compelled to lie under grass-green velvet quilt gemmed with silver daisies.

In this dilemma, *Punch* has a proposal to make. What if the Bank cellars were so enlarged as to afford commodious lying for a select few of the Church; of dignitaries, like the BISHOP OF LONDON for instance and ARCHDEACON HALE, who all their lives have been lovely in their gold, and in their deaths would not be separated from it?

There would be a fine moral in such a cemetery. Here bars of gold; and here a dead Bishop! The Bank cellars are, of course, by the precious metal they contain, already consecrated.

A Figure Head Saint.

A CELEBRATED image of St. NICHOLAS—a great miracle-maker—has been placed at the prow of the GRAND DUKE CONSTANTINE's ship. The Saint is warranted to stop every cannon-ball of an enemy; catching the ball in his teeth, and duly swallowing it; the miracle to be duly swallowed again by the people of Holy Russia.

GREAT REDUCTION OF STOCK.—Since the abolition of the military stock, we think we can congratulate England upon possessing, at all events, one laughing-stock the less.

TEETOTAL TRUTH!



ALLANTLY faithful to their tragic threat, half-a-dozen teetotallers met together last week at Exeter Hall, to denounce the contemplated iniquity of the Crystal Palace Company, who propose to vend wine and malt to the Sydenham pilgrims. The meeting was not very numerous, but particularly noisy.

Much dirty water was spouted; we say, especially dirty; inasmuch as these temperance apostles think it all sufficient to morals if they abstain from alcoholic potatoes. They may misrepresent, they may cant and

slander,—if they drink no wine. They may deal in hypocrisy, if they shun spirits: they may maul the dead, if they avoid the beer-cask. It matters not how dirty be their speech if their water-bottles contain only the pure lymph. They may wound like wasps, if they only eschew the bees-wing.

The EARL OF HARRINGTON (it is something to catch a live earl in water; a celebrity only second to the second coming hippopotamus) presided over the minnows; and made a very significant speech; quite characteristic of the veracity and temperance that ordinarily distinguish these hydrocephalous CICEOS. He said—the good, veracious Earl!—he said:—

"The Directors were not allowed to make a gin-shop of the Palace, but yet they had made it a large beer-shop. (Cheers.) In conclusion he stigmatised the act of the Directors as obtaining money under false pretences, because the people had subscribed under the belief that the charter would be carried out. (Cheers.)"

Is there not such a thing as evil speaking under assumed benevolence; is there not slandering under false pretences of Christian charity? We ask it; is there not, O Exeter Hall! And Exeter Hall does not echo "Not!"

Another Speaker informed the meeting that they had had an interview with the President of the Board of Trade, from whom they gathered that the Home Office (sensible, astute PALMERSTON! Genuine hater of crawling humbug, or humbug rampant!) "saw no reason for opposing the introduction of wine and beer, but that they would exclude spirits!"

Another Orator much wondered that "the ARCHBISHOP of CANTERBURY should consecrate a beer-shop." Possibly this innocent gentleman had never heard, or if so, had wholly forgotten the fact of ONE who "consecrated" a wedding-feast with wine miraculous!

However, the QUEEN is to be next assaulted by these water-spouts. Who knows that HER MAJESTY did not herself take a glass of wine to the success of the Crystal Palace, even as, a few days since, she cracked a bottle to the good fortune of the *Royal Albert*. We trust that HER MAJESTY will be duly protected from the impertinence of these Temperance Apostles. Mr. *Punch* always desires to respect the liberty of the subject; nevertheless, it would not throw him into a very violent passion if the Temperance deputation, in lieu of being conducted to the QUEEN, were one and all duly introduced to the Palace pump.

By all means, let DR. LATHAM make models of these water-men—these bipeds with fins—for the Ethnological Department. On second thoughts, we would prefer for the Crystal Palace a live teetotal Earl. A glass jar might be blown big enough to hold him; a jar to be covered with a copy of the Crystal Charter—as with parchment you cover a leech-bottle—that allows the sale of beer and wine. We are not so inhuman as to wish to cork our Earl; though assuredly there were at Exeter Hall a few water-bottle men who, for the peace of society, ought to be laid down for good and all, and never drawn.

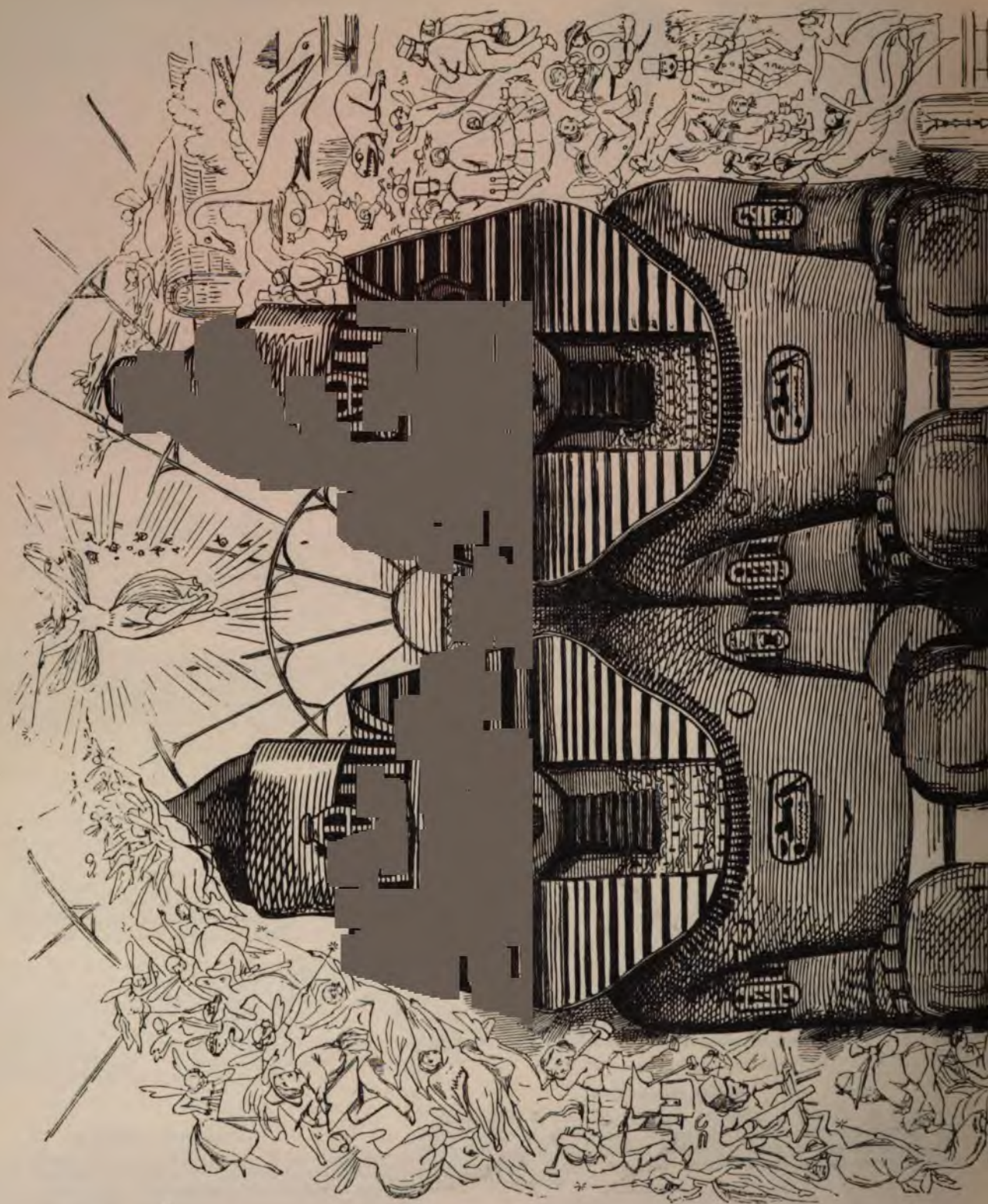
A Dreadful Attack.

ACCORDING to the last accounts, NICHOLAS is very ill. It is a nervous disorder, we are told. Nothing more likely, and when NAPIER begins his work in good earnest, we should not be in the least surprised if His Imperial Majesty was laid up with a very serious attack of BAL-TIC *Douloureux*.

GLIMMERINGS OF MILITARY INTELLIGENCE.

TAILORS were always famous for "doing a bit of stiff." It is a curious coincidence that military stocks and clothing colonels should have been simultaneously abolished.

"THE OLD, OLD STORY."—The Repeal of the Income-Tax





A REVERIE AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

JUNE 17, 1854.]

[PUNCH, No. 676.]

KING CHARLES'S RESTORATION.



KING CHARLES MATHEWS (with his head) has been restored to his throne; and has issued the subjoined proclamation from his royal palace in the Strand. True majesty moves and shines in every line. *Duncan's* Dutch metal crown was not more truly regal. If KING OTHO had only a spice of the dignity that embalms the yet living KING CHARLES, he would have snapped his royal fingers in the face of France and England. We propose to enshrine the precious proclamation in our pages for all time.

ROYAL LYCEUM THEATRE.—MR. CHARLES MATHEWS, in announcing the RE-OPENING of this THEATRE, cannot resist the opportunity it affords him of expressing publicly the great pride and pleasure experienced by MRS. MATHEWS and himself from the unexampled loyalty and friendship of every member of the company, who, together with the workmen and servants of the establishment, have shown

faith in the management as unequivocal as it is gratifying, having firmly held together for a period of five weeks, in spite of the temptations offered of immediate engagements elsewhere, and have patiently waited the chance of his being able to resume his position. MR. MATHEWS, while thus thanking them for their confidence and goodwill, ventures to hope that this steady adherence of those who have for years been associated with him, and who, while most intimately acquainted with his conduct and habits, have stood by him through sorrow and loss, will prove the best guarantee that the many reports which have found credence from time to time with the public have not been founded in truth, and that the unscrupulous disregard of every principle of honour and probity so frequently and so falsely attributed to him will appear wholly at variance with the continued cordiality and friendship of all those who have longest known him.

"Unexampled loyalty!" Let us begin with loyalty. Well, it is a gratifying, an ennobling truth that warms the heart like wine, to know that of all the follies, faults, and weaknesses that beset poor fallible human nature, the actor—in that one conservative virtue, *loyalty*—is an entire and perfect chrysolite. As well, with mere human teeth, try to bite a fracture in the Koh-i-Noor, as hope to flay the loyalty of your true actor. Bray him in a mortar, and he would not crack. Assail him with money-bags, and he will never split. No: his hand has signed his faith to his monarch manager, and you might lay that hand upon a gridiron and grill it like unto a mutton chop, but that hand remains faithful to its first ink. There may be no treasury, but the heart is full; so perish lucre and long live loyalty!

How beautiful, too, to contemplate the loyal actor proudly smiling (with a little bit of contempt puckering the corners of the plastic lips)—smiling we say at the vain and worthless temptations of another monarch, desirous at any increase of fortune, to corrupt and carry away, it may be, the loyal Light Comedian—the loyal Heavy Old Man—the loyal Walking Gentleman—or even the loyal General Utility. In vain. The loyal actor laughs—laughs contemptuously—at the bribe of double salary, regularly paid, and—his stomach may be empty—but, as we say, his heart is full, and defying the tempter, he proudly strikes that heart, and like a flung-down shilling, it rings with precious loyalty.

Sweet then is adversity to a manager, for it teaches him the virtues of those who in their loyalty love and honour him! What human parcels of unknown spices may be in a playhouse, until the adversity of the monarch *impresario*, shall have pinched and pinched them, and so brought out their fragrance! NAPOLEON would never have known all the fidelity of MONTMOLON, had NAPOLEON never known St. Helena. How could Manager STRUTT even guess at the loyalty of a DAGGERWOOD, if STRUTT had never known the street of Basinghall!

What an example does the playhouse present to the real brick-and-mortar-hearted world without! Let all the ORLEANS family take private boxes, and therefrom contemplate the undying loyalty of Lyceum actors in comparison with the fleeting fidelity of French politicians. Could the shifting, twisting, facile TALLEYRAND even for a moment confront the loyal blaze in the eye of a FRANK MATHEWS? One moment, perhaps; and the next, the Frenchman would be a small heap of very white ashes.

But there is good reason for this abounding, this everlasting loyalty in the breasts of players towards their manager. A scoffing, careless world may not know the sort of affecting tenures by which certain actors hold their places and engage their loyalty. For instance, the DUKE OF WELLINGTON holds Strathfieldsaye by tenure of giving in a yearly flag at Windsor. In like manner, the low Comedian holds his

place by laying, every season, on the dressing-table of his manager, a new hare's foot. The Old Man pays his fealty in three burnt corks; and the Walking Gentleman in half-an-ounce of carmine.

A VISION OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

THERE are things more frail than visions, there are falser words than dreams

Bring, unchallenged, wildly mingling strangest with most common themes;

But I know not, as each Master laid his gift before the throne,
If I thought the thought of myriads, or my fancy strayed alone.

Marching came a swarth procession, mustering from the banks of Nile,

Abject-eyed believers, marshalled by stern priests with eyes of guile.
And with mystic types and symbols were their garments studded o'er,
And the awful veil of Isis was the banner that they bore.

Following trod a prouder army, striding on with martial tread,
From a City, lost for ages, that hath yielded up her dead.

And a grim and giant Monster stalking fiercely in the van,
'Twas a winged Beast—more dreadful that it wore the face of man.

Next a graceful throng went by me, from a classic region fair,
Chiselled features, flowing garments, laurel wreaths in golden hair;
And a God and Goddess led them, glorious types of War and Peace,
NEPTUNE and MINERVA ever watching o'er their well loved Greece.

From their seven-hilled home eternal, then the haughty Swordsmen came,

Lictor's fasces, gory axe-head, and the she-wolf's glance of flame,
And four ever famous Letters borne on high in that array,
Told a world that Rome was present—proudly bade the world obey.

Whose luxurious pomp succeeds them, who in smiling throng advance,
Glistering in that flowery raiment, tripping as to feast and dance?
So they glistered, so they revelled, so was struck the sparkling lyre,
On the day Pompeii perished, shrieking in yon mountain's fire.

Some come mourning, come as those whose brightest day hath shone
and fled.

Are they from Byzantium's rampart, where a hero-king lies dead—
From the noblest fane that glows beneath an oriental sky—
Raised to Christian Wisdom—bearing now the symbol of a Lie.

Came the Church in purple glory and a wealth of gems and gold,
Steel clad knights in soldier-splendour, banners of emblazoned fold,
Armourer, herald, jester, hawker, planet-reader, squire and page,
Chivalry's thrice gorgeous chapter from her proudest Middle Age.

Art's procession followed, calmly, lofty as their port should be,
Who had dashed down feudal shackles, and proclaimed that Art is free.
Gazing on their deeds of beauty, who but scorns the bigot prate,
That assails their noble mission with a Goth's fantastic hate?

What a glorious train came after, every lofty face a Fame,
All whose Thought our age inherits, or our age itself shall claim.
Those whose names, in self-made light, are burning still on honour's
scrolls,

Those to whom the world is debtor—shall be debtor while it rolls.

But what thunder wave of music comes in grandeur surging out?
Never yet ascended Homage in a nobler, mightier shout,
Fancy's visions instant scatter—sense itself is growing dim.
As all space seems tiding over with that rushing, whelming hymn.

There are things more frail than visions, there are falser words than dreams

Bring, unchallenged, wildly mingling strangest with most common themes;

And I know not, as each Master laid his gift before the Throne.
If I thought the thought of myriads, or my fancy strayed alone.



WHAT OUR ARTIST HAS TO PUT UP WITH.

Old Sage *loq.* "I SHOULD GIVE IT A GLAZE OF PURE BLUE, AND THEN FETCH IT UP WITH INDIAN RED AND LAMP-BLACK FOR THE HIGH LIGHTS. SEE WHAT I MEAN?—PERDOOSE TONE."

HOW TO MAKE TWO HUNDRED POUNDS.

THE law report in the papers of Tuesday shows an easy way of making two hundred pounds which, it seems, may be achieved by any scoundrel who threatens anybody else with a prosecution for felony. Such at least would be the inference from a dictum of one of our ablest judges, MR. BARON PARKE, who, if he has been truly reported, observed from the bench, that "he considered there were a great many persons who would have given a far larger amount [than £200] rather than have had a prosecution against them." In another place the learned judge is reported to have said, "his own opinion was that there were few persons who would not have given a larger sum rather than run the risk of having their character ruined."

If this estimate of the moral courage of society is a correct one, if it be true that many men are such abject cowards that they would rather pay a larger sum than £200, than run the risk of having their character ruined, it is quite clear that there are many men who, if they happen to have £200 and a character, are worthy the attention of the numerous scoundrels, professional and mock professional, as well as lay, who infest society.

For our own parts we, with great respect, beg to dissent *in toto* from the judicial opinion, as imputed by the reports to MR. BARON PARKE, and, notwithstanding all the uncertainty of the results of law proceedings, both criminal and civil, we hope there are very few men indeed who would pay two hundred farthings, or indeed respond in any way, except through the police, should they be threatened in the manner which the learned Judge seems to think would have such a painful effect on their nerves as to act powerfully on their pockets.

If MR. BARON PARKE has been mis-reported—which we trust he may have been—he owes it to society to set himself right, for to a timid man, menaced by some of the pests with which the world abounds, it will be but poor consolation to remember that a Judge on the bench is said to have observed, "There are few persons who would not have given a larger sum [than £200] rather than run the risk of having their character ruined."

A SEVERE VISITATION.

MOST people are aware that a bishop's triennial progress throughout his diocese is called the bishop's visitation: but few know how well it deserves that name. The readers of the *Daily News*, however, are awake to the fact that it is indeed a regular visitation, as it costs the unfortunate clergy, on whom it is inflicted, a fee. From the same journal it may be learned that the visitation fee is demanded, though the visitation may not be held. This our contemporary proves by the quotation of a circular lately addressed to the clergy of the diocese of Bath and Wells, demanding the usual fee of them for the bishop, and at the same time signifying that their attendance at the "ensuing visitation"—which was not to ensue—would be dispensed with. Thus the visitation, although not held, was endured. But this is not all: for the BISHOP OF BATH AND WELLS died before his visitation fell due to his clergy, or their visitation fees to him: notwithstanding which the visitation fees are still demanded of them: the claimant being the ARCHBISHOP. Thus it may be said that the essential part of the visitation has been preserved; namely, the Charge: but there is gross impropriety in this argument, for it involves a joke, and indeed a practical joke, and a very heavy joke, at the expense of the poor parsons.

THE VICTORY OF ODESSA.

A MUSCOVITE ROMANCE.

Brave STCHEGOLOFF fired shell and rocket off,
Assisted by three valiant boys from school,
Young DEMINISTRE, SKOROBOGATOFF,
And the indomitable MASTER PURL.

Earth gaped—sky stared—it was a thing to wonder at,
How on our foes his guns kept up a roar;
They with four hundred cannons him did thunder at,
And he replied to them with only four!

But his reply confounded their audacity
With damage more than equal to its noise;
Though that shook mountains—trust me for veracity—
Yet louder still the people cheered the boys.

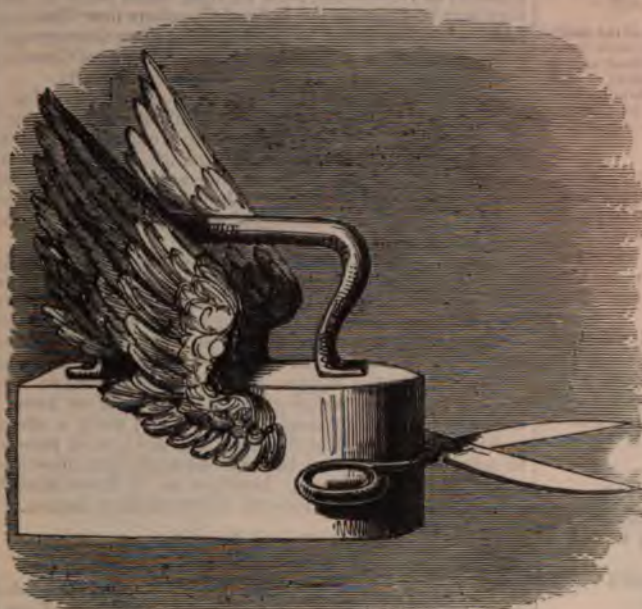
Imagine myriads that immense name holloaing
Of SKOROBOGATOFF, with all their might!
What followed was, of course, cock-sure of following,
With shattered hulks the Anglo-French took flight.



BAD EGGS.—All the Russian shells, on bursting, are intended to distribute a yoke.

SONGS BY "OUR COLONELS."

THE LAMENT OF COLONEL MARTINET, K.C.B.

(Late Clothing Colonel of the gallant Onety-Oneth.)

AH me! the tailor's goose is flown
That laid the Colonel's golden eggs!
The little perquisites are gone
That kept poor Colonels on their legs!

No more shall gallant veterans wield
The scissors nimbly as the sword:
And charge not boldier foes on field,
Than friends upon the clothing-board.

To please vile *Punch* and viler *Times*,
HERBERT my hard-won hopes has baffled!
SIDNEYS have bled for smaller crimes,
(See LORD JOHN RUSSELL) on the scaffold!

What good 's to come of this great boon?
If one may judge by every omen,
The soldier's to be made a spoon,
But one that ne'er will stir our foemen.

They've lowered the guardsman's bearskin shako;
Clapped on his head, ere well the war 'gan,
A forage-cap, like that which Jacko
Wears, while congéing on an organ.

They've given the soldier leave to wear
(As though his strength lay in his locks)
Unlimited amounts of hair—
And—worse than all—abolished Stocks!

How long will civil funds keep up,
When military stocks are low?
Can slovens smartly "shoulder hup!"
Or guns, without stocks, floor the foe?

The neck it squeezed; it swelled the eyes;
True—but "heads up" it kept the crown—
The colonel's choler needs must rise
To see the private's collar down!

To guard your guards and line from sun,
With pillow-case you swathe the head—
Soldier fear sun! Son of a gun!
Put the man bodily to bed!

Give him a night-shirt—do—at once—
Expense of uniforms 'twill save;
Let his beard grow like MR. MUNTZ,
And only colonels closely shave.

Don't flog him when he misbehaves;
Don't shoot him if on post found napping;
Teach him that time was made for slaves;
Unpipeclayed leave his low black strapping.

When thus the soldier you require
All day long but to stand at ease,
Let me to private life retire,
And fools be colonels, if they please



THE EX-CLOTHING COLONEL TO HIS SWORD.

My Sword! how bright and lovely thine unsullied blade appears,
Now that I wave thee only, and have ceased to wield the Shears!
Ay, now, faith, I can brandish thee with pride, my battle blade.
Since, all resigned to Glory, I've no more to do with Trade.

How bounds my gallant charger, and neighs to join the fight
Seeing thee flash and sparkle as thou glancest in the light!
If I a Goose were flourishing, not thus my steed would neigh,
Although I were a Tailor proud as ever pranced away.

Into the rolling Danube my Thimble will I pitch,
And fling my Needle after it, no more to do a stitch.
My only List, the Army List, from this time forth shall be
Nor will I cut out anything, except, my Sword, with thee!

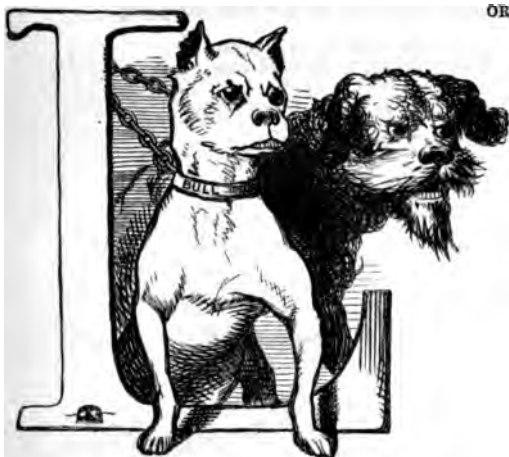
A Washy Composer.

THE musical critic in the *Times* compares the music of M. ADOLPHE ADAM to "the rinsings of M. AUBER's bottles." The illustration is much to our taste, and the idea may be variously applied. For example, it may be said that the singing of an imitation JENNY LIND is but the sediment of the Swedish nightingale's "Jug;" or that the musical compositions of one of the mock classical school, are but the ashes of our friend BACH's 'Bacco pipe. As a climax to this style of illustration, we would compare the polkas and other airs of an imitation JULLIEN to the exhausted odours of the Great Maestro's pocket-handkerchief.

THE BATTLE THAT IS FOUGHT ON THE HEARTH.

THE poor fellow, whose wife has, for the last ten years, been continually giving him "a bit of her mind," has just declared himself anxious to have a "Peace-at-any-price."

LORD PALMERSTON ON PENMANSHIP.



LORD PALMERSTON, "touched to fine issues" in all things, has just put forth certain canons of penmanship. He complains that—

"The great bulk of the middle and lower orders write hands too small and indistinct and do not form their letters; or they sometimes form them by alternate broad and fine strokes, which make the words difficult to read."

His Lordship finally suggests that pupils should be taught rather to imitate broad printing than fine copper-plate engraving. In fact, rather to write broadsides than bank-notes.

LORD PALMERSTON, however, gives private lessons on style: and Mr.

Punch has been favoured—he will not say by whom—with specimens from the hand of the EARL OF ABERDEEN, before and after tuition, by the accomplished HOME SECRETARY. We select two:—

My Style before I took a Lesson.

"I think the CZAR OF ALL THE RUSSIAS is a perfect gentleman. I believe in NICHOLAS as the great legitimate beadle of Europe; a man who combines the biggest cocked hat with the noblest sense of order. A man of truth; indeed, a perfect gentleman is NICHOLAS.

"ABERDEEN."

My Style after one Lesson.

"I believe the CZAR to be a compound of hypocrite and bully: a swaggering mass of raw despotism. As was said of SYLLA, he is a mass of mud and blood. Very necessary is it for the future repose of the world that we make sharp and short work with the world's peacebreaker.

"ABERDEEN."

And this, it will be seen, after only one lesson. What a pity PALMERSTON was not called in many months ago!

CHAMBER PRACTICE.

MADAME TUSSAUD has "a Chamber of Horrors," into which none are admitted but the greatest delinquents, on whose countenances there is set—in wax—the seal of iniquity. We doubt, however, whether MADAME TUSSAUD's Chamber of Horrors can show anything much more horrible than may be found in the Judges' Chambers near Chancery Lane, when frequented by some of those sham attorneys and their pretended clerks, to whose doings the laxity of Chamber Practice too often fixes the seal of judicial authority.

Not long ago a suspected criminal, who had been refused bail at a Police Court, escaped the hands of justice through the mode of doing business at the Judges' Chambers, where a little perjury, a little personation, and the appearance of one or two sham attorneys or their pretended clerks, served to satisfy the "Judge at Chambers," who ordered the release of an alleged culprit, who has of course kept out of the way of trial.

Complaints have often been made of the want of dignity and decorum in the doings at the Judges' Chambers, where crowds of harpies are permitted to congregate, but we can scarcely wonder at the scandal having reached its present height, when the title of an attorney may be assumed without a challenge, and in some cases even costs may be awarded to the harpies, and "no questions asked" by the Judge or his underlings. "How are we to know," cries the judicial authority or his deputy, when a scamp is found to have defeated justice, and put honest persons to trouble and expense through the negligence practised at the Judges' Chambers. How are we to know indeed?—if we don't give ourselves the least trouble to inquire.

The Force of Contrast.

We have a shrewd suspicion that the poor meek-minded creatures who go in for "peace at any price," are afflicted with dreadfully unruly wives. We suspect that it is their having so much War at home that makes them anxious to see Peace at all events abroad.

AN UNKNOWN BENEFACTOR.—The man who plants a birch tree little knows what he is conferring on posterity.

MR. PUNCH AT THE FRENCH PLAY.

(Written for last week's insertion, at midnight.)

I AM fresh from that consummate piece of truth in action, *Ja Joie fut Peur*. Oh that our English actors could find such pieces! Oh that such pieces, if we had them, could find such actors! I have sat to-night and wept, amongst a weeping house, and it was all for the affection of a mother for her son, of a son for his mother, of a sister for her brother, of an old servant for the family he had grown grey in. The love passage of the story—as we narrow the word—is nothing. Nobody cares a fig for *Mathilde* and *Octave*. Better acting of both parts might do something even for them perhaps; but, as it is, and under any circumstances, the real moving interest of the act is concentrated entirely upon the domestic affections, in which there is intensity, but not what we call passion.

It seems, on our stage, as if we knew of no love but that of lovers. We ride that one wretched passion to death on the slightest provocation. The rich treasure of tenderness that lies under our hearthstones is all but unworked. See how much it yields in this one short act of deep pathos, varying emotion, breathless interest. And with all the call upon our cambric there is not a mawkish word or a single clap-trap from beginning to end. Perhaps none but a woman could have written the piece. That mother's hand, which comes in at the door to receive the breviary from the son so long mourned as dead, who, not daring to reveal himself, presses on the book the kiss he yearns to fasten on the wasted fingers, could only have been conceived by a woman. And what man could have imagined that sweet little *Blanche* in her sudden burst from constrained sorrow to natural joy, so beautifully impersonated by MADMOISELLE LUTHER?

I write warmly, because I feel warmly. In such pieces the stage is put to its best use, as a quickener and stirrer of the affections, without any aid from criminal intrigues, exceptional passions, startling alternations, or terrible incidents. But how infinitely more powerful than all these is that unyielding hold on the heart strings from first to last! And then the acting! Whom ought I to praise first, or modest? REGNIER, with his bald head, bowed shoulders, and straggling old legs, loving, conceited, hasty, fond. How true in every movement

and intonation! How perfect in the filling up of his by-play, every bit of it belonging to the man and the scene, occupying him throughout, yet apparently unconscious, and only felt in its result of perfect and unforced truth.

Here was no drawing up for points, no driving of sentiments down the audience's throats with the sledge-hammers of accentuation, no exit speeches—all was graduated, mellow as an old picture, or as nature herself. The old man moved before us modest, gentlemanlike, yet every inch a servant; something you could not help at once loving and respecting, whether you laughed at him or cried with him. How terrible he was in that burst of emotion, when the lost one comes back, and he lunges forward, with the boast of self-possession stayed on his lips, into *Adrien's* arms, a helpless old bag of clothes! How pathetic in that anile storm of sudden sobbing, wrung from him by MADMOISELLE LUTHER's pretty tender coaxing! How humorous in his conceit of his own force and foresight! how irresistible in his insuppressible outbursts of joy, while *Adrien's* safety is yet his sole secret!

Nor should MADAME ALLAN stand a step lower than REGNIER, for her perfect rendering of a still more difficult part, through two-thirds of which she has but to exhibit various shades of hopeless grief, and for the rest, the struggle of despair with a hope that is almost more terrible than despair. And LUTHER—what shall I say of dear, innocent, golden-haired, joyous little LUTHER? They tell terrible stories of the French stage; but I will stake my life that is a good girl. Why have we nothing in the remotest degree approaching MADMOISELLE LUTHER upon our stage? Why is that combination of innocence, archness, wilfulness, and lovingness, utterly unknown to our *répertoire*? Why is woman's joyousness with us almost always marred by coarseness? Why are our hoydens always Miss PEVES, more or less? Why is the combination of actors in this piece a thing to drive English stage-writers wild with despairing envy of their French brethren? Must this always be so? Are we for ever destined to see our few real artists, our CHARLES MATHEWS, our WIGANS, our WEBSTERS, our KEELEYS, scattered few and far between like comets, instead of clustering—as ALLAN, REGNIER, LUTHER, cluster in this little act—into a constellation? Shall we never have an *ensemble* on a British stage? It behoves our authors and our actors to stir themselves for a reply.

IMPORTANT FROM THE SEAT OF WAR!

LETTERS FROM THE EAST BY OUR OWN BASHI-BOZOUK.

"Camp before Redout Kale, 28th May.

"(13th Shikboob. Turkish calendar.)



Y DEAR SIR,

"THOUGH your periodical is jocular in its nature and title, and occasionally trifling in its details, I am told that a good deal of truth lurks in its satire; indeed that much more of the commodity is to be found in your columns than in the broadsides of your gigantic contemporaries, who profess to supply only authentic information.

"I am not myself a man of the least humour: I do not make jokes nor value them, nor understand them for the most part: so yours may be very good, though I for my part cannot comprehend what sets your readers a-laughing. The same is the case with tunes. The other day at the review at Scutari I mistook Abdul Medjeed's March for Rule Britannia: some of my brother poets I am told (I am considered

one of the first in the world) labour under a similar obtuseness of ear.

"But this is parenthetic; let us return to the subject in hand. I select you as the organ of my communications from the seat of War; 1st, because the Press though often misled is free in your country. And I desire the liberty of saying EVERYTHING, which I could not do in the *Journal des Débats* or the *Allgemeine Zeitung*: 2nd, because I know you exercise a great influence in Europe; and have seen personally the three Emperors, my friend the KING OF NAPLES, and HIS HOLINESS THE POPE, and CARDINAL ANTONELLI frantic at your satire: 3rd, because, strange to say, you appear to have engaged no correspondent: and 4th, because I am the best correspondent in the world.

"I took, but half an hour since, from the shako of a poor Russian friend, whom I have just killed in action, two or three copies of the *Times* newspaper, in which the editors seemed greatly to vaunt the skill of their correspondent in this quarter. Before I ever thought of putting pen to paper myself, I met this young man at Malta, and Gallipoli afterwards; gave him every information in my power, and supplied him with many of the facts, which I need not say he ludicrously distorted and exaggerated in his journal. He was put out of an English ship of war (he says, at his own desire) on board of a Greek schooner, the *Hagid Alethea*, off Gallipoli, and would have been murdered by the crew and the master (a pirate, and a very old friend of mine), for the sake of his portmanteaus, which appeared to be pretty well plenished, had I not happened to be drinking in the cabin with my friend the piratical skipper. At my entreaties, nay threats (for I had to produce my revolvers), the young man was saved; and I landed him at Gallipoli stairs, with his bag and baggage, without receiving from him even the present of a single cigar. Nor, as I see by his printed letters, has he made the least subsequent mention of his preserver: it will be well for him for the future not to come into the neighbourhood of the 14th Bashi-Bozouks, or their Colonel. I shall not give him any information any more. What I have I shall send to you, and through you to the world; and thus my indignation at the ingratitude of a newspaper writer, is possibly the cause of enlightening and instructing all Europe.

"Hitherto, all Europe has been woefully misled. Any one, for instance, who will take the trouble to tot up the number of dead Russians who are slaughtered in every newspaper bulletin that we get from the seat of war in the East, will find that they drop off at the rate of two or three thousand a day, and that a quarter of a million of them by this time must have gone to visit Hades. My good friend, Mr. Punch, these murderous histories are all bosh! Newspaper correspondents, I fully agree with my noble friends LORD SMOTHEREM and LORD BOTHEREM, in the House of Peers, are not to be relied upon, and ought to be put down. As for the Turks, they are notorious long-bow pullers. My poor friends the Russians, with and against whom I have served a good deal in the Caucasus, are greater liars than the unbelievers. What the nation wants is TRUTH. Truth pure, Truth unadulterated, Truth gushing from the original tap, such as perhaps no other man in Europe but myself is in a condition to supply.

"I choose to sign myself VERAX, though that of course is not my family name, which is the noblest in the three kingdoms; but have such a regard for truth in all things, that even of this little deviation from it I think fit to warn the reader. I never told a lie in my life (except, of course, a few to ladies, whom, I presume, no gentleman thinks of treating with the unadulterated article). I have lost fortunes—undergone imprisonment—braved and suffered the most frightful tortures for truth's sake. Every word of my letters may be relied

upon; and I should like to know of what hireling scribe and camp follower, of what ancient or modern writer—in a word, except myself—as much can be said? Take a page of MACAULAY—pooh! Ask the Quakers, or the old Tories, what they think of his accounts of the two WILLIAMS—WILLIAM OF ORANGE and WILLIAM OF DRAB? Read DEAN MILMAN's "History of the Latin Church;" learned and wise it is undoubtedly,—but if it were true, would DR. WISEMAN be wearing crimson silk gloves, (with a crowd of boys laughing at him in the streets), and FATHER NEWMAN be cutting jokes against the Establishment? Take SIR ARCHIBALD ALISON's History, and if you can read *that*—but it is absurd that I should put so monstrous a proposition.

"I speak about these gentlemen from memory of course (mine is the finest and most accurate in the world), but a colonel of Bashi-Bozouks sitting, as I am, with my wild scoundrels round about me, warming my toes at a camp-fire, over which my kabobjee is roasting a lamb; with the mountains of Anapa before me, the hoarse roar of the Black Sea discernible to my ear, the sun gilding the battered old minarets of Redout-Kaleh, from which we have just driven out the Russians, and where I have hanged a rascally Greek spy (after addressing him a most beautiful speech in his native language, with which and twenty-three other European dialects I am perfectly familiar); and where, in the affair of the morning, it was my painful duty to send a ball from my revolver through the eye of my poor old friend, MAJOR TIMKOWSKI, at the head of his regiment—a man with whom I have drunk many a bottle in happier times;—I say, were a man in my present position to pretend that he carried books about with him, and like FREDERIC or NAPOLEON had a campaign library, he would be humbugging the public. No, honest SELIM AGA, cooking the lamb yonder under my nose (By the laws, it smells very savoury, and a man who has not eaten for forty-nine hours, ridden two hundred and ten parasangs, had two horses and a mule shot under him, routed three regiments and fourteen squadrons of the enemy, taking nine of his guns, four of them with his own hand, shot a lamented old friend through the eye, and hung a Greek spy, has a right to feel a little hungry)—SELIM, the cook, I say, might as well expect to turn out a regular dinner of three courses, soup, fish, entrées, and confectionery, from the carcass of yonder lamb, as I to produce a regular, careful, philosophical, ornate history, such as some of my other works have been, and such as I should turn out if I were seated at ease in one of my splendid libraries, either in my town house or in my castles in the country.

"Though we have quarrelled, I cannot but always remember that the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA was long my most particular friend. When I used to drive over to take tea with the family at Czwrkoe Seloe (for at Petersburg we stood of course much more upon etiquette) he was affable, even playful in his conversation, and would often say to me, "MICK, my boy," (I bear the name of the Archangel. I am descended from kings, and my ancestors, whose lineal heir I am, ruled magnificently over a fair green island of the west long ere the Saxon came to enslave it), "Mick, my boy, we are all equals here. I am not the EMPEROR, but plain NICHOLAS ROMANOFF;" and he would carry familiarity so far as to insist on my calling the Empress by her name of FEODOROWNA. This I refused to do; but the young princes and princesses I give you my honour I have never addressed by other than their Christian names, and should have been godfather to the CESAREWITCH's last, (a sweet little archduchess), had I been of the orthodox persuasion.

I may say now that the war never would have happened had the EMPEROR listened to

the advice of an old friend, who knows men and the world as well as many a man who wears a star upon his breast, and writes Privy Councillor before his name. I never could get the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA to believe in the possibility of an alliance between us and the French. "Look at these newspapers," he used to say to me, rapping with his knuckles on the table, a daily London journal of great circulation, the *T—*, and a weekly comic periodical called *P—*,* under the satire of which he writhes:—"The head of the French nation never can pardon these attacks upon him. He must declare war against England. England must enter into an alliance with me; and as the price of that alliance, I intend to have Turkey in Europe, and my second capital at Constantinople. *Voilà tout, mon cher, voilà tout.*"

"*Parbleu! C'est tout simple,*" said a great dignitary whom I need not name for fear of getting him into trouble, shrugging his shoulders, and pulling out his eternal snuff-box.

"I took a pinch myself, and tried to show them what the real state of our press and our country was. I told the EMPEROR NICHOLAS that I had long and intimately known his Majesty the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH, as indeed I had in Switzerland, where I put his first musket into his hands; in the United States have I saved his life; at Ham, where I saw him and the poor dear DUCHESSE DE BERRI before him, and in King Street, St. James's, and about town, where I promise you we have had some rare doings together. I told the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA that his Majesty the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH knew England well, and narrated to him in confidence, but *in extenso*, a conversation which I had had with PRINCE LOUIS NAPOLEON, when we were special constables together in Eaton Place, on the 10th of April, '48. As for our papers abusing him, I told the Russian Autocrat that was nothing; that was our way; that every man of mark was abused; that I myself had been satirised both in *P—* and in the *T—*.

"What I said seemed to strike the EMPEROR a good deal. Would that my advice had had more effect on him, but—

"I am interrupted by OMAR PACHA's Tatar, who has his foot in the stirrup ready to take my despatches, and also by SELIM's announcement that the roast lamb is cooked. I shall continue my narrative, (which I need not say is of thrilling interest,) and forward it presently along with a pair of ear-rings for *Mrs. Punch*, which my poor friend TIMKOWSKI wore, by one of my own men.

"So no more at present from your

"BASHI-BOZOUK."

SCENE FROM

"THE RUSSIAN GENTLEMAN."

An Unfinished Drama.

SCENE.—*St. Petersburg. A Corridor in the Palace.*

Enter ARCHBISHOP and GENTLEMAN OF THE CHAMBER, meeting.

Archb. Good morrow, Sir. For what new victory
Is it our Lord the EMPEROR's gracious will
That Holy Church should praises sing to-day?

Gent. Most Reverend Archi-archi-archi-vey,
That rests between great NICHOLAS and Heaven.
The fiat hath not yet gone forth.

Archb. Indeed.

Is He (*makes a bow*) yet stirring?

Gent. Stirring He (*bows also*) may be.

I cannot say His Majesty is up.

Archb. Thou speakest riddles.

Gent. Pardon me, your Grace;

Our mighty EMPEROR still doth keep his bed,

But on his pillow's pleased to turn and toss,

And in his slumber talk from time to time.

Archb. After what manner?

Gent. Strange and awful words

Drop from his holy mouth.

Archb. You should collect

That manna; words of sacred mystery

Are those which Emperors mutter in their dreams,

Dost thou remember any of them?

Gent. Some.

He said just now, "What?—Bring me to the bar!"

Me, NICHOLAS, to judgment! Ha, ha, ha!"

But laugh I dare not like his Majesty.

* His Majesty, between ourselves, is not so thin in the legs and so large in the waist, as the designers represent him. He is stouter, certainly, than when he came over incog. to England in the year 1837, and I gave COLONEL RORF a dinner at the Megatherium Club; but he is still a fine man, WILL! What of that? are there not other fine men? A blushing echo replies in the affirmative. VERAX is a fine man, and I think some of the other sex will not gainsay me.

Then he went on to cry, "What's that to you?
I will not plead, I say! What? Guilty! What?
Guilty of Murder! Come, now, that's too good.
Murder! of whom? Millions of fellow-men?
My fellow-men! I like that better still!
Pshaw! cease this dismal folly!"

Archb. Wondrous trance!
Wherein the fiends, all saints who persecute,
Do lay vain siege unto our monarch's soul.

Gent. Anon he cried again, "Come let me go!
Make way, I tell ye, villains! Ha! Hands off!
Nay, now I'm sure you don't—you can't mean that!
Where am I? This is nonsense!"

Archb. Verily,
The caitiffs who, albeit in a dream,
Did impious violence to the sacred person
Of NICHOLAS, deserve to die the death!

Gent. After a pause again the EMPEROR spoke
In smothered accents. "Doomed?" he said, "Doom me?
Me to the scaffold! to a felon's end!
What end? Aha! I see that puzzles you!
The Wheel! nay, all the limbs I have are four,
And many myriads have I crushed and broke."
And then the EMPEROR grinned.

Archb. Smiled, rather say.

Gent. But what a smile! Then he resumed, "The Knout!
Yes—that's more like. They say the Knout will do.

A blow for every victim that hath been
Through my ambition slain! No, no, no, no!
That will not serve them either—every stripe
After the first few hundred would descend
Upon my senseless corpse—They can't contrive
Fit punishment for me; and so, they say,
I must be left to Heaven. Victory!

Te Deum!—ah! that's Latin—from the Psalms—

And this is Latin too, although not holy!"

(As thus he spoke, the imperial visage fell)

"*Justo judicio Dei*"—for the rest

Hark in your Grace's ear.

Archb. Oh horrible!

What's that? Methought it was the EMPEROR's voice!

Gent. It is! for look, my lord—he comes this way—

Burst from his chamber—in his night-gown—foam

On his blue lips—his bristling hair on end—

His eyes wide glaring: doctor at his heels,

And terrified attendants after him!

Archb. Let us avoid.

[*They stand back.*]

Enter the EMPEROR NICHOLAS, frantic.

Emp. Give me my razors!—bring them back, I say!

Where is the slave that sent them to be ground?

My razors, villains! razors, razors—ho!

One half of all the Russias for my razors!

[*Exit.*]

ACT-DROP FALLS.



Worthy a place in the Cabinets of the Curious.

PEOPLE complain of SIR GEORGE GREY's appointment to the Secretaryship of the Colonies, pointing to SIR W. MOLESWORTH, and asking what claim SIR GEORGE has to the place. They forget SIR GEORGE GREY is a Whig. Specimens of this interesting palaeontological genus are so rare now-a-days that we cannot wonder at LORD JOHN's anxiety to have one in his cabinet.

THE SOLDIER'S TREASER.—The British soldier does not mind any intrenchment, but what beats him altogether is the Stockade

ST. BARNABAS FUND DINNER.

MR. PUNCH has rather an objection, like that of MRS. ADAMS, to quoting Scripture. Nevertheless *Mr. Punch* will take the liberty of citing the following words:

"Blessed are they which are persecuted for religion's sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

They form, according to the *Morning Post*, an inscription, placed above a portrait which was suspended the other day in the school-room attached to the Church and College of St. Barnabas, Pimlico. That work of art represented the Rev. MR. BENNETT, the late vicar; and it was exhibited at the anniversary festival of the dedication of the church. Other embellishments harmonizing in an æsthetical point of view with MR. BENNETT's likeness, appear to have adorned what may not improperly be termed the scene. Our fashionable contemporary says that—

"The rooms were tastefully decorated with representations of the cross, wreaths of laurel, and other evergreens, vases of flowers, banners, and coloured scrolls, containing texts from Scripture and appropriate inscriptions."

Bare walls would have been suitable to a plain text, and if the latter was cooked it was right that the former should be dressed. Certainly the portrait was in good keeping with its accessories, and so were they with it, and with each other. Hung about, too, with so much laurel and other evergreens, the place must have been quite a green-room: and this was as it should be, if you consider the nature of the establishment.

There is said to exist an apocryphal epistle of St. BARNABAS; perhaps the beatitude of those who are persecuted "for religion's sake," is declared in that. But if so, the St. BARNABAS who composed the Epistle was probably St. BARNABAS, Pimlico.

The *Post* goes on to state, that the health of the HON. AND REV. MR. LIDDELL, having being proposed by COLONEL FULKE GREVILLE, M.P., MR. LIDDELL made a speech to return thanks: in which he said,

"We are charged with doing a most dreadful thing. What do you think—we are all charged with Popery! (*Laughter*). Why, if there is one thing more than another which can stem the encroachments of Popery, it is the establishment of such churches as this—of St. Barnabas—where the spirit of the Church of England is brought out."

Brought out?—yes, so completely out as to leave none in: is that the Reverend Gentleman's meaning?—No doubt, if one thing more than another can stem the consumption of Cognac, it is the manufacture of British brandy so much like it that the common palate can hardly distinguish between the two. A taste for brandy is fostered, however, and people ultimately come to want the foreign article. Experience appears to have shown that the case of brandy is pretty much the same with that of MR. LIDDELL's "spirit" of the Church of England.

The *Butcher* gives a wood-cut, representing the interior of "St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, from a sketch taken May 1, 1854." In this engraving a Clergyman is represented as making a bow and a genuflection to the altar, which has a couple of lighted candlesticks upon it, and a cross between them peeping over the rim of a plate. Two other Clergymen are kneeling at the altar-side; each of these has another standing behind him; in the front, R., so to speak, there are two more ecclesiastics, with paten and chalice: whilst a man in a black gown with a long pole stands L. Now St. Paul's is under the same management as St. Barnabas's, and one is as much like the other as Drury Lane is like Covent Garden.

Whilst, however, the tapers of the Barnabites are alluded to, their candle, in another sense, should not be kept out of sight. *Mr. Punch* has great pleasure in further transcribing the statement that, at this festival of theirs,

"Tables were spread for upwards of 200 of the poorer members of the Congregation."

This indicates a means of proselytism and a method of controversy that might be adopted by all denominations, one against the other, to the great edification of the world at large, and the considerable diminution of the poor's rates. It is suggested, therefore, that moderate Churchmen, Evangelicals, and Dissenters of every class, should set to at spreading tables for the conversion of the poorer members of society, and that the regular Papists should contend with the Puseyites in the same manner; all of them thus endeavouring to turn the tables upon each other.

Larcenists and Felonists.

IN the debate on the prison estimates, LORD PALMERSTON is reported to have stated that

"Upon the admission of convicts, they declare the religion to which they belong."

About the religion of a convict we should think there must generally be some doubt, although it would be impossible to question his conviction.

ANOTHER POSTPONEMENT.—People are wondering at the absence of the Summer; but the fact is, it has been postponed in consequence of the War.

TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS FOR RUSSIA-TAXED BEER.



PUNCH thinks that as Beer has risen in price in consequence of the war with Russia, it may be as well to provide a few Toasts and Sentiments, by means of which the popular indignation may have an opportunity of venting itself. Accordingly, we beg to present every patriotic beer-drinker with his choice of the following Toasts to flavour his beer with:

Here's to the emptiest of all sacks, the Cossack—and as no empty sack can stand, may we soon witness the fall of the Cossack.

THE RUSSIAN EAGLE!—May we shortly see it "All alive oh!" at the Zoological Gardens!

Here's to the Sublime Porte; and also to its English and French butlers that prevented NICHOLAS making a MAGNUM BONUM of it.

RUSSIAN TALLOW.—The first candle that was held to the Devil must have been made out of it.

THE WORST IMPERIAL MEASURE.—The halfpenny extra on every pot. However, may it be the means of very quickly sending old NICHOLAS there!

Here's to the Russian nobility, and may the crazy old vessel soon be dashed to pieces on its own Serf!

THE BEST DRAUGHT TO COOL THE EMPEROR'S WARLIKE FEVER.—A NAPIERIAN Draught.

Here's to that fine old game-cock Turkey, and may it never be in want of a Drumstick as long as England and France have it in their power to give it one!

Here's to Russia, the bullying giant, with a body of brass and feet of clay. May the former be knocked up into English and French door-knockers, and the latter be made into bricks to build the EMPEROR a tomb that he may be handsomely buried in, and we will not mind throwing in the Bier.

PENANCE IN BELGRAVIA.

MR. WESTERTON has been returned Churchwarden for St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, to the confusion and agony of several distinguished countesses and other ladies of the fashionable church; all of whom intend to mark their sorrow by some sort of penance and mourning. The COUNTESS OF SMALLBEERSBURY has taken a vow to go without eggs until next Paschal; and on Saturday last all the spaniels of Belgravia appeared in leading strings of black riband.

THE CHURCHWARDEN AND THE CONSEQUENCES.

Knightsbridge, Thursday Morning.

Churchwarden WESTERTON, in the best health and spirits, returned by a majority over the Puseyite of—323.

Fulham, Thursday Afternoon.

Men are employed laying down straw and saw-dust before the doors of Fulham Palace.

Five o'Clock.—The Butler has just muffled the principal knocker with the Bishop's apron.

Half-past Six.—The Bishop himself, under the circumstances, is even better than could be expected.

Seven o'Clock.—DOCTOR WISEMAN has just left his card.

The Two Extremes of Fashion.

FORMERLY, when ladies went out, they used to have their bonnets on; but that is no longer the case, for their bonnets are now not on, but half off. The reason generally assigned by our female acquaintance why bonnets are thus worn, is, because they are. There is, however, a somewhat more logical one to be given than this; namely the length of the dress. Condemned by the tyranny of Fashion to screen their feet and ancles from admiration, the ladies indemnify themselves by showing as much as possible of the head.



Undergraduate. "YOU DON'T OBJECT TO SMOKING, I HOPE!"
Old Party (probably a Director). "YES, SIR! I OBJECT VERY MUCH INDEED!—
 IN FACT, I HAVE THE STRONGEST OBJECTION TO SMOKING!!!"
Undergraduate. "HM! HA! SOME PEOPLE HAVE." [Smokes for the next fifty miles.]

A FLUNKY GOVERNMENT IN SPAIN.

IN England our Ministers wear what is called the Windsor Uniform, which although a quiet compromise between the dress of a penny postman and that of a parish beadle, is nevertheless more dashing than dignified. In Spain, however, the Queen has degraded the Cabinet into an establishment of Flunkies by a process which will be explained by the following paragraph:—

"The *Madrid Gazette* of the 20th ult. contains the following royal decree:—'Excellency: Considering the necessity for the Ministers of the Crown in active service, to carry always a distinctive sign of the superior authority they exercise, and the tall walking cane being, according to the laws and customs of Spain, the emblem of all authority, Her Majesty the Queen (whom may God preserve!) has, after hearing her Council of Ministers, deigned to order that the Ministers of the Crown in active service shall always carry, when in uniform or plain clothes, a tall cane with the head and tassel in gold. By order of the Queen, I communicate this to your Excellency for your guidance. May God keep you many years! COUNT DE SAN LUIS. Madrid, 24th May. To the Minister of ———'"

It seems, then, that the "tall walking cane," which in England is the emblem of all beadedness, and of all the loftier regions of footman-ship, is, "according to the laws and customs of Spain, the emblem of ALL AUTHORITY." A Spanish minister of the Crown is therefore ordered, when on active service, either in uniform or in plain clothes—both in and out of livery—to walk about with an instrument similar to that which has long swayed the destinies of our arcades, and been the terror of London boyhood in the hands of the despot of Lowther or the autocrat of Burlington.

We may easily imagine the spirit of a ministry which is ready to assume the badge of footmanship at the bidding of the Queen, and we can have no doubt that the whole of the Spanish government would rush into plush, or put powder or any other trash into their heads, and even carry a napkin continually in the hand, at the bidding of their royal mistress. We find some difficulty in imagining the full extent of the absurdity of this decree, for we cannot fancy LORD JOHN strutting about with "a tall cane with the head and tassel in gold," as the emblem of his office. Our gold and silver sticks are ridiculous enough, as the wretched props of a worn-out system of a degrading school of ceremony which is nearly extinct, but a whole ministry walking about with long footman's canes, presents a picture of melancholy tomfoolery which in almost any other country but Spain would tumble over by the extent of its own inanity.

NOT EASILY SEEN THROUGH.

SOMEbody is advertising glasses of such power, that they would render objects visible at a distance of two miles. Considering that there are some objects which it is an object with many of us to avoid, we cannot regard as an unmixed good an instrument which enables us to see at a distance of two miles that which we would gladly overlook if it were near to us. As a medium for cutting an unpleasant acquaintance, or warning a debtor of a creditor's approach, a glass which can pick an individual out at a distance of two miles can hardly fail to be acceptable.

Our own experience of a glass of this kind is not very satisfactory, for after trying one the other day, we came to the conclusion, that though we might possibly discern with it an article two miles off, to see clearly by its aid an object at two hundred yards' distance was quite impossible.

All-lies of the Czar.

I STAND alone, I've not a friend,
 I've not a blessed pal;
 I've no Allies, and must depend
 On Lies without the Al.

"Come, now! Move on!"

THERE is a loud talk about appointing a German as the new Director of the National Gallery. We do not place any reliance on the truth of this ridiculous rumour, but if a foreigner should be found obstructing our English thoroughfare, it will be time to raise the cry, which we shall be too happy to do, of "PRINCE ALBERT'S WAAGEN stops the way."

THE ADVICE OF A PROSY TEETOTALLER.

THERE are actors and authors who imagine that wisdom will come from drinking, for the simple reason, I suppose, that MINERVA was born of a splitting headache.



A RIGHT DIRECTION.

Tom. "WHERE SHALL I TELL HER TO WRITE TO YOU, JACK?"

Jack. "WHY, YOU'D BETTER SAY SEBASTERPOOL OR ST. PETERS BUG—WE SHALL BE AT ONE O' THE OTHER BY THAT TIME."

A Slave Banner.

BURNS, an escaped slave at Boston, has been remanded back to his master. "The streets," we learn, "were lined with troops and commanded with cannon." And what was the flag? Surely not the star-spangled banner; but the Black Flag, with LEGREE's skull and cross-bones.



LORD A—N.

LORD J. R—L.

A HOME AND FOREIGN QUESTION.

Johanna. "WHEN'S THE FIGHTING GOIN' TO BEGIN, GEORGE-ENA?"

ANOTHER RUSSIAN SUCCESS!



WE have been exclusively favoured with a copy of the following letter addressed by the Cezarovitch to a captain of one of the frigates lying under the batteries of Cronstadt:—

"DEAR SLEEPITOFFSKY, "I congratulate you upon the resolution with which you continue to lie at anchor. This victory of patience, this conquest of resignation, has obtained for you the Order of St. Donothingtonobodyoffsky, which I am proud to send you.

"Continue in your fortitude; contemptuously despise the infidel English—the companions and comrades of Turks and unbelievers)—laugh at SIR CHARLES NAPIER, in the full security of our invincible fortresses; and the more the enemy shows himself, the less regard him.

"Wear out the patience of the foe, and save powder and shot. I further send

you a chess-board and men: the men made out of the bones of English admirals taken captive, and dying, prisoners of war, in Holy Russia. The noble game of chess will solace you in the magnanimity of your inaction. Continue to do nothing and prosper. I embrace you.

"ALEXANDER."

CATALOGUE

OF

A CURIOUS COLLECTION IN THE STONE PALACE AT WESTMINSTER.

MESSIEURS PUFF'EM AND QUIZ'EM present their respects To the Curious Public, and beg to annex An account of the specimens, brought from all parts Of the kingdom, of objects in science and arts, At the Palace at Westminster, open to view, By ticket, each night in the week, except two. They flatter themselves that the Public will find No Collection elsewhere of a similar kind.

P. and Q. must confess—and take leave to premise,— That the building is not yet of very great size. A HALL and two CHAMBERS are all that are ready, With A COURT, and a PORTAL, not massive, but steady: Not so with two VANES, for,—why they can't say,— Each obstinate VANE points a different way.

But now for the list:—P. and Q. have long kept on The science of Landscape a sharp eye, like REPTON. They acknowledge they cannot yet beat the Chinese, And, perhaps, they are somewhat deficient in trees. Suffolk OAKS they have got, and a WOOD, rather thin; But they hope very soon to put many more in. Though no "braes," they have BANKES, and a BROOKE, though no fountain;

A HILL they've secured; they've no place for a mountain, Nor room for a sea; if they had, they've a BEACH; Then they've WELLS, and pure WA(L)TER within easy reach.

In higher Zoology and in the low, P. and Q. have some very rare species to show. To begin with the last;—the flesh-feeders, though many, Do not eat each other, like cats of Kilkenny. A few are ferocious, but most are quite tame, And will stand on two legs, when called by their name. There's a BUCK, never dangerous, though he's grain-fed, And a HOGG, but his tusk (if he had one) is shed. For the chase, there's a ROEBUCK, with two kinds of FOX. Of birds, they've a COOTE, and a MARTIN, and COCKS. Of fish, the collection at present is thin: There's a ROCHE; of another there is but a PHINN.

Of the great mammal, man, they've some whimsical samples; They mention a few, just by way of examples. There's FOLEY at full length—no JAKES could doubt him,— Yet with none of the motley or zany about him.

One is SWIFT, though his motions be ever so slow; Another ranks high, though he's known to be LOWE. One, constantly MOODY, is cheerful and hearty; And one, a good HATYER, the man for a party. Although most have their tempers well under command, Yet the HASTIE are double the number of BLAND; And, strangest of all, there are two,—and they've wives,— Will continue quite YOUNG and a CHILD all their lives. That "the best are the fewest" old sages advise; So there's only one GOODMAN, and only one WISE: And a VYSE has crept in,—but not one that will hurt you; Yet it grieves P. and Q. that they have not a virtue.

Of mineral science they've little to say: There's fine Limerick GOULD under true London CLAY.

In the artisan line, the collection's abundant; In SMITHS of all kinds it may perhaps be redundant. There's a GARDNER, a FULLER, a TYLER, a TAYLOR, (The last two could serve as Soldier and Sailor), A CARTER, a POTTER, a BUTLER tip-top, And two SADLEIRS,—one lately gave up a good shop. A HORSMAN there is, but he don't teach the horse. As they've COLES, why a COLLIER they must have, of course.

The fabrics of art which the Public may see, Include MANGLES and MILLS, a LOCKE (but no key), A COFFIN, one PATTEN, two BALLS and a BELL, With a BAGGE that protects all farm-produce quite well.

Of colours, the list into duplicates runs:— They've two BROWNS and two GREENES, two GREYS and two DUNNES, Which sometimes change hues, though they don't fade away: A GREY in the night may be RE(A)D the next day.

Should refreshments be needed, they can, in a trice. Serve up, ready dressed, a good CURRIE and RICE. Malt liquor is scarce:—it's a fact there's no blinking, Though they've (H)ALE, pretty old, it is not fit for drinking. But they've always in store, if you wish to be merry, Two BUTTS (neither empty), and excellent PERRY, With LEMON and PEEL, to give it a zest, And FELLOWES who would not look grave at a jest. No music by law is allowed in the place, But a chorus.—for that they've a very deep BASS.

S.P. No gratuities paid at the door: And observe that it opens precisely at four.

SPIRITS WANTED FOR THE NAVY.

EVERYBODY admits that much of the naval success of England in former days has been due to our naval songs, which used to ignite the spirit of our tars with the sacred flame of poetry. We have therefore to recommend to the Admiralty that, in addition to the advertisements now being issued for a supply of Baltic Pipe Staves, some announcements should be put forth for a supply of Patriotic Staves, which may be piped at the Baltic with the best effect on the spirits of our seamen. Lemon juice in bottles is an excellent thing, no doubt, for the bodily health of the fleet, but a quantity of poetic measures—brimming over with the flow of soul—would, we are sure, be found conducive to bringing our hearts of oak into healthy action.

As Government departments can seldom do anything without a precedent, or, in other words, are so destitute of bold originality, that they always want something to copy, we have much pleasure in furnishing the following specimen of an advertisement:—

CONTRACT FOR THE SUPPLY OF PATRIOTIC SPIRITS FOR THE NAVY.—The Commissioners for executing the office of Lord High Admiral, do hereby give notice, that they are now ready to treat with such Poets and Song-Writers as may be willing to contract for supplying and delivering into HER MAJESTY'S Printing-Office, 500 Lines of Patriotic Staves fit for immediate use in the Black Sea and the Baltic. Samples of the sort of article required may be seen in any edition of the songs of DIBDIN. Every stave must be at least sixteen feet long, of approved poetic measure. Every stave must contain a fair amount of genuine spirit, which must be capable of extension, by amalgamation with the air, to which every stave must be expressly adapted.

Tenders need not be sealed; but they must show marks of something beyond the ordinary stamp. There should be no useless words, and if any figures are introduced, they must be of an intelligible character.

Tar and Tartar.

ADMIRAL PLUMRIDGE has destroyed 18,000 casks of Russian tar at Uleaborg. NICHOLAS says he doesn't mind the loss, as he has quite enough English tar on his hands.



1st Gallant (warmly). "Supple-endid little Creature, isn't she? Look!"

2nd Gallant (guardedly). "Um—well—yes—rather—what there is of her!"

PLEBEIAN AND PATRICIAN PUFFING.

MR. PUNCH has recently been invited to direct his attention to the great advances which have been made in the Literature of mercantile Puffing.

He does not allude to the devices of aristocratic tradesmen at the West End, who insert paragraphs in the *Post* and *Herald*, in the form of editorial observations, beginning with reflections on the destinies of Europe, and concluding with the consoling assurance that though thrones may totter, and dynasties fade away, the emporium of MESSRS. TAG, RAG, AND SNODDY still displays its unrivalled assortment of, &c.

Nor does he refer to the swindling circulars which scamps, who allege that they have an enormous and splendid stock to dispose of at a great sacrifice, contrive to deliver at our houses, at hours when the heads of the families are sure to be absent, and the ladies (who were never intended by nature to resist "bargains") are likely to be deluded into the purchase of rubbish, and to be bullied or cheated, and probably both.

Nor does he advert to the fabrications of music publishers, who puff their songs with extracts from fabulous journals; nor to the "opinions of the provincial press" cited by booksellers in favour of intolerable novels; nor to the miraculous cures effected by the newly discovered Aromatic Oil of Tadpoles upon the persons of afflicted aristocrats; nor to the hundred and one quackeries of the kind which address themselves to the wealthier members of the genus *asinus*.

Mr. Punch has been requested to look at humbler expedients to obtain notice, and to remark now the example of the patrician puffer has wrought with his plebeian brother. A great mass of compositions of this kind has been handed in to Mr. Punch, and he has pleasure in submitting a few specimens, which, if they have not the insinuating tone of JENKINS (whose leisure hours, when Marchionesses can spare him, are devoted to the service of the tradesmen of Marchionesses) have a rough, careless dash and flavour of their own.

The first is poetical, and is embellished by a large and highly coloured engraving of two ladies, who follow the invaluable profession of a cook. But there are cooks and cooks. One of these ladies is magnificently attired in a brilliant yellow gown, red bonnet, and green shawl, and carries a gorgeous reticule and a variegated parasol. The other is in humbler garb—and is indeed shabby. The former is attended by a joyous little boy, who, with his lady friend, form the "merry throng" alluded to in the verses.

A CONVERSATION.

Shabby Lady. Where are you going, you merry throng?

Fine Lady. To the Marine Store Shop, so come along.

S. L. But what to do if I may make bold?

F. L. To turn Rubbish into Silver and Gold.

S. L. Indeed, I should like to go as well; But really I have nothing to sell.

F. L. Nonsense. I thought like you, ELIZA, But now I've grown a good deal wiser.

Last Sunday I looked dreadful shabby, My gownd was torn, and my bonnet was flabby, And as for my shoes, the sight was piteous, They were a deal more holy than righteous.

S. L. And how did you get such a fine turn-out, Why, you're fit to go to VICTORIA's rout!

F. L. By taking all sorts of odds and ends, To a man who deals with myself and friends. Nothing comes wrong, spoons, candles, or keys, Coals, penknives, scissors, just what you please, Soap, brushes, handkerchiefs, please to bring, Or once in a way, a brooch or a ring.

The hundred things that Missuses miss, But nobody never knows where they is. Bring any or all to JONATHAN SLUM, He asks no questions, and pays like fun.

S. L. You're right, Ma'am, right as ever can be, You're attir'd in splendour, and why not me? To-night with a bundle of things I'll come, And so hurrah for JONATHAN SLUM!

The above and similar invitations may perhaps account for a few phenomena of disappearances which occasionally puzzle our matrons. Mr. Punch proceeds to the next specimen, which is from the same school, but addressed to the weaknesses of the stronger sex. It is illustrated with a picture in two compartments. In one of them a very showily dressed young lady is looking greatly disgusted at the advances of a ragged, dirty suitor, and in the character of DINAH, addresses him.

WILLIKINS AND HIS DINAH.

"Now really, MR. WILLIKINS, I can't grant permission, For you to come courting in that horrid condition, You look quite sneaking, and shabby, and shady, And not at all fit to talk to a lady. Why don't you go to SLOPWORK's admired depot, And get yourself dressed like a regular Beau?"

This uncompromising advice is, we are to understand, followed by MR. WILLIKINS, for in the companion engraving he is represented in magnificent costume, very loud trowsers, a gorgeous waistcoat, and a bright blue coat, and he has a swagger strongly contrasting with his previous hang-dog appearance. He addresses the lady:

"I took your advice, my dearest DINAH, And I think you'll own I'm a good deal finer. What a splendid assortment does SLOPWORK keep, What spicy clothes, and how precious cheap!"

The charmed lady responds:

"Oh, really, dear WILLIKINS, how truly kind, To keep my humble advice in mind, Indeed you look remarkable smart, And have quite enchanted your DINAH's heart; Therefore let all young bachelors go To TIMOTHY SLOPWORK's, Trumpery Row.

Here Mr. Punch will pause for the present, but he has still a large collection, proving to JENKINS and his aristocratic friends that one touch of puffing makes the whole set kin.

A Safe Speculation.

SINCE that stupendous work, the Crystal Palace at Sydenham has been executed by a private company, the idea naturally presents itself that the same agency that has reared such a trophy of peace might be employed for the purpose of effecting, as speedily and as thoroughly, a triumph of war. An association might be got up which should contract with Government, for a certain sum, to put down the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA; and if this project were adopted there can be little doubt that the thing would be done; the Russians driven back; peace firmly established; and NICHOLAS abolished, in a very much shorter time than any one of these objects is likely to be accomplished by the present, or any other, Cabinet.

III.—Treatment of Mr. Ursquirt.

At a recent meeting called by MR. DAVID URSQUIRT, the ungrateful folks gave three cheers for Turkey, and shut their ears to the Goose! The excuse for this omission is, that there was never so big a goose with so little of the Sage in him!

THE SCHELMSMUSEUM.



HE project now on foot for the formation of a Trade Museum has found favour with Mr. Punch, who is anxious to commend it heartily to the notice of the "nation of shopkeepers."

To such a nation a Trade Museum would at any time be interesting, amusing, and instructive, but as the prevalence of fraud and imposition in every branch of trade, shows that we are fast returning to those good old times when the occupation of a trader was very properly termed his "mystery" or his "craft," Punch hastens to put forth the Prospectus

of another Museum or Exposition (as the French would call it) of all the "Mysteries of London." A suitable building will be erected at no expense whatever, on the plan which has answered so well in many of our newly built suburbs. The purchase money of the site will be borrowed, and when the title deeds have been obtained the site will be mortgaged. With the money thus procured the building materials will be purchased, and when the building is complete it also will be mortgaged. The newly acquired funds may be applied to the purpose of paying the builder, but as at the same time they may not, Punch leaves the public to conjecture what is most likely to become of them. The *Schelmuseum* (to borrow a word from those dear Germans) will illustrate all the frauds and adulterations of ancient and modern tradesmen, display the rapid strides which our generation has made, and serve at once as a stimulus to the ingenuity of our children, and as a starting point from which their progress may hereafter be measured.

Thus, on entering the vestibule of the building, the spectators will look with interest on the statue of the founder of the art; the first man who "sanded the sugar," or, as the inscription on the statue says, *Qui miscuit utile dulci*. And they will naturally be led to reflect upon the wonderful genius of his disciples, who have so far improved upon the practice of their master as to adulterate the sand also. The enthusiast in the cause on perceiving in the vestibule a beautiful series of preparations, such as coffee adulterated with chicory, wherein was mingled bread-crust, in the composition of which alum, partly made up of bone dust, had been used, will triumphantly infer that adulteration is carried on *ad infinitum*, and is therefore honest, as the purchaser of an article composed of an infinite series of articles must get all that he intends to buy. The directors of the *Schelmuseum* will take great pains to display the raw material in immediate connexion with the manufactured article, though, for obvious reasons, the process of manufacture must be left to the imagination of the beholders. Thus one case will contain fine specimens of the *felis communis* of LINNÆUS, and the *canis domesticus* of BURTON, together with a mutton pie and a pound of pork sausages.

A jar of new Hybla honey will appropriately accompany a hive of bees, but it will be left to the last named industrious creatures to say (if they can be induced to unbuzz) why they put so much sugar at fourpence per pound into their honey, and whether the alteration of the sugar duties will make any difference to them. Also if any one happens to understand the language of orange-flowers, he may learn from them how it is that carrots and turnips grow on the orange trees which the makers of marmalade cultivate.

Unable to specify the numberless attractive objects by which the triumphant progress of fraud and adulteration will be illustrated, Punch passes on to other arrangements. The directors had intended to engage several brass bands, but on reflecting, that to be in harmony with the rest of the exhibition, the musicians must only utter false notes, they thought it better to dispense with music altogether than to run a risk of wearying the public by too rigid an adherence to first principles.

Several interpreters will be required to explain to the visitors the Greek and Latin names of the articles exhibited. And as the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER has abandoned his scheme for the improvement of the Civil Service, it is to be hoped that the authorities at King's College will devote to the training of such interpreters the department which they had intended for candidates for admission into Government Offices. Furthermore, following the line of some other speculators, who seek to gain public favour by occasionally patronising a public charity, the Directors intend to devote the profits of one day in every week—to wit, Sunday, when the Exhibition will be closed—to the use of the unfortunate. And Punch is authorised to state that the first beneficiaries will be two millers, one of whom has so injured

his health by inhaling the alum which he grinds up with the flour, that he has been compelled to relinquish his business; while the other has, in like manner, so impregnated his system with bone-dust, as to have brought on ossification of the heart—a circumstance which induces Punch to alter an old adage thus—"What is bone in the bread will not out of the flesh."

NEW CHAIRS AT OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE.

ONE clause is wanting to the University Reform Bill, which the Government should immediately supply. Provision should be made for the creation of a new Professorship at Oxford and Cambridge. The very numerous cases of young clergymen, and other inexperienced youths who are continually coming before the public in the Law Reports as victims of bill stealers in connexion with bill discounters, generally Semitic, have established a necessity for this. That branch of learning wherein a Professorship is needed, is the knowledge of the world; knowingness; or, in the vernacular, gumption. At present greater ignorance prevails at the Universities on this subject than on natural history and philosophy, or even the laws of health, and the structure and functions of the human frame. Prodigal after prodigal, parson after parson, figures in the Insolvent, Bankruptcy, or Nisi Prius Court; one as like the other as two peas of equal greenness.

The lay gull is almost always young; experience amongst jockeys, and gamblers, and money-lenders, and horsemongers, and worse people, soon makes the majority of secular fools worldly wise. But the clerical pigeon is not seldom a mature, if not an old bird. He has left College with a profound knowledge, perhaps, of the dead languages; but the Hebrew therein included does not in the least render him competent to negotiate with the posterity of JACOB. He was never conversant with the society of billiard-rooms, and stables, and betting stands. His acquaintance with men has been confined to his parishioners; and probably he never in his life met with a greater scoundrel than some clown who was convicted of sheep-stealing. And then he won't read his *Times*; or, perhaps, poor fellow, with a curacy of £30 a year, and nothing more to subsist on, he can't afford a newspaper. At last, picking one up by chance, his eye lights on an advertisement offering accommodation; and, old bird as aforesaid though he may be, he is caught by the chaff.

A Professorship of Knowledge of the World would afford the means of forearming by forewarning young men against the swindlers above alluded to, and others. This instruction the Professor could convey in a course of lectures of a familiar nature, illustrated by scenic, and perhaps dramatic accessories. For example, the stages of a transaction on the part of a spendthrift with a usurer pretending to be a wine-merchant, might be exhibited in the form of a modern "Mystery," or "Morality"—though "Immorality" would perhaps be the more appropriate term—the Professor explaining the business in the capacity of Chorus. This union of the mediæval with the classical, would be congenial to both Universities—but especially Oxford.

At either seat of learning how much information highly requisite, blended with amusement equally desirable, might be supplied in an adequate lecture on the subject of Hooking a Flat! an operation about which many scholars, as well as dunce, know so little as even to be ignorant of the great frequency with which the hooking is connected with a hook-nose.

Should gumption be thought too idiomatic an expression, the Professor might be styled the Professor of Vigilance, and in conformity with that title, his costume might be distinguished by the species of cap termed a wide-awake. His teaching would send University students into the world with their eyes open. It would be a cheap substitute for those lessons which have now generally to be bought at an exorbitant price. It would greatly diminish the number of ordained yokels and reverend greenhorns, to the great advantage of the Church, and to the detriment only of the disreputable portion of the Synagogue. It would prevent Bachelors and Masters of Arts from disgracing their degrees by allowing themselves to be outwitted by those who are proficient in the single art of roguery.

Otho Extinguished.

THAT nasty little rushlight called Otho has been very properly put out. It would splutter, it would splash its Greece about, it would make itself troublesome and offensive; and France and England have done a very sensible thing in clapping an extinguisher on the insignificant but vexatious luminary.

Where is the Russian Flag?

THE flagless condition of the Russian fortresses—where no bit of bunting waves—may, we trust, be taken as the prophetic condition of the EMPEROR NICHOLAS; who, the war continuing, will in good time not have a rag to cover him.



BULLS AND BEARS.

"WHO IS THAT POOR DEVIL OF A BEAR? DO YOU KNOW HIM?"

"WELL—A—I DID KNOW HIM. HE WAS ONCE CONNECTED WITH A RESPECTABLE RUSSIAN HOUSE, BUT OVERSPECULATED IN TURKEY, AND IS NOW CONSIDERABLY RUINED."

THE SATURDAY EARLY CLOSING MOVEMENT.

THOUGH we have done much to economise labour, we have done as yet little towards economising the labourer. We sometimes forget that though worn-out machinery may be re-placed, the wear and tear of the human machine may lead to mischief beyond the power of remedy. Men should not be "used up" as if flesh and blood were mere clay and water, or as if the human frame, like the knitting or any other mechanical frame, was to be regarded simply as the means of doing the largest possible amount of work in the shortest possible period. If a man is to be treated as so much mere material, we are apt to lose sight of the fact that his composition includes the immaterial, which by the way, some employers have been in the habit of looking at in its first and lowest sense, regarding it as so thoroughly immaterial, as to be not worth noticing. A clerk or an assistant has been considered merely as a medium for making money, and the person employed may have been intellectually a lump of lead, so that the employer could "turn all his lead to gold," by keeping him from morning till night at the desk or the counter.

Something has happily been done towards the shortening of the hours of business, and the copying lawyers' clerk, who formerly was kept so continually face to face with parchment that "to that complexion did he come at last," is now able to reach his suburban home soon enough to enjoy an hour in that medley of infantine screams, jingling tea-cups, and conjugal complaints, which constitute what is called "the bosom of his family." The "assistant" may now escape an hour or two earlier from the atmosphere of gas, and may seek some more wholesome enlightenment.

The Early Closing Movement has been followed by a rather general motion, which we have much pleasure in seconding, for a half-holiday on Saturday. Now that the Crystal Palace has opened, it is evident that places of mere business must be occasionally shut if the industrious classes are to benefit by an institution which will do more for popular education than anything that the world has yet been able to boast of. The People's Palace will become a misnomer if the people are so confined in workshops, warehouses, counting-houses, and offices, that none but the comparatively idle can visit what is expressly designed for the appreciation of the industrious. We cordially join in the demand for a half-holiday once at least in the week, and we hope to see the time when there may be a still greater curtailment of the hours devoted to mere money-making purposes. Almost every day introduces us to some new mode of transferring to mere matter the work requiring merely material force, and setting mind at liberty for the

pursuit of congenial objects. The popular mind is beginning to know its own capacity, and, with a natural abhorrence to a vacuum, it seeks that which can satisfy its yearnings.

An almost inexhaustible store of food for the mind is provided at the Crystal Palace. The banquet will have been proffered almost in vain if the industrious classes, who are the best adapted to profit by it, are to be continually kept away by "other engagements." Enterprise and genius have provided a palace and a park for the people, who will be doomed to the fate of TANTALUS if they are to be confined to places of business, within an easy, but to them impassable, distance from the Courts, Terraces, Fountains, and Gardens of Sydenham. A half-holiday on Saturday is a most reasonable claim, and if it is conceded, we shall have to call upon the Directors of the Crystal Palace to choose some other day in the week for those who like to enjoy the luxury of paying five shillings.

WASHING DAY IN THE BALTIC.

SOME of the officers in the Baltic have been writing home to their mammas for the means of washing and ironing their own linen, as well as for ample instructions how to "get up" a shirt. One gallant youth entreats that full directions may be given him as to the whole details of the operation, with hints as to where to begin and where to leave off. He also urges his mamma to send him by an early packet a packet of starch, for though he is prepared to pay a stiff price for the article, he does not like to be without it, as its absence prevents him from showing a bold-shirt-front to the enemy.

It is to be regretted that the thoughts of our naval officers should be absorbed in the washing-tub at such a critical moment, and there is reason to fear that they will have too many irons in the fire, if they are found ironing their own collars when they ought to be mangling the breast-works of the enemy. A lieutenant with his hands in the suds can scarcely be prepared for a sudden emergency, and we would therefore recommend a naval hero to learn to "rough it" with his linen as well as with every thing else while on active service.

THE CZAR'S CRAFT.—The Russian fleet, like its proprietor, persists in lying perdue.



ONE OF OUR CONTRIBUTORS AT SYDENHAM, AND HOW HE MANAGED THE GUIDE BOOKS.

THE LAST OF THE GILLIFLOWERS.—It is the remark of a martinet who has taken to horticulture in his dotage, that the flower of the British Army will be destroyed by doing away with the stocks.

PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.—BEAR AND FORBEAR: Russia, without a doubt, is the Bear, and Prussia, evidently, is For-Bear.

UNIMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.



much less to pay for its insertion in the advertising columns of a newspaper. The announcement to which we allude consists of the simple words—

STOPPED.—A GENTLEMAN'S GOLD WATCH.

If we knew the gentleman, we would advise him, if his watch is stopped, to try the effect of winding it up, a remedy which is often found effectual. If the gentleman has advertised the fact of his watch being stopped, in the hope that some kind friend may give him a hint how to proceed, his object will be gained by the recommendation we have just addressed to him. Nevertheless, should the winding up prove ineffectual, we would further advise the gentleman, whose watch is stopped, to take it to some respectable watchmaker's.

IMPORTANT FROM THE SEAT OF WAR!

LETTERS FROM THE EAST BY OUR OWN BASHI-BOZOUK.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"Camp under Redout Kale,
"13th Shibbooh, 1271.

"THE sudden departure of my Tatar yesterday, prevented me from making a statement which would have been as well at the commencement of my correspondence, and explaining at full my reasons for joining the Turkish army, and the peculiar means of information which I possess now I am here. O'LOONEY, my second in command, is also here (the honest fellow, late an officer in the Nizam's service, is snoring on his sheepskins within a couple of yards of me), but what means of information does he possess? He can judge the best taps in the various taverns of Scutari and Pera, is a connoisseur in horseflesh, and a great consumer of raki; but he knows no more about the war than my two black slaves which the SULTANA VALIDE gave me when I took leave of her three weeks since at Constantinople.

"To resume my Petersburg narrative then, and the causes of my quitting that capital and taking arms against its sovereign, with whom I have always been on terms of the most friendly and affectionate intercourse. The Imperial treatment of me, and the scoundrelly behaviour of a certain lieutenant of police,—behaviour of which I have reason to think the highest personages in the Russian empire were not ignorant, are the causes why I transferred my services, my great strategical knowledge, and my exterminating projectiles (of which the War and the world will hear terrific news ere long) to HIS HIGHNESS ABDUL MENJEEB. I do not conceal that my sympathies are not with these Turks. They must ere long be swept out of Europe. Why should there not be an Emperor in Byzantium as well as in Petersburg? Say he were a Russian prince. Why not? The ROMANOFF of Turkey and the ROMANOFF of Russia would presently and infallibly quarrel, as the French and Spanish BOURBONS did. I am not particularly angry with NICHOLAS for meditating and attempting his great coup; but his conduct towards myself, the traitorous behaviour of his subordinates, the indignities offered to a person of royal lineage—thirteen dozen with the knout administered at midnight in my rooms at the Hôtel d'Angleterre, and a treacherous banishment into Siberia afterwards; conduct such as this, I say, was enough to put any man in a rage, and to justify the defiance which hereby, and in the face of all Europe, I hurl at the Autocrat of Russia.

"Knowing that England had set a price on my head after that wretched affair of Ballingarry, which but for SMITH O'BRIEN's foolish quarrel about the succession to the throne with me, might have had a very different issue,* and that my return home was impossible, the

* As if the O'BRIEN, forsooth, could compete in ancestral merit or in personal right with the . . . but I had nearly divulged my name, which in the neighbourhood of LORD RAOLAN, HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, and 20,000 soldiers bearing the uniform of the QUEEN OF ENGLAND (I bear HER MAJESTY no sort of enmity) might be inconvenient.

EMPEROR had made me advantageous proposals for entering into his service—proposals which I do not scruple to say I had entertained. The Grand Cross of the Russian St. George might have figured advantageously on a bosom which beats with only a chivalrous enmity against the Cappadocian warrior, who is England's patron. The rank of General and Marshal (on old PASKIEWITCH's retirement) might gratify an honest ambition, and the title of Mulliganoff-Innisfalsky, of which the patent was actually made out, might be worn without shame, by one whose loftier claims and regal rights have been reft from him by the evil chance of war.

"But when war was declared between the EMPEROR and the three kingdoms, there was one of them, as I told his Majesty, against which I never would fight. Unaccustomed for the last thirty years to contradiction from any quarter, you never saw a man in a greater rage than the EMPEROR NICHOLAS when I conveyed to him my firm but respectful resignation of his proposals. His usage of his GRAND CHAMBERLAIN,



who happened to be in the room, was absolutely humiliating. The entreaties of the poor dear EMPRESS and the Imperial children and grandchildren (who I believe love me like one of the family) were difficult to withstand: harder still to bear were the wretched appealing looks, the tears welling in the beautiful azure eyes, the lips quivering with emotion, the soft little hands clasped in unavailing supplication, of the lovely MATILDA SCHOUZOFF, one of the Imperial Maids of Honour and daughter of the second Mistress of Robes to Her Majesty. I, for my part, have always preferred to face a thousand guns in battery than the tears of a loving woman. Every gentleman will understand the agonies I felt in my battle with one who had been so victorious over my heart.

"My dispute with his Majesty and my rejection of his proposals took place on the very day, I think it was the 18th of January last, when that poor deputation of Quakers, as you remember, had their final interview with the despotic ruler over sixty millions of men. That the EMPEROR is a master of dissimulation is clear, not only from certain documents which have come to light subsequently, but from his behaviour towards those honest broad-brimmed gentlemen whom he most imperially bamboozled. They and I lodged at the same hotel, the Hôtel d'Angleterre, on the Nepomuk Platz; and with one of the junior members of the peaceful party, an agreeable lively fellow, young DOBKINS, of Godmanchester, I became rather intimate. I introduced him to the Guards' barracks, took him about the town to the public places, and presented him in some of the most fashionable houses, where 'le beau quakre,' as he was called, was a considerable favourite.

Out of his ridiculous costume, which he only wore on parade, he was an exceedingly handsome young fellow, not a little like myself, as the dear MATILDA insisted, though I am some nine inches broader between the shoulders, and twelve inches less in the waist than my young broad-brimmed acquaintance.

"We passed several merry evenings, and had rather a pleasant *table d'hôte* at the Hôtel d'Angleterre, where, however, there was one guest who, for private reasons, as well as for his own disgusting behaviour, was especially odious to me; this was no other than the notorious COUNT TUFFSKIN, who is known at every gambling house in Europe, who is at present commandant at Tamboff, and had come to the capital to solicit promotion; and what is more, to dispute with me the hand of the lovely MATILDA SCHOUZOFF. He slept in the apartment, No. 7, contiguous to my rooms, No. 8, on the second floor: many a time have I heard the fellow snoring, whilst I myself was pacing my chamber (haply turning verses in honour of MATILDA), and longed to go in, and strangle my rival. MATILDA's mother was on my side, whilst her father, from old family connection, inclined towards TUFFSKIN.

"His EXCELLENCY PRINCE SCHOUZOFF is President of the secret Correctional Police of St. Petersburg, an institution which everybody knows and fears in that capital, and nobody talks about. As I have broken with the Romanoff Court, there is no reason why I should keep the secret or hesitate to divulge the scandal. Some years since in your own paper I remember there was a jocular account of a Russian dignitary in London being awakened in his apartments at LONG's or MIVART's, or it may have been GRILLION's, but the hotel does not matter, by four drummers of the Preobajenski regiment, who entered his room disguised as waiters, and then gave him three dozen each, taking his receipt for the same. Every word of that narrative is true; there's scarcely a man in Petersburg but for some offence to the Court he has had a visit from the Secret Correctional Police. What was the meaning at the commencement of the present season of CHAMBERLAIN X. keeping his bed, and PRINCE Y.'s lumbago? This discipline is so common, so sharp and decisive, that nobody dare speak of it above his breath, and it is dreadful to think how many of this proud nobility have had a taste of the rattan.

"I have spoken before of this degrading punishment having been conferred upon me—upon me the descendant of kings, the inheritor and representative of centuries of honour! not actually, for had I received a blow, the Chief of the House of ROMANOFF or that of M. ——— would now be no more; but in intent the insult remains to be terribly avenged, though the degrading knout descended upon the shoulders of another.

"The thing was the talk of Petersburg, as Petersburg talks—under its breath—and what really happened was briefly this. COUNT TUFFSKIN, like too many of the Russian nobility, indulges in the habit of frequent inebriation, and on the night after that painful morning and interview in which I had resigned the EMPEROR's service, TUFFSKIN, myself, one or two of the younger Quakers, and a few more *habitués* of the hotel, partook of a farewell supper. It was Wednesday, and our Quaker friends were to go on Friday, and gave us the last evening which was free.

"During the supper I received a little note—blessings be on the hand!—which I read, kissed, and put in my pocket, not heeding the vulgar jokes of TUFFSKIN, and despising his low satire.

"He had already drank several bottles of Clicquot. I now pressed him with brandy; the wretch drank until he was perfectly intoxicated, when I took him, reeling and senseless, and conducted him to bed.

"I put him into my room, No. 7 (it has a beautiful prospect over the Neva, the four bridges, the Naval Arsenal, the Pauloff Palace, and the Neuskoi Prospekt). The house is dear, but perhaps the best in Petersburg.) I put TUFFSKIN into my room, No. 7, and into my bed: and I went into his room, No. 8.

"At two o'clock in the morning, when the house was hushed, I heard the tramp of men on the corridor: it was the secret Correctional Police.

"At five minutes past two, No. 9, YOUNG DOBKINS, the Quaker before mentioned, put his head out of his bed chamber door, but was thrust back by a sentinel posted there, and told to mind his own business.

"He had heard piercing shrieks proceeding from No. 7.

"They were administering the knout to TUFFSKIN, mistaking him for your

"BASHI-BOZOUK."

Echo answers "Police."

THE Opera season—perhaps on account of the heat that prevails, or ought to prevail, at the time of year—is usually marked by some eccentricities of a more or less painful character. Perhaps the most distressing result that has yet ensued may be seen in the two following questions which have recently been put to us:—

1. Is the scene of MOZART's *Seraglio* laid in Serra-Lion (Sierra Leone)?

2. Is BELLINI's *Norma* a specimen of the Normal School of Music?

After this we may ask whether, during the hot season dogs are the only animals that ought to be muzzled?

"THE ORACLES."

Under which king?"



ORD JOHN says, "I'm an oracle!"

ABERDEEN says, "I'm another."

What luck to get in one Cabinet

Two oracles together!

How tolerant the policy,
How wide in range the knowledge is,

That can square Guildhall Philippics

And House of Lords' apologies!

When RUSSELL's black of ABERDEEN's

Dull white but gets a dab in it,

What wonder we've a delicate GREY

To harmonise the Cabinet?

Oh there's nothing like your neutral tint,

All contrasts harsh to sever;

So "may difference of opinion

Never alter friendship—never."

LORD JOHN was aye a speaker bold

In youth, and now he's older;

But bold as he may think himself,

ABERDEEN is surely bolder.

The one, he taunts the Czar, who to

Siberia can't send him;

The other positively has

The courage to defend him.

For the one, Old NICK's true colours

Are as black as those he's painted with;

For the other, he's a gent we all

May be proud to be acquainted with.

But "*de gustibus non disputandum*"

is a truth for ever;

So "may difference of opinion

Never alter friendship—never."

Quoth oracle LORD JOHNNY,

"We must clip the Vulture's pinions;"

Quoth oracle LORD ABERDEEN,

"Untouched leave his dominions."

One paints him as a bird of prey,

The foe to peace and culture;

The other thinks it right to say

"He's a dove, and not a vulture."

LORD JOHN swears "Europe's freedom

Must fall on his approaching."

LORD ABERDEEN "no fear can feel

Of Russia's encroaching."

ABERDEEN wants twenty-five years' peace;

RUSSELL wants peace for ever:

But "may difference of opinion

Never alter friendship—never."

LORD JOHN finds Russia dealing

A mass of fraud and robbery:

ABERDEEN sees nothing in it

Whereat to make a bobbery.

LORD JOHN excites JOHN BULL,

As though to fight he'd lead him:

ABERDEEN, to cure War-fever,

Would soundly purge and bleed him.

The one would strengthen Turkey

At the expense of Russia;

The other's for the *status quo*

With Austria and Prussia.

Then hurrah for coalition!

Here's black and white for ever!

And "may difference of opinion

Never alter friendship—never!"

THE FIRST OF HIS RACE.—Since the Russian General SCHILDERSS has been obliged to retreat, it may be naturally asked, whether he is any relation to the celebrated Flying Childers."

JUDICIAL BUTTER.

WE like a loyal judge, but we do not like to see a Chief Justice turning himself into a butter-boat for the purpose of pouring out a quantity of melted butter over the Royal family. In the Queen's Bench, the other day, there was a thorough inundation of what may be familiarly termed "sweet sauce"—for we may be allowed to apply the term "sauce" to that which savoured somewhat of impertinence. An action had been brought with reference to some property belonging to the Duchy of Cornwall, and the Attorney-General said, very properly, that "the desire of those acting for the PRINCE OF WALES was to prevent any noxious trade being carried on there." There had, it seems, been a bone-boiling business carried on, and the desire to get rid of it was, no doubt, laudable; but we think it hardly justified the following flood of melted butter from the mouth of LORD CAMPBELL:—

"If one could suppose," said his Lordship, "that HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES knew the premises it would do the greatest honour to his youthful mind that he should use his influence to put a stop to these nuisances."

THE PRINCE OF WALES is a very amiably disposed little fellow, and will, in due time, do all that is expected of him, we dare say; but it requires a considerable stretch of the imagination to fancy him wandering about the wharves on the Lambeth side of the Thames, in the hope of "nosing" out a nuisance. It is not to be expected that his Royal Highness should be permitted to ramble amid the mud of the metropolitan marsh, with a view to finding a bone to pick with a bone-boiler, who may happen to be one of the tenants of the Duchy of Cornwall. The Attorney-General, evidently feeling the absurdity of the supposition that the action could reflect "the greatest honour on the youthful mind of the PRINCE OF WALES," at once gave the merit where it was due, and stated that, "his Royal father, PRINCE ALBERT, was aware of the state of that neighbourhood, and was most anxious that no noxious trade should be carried on upon these premises."

This hint was enough for LORD CAMPBELL, whose supply of melted butter was by no means exhausted, and he immediately proceeded to butter PRINCE ALBERT in the following fashion:—

"His Lordship said it did HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT the highest honour that he should take an interest in such things; it was most praiseworthy and laudable, and must be very gratifying to all persons."

We all know that the judicial bench is, in these days, quite incorruptible; but adulation is ill suited to its dignity. LORD CAMPBELL no doubt meant to be very complimentary; but, if we were a royal personage, we should deem ourselves very little flattered by its being thought necessary to take especial notice of our having done a simple act of duty.

PROVERBS IMPROVED.

INSTEAD of "as clear as mud," say, "as clear as the Thames."

Instead of "as like as chalk is to cheese," say rather "as like as London milk is to cheese."

Don't say "as thick as thieves," but "lawyers."

In the same way, throw in "two aldermen," when you wish to say "two swallows do not make a summer."

Similarly, if you wish "to provide for a rainy day," you can allude to that aquatic period much more elegantly, by saying "when Vauxhall opens."

Likewise, in lieu of saying, "When you are at Rome you must do as they do at Rome," the same thing will be better expressed by putting in Oxford; viz., "When you are at Oxford, do as they do at Oxford"—which is every inch as good as going to Rome.

Talking of Rome, and the long time it took to build, you can improve the same expression by mildly suggesting that "The Houses of Parliament were not built in a day."

We will end with a small batch of "Improved Proverbs," as being better adapted to the superior intelligence of the present day.

Let every Punster stick to his Last.

Ill news travels by an Electric Telegraph.

You mustn't teach the *Morning Herald* to suck eggs.

One man's Preserved Meat is another man's Poison.

Little sticks kindle a conversation, but great ones put it out.

A Pennsylvanian's word is just as good as his Bond.

Fire and water are good Servants on a railway, but very bad Masters.

Never trust to a Government Staff.

Politicians rarely lose anything by a good turn.

A Mother-in-law is like the dry-rot—far easier to get into a house than to get out again.

THE COURIER OF ST. PETERSBURG.—Put ABERDEEN on horse-back, and he'll ride to Old NICHOLAS!

A QUESTION AND ANSWER.—When will the Russian fleet come Out?—When ABERDEEN goes Out.

A MINISTERIAL WARMING-PAN.



VERYBODY has heard of a certain "Manager STRUTT," who was once famed in song; but the STRUTT of the present day seems likely to obtain celebrity for his manageable qualities rather than for his management. Warming-pans are rather out of fashion in every-day life, but such an article appears still to be useful as part of the furniture of Downing Street. MR. STRUTT has been evidently selected by his late amiable and excellent colleagues, for the task of keeping warm a place that some one else is destined to occupy. The great merit of this gentleman as a Ministerial Warming-pan consists in his excessive coolness and equality of temper, which prevents the probability that those who meddle with him will burn their fingers. The good-natured and ousted STRUTT will henceforth find himself free to devote himself to any kind of amusement, and, if he pleases, to those "Sports and Pastimes" with which the name of STRUTT has long been honourably identified. Never was there a more accommodating colleague, for no treatment "puts him out"—not even the getting rid of him.

THE BISHOP OF LONDON'S FLOCK IN THE CITY.

WE should like to know who dares to say that the Church in the City is without a flock, when anybody who walks or rides in an omnibus to St. Paul's may see a regular flock grazing on the stunted grass that scarcely affords a decent covering to the graves in the churchyard. It is true that the flock does not seem to profit much by what they pick up at the Cathedral, and the sheep of the Bishop of London's fold appear to be in need of some immediate pastoral aid to improve their pasture. Besides the unpleasantness attending the idea of rearing mutton on the crop grown from the decaying remains of mortality, we find something disagreeable in the notion that perhaps the sheep are taken into the churchyard to graze with the same sordid motive that actuates those who take horses in to bait or stand at livery. We must confess that the sheep in St. Paul's Churchyard resemble those skeleton animals that flit through the air in *Der Freischütz* to the dismal chorus of "Uhui!" and if a set of mischievous boys at midnight were to raise the melancholy cry of "Uhui!" through the palings of St. Paul's, the spectral appearance of the sheep in the churchyard, under the solemn shadow of the dome, would almost realise the horrors of the incantation scene as represented in the Drury Lane Opera.

Imagination would easily conjure up a chorus of charity children, with a wild hunt of skeleton curates, and a compound of other horrors, to which the sheep, "lazily mumbling the bones of the dead," furnish a foreground of melancholy aspect. We earnestly entreat the BISHOP OF LONDON, the DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S, or any canon who may be in authority, to put an end at once to the beggarly contract with the butcher, by which a few half-starved sheep are suffered to disfigure consecrated ground by their hungry munchings of the graveyard herbage.

MALARIA IN WESTMINSTER HALL.

THE papers tell us that a few days ago while the Court of Queen's Bench was engaged in hearing a special argument, so great a stench, apparently coming from the drains, arose in the building that

"MR. JUSTICE COLERIDGE said, out of regard for the health of all present, the business must be at once adjourned, and the Court was adjourned accordingly."

Surely something ought to be done to prevent Westminster Hall from "savouring" so very much of "the reaty" as to "stink in the nostrils" of all present. We cannot understand how there can be any difficulty about thorough drainage, but if the task is arduous, why not retain two or three barristers, who from the effect they produce on the pockets of their clients, must be considered capable of draining anything. MR. JUSTICE COLERIDGE is one of our best and ablest judges, but with all his experience at the Old Bailey, where he is accustomed to that which smells rank and offensive, he could not tolerate the effluvia that arose in Westminster Hall. We presume the "special argument" that was in progress had nothing to do with the stench, though we should be able to judge more accurately on this point if we knew the name of the Counsel engaged on the occasion, for some barristers, we regret to say, are excessively foul-mouthed. We recommend the Judges to order that the Courts be provided with disinfecting fluid, which may be useful in cases of defective drainage, or after the speech of one of those learned gentlemen who are notorious for their disagreeable airs, and for bringing the profession of the law into very bad odour.



SUBURBAN FELICITY. GRATIFYING DOMESTIC (POULTRY) INCIDENT.

Buttons. "OH! PLEASE 'M! BE QUICK, 'M! HERE'S THE COACHING CHINA A CLUCKING LIKE HANTHINK. HE'VE BIN AND LAID A HEGG !!!"

"CAULD KAIL IN ABERDEEN."

"There's cauld kail in Aberdeen,"
When blood runs quick in all besides;
The dilettante Scot serene
Shows his blank face, whate'er betides.
When Russian treason's dragged to bar,
Despite each diplomatic screen,—
When England brands the lying Czar—
"There's cauld kail in Aberdeen."

"There's cauld kail in Aberdeen,"
When marching squadrons shake the street;
Nor drum, nor fife, nor bayonet's sheen,
Can move his pulse's even beat;
When our great navies, bound for war,
With iron mouths salute the QUEEN,
And England thrills from shore to shore—
"There's cauld kail in Aberdeen."

"There's cauld kail in Aberdeen,"
When news of gallant deeds is brought;
Of Oltenitz's blood-stained green,
Citate's fight so stoutly fought;
When from Silistria's leaguered hold,
The Russian turns with hang-dog mien,
And England bids "God speed the bold!"
"There's cauld kail in Aberdeen."

"There's cauld kail in Aberdeen,"
Though universal England weeps,
When after anguish, short but keen,
In Russian grave poor GIFFARD sleeps.
What is the *Tiger's* loss to him?
'Tis but one frigate less, I ween—
So while our eyes with tears are dim,
"There's cauld kail in Aberdeen."

"There's cauld kail in Aberdeen,"
When LYNDBURST, with his load of years,
The same stout heart he still hath been,
Speaks out bold truths among his peers;
What though Russ lies to Europe's eyes
He bare and brand, with logic clean,
A joke—a sneer—will save replies—
"And cauld kail in Aberdeen."

Still "cauld kail in Aberdeen,"
At lies and truths—at loss and gain—
But what are we—thus meek and mean,
To brook command of such a brain?
Up—England—up! and with a shout
To startle e'en that Stoic spleen—
In honest Saxon thunder out,
Down with "cauld kail" and ABERDEEN!

AN OFFICIAL DEALER IN MARINE STORES.

THE Commander of Sveaborg has, it seems, been detected in carrying on the thievish trade of a marine store dealer. He has stolen the copper off the roof of the fortress, just as in England the marine store depredators strip the lead from off our gutters, and he has sold for old iron a quantity of cannon balls, having piled up in their place a parcel of wooden balls, which he had carefully blacklead, to make them look like genuine ammunition. Though at war with Russia, we cannot but sympathise with the EMPEROR in the annoyance he must feel at having detected the commander of a fortress in a trick worthy only of the rag, bone, and bottle dealers of our metropolis.

Our own marine store depredators would buy the crown of England at the price of old brass, and purchase the British flag with false weights at the nominal value of old rags, if they could manage to get

any young thieves base enough to steal the articles in question; but for an "officer and a gentleman" to be found at such dirty work, is the greatest humiliation that Russia, amid all her reverses, has yet experienced.

A Sul-phurious Despot.

THE KING OF NAPLES has prohibited the exportation of Sulphur from his dominions, which may soon get a great deal too hot to hold him. It is not difficult to understand the view with which KING BOMBA may desire to keep as much sulphur as possible about him with a view to future contingencies. If he has been accustomed to an atmosphere of sulphur all his life, he may hope to experience hereafter the value of the axiom that "use is second nature."



NOT A NICE BUSINESS.

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12



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PREAMBLE

IT will be no more than the proper thing to do. Our Volume—MR. PUNCH's Twenty-Seventh Volume—shall be sent, an alliance-offering, to the people of France. To that end, the tome was significantly, magnificently bound : printed upon vellum of



the choicest South-Down sheep. How the bright, black ink flashed from the many faces as MR. PUNCH, in his own room, 85, Fleet Street, complacently turned over the leaves,—the faces, alive and glancing; and smiling, and bobbing heads, and mouths curving, and eye-brows lifting,—a thousand faces, thousands of features, vital, animated! MR. PUNCH reverently closed the book; that he might consider the binding. For MR. PUNCH's Twenty-Seventh Volume was to be placed for all time on a shelf of polished British oak in the Royal Library of France; an offering to the alliance that in the year of manful daring, was consecrated by the mingled blood of both nations.

The book—we have said it—was significantly bound. On one cover was emblazoned the lions of England in heraldic field; on the other the honey-bees of sunny France! Strength and sweetness were here together; even as the honey in the lion of Samson.

And thus were England and France bound together, with nothing but good fellowship, and give-and-take jest and good humour—written and symbolised in the leaves of PUNCH—between them. And as it is in 1854, so may it ever be!

Still,—how, how shall we present our Volume to the people of France? Through the French Ambassador? Not so? Then how? Let us consider it.

MR. PUNCH sat in his easy chair—(it was never easier, for his Almanack was done, and like summer swallows, had flown away in tens and tens of thousands, twittering promises of sunshine, and fruits, and flowers)—sat, and pondered the when and the how? MR. PUNCH, with his encyclopædic brow in his hand sat and—slept. Forty winks—only forty winks!

MR. PUNCH crosses the Channel; halcyons on the wave, and laughing mermaids lifting up their pocket-mirrors that therein MR. PUNCH might behold his glorious face!

MR. PUNCH lands at Boulogne; his Volume under his arm. A very storm of silver sounds blown from silver trumpets greets his landing. Fishwomen, with coal-black, fiery eyes, and faces fresh as sea-breezes, rush with one accord; catch him in their arms, and carry him to the railway,—French ladies from windows and balconies raining on him roses.

The train is off,—and at the Paris station MR. PUNCH is met by the MAYOR OF PARIS and all the municipal authorities. The Mayor, having paid his first compliments, asked where was LORD MOON, his *cher confrère* and *contemporain*? MR. PUNCH, with the candour that has ever glorified his character, observes that he had come to bask in the Sun of Austerlitz, and cared not to remember the Moon of Portsocken. "*C'est fort bien*," said the MAYOR OF PARIS; and MR. PUNCH ascended a triumphal car drawn by eight white horses to the Hotel de Ville.

There never was such a banquet—and, perhaps, MR. PUNCH was never so eloquent. At the proper time he rose, and presenting his Volume (through the MAYOR OF PARIS) to the People of France, begged to be allowed to hope that the affections, feelings, and interests of the two countries might continue for ever bound together, even as the leaves of PUNCH were bound and enclasped by the arms of Britain and Gaul.

On this, there was a salvo of cannon that—put an end to MR. PUNCH's forty winks. Nevertheless he resolved to go straightway to Paris that his dream might become a verity.

LORD CLARENDON having heard of MR. PUNCH's determination begged that he would charge himself with the blue riband for GENERAL CANROBERT, the same riband that bound him and his brother hero, RAGLAN; symbolizing the mutual wishes of England and France that so, for all time, they might be tied up in glory and in friendship.



Introduction.

VOLUME XXVII.—JULY TO DECEMBER, 1854.

THE ABERDEEN CABINET.—1854.

First Lord of the Treasury	EARL OF ABERDEEN.
Lord Chancellor	LORD CRANWORTH.
Chancellor of the Exchequer	RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.
Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster	EARL GRANVILLE.
President of the Council	LORD JOHN RUSSELL.
Lord Privy Seal	DUKE OF ARGYLL.
Home Office	VISCOUNT PALMERSTON.
Foreign Office	EARL OF CLARENDON.
Colonial Office	SIR GEORGE GREY.
Admiralty	RIGHT HON. SIR J. R. G. GRAHAM, BART.
Board of Control	RIGHT HON. SIR C. WOOD, BART.
Secretary for War	DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.
First Commissioner of Works, &c.	RIGHT HON. SIR W. MOLESWORTH, BART.
Without Office	MARQUESS OF LANSDOWNE.

POLITICAL SUMMARY.

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PARLIAMENT met on the 12th of December. The QUEEN opened the Session in person. "My Lords and Gentlemen," she said, "I have called you together at this unusual period of the year, in order that, by your assistance, I may take such measures as will enable me to prosecute the great war in which we are engaged with the utmost vigour and effect. This assistance I know will be readily given; for I cannot doubt that you share my conviction of the necessity of sparing no effort to augment my forces now engaged in the Crimea. The exertions they have made, and the victories they have obtained, are not exceeded in the brightest pages of our history, and have filled me with admiration and gratitude.

"The hearty and efficient co-operation of the brave troops of my ally, the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH, and the glory acquired in common, cannot fail to cement still more closely the union which happily subsists between the two nations.

"It is with satisfaction I inform you that, together with 153 the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH, I have concluded a treaty of alliance with the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA, from which I anticipate important advantages to the common cause."

The Russian War completely occupied the attention of both Houses, and the only debate of any importance was on the Foreign Enlistment Bill, which was warmly discussed and opposed, but subsequently passed after a division.

The attention of *Mr. Punch* was of course principally directed to the great struggle in the Crimea, and some of its prominent events are recorded in these pages. In the Introduction to the preceding Volume we have given a brief summary of the commencement of the War to the bombardment of Odessa, and we now propose to add a succinct history

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of the progress of the campaign until the end of the year 1854.

After the siege of Silistria the French and English armies removed to Varna. Some Russian forts at the Sulina mouth of the Danube were stormed, and one of the most gallant and promising officers in the British Navy, CAPTAIN HYDE PARKER, fell leading his men, a bullet passing through his heart.

The months of July and August are the most unhealthy in the year at Varna, and the fearful mortality which ensued could hardly be exceeded. The malaria did its fatal work, and cholera went hand in hand with dysentery and fever. On the 11th of August a terrible fire broke out in the Turkish quarters, destroying an immense quantity of commissariat stores, and leaving thousands of the inhabitants houseless. A brisk wind prevailed, and wafted the flames from one wooden house to another. The sailors from the ships worked for ten hours in quelling this fire, which was attributed to the Greeks' sympathy with their co-religionists the Russians.

The valleys of Varna were perfectly pestilential, and our troops were reduced to the greatest despondency as they sat watching the dead and the dying around them, and they prayed to be led against the enemy. LORD CARDIGAN and part of the light cavalry were despatched on a reconnaissance, and travelled over a perfectly desert country for a distance of 300 miles. The Austrian Army had, according to a treaty with England, France and Prussia, now occupied the Principalities, and on the 3rd of September was issued the final order for the embarkation of the allied troops for the Crimea: and instantly the gloomy despondency of our brave soldiers

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vanished, as they were now about to face an enemy with whom they knew they could cope to advantage. Men who had been scarcely able to drag their weary limbs from tent to tent gained almost instantaneous strength. Their suffering and losses had been dreadful. On one burning day in August, so completely was the brigade of Guards—those 3000 of the flower of England—exhausted and beaten, that they had to make two marches to get over the ten miles of ground which lie between Alladyn and Varna, and this though their packs were carried for them. Before the middle of August, the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE's division had lost 160 men, of whom nearly 100 were Guardsmen. We have said that it is difficult to find any spot in European Turkey that is not obnoxious to malaria fevers during the heats of summer. Before reaching Varna there were upwards of 600 sick in the brigade of Guards. Three weeks before quitting Varna the Light Division had lost 112 men, and SIR DE LACY EVANS had lost 100 men, or thereabouts. Our cavalry force, always much too small, had been sadly reduced by disease and death. The Third Division (SIR R. ENGLAND's), which had been encamped close outside the town, had lost upwards of 100 men. The 50th, who were much worked, were particularly cut up by sickness at Varna. The ambulance corps was already completely crippled by the death of the drivers and other men belonging to it.

The mortality among the French was even greater than that in our own ranks; and during an expedition made by a strong corps of them, under GENERAL D'ESPINASSE, as far as Kostendji, in the pestiferous region of the Dobrudscha, their loss was for their numbers perfectly awful. A more dismal expedition has very seldom been recorded. We cannot speak positively as to the numbers that actually perished; but we believe it was not less than 3,000 men and officers. GENERAL D'ESPINASSE died shortly afterwards from the effects of the reconnaissance.

Our point of debarkation was about twenty miles to the south of Eupatoria, at a place called Old Fort.

On the morning of the 11th of September the French and Turkish squadrons were sailing majestically in order of battle within sight of Tarkan, the appointed place of rendezvous, and the British fleet, with its vast convoy of transports—near four hundred sail—was riding at anchor some thirty miles to the northward. Line-of-battle ships, frigates, steamers, and transports lay side by side, each bearing its living burthen. "Amongst them glided the swift cutters of the men-of-war, flags of many colours, signals to distant vessels, fluttered in the morning breeze. As the sun appeared, the rolling of drums, the braying of trumpets, the sounds of martial music, and the clashing of arms filled the air. Never had the naval power of England and her infinite maritime resources been so proudly displayed."*

During the night a squall scattered the convoy, and drove them out of sight, but towards the evening of the 12th the straggling transports were again brought together, and on the afternoon of the following day the immense armada anchored in Eupatoria Bay. The town surrendered on being summoned, but was not occupied until two days later. A French boat was the first to touch the enemy's shore, landing a crew of some sixteen men, who in a few minutes raised a flag staff, from which flew the national tricolor, thus taking possession of the Crimea. A mounted officer followed by three Cossacks were the only enemies to be seen, and SIR GEORGE BROWN

* "Campaign in the Crimea."—*Quarterly Review*, December, 1854.

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and the QUARTER-MASTER GENERAL, whilst scanning the country, had a narrow escape of being captured by them. Before nightfall 20,000 British infantry, 36 guns, and a large number of horses, were disembarked without injury, whilst the French landed nearly the same number, a fact unprecedented in military history, and proving the power of steam in effecting a sudden descent on an enemy's coast.

By Monday, the 18th of September, the armies were ready to march on Sebastopol, and on the 19th the order was given to advance. The weather was very sultry, and from heat and want of water our men suffered greatly on the march. At night they lay down without tents, as they had done for three weeks before at Eupatoria, and had only their coats and blankets to cover them.

How the Battle of the Alma was fought and won is now a fire-side tale throughout France and England, and will be, let us hope, long remembered in Russian palaces.

The Siege of Sebastopol began, and on the 25th of October occurred the fight at Balaklava, made doubly memorable by the fatal ride of the Light Brigade. The following extract is from a contemporary authority:—

"LORD RAGLAN was watching the contest from the edge of the cliffs which overlook the valley. Seeing that the Russians had withdrawn from the third redoubt, and that there was some movement in the second redoubt, his Lordship believed that the enemy were removing the captured guns. At the first sign of the enemy's retreating, his Lordship had directed the cavalry, supported by the Fourth Division, under LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR GEORGE CATMOART, to move forward and take advantage of any opportunity to regain the heights on which were the redoubts; and not having been able to see this movement accomplished immediately, and it still appearing that the Russians were removing the seven guns, he sent an order to the EARL OF LUCAN, commander of our cavalry, to advance rapidly, follow the enemy in their retreat, and try to prevent them from effecting their objects. The order was a *written* order; it was penned by MAJOR-GENERAL AIREY, Quarter-master General to the forces, and the carrying of it was entrusted to CAPTAIN LEWIS EDWARD NOLAN, of the 15th Hussars, a brave and accomplished officer, then on GENERAL AIREY's staff.

"CAPTAIN NOLAN galloped from LORD RAGLAN's side, traversed the intervening space as fast as his horse could go, over the rough ground, and handed the written order to LORD LUCAN, who read it and returned it to him. But, rapidly as CAPT. NOLAN had ridden, there was a great change in the Russian movements and situation between the time he had received the order and the time he delivered it; and here it was—under this change of circumstances, which LORD RAGLAN could not foresee when he dictated the order—for LORD LUCAN to exercise his discretion as commanding-officer of all the cavalry. Attempts have been made to throw the blame of the bloody catastrophe which ensued upon the gallant NOLAN, who was himself the first victim of the blunder committed. It has been said that he was annoyed and excited at LORD LUCAN's hesitation, that he used arrogant, taunting language, and urged his Lordship on to command the charge. But the fact of his having been the bearer of a *written* order goes far to relieve CAPT. NOLAN from responsibility. It was for LORD LUCAN to interpret this order, and to adapt it to the altered state of things he saw in his front. LORD RAGLAN had not time to come up, or to send him a different or modified order. LORD RAGLAN, in his usual gentle manner, merely said in his despatch: 'From some misconception of the instruction to advance, the Lieutenant-General considered that he was bound to attack at all hazards, and he accordingly ordered MAJOR-GEN. THE EARL OF CARDIGAN to move forward with the Light Brigade.'

"When the EARL OF LUCAN gave the word to advance, the Russians, previously repulsed, had reformed on their own ground, with artillery in front and upon their flanks; the main body of LIFLANDI's *corps d'armes* was drawn up in order of battle at the bottom of the valley; and, considerably in advance of it, and crossing their fire, were the batteries in the two redoubts they had taken and held, and the additional battery they had established on the Tchernaya ridge; and, as if all this was not force enough to oppose to 600 English horsemen, the steep sides of the hills which flanked the valley were thick with riflemen, supported by dense columns of Russian infantry. It was, in fact, an entire army that our Light Brigade was to charge! The EARL OF CARDIGAN, who was to lead the death ride, though as brave a man and as good a horseman as ever drew sword, is said to have remonstrated with his commanding officer, but without avail. Thus, with English officers and English soldiers, there was nothing for it but to charge and die. We know, from many sources, that there was scarcely an officer, non-commissioned officer, or private in the brigade but was fully sensible of the danger, and of the exceeding great probability that he would never get out of that charge with life in him.

"When the word 'forward' was pronounced, the Heavy Brigade and the Light were drawn up close to each other. At first they started together; but, after a very little ground had been ridden over, the Heavy were halted a little out of reach of the enemy's batteries, and the Light left to pursue its course alone. The Greys and Royals halting in support, were not altogether

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out of the reach of the Russian guns and rifles; several of them were wounded before the charge was over. On the left flank, considerably in advance, as leader of the charge, rode CAPTAIN NOLAN, waving his sword, and shouting words of encouragement. Suddenly his upraised arm remained motionless, and, as he uttered a cry of agony, the dashing troop passed on; so firm was his seat that he kept it even in the agonies of death. A trooper caught his horse by the bridle, and he dropped from it quite dead. The fragment of a Russian shell had struck him to the heart. He was the first that fell in the charge, or, more correctly speaking, before the charge was properly begun. As he had strenuously recommended in his book on cavalry tactics, our horsemen proceeded at a moderate trot during the first part of the ride, and did not get into speed until they could clearly see each man in the enemy's lines drawn up before them. Then, with the horses fresh as they ought to be for such an onslaught, they rushed onward like a cataract against the smoke and roar of the Russian artillery. Presently they disappeared in those dark green masses—scarcely was the highest feather of the tallest of those heroic cavaliers visible amidst the host in which they had buried themselves. Not a horseman, not an infantry soldier of the Czar's army could look them in the face, or attempt to bar their impetuous, irresistible course. Wherever they came they broke through—right, left, and in front the Russians gave way, and many of those who could not run fast enough, or get out of the way in time, throw themselves prostrate on the ground, with their faces to the soil, and were galloped over by our horses. The guns from the three redoubts which had been captured and retained by the enemy met our heroes in the teeth, while a fire struck them on either flank, to which was speedily added a fire on their rear; yet on they went, keeping their ranks perfect, and cheering as they went, and soon reached the very muzzles of the guns. In front they scattered down those that stood round them; the heavy Russian columns behind, the guns swerved, and made lanes or channels for the impetuous torrent. Regiments of Russian dragoons and hussars, outnumbering them as four to one, in vain attempted to check their onward course, and soon swerved as the infantry had done. The English horsemen never drew rein until no enemy was left before them. About 600 light cavalry had broken through an entire army!—thus doing what CAPT. NOLAN had predicted English cavalry could and would do if properly led, spared in breath till the last dash, and charging at the top of their speed.

"But though they had burst through a whole army, they could not keep their ground in the face of that army—they could not remain where they were—a return was necessary by the way they had come; and every minute had seen the Russians rendering that way more and more like the jaws of death. Clouds of men, armed with Minié muskets, had gathered on every side. Our Heavy Brigade, which had dealt in so summary a manner with the Russian horse at an earlier part of the field, was again advanced; but it was soon and wisely halted, if it had gone into the valley, it could only have swelled the number of our killed and wounded. Some light cavalry could do and did more effectual service. GEN. BOSQUET threw forward his Chasseurs d'Afrique, with orders to silence the flanking guns on the Tchernaya ridge, which were cruelly punishing what was left of our Light Brigade. Sweeping down into the valley, this brave brigade of French horse formed into line. Their commander, shrinking from an useless sacrifice of life, checked their ardour, and, keeping the rest in hand, sent one squadron alone to charge the enemy's artillery. This gallant little band displayed the greatest courage and daring, struggling through thick brushwood and over rocky ground up the steep ridge on which were the death-dealing guns of the Russians. As they reached the summit, each singled out his man, and then, rushing upon the rear of the battery, they cut down every Russian who ventured to face them. For a minute or two they held the battery and the guns; but two heavy columns of Russian infantry, emerging from a ravine, now appeared behind the Chasseurs, upon whom they opened a heavy fire. A respite had been gained for our light horsemen struggling up the plain; the deadly battery had been silenced for a time, and the French horsemen, feeling they could do no more, retraced their way to the plain, leaving two of their officers and fourteen of their men dead upon the field, near the gorge of that battery. It is thought that but for their heroic exertions on the Tchernaya ridge, very few of our Light Brigade would have come out of that fatal charge.

"The end of the valley to which our gallant horsemen penetrated was thickly dotted with the bodies of men and horses. The Cossacks, or some savages armed and accoutred like them, who had fled in crowds before a few British sabres, now faced about, returned with confidence, and, as our

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wounded lay writhing on the ground, pierced them through and through with their spears.

"It was a melancholy muster that evening at cavalry quarters—nearly two-thirds of the Light Brigade were not there to answer to their names. Yet was it matter of astonishment how even those who answered to the call had escaped out of that valley of death. During the night and the following day others who, wounded and unhorsed, had crept into the bushes and holes in the rocks, straggled into the camp, bleeding, haggard, and exhausted, and the army had fewer to lament than was at first supposed. But still, above 230, of whom 15 were officers, were either killed or prisoners in the hands of the enemy, and, in addition to these numbers, 27 officers were lying badly wounded in their tents."

Fifty thousand Russians occupied the heights of Inkermann, and PRINCE MENSCHIKOFF wrote thus to his Imperial master, "A terrible calamity impends over the invaders of your dominions. In a few days they will perish by the sword, or will be driven into the sea. Let your Majesty send your sons 211 here that I may render up to them untouched the priceless treasure which your Majesty has entrusted to my keeping." And NICHOLAS did send his two sons to share in the defeat of his drunken masses on the heights of Inkermann. Who that 222 has read the history of this war can forget the sleepless soldiers listening in their trenches to the chanting and psalmody and the tolling bells in the beleaguered Sebastopol, or how when the solemn peal ceased about two hours before sunrise, the roar and flash of artillery told of the bloody day to come? The morning misty, damp and cold—the masses of hidden enemies so bravely met by the inner pickets—those pickets which as LORD RAGLAN wrote, "behaved with such admirable gallantry, defending the ground foot by foot against the overwhelming numbers of the enemy, until the second Division with its field guns was got under arms and placed in position"—the two-gun battery and the almost superhuman struggle of the British guards and their noble allies, until victory crowned them, are in all men's memories who read the wondrous word-pictures that WILLIAM RUSSELL painted on the battle-field. "The Soldiers' Battle," (as Inkermann was truly called) could not have had a fitter historian.

It is painful at this distance of time to remember the sufferings endured by the brave warriors that won the Alma, Balaklava, and Inkermann through many weary months, although the bitterness of the retrospect is somewhat relieved by the knowledge that the poor afflicted wretches must have been consoled by the ministrings of FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE and her devoted sisterhood, and the sympathy of many good and brave men. They must have found some solace, also, in the knowledge that their countrymen at home were not indifferent to their necessities as the *Times* Fund and the Patriotic Fund testified, apart from the universal expression of admiration of their bravery, and indignation at the causes of much which they were enduring.

NOTES.

- 3 Lord Aberdeen's Explanation.—The tardiness of the Government with respect to the Russian aggression was commented on frequently both in and out of Parliament.
- 5 Another Russian Victory.—The *Invalide Russe* and other Muscovite papers gave untrue results of the various engagements between the Turks and the Russians, at the beginning of the War.
- 13 Lumley's Midnight Review.—Her Majesty's Theatre was closed for financial reasons during part of MR. LUMLEY'S management.

The Russian Frankenstein.—*Frankenstein* (in MRS. 15 SHELLEY'S novel of that name) creates a monster which ultimately destroys him.

A Reflection in the Commons.—MR. SPOONER WAS 17 long Member of Parliament for North Warwickshire.

Downing Street News.—It was rumoured at this time 19 that newspaper correspondents would not be permitted to accompany the Army abroad.

Song of the Devna Camp.—At the beginning of the 19 Russian Campaign, SIR GEORGE BROWN would not permit any variation from the regulation dress.

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28 The Burial of the Session's Business.—The Session just closed had been exceedingly unproductive. See Introduction to Vol. XXVI.	London under Lunar Influence.—MOON was the name 135 of the Lord Mayor.
29 The Fellow with the Scythe.—The Polish peasant has proved a formidable foe to Russia in 1863.	Cruel Treatment of Russian Prisoners.—The Russian 137 prisoners were almost fêted on their arrival in England, and the <i>Invalide Russe</i> , as a matter of course, asserted to the contrary.
30 King Juniper's Sunday.—This article might be reprinted in 1863, when MR. SOMES and his clique are again trying to "rob the poor man of his beer" on the Sunday.	Austria at length Defies Russia.—See Introduction. 153
33 A Pleasant Cabman—is a fact versified.	April Fool Day in October.—A telegram was received 157 early in October that Sebastopol had fallen. It was a <i>canard</i> .
35 The Holiday Letter.—See Note to p. 29.	Lieutenant Maxse's Ride—is now a matter of history. 163 The name is not pronounced as given in the poem—the final <i>e</i> is sounded.
38 "Dogs and Monkeys!"—The EARL OF WICKLOW's Dogcart Bill put a stop to a cruel nuisance; dogs up to that time having been used to draw trucks and carts, and were frequently the cause of serious accidents.	Jonathan's Baby Show—was attempted in England, and 164 proved a deserved failure.
44 Wooden Bullets and Wooden Walls.—It is said after the bombardment of Odessa, that it was discovered that a Russian official had supplied wooden balls in lieu of iron ones, pocketing the difference of cost.	"A Blighted Being"—is the title of a popular Farce by 167 MR. TOM TAYLOR.
55 Smoke.—LORD PALMERSTON's Suppression of Smoke Bill had just come into operation.	How to get Rid of an Old Woman.—LORD ABERDEEN. 171
57 Irish Bacon.—MR. CARDEN of Barnane, was tried for the abduction of a young lady in Ireland, and after a long inquiry acquitted by the jury.	The Prince of Wales a Sailor.—The Windsor private 179 theatricals were entrusted to the management of MR. CHARLES KEAN.
53 Call a Spade a Spade.—The name of the Russian ship was the <i>Waldimir</i> .	The Tailor Non-suited.—MR. DONALD NICOLL was an 179 advertising tailor and inventor of the Paletôt coat.
66 Selling Out.—LIEUTENANT PERRY of the 40th Foot, was tried by Court Martial, for striking LIEUTENANT GREEN on the head with a candlestick, being provoked thereto by language of a most disgusting character. During the inquiry, evidence was given very damaging to the morality of the officers of the regiment, and it was evident that whatever were the demerits of PERRY, he was hunted and ill-treated by his companions. The Court, much to the general surprise, found a verdict of Guilty, and which verdict the QUEEN refused to confirm. LIEUTENANT PERRY was again tried on a charge of having made false statements on the preceding Court Martial. He was found guilty with a recommendation to clemency. The QUEEN confirmed this sentence on "military grounds," but allowed PERRY to receive the price he had paid for his commission. The public feeling was so much in favour of this unfortunate young man that a subscription was raised for him which amounted to £2,500. LIEUTENANT GREEN was subsequently tried by Court Martial and sentenced to be severely reprimanded. The QUEEN refused to confirm the sentence, and LIEUTENANT GREEN was compelled by the Commander-in-Chief to sell out.	One of the Gallant 93rd as he Appeared at Astley's 204 Theatre, where they had produced a hippodrama called the <i>Battle of the Alma</i> . 246
103 Sayings and Doings of Royalty.—Sept. 5, 1854, PRINCE ALBERT visited the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH at 205	To the Memory of Charles Kemble, who died Nov. 207 5, 1854, aged 78-9. He was born Nov. 25, 1775, at Brecknock, in South Wales.
106 Boulogne, and was received with great ceremony and rejoicings.	A Trump Cara(igan).—See Introduction, Balaklava. 209
107 His Royal Highness was accompanied by some Life Guards and Blues as an escort, and those gallant fellows experienced a reception almost too hearty, and were the guests of the EMPEROR's Body Guard, the <i>Cent Gardes</i> .	The Russian Bear's Licked Cubs.—See Introduction. 212 —MENSCHIKOFF's Letter to the EMPEROR NICHOLAS before the battle of Inkermann. 220
	Educational News from the Crimea.—Two Lancaster 227 guns did great and good service at Inkermann.
	Giving the Office.—Parliament met on the 12th Decem- 233 ber, 1854.
	Railway Cheap Literature.—Many of the offers of 237 presents to the brave fellows in the Crimea, savoured very much of the puff commercial.
	What Our Navvies are Likely to Do.—At the sug- 242 gestion and under the direction of SIR JOSEPH PAXTON, a 259 corps of Navvies was formed for service in the Crimea.
	Four Encourager les Autres.—After the Battle of 242 Inkermann, in which no cavalry were engaged, LORD CARDIGAN retired on board his yacht, and shortly afterwards resigned his command and returned to England on "Urgent private affairs."
	Inconsistency of the Derbyites.—W. B. had been 262 largely concerned in the St. Albans bribery proceedings, and was known to have been a Member of the Conservative Club.
	Foreign Enlistment.—See Introduction. 263



VOLUME TWENTYSEVEN

THE VIRGIN AFLOAT.

THE Czar lately presented a miraculous image, by way of figure-head, to a Russian three-decker; and a few days ago, LOUIS NAPOLEON sent *his* image of the VIRGIN MARY to the French fleet; the image was blessed on board the *Invincible*, and will no doubt be quite equal to the Russian saint, should they ever meet. We do not deal in saints afloat; merely adopting for English figure-heads, homely unblessed wood cut and carved into BENBOWS, HOWES, and PRINCE ALBERTS. Nevertheless, it is said that the Prime Minister intends to present *his* image to a British man-of-war, that of "Patience on a Monument," smiling at Sebastopol.

IMPORTANT FROM THE SEAT OF WAR!

LETTERS FROM THE EAST BY OUR OWN BASHI-BOZOUK.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"THE Police silently retired about three in the morning, leaving TUFFSKIN flayed alive, and myself burning with indignation at an insult which, though it had fallen on COUNT TUFFSKIN'S shoulders, had been intended for me. MATILDA SCHOUZOFF—beautiful, beloved, faithless MATILDA—had rescued me from that peril: she had got an inkling, on the previous evening from the Police Minister, her father, of the fate that was destined for me.

"It was pretended that I was a Russian subject. I had indeed accepted service with the EMPEROR—and of what country am I a subject since that day when, a fugitive and an exile, I shook off my country and my allegiance with the bootless clods of Ballingarry?—nevertheless, writhing at the notion of the insult, I rushed away immediately after breakfast, and sent up a note to our—I mean the English minister, SIR H—M—LT—N S—M—R, intimating that the M— of B—M— desired to see him: his Excellency knew me as a gentleman before I was an exile; we have danced together at Almack's and the Tuileries many times, and always lived on terms of the greatest cordiality.

"SIR H—M—LT—N said very fairly, 'My good fellow, what can I do for you? you are no longer a Chieftain and gentleman of the United Kingdom; or if you are, I must claim you. I must claim you as a rebel, send you back to Ireland for trial, when you will be transported to Van Diemen's Land, where probably you will not act as certain friends of yours have done.'

"I said if his Excellency meant MESSRS. M. and N., though I might not possibly approve of their proceedings, yet I was prepared to blow out the brains of any man who questioned their strict honour, and so I tell MR. DUFFY to his face here as I write—thousands of miles away from home under the battlemented walls of Redout Kaleh !

"When his Excellency heard of **TUFFSKIN'S** misadventure, he burst out laughing as if the deuce was in him, and so did that queer fellow his Secretary, who was in the room when our interview took place. I can see for my part nothing comic in the transaction; however, as the *bastinado* had been administered in private, as all these things are kept dark in Petersburg, as **TUFFSKIN** to this day believes he got the rattan on his private account. I agreed with my friends the English diplo-

matists that it was best for me to make no noise about the business, and to walk the streets as if nothing had happened.

"That afternoon, about two o'clock, I was standing before JACOB'S the printseller's shop, talking and joking with young ALEXIS MIRO-LADOWAX: who should pass us in his brown Droschki, in which the etiquette is never to recognise him, but the EMPEROR himself! I happened to be cracking with laughter at one of ALEXIS'S stories (a very queer one about my friend COUNT CANCRIM) when his Majesty passed.

"A man who had been flayed alive at two o'clock in the morning shaking his sides with laughter on the Alexander Platz, at two in the afternoon—here was a strange occurrence! The EMPEROR looked at me as if I had been a ghost: he turned quite livid when he saw me. I appeared to take no notice, laughed and chatted on with ALEXIS, and pretended to be looking at the brass statue of St. GREGORIUS NAZIANZENUS, which stands in the Place.

"Gallant men never kiss and tell, so I leave such to imagine the rapturous meeting which took place that evening in the blue saloon of the Winter Palace between me and my lovely rescuer—the pressure of the hand, which, though but momentary, causes the frame to thrill with happiness—the rapid glance of the eye, more eloquent than a thousand speeches. Oh! MATILDA! Can it be that you have forgotten me so soon, and for a Qu—; but I am advancing matters—no woman could be fonder or truer than MATILDA was then.

"It was, I have said, a Thursday evening, the night of the Empress's weekly reception. Our Quaker friends had come to take leave; they were to depart indeed before it was light the next morning, and I recollect MATILDA asking me why young Mr. DODKINS was not present, whom I had introduced to her family, from which he had received great and constant attention. The young Quaker is a man of enormous wealth, and I recollect MATILDA and myself counting up, in roubles, the amount of the income which he receives in pounds sterling for his share of the business.

"I laughed. I supposed DODKINS wanted to keep his moustaches, and did not care to face his uncle, old JEDEDIAH DODKINS, who with some of the old members of the deputation, lived with an old friend, a serious tallow merchant on the English Quay.

"I went into the Imperial presence with the rest, and made my bow to their Majesties. The dear Empress, I thought, turned away her head from me with a very mournful expression, whereas the Autocrat looked as black as thunder. I did not mind his black looks; made my obeisance, and retired presently into the pink and silver drawing-room, where FALCONNET'S silver bust of the EMPRESS CATHERINE stands, and where the Maids-of-Honour commonly sit and have tea; it is exceedingly good at St. Petersburg, as everybody knows, and I drank two or three and twenty cups whilst chattering with these charming girls.

"Presently I saw MATILDA coming, with a look of great anxiety in her face; she beckoned me to speak to her, and I followed her into the embrasure of the window, in which the CUPID and PSYCHE stands looking out on the Tolstoi Square.

"Oh, my MULLIGANOVITCH," she said, "my Nijni, my Moujik, my Caviare, my M—, my beautiful, my brave, my best beloved, I have dreadful news for you."

"Speak, cushla ma chree na bochli," says I, (the Celtic and the Slavonic dialects are very similar), seizing her lovely hand, and pressing it to my beating waistcoat; "speak, light of my eyes, and tell me what is the matter."

"You asked for passports for Prussia this morning at the Police Office, and they were promised to you."

"They were, adored creature; will you fly with me?"

"Oh MULLIGANOVITCH, (such a heavenly expression of the eyes here) you will never be allowed to depart to Prussia: to-morrow at ten o'clock, somebody who tells me everything—get away you jealous creature, and don't be jealous of him, or doubt your poor little MATILDA, informs me that you will be seized and sent to Siberia: you are considered as a naturalized Russian subject. The EMPEROR laughed for a moment when he heard of poor COUNT TUFFSKIN being mistaken for you. Oh, dear, dear MULLIGANOVITCH, I could not sleep all night for thinking of what might befall you; but after his laugh, he grew more angry than ever, and had it not been for the Empress going on her knees to him this very evening, the horrid operation would have been performed on you."

"I ground my teeth, crunching between them the execration which otherwise had issued from my lips. To be sent to Siberia—the thought was madness!

"Ladies are not allowed to go there," sobbed out MATILDA, divining the causes of my emotion; "they will separate me from my MULLIGANOVITCH; they will marry me to that horrid tipsy TUFFSKI;"

"I don't know what I should have done in that moment of grief and joy had not MATILDA'S mamma called her at this very juncture, and left me to contemplate my fate, and (to quote the beautiful words of GENERAL WOLFE), bitterly think of the morrow."

"Go to Siberia! I swore I would die first."

"BASHI-BOSOUK."

TEMPERANCE IN TRUTH.

"THE mixture of a lie ever pleaseth," says LORD BACON; unfortunately for himself, a sad authority for the truthfulness of the saying. The Scotch are a nation of philosophers. There is in Edinburgh many a philosopher who, like DIOGENES, would live in a tub—if the tub were made a whiskey-cask inside, with "water-cask" in large letters painted externally. It must be confessed that teetotallers are, at times, terribly temperate in water; especially in that particular water drawn from the well of truth. Truth's bucket is as hateful to their nostrils as though it reeked with the penal fires of Islay or Glenlivet. But, like DIOGENES, they are philosophers, and can lie very comfortably in every sort of cask.

The folks of Glasgow, it seems, rejoice in a new local act—may it remain national with them as the national thistle!—that forbids the furnishing not only of drink, but of meat, to any man, woman, or child, hungering for a tavern dinner, unless the man, woman, or child, aforesaid, are indwellers of the hostelry, sleeping there!

What is the consequence, as related in the *Times*, by an authenticated correspondent? Two men are starving for a dinner. They enter a tavern; are resolutely denied the meal; but at length obtain it, by taking beds for the night! They are permitted the use of knife and fork under the fiction that they are to wear nightcaps! They are allowed to have a fowl for dinner, on the lie that they take with it, goose-feathers. Such are the beds of Justice in Scotland at this hour; most truly of Justice, for here she must sleep in them; sleep the sleep of whiskey—the sleep of temperance, temperate of truth!

DOCTOR LATHAM, in his *Handbook to the Courts of Natural History* for the Crystal Palace, gives specimens of certain savages, who thrust pieces of wood through the lobes of their ears; and cause the most unnatural projection of the under lip, as offerings to their sense of the beautiful. Are there no unsophisticated folks who, in the same way, sacrifice to their sense of truth? who project the lip with a Phari-saical lie; and to prove that they do not take the toddy-ladle to their own mouths, insist upon thrusting it through the lobes of their neighbours' ears? We wish DOCTOR LATHAM would add a specimen or two from the natives of Caledonia.

THE WRITING-MASTER AT THE HOME-OFFICE.

LORD PALMERSTON in addition to the many matters he has on his own hands, has been directing his energies to the hands written by those who are under him. It is perfectly natural that the bottle-holder should object to such "fists" as he has occasionally met with in his correspondence at the Home Office. He has accordingly dealt out a few raps on the knuckles, the effect of which will, we trust, be satisfactory. The next thing for his Lordship to do, will be to issue appropriate copies to the various departments of the Government.

We can imagine a few of those sentences for copy-books, which in his mixed position of moralist and minister, would most probably occur to him:—

Boil communications corrupt good Lord John Manners.

If Sibthorp's bliss, 'tis folly to be other-wise.

It's a long political life that has no turning.

Government waste makes National want.

The Duke of Decanters.

WHEN the KING OF PORTUGAL and his brother, the DUKE OF OPORTO, partook of the meat-breakfast, genteelly called *déjeuner à la fourchette*, at the Mansion House the other day, there were, as we are informed, some curious wines on the table. To the DUKE OF OPORTO the most curious of these wines appeared, we believe, a purple sort of wine, if it can be called wine, nearly as strong as brandy; and we have good reason for stating, that the Duke's astonishment was excessive when his Royal Highness was told that this liquor was the produce of his own dukedom. We trust that the DUKE OF OPORTO'S visit to the Mansion House will be followed by results advantageous to the Port of London, and consequently to that of England.

An Evil Liver.

THEY say that NICHOLAS is labouring under a liver affection—the only sort of affection of which his nature is capable. It appears, therefore, that the Czar is troubled with bile; and there can be no doubt that he complains bitterly of Gaul.

A BOTANICO-MEDICO PROVERB.—Patients are Simples that do not grow in every medical man's garden.

A DAY OF ABSOLUTE REST.



the public with cheap opium, or for establishing district mesmerizers. For all the population cannot go to Church, and all would certainly not be sent to sleep there, and though many might, yet very few sermons would have such an extremely drowsy effect as to plunge the hearers in slumber for all the rest of the day.

"A MISSIONARY CHURCH."

MR. HENLEY conscientiously objected to the clause that, in the Oxford University Bill, allows academical honours to stiff-necked Dissenters. As they would not swear and subscribe to articles, wherefore should they have glorifying letters affixed to their names? These literal honours ought to remain the exclusive reward of the members of the Established Church as a very trifling compensation for the unceasing care and interest bestowed by that Church upon all human souls; the more especially on those errant, vagabond souls that were wont to remain unclaimed, going here and there, and nowhere, altogether heedless of the sheep-bell tinkling to the Church flock. MR. HENLEY objected to the clause, and the hon. (and revolutionary) gentleman who proposed it must recollect that—

"It was the duty of our Established Church to look after those who would not look after themselves. The Established Church was a Missionary Church to a large portion of the people. He moved as an amendment, that the clause be read a second time that day six months."

But the clause—the door-opening clause—was, to the consternation of MR. HENLEY and his fellow-labourers in the cause of the Established Church, passed, and the Missionary Church mightily wronged and scandalised thereby. The Established Church was a Missionary Church to a large portion of the people. This affecting fact explains to us the constant practice of so many bishops and archdeacons, and prebends and deans, whom we continually meet in alleys and byways—and always where the poor and ignorant swarm the thickest—in a sort of lowly pilgrim-guise, their footsteps tempted and drawn to the abodes of squalor and of vice. Now we know why the BISHOP OF LONDON himself is so frequently met with in Spitalfields, in Lambeth—on Mutton Hill—in infidel St. Giles's. He is the model Missionary of a Missionary Church; and he condemns and eschews all the Church dramas as produced regardless of expense at St. Barnabas and St. Paul's, Knightsbridge,—giving all his heart and all his soul to look after those of the straying flock, who "will not look after themselves." Belgravia is safe in the piety of her own estimation, but Tothill-fields is running to weeds, choked by cockle and dandelion. May Fair smells her Church flowers, and sniffs the odour of piety from Roman roses; but Rag Fair has not a single leaf of the Herb of Grace wherewith to scent and sweeten the foul earthiness of her fallen nature; and therefore it is to Rag Fair and not to May Fair—to the Place of Tatters, and not to the Feast of Roses, that our BLOMFIELD—sweetly-smelling syllables!—takes his missionary way, and calls with silver voice to the careless, scattered flock.

The Established Church is, then, the real Missionary Church. Here and there a Dissenter or two may waylay and redeem a black or copper-skinned barbarian—rejoicing in the treasure of Papuan and Patagonian proselyte—but it is the BISHOP OF LONDON, and such as he, who, wandering forth in the savage places of the British metropolis, call in and secure the wandering sheep whose footsteps would otherwise print their way to perdition!

OLD NICK'S LAST.—NICHOLAS has been so misled by the reports of his generals on the Danube, that he declares he has one LUDERS there, but a whole host of De-Luders.

LORD ABERDEEN'S EXPLANATION.

It's very hard, and so it is,
To be misrepresented
By a set of low press-writers,
Ill-informed and discontented.
So here I am upon my legs
To offer explanation,
(Though of what there is to be explained
I pause for information.)

They say I'm Russian-minded—
The charge is quite ridiculous;
'Tis five and twenty years ago
Since I pitched into NICHOLAS;
Took the liberty to NESSELRODE
Those same harsh truths to state, my Lords,
Which I checked LORD LYNTHURST, t'other night,
For advancing in debate, my Lords.

If I now say Russia strives not
For extension of dominion,
You'll find in my despatch, my Lords,
The opposite opinion.
In twenty-nine I was in fact
Courageously asserting out
The very things low writers now
Are ignorantly blurring out.

'Tis true I said, the other night,
I feared not Russ encroachment;
But you'll find my words, in twenty-nine,
Another view to broach meant;
I doubt if LORD CLANRICARDE,
In his present most rash line, my Lords,
E'er unmasked Russ double-dealing
More than I—in twenty-nine, my Lords.

You shall see the germ of treachery
Pointed out in that despatch, my Lords,
Which your LAYARDS and your LYNTHURSTS
Say the Czar now tries to hatch, my Lords.
And if my words in fifty-four,
To my words in twenty-nine, my Lords,
Are found to be as black to white,
Why that's no fault of mine, my Lords.

To political necessities
Opinions must give o'er, my Lords;
And the state of things in twenty-nine,
Was not that in fifty-four, my Lords.
Then I abused the Russians,
But from fighting I forbore with them;
Now I defend the Russians,
But then we are at war with them.

But you need not be alarmed, my Lords,
Lest this should check our action;
If I've deprecated war, my Lords,
(As I own with satisfaction,)
If my speeches in the house have worn
The tone of Russian pleadings,
In the Cabinet I've always urged
The most vigorous proceedings.

For my effort it has always been
To exert my ingenuity
In keeping up 'twixt words and acts
A wholesome incongruity.
Large words and great deeds too, is waste
At which my Scotch heart bleeds, my Lords,
So pray allow me to sing small,
While England does great deeds, my Lords.

The Bashful Muscovite.

THERE is a great deal of truth in what LORD ABERDEEN says. We ought not to be too hard upon the EMPEROR NICHOLAS. People have hastily accused him of unscrupulous audacity; whereas, by evacuating the Principalities, he now exhibits himself as quite a retiring character.

SHOULD ABERDEEN HAVE A STATUE?—Certainly he should—the "statu quo ante."



A DELICIOUS SAIL—OFF DOVER.

Old Lady. "GOODNESS GRACIOUS, MR. BOATMAN! WHAT'S THAT?"

Stolid Boatman. "THAT, MUM! NUTHUN, MUM. ONLY THE ARTILLERY A PRAC-TI-SIN', AND THAT'S ONE O' THE CANNON BALLS WHAT'S JUST STRUCK THE WATER!!"

THE PREVISION OF PUNCH.

MR. PUNCH has never been mesmerised, and rendered cataleptic, or a somnambulist. It is impossible to throw into a state of sleep one so constitutionally wide-awake. In short, the clairvoyance of *Mr. Punch* is natural lucidity. The faculty of clear-sight is nevertheless possessed by *Mr. Punch*, in a much higher degree than what would suffice to enable him to perceive, through his office wall, what might be going on in the adjoining establishment. Recent accounts from Russia represent the EMPEROR of that country as being afflicted with a bad leg, a "mind diseased," and a pertinacious liver complaint. Everybody who knows anything of medicine will infer that the bad leg and the disordered intellect in all probability depend on the diseased liver. Did not *Mr. Punch*, before the war, when hostilities were only imminent, declare his conviction that their outbreak would be the eruption of the Czar's internal evils: that the insane course which NICHOLAS was pursuing was the consequence of a mental affection, arising from a bilious disorder? Did he not even suggest blue pill? The few locks which adorn the head of *Mr. Punch* are now in the state of the quills of the "fretful porcupine." He is, like PROFESSOR KATTERFELTO with his hair on end, wondering at his own wonders. But what is the use of wondering at the high truths of medical philosophy? It were better to apply them; and save, with a few grains of mercurial pill, an immense quantity of human blood.

The Game of Russia.

STRATEGY is generally considered to resemble Chess; but the retrograde movement of the Russians across the Pruth looks rather like Back-Gammon.

Q. WHY is the drum in an orchestra like the Government?
A. Because it is beaten almost every night.

ALL THE FUN OF THE FIELD.

IN the course of a recent tour through a rural district, a correspondent informs us that he met with as many as three jokes. These facetiæ were all included in one field, namely, a wheat field, and they consisted, each, in two bundles of cornstalks twisted into ropes, and tied across a narrow path bisecting the crop, by which ingenious arrangement any person walking that way in the twilight would be tripped up, and the result would be a bit of fun—no less, perhaps, than the fracture of his legs, or nose, or skull. Being a stolid kind of person, our correspondent destroyed these jokes with his walking-stick. He could not concur with the rustic mind in considering breaking a limb to be cracking a joke, and did not reflect that by hindering somebody or other from getting crippled, he spoiled sport.

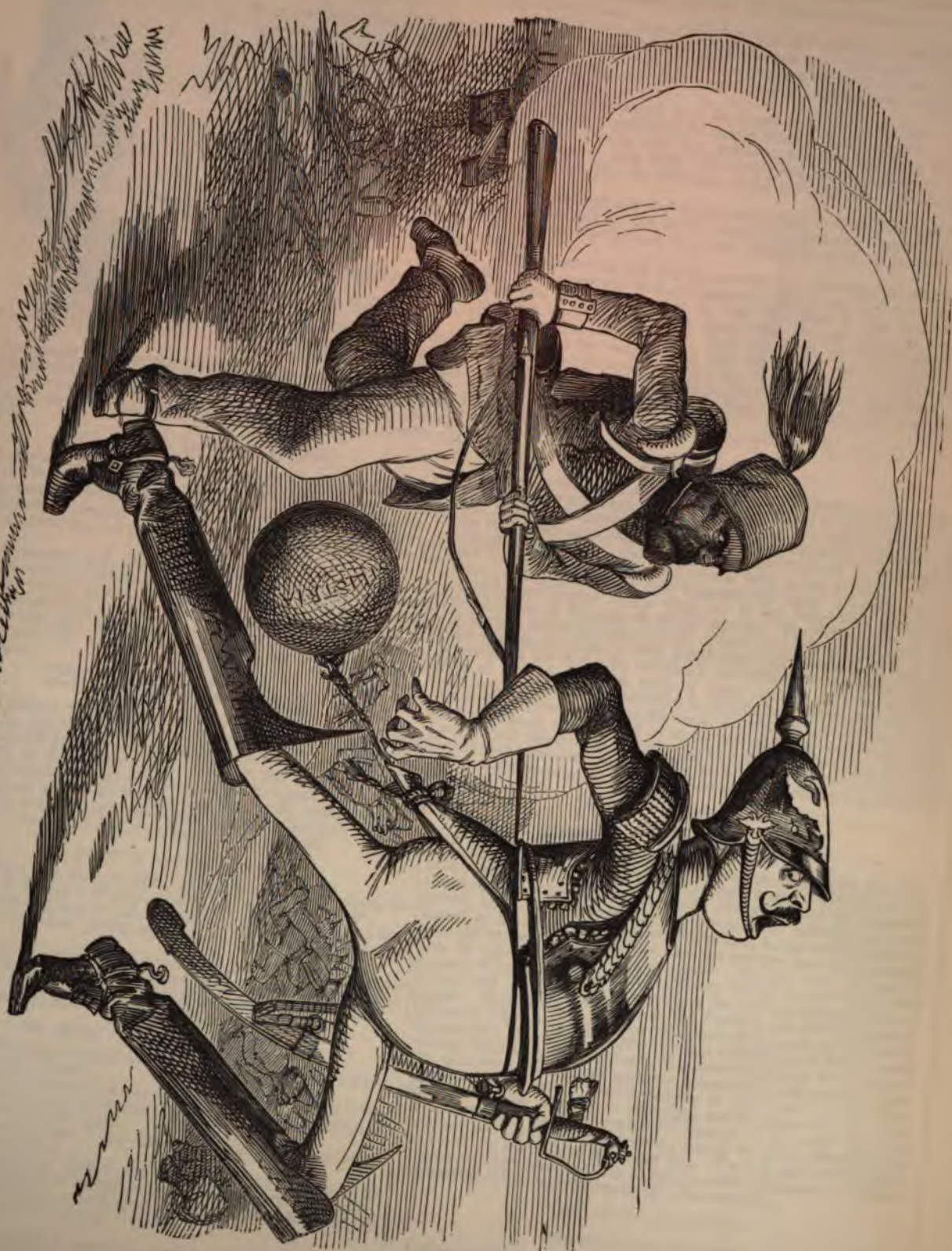
MURDER FROM THE FRENCH.

WE trust that our French visitors will be taken to the Princess's Theatre, in order to observe the great reverence with which murder from the French is treated by MR. CHARLES KEAN, who, in the *Courier of Lyons*, plays both black and white—the villain and the good man! His changes are said to be, by certain of our critics, most marvellous. A thinking public is called upon not to wonder at the rapidity and variety of the moral and physical emotions of a player, but at the miraculous rapidity with which the actor changes his dress. Thus, as usual at the Princess's, the inspired dramatist is the tailor; and the poet's steed, not a Pegasus, but a clothes-horse.

OUR PIOUS PREMIER.—It is universally admitted that LORD ABERDEEN's explanation is the most conspicuous act of *humble-piety* on record.

July 8, 1864.]

ANOTHER RUSSIAN VICTORY!!!



LAW AND LINDLEY MURRAY.



It is generally thought that the precedent set by one of our most distinguished English Judges, in not only giving judgment upon the merits of a case tried before him, but in deciding upon the right pronunciation of a word used in the pleadings, has given great satisfaction. A series of cases has since been heard, in which various offenders against the laws of language have been amerced in divers penalties. The following is a report of Saturday's sittings:—

COURT OF QUEEN'S BENCH.

(Sittings in Banco.)

LORD CAMPBELL, at three o'clock, said that the paper having now been gone through, he and

his brothers were ready to take any cases of bad language.

Several Barristers immediately left the Court. It was observed that some of them were gentlemen who had obtained notoriety by abusing unfortunate coroners and other magistrates of limited powers of committal.

THE QUEEN v. LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

The defendant was charged with habitually offending against HER MAJESTY'S English, by making a noise sounding like "obleege," when he was supposed to intend to say "oblige."

The defendant pleaded guilty, but urged that a hundred years ago his pronunciation was the fashionable one. It was derived from the French.

LORD CAMPBELL said, that in the case of JOHN KEMBLE v. the PRINCE REGENT the *dictum* had been, "It would become your Royal mouth better to say 'oblige.'" The rule was clear. Had the defendant anything further to say?

The defendant said that he had once visited the Lyceum Theatre, and had heard MR. FRANK MATTHEWS say, in a burlesque called *Robin Hood*—

"With any advice about the siege,
The Field-Marshal therefore cannot obleege."

LORD CAMPBELL said that this proved that the defendant had been warned. The object of burlesque—and he was bound to say that such object was usually attained—was to ridicule what was absurd, by pushing absurdity to the extreme. The Court did not desire to be hard upon the defendant. Would he undertake not to repeat the offence?

The defendant said that he would endeavour to conform to the customs of the day; but he believed that in Magna Charta—

He was here somewhat hastily removed from the Court.

THE QUEEN v. RICHARD CORDEN.

The defendant was charged with laying a false emphasis upon the third syllable in the word inimical, which he pronounced inimical.

The defendant said that he had not intended to give offence, and that he had heard the same pronunciation from the Treasury Bench last week.

LORD CAMPBELL said that the Treasury had better go to its "*Tyronis Thesaurus*." (Laughter, in which nobody joined.) The pronunciation was pedantic—why did not the defendant say severity and urbanity?

The defendant was discharged with a caution.

THE QUEEN v. THIRTEEN CABMEN.

The defendants were charged with having said they were going to drive to the Adelphi Theatre.

The police gave evidence that this abominable pronunciation was of common occurrence, and gave great annoyance to the aristocratic classes on their way to the opera.

The defendants said that it was the ordinary pronunciation of the trading and lower orders.

LORD CAMPBELL said that it was intolerable, and sentenced the whole of the defendants to be civil to their fares for an entire month.

The defendants were removed, one of them remarking that the sentence would be the death of him.

THE QUEEN v. THE HON. ALFRED LAZYTONGS.

The defendant was charged with having used continuous bad language through a whole afternoon, at the Conservative Club. He was proved to have said that the rain was a baw, that MADemoiselle LUTHER was a charming creechaw, that LORD DERBY had come out

strong about Canadaw, and that his, defendant's, tigaw was a deuced sharp little fellow.

Several old members of the club pressed for a severe punishment, as they said that the offence was so common as to render the place quite unbearable. The young fellows went lounging about in their all-round collars, gobbling out the most ridiculous sounds, and fancying they were talking.

The defendant hoped that the Court would think it didn't mattaw what a parcel of red-faced old pumps thought on the subject.

LORD CAMPBELL said that extraneous matter had been imported into the case on both sides. The Court had no jurisdiction over collars or red faces. But the defendant stood self-convicted. What had he to say?

The defendant said that a gentleman liked to speak differently from vulgarians, and as the latter clipped the QUEEN'S English upon all occasions, it was the duty of a loyal subject to make as much of it as possible.

LORD CAMPBELL said that the defence was plausible, but would not do. The proper way for a gentleman to render his language different from that of vulgarians was to take care that it was precise and accurate, and the vehicle for good sense or true wit. As the defendant seemed desirous to do what was right, he would accept his own bail for his reappearance that day month, conditionally on his reading *Punch* for one hour every day, during the intermediate time.

The defendant gladly gave the undertaking, and was discharged.

The remaining cases presented little of principle and nothing of interest.

WEeping BIRCH.

VISITANTS to Westminster Abbey have of late been greatly alarmed and excited by supernatural movements exhibited by the monument of DR. BUSBY, considerably more striking than any which are made by the miraculous Madonnas of Italy. The image of the deceased school-master is from time to time observed to shake its head in disapproval, and to knit its eyebrows and frown with awful severity. These extraordinary phenomena first appeared the other morning, when a revolutionary leading article came out in the *Daily News*, suggesting the abolition of flogging in public schools. The marble heart of any pedagogue of the old school would of course be violently moved at the idea of being deprived of that gratification which it derives from the exercise of the rod. To indemnify old scholastic gentlemen for the loss of the delight which some of them seem to take in whipping children, they might be permitted to officiate as assistant executioners; to do the flogging in the prisons: and in order to provide them with sufficient work, a law should be made punishing the maltreatment of women with flagellation. There may be some doubt whether the whip is a proper instrument wherewith to teach tender youth humane letters, but it is unquestionably one very suitable for unteaching a ruffian his inhuman cruelty.

THE AWAKENED CONSCIENCE.

MR. BROTHERTON has, we are happy to see, been doing his duty lately, and endeavouring to bring the preposterous sittings of the House to an earlier close than usual. He has divided the Commons several times after midnight on the question of adjournment, and though he has not generally carried his motion, he has so far broken in upon the proceedings of the night, that the rest has been fragmentary, and the adjournment has been hastened. We had been inclined to reprove, if not to rebuke our BROTHERTON, for the facility with which he had been yielding to the oppression of the Government behind which he sits. That shake of the hat at the Speaker, and that deprecating half-smile, which said that it was really too bad to go on at that hour, were all very well, but when MR. FITZROY turned round with a good natured fierceness, and motioned MR. BROTHERTON to sit down, or MR. GLADSTONE looked up with wild amazement, and obviously said, "My goodness, here's a man wanting to go to bed!" MR. BROTHERTON had no business to be quelled, and to resume his seat. He should remember that his legislative mission is to send the other members home to their amiable wives; and if he allows himself to be put down, the ladies have no helper left. The man who would refuse to drive members into the lobby to relieve virtuous females in solitude and distress is unworthy the name of a BROTHERTON.

THE MUSCOVITE ROMANCER.

ONE would think that the Russian journal, the *Invalide Russe*, was so called by reason of its statements being continually invalidated.

THE MODERN PARNASSUS.—Since the promotion of the originator of the Penny Postage, St. Martin's-le-Grand may be called the English Parnassus, for is it not the abode now of England's HILL of Letters?

PUNCH'S HANDBOOKS TO THE CRYSTAL PALACE.



THE DEPARTMENT OF NATURAL HISTORY.

This forms naturally enough the first object of our investigation; and we prepare to treat of Ethnology—a word “which every schoolboy knows,” but which nevertheless everybody thinks it necessary to tell everybody else is derived from two Greek words, and signifies the science of races. Some people would interpret the “Science of Races” as “the art of winning the Ascot Cup” or “Making a Book for the Derby.” Almost every word ending in “logy,” is a scientific word; and perhaps the many disputes arising out of the various “logies” may have given rise to the term “loggerheads,” a state at which the learned are apt to arrive in the course of those bickerings which a love of truth and a dislike to each other will sometimes generate.

Ethnology means the science not of races in general; for if it did, it would be peculiar rather to the Turf than to our common clay; but it is the science of the human race in particular.

In the Crystal Palace it has not been thought necessary to make a collection of the specimens of European objects, for there will always be found among the visitors themselves a collection of living curiosities of the various populations of Europe. Of these a moving cosmorama will be constantly kept up, and a little comparative anatomy may be quietly studied, by reviewing the bearded fop side by side with the Chimpanzee in his primitive condition. Several of the specimens of Ethnology in the Crystal Palace are to be found within the Arctic Circle, though there are some equally extraordinary objects within our own circle, if we are disposed to study them.

In the general arrangement of the department of Natural History, an attempt has been made to group together the botany and zoology of each locality, a plan which may be familiarly illustrated by placing under a glass shade, a costermonger, a donkey, and a thistle. In this interesting group we should have ethnology represented by the man, zoology would rear its head in the donkey, and botany would present some of its finest points in the thistle.

Among the foremost objects is a group of East Indians belonging to India Proper, and (judging from their costume, which is not so shockingly scanty as it probably is in India Im-proper), the epithet “proper,” is not altogether unmerited. The complexion of some of these Indians is as black as Indian ink. Nearly every face has the same stamp, and the process of stamping seems to have been carried out with considerable violence, causing the countenances to become so flat that no one could call them handsome without being disposed to flatter. In India there is a system of caste, which means that the son walks in his father's shoes—if the father happens to have any. If the father is a blacksmith the son is a blacksmith, and indeed all the SMITHS are of necessity black, except perhaps a few of the Browns, for brunette is one of the colours that the hand of Nature has rubbed into the faces of the East Indians.

The Malays are given to the habit of tattooing, and they sometimes proceed to such rivalry in the art that one will do his utmost to beat the tattoo upon the other.

Among the incidentals of the Malays may be noticed certain dental operations, such as dyeing the teeth, and filing them down to the gums, for few can wait patiently till they are sufficiently old files themselves for their teeth to wear down to the desired level.

Leaving the East Indians we will now take a glance at the people of Sumatra, who are chiefly remarkable for the form which the

moustache movement has taken among them, for they seem to wear on the upper lip an arrangement similar to that of the Ramoneur with which modern civilisation sweeps her chimneys.

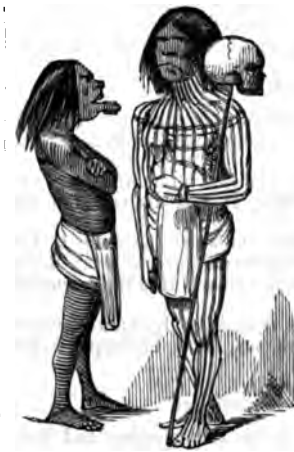
We now turn to Borneo, but we are not sorry to turn away again from a tribe whose fashions are not by any means of an engaging character. The favourite dress seems to be nothing but a head-dress, which consists generally of a *bandeau* of human teeth, and sometimes a hat, similar in shape to those worn by very young ladies at the seaside, but trimmed with such strings of molars and incisors as to suggest the idea that the parties must be proud of their extraction from the heads of families. The Dyaks of Borneo are said to be divided into one hundred various tribes, but it cannot be said that “variety is charming” in the case of any one of them. They are fond of accumulating skulls, which they hand down from father to son; but as these heads are collected by hundreds, it is difficult to say under what particular



head we should class this strange propensity. To such an extent is it carried, that a youth cannot marry till he has presented his bride with somebody else's skull; and unless he has cut off another person's head, he is not allowed to become the head of a family.

One of the most ordinary weapons of the people of Borneo is a blow-pipe, which is capable of inflicting a fearful blow, and by means of poisoned arrows establishing a rather nasty wound with remarkable nicety.

We next arrive at New Guinea, a name of which nobody knows the origin, and we may therefore hazard the conjecture that the people of New Guinea are always seeking for change, and calling for a new Sovereign. Their fashions are easily described, for their costume consists of hair dressed à la Thillon, with a necklace of fur, and a waistband of



matting. The ladies of New Guinea carry the *decolleté* principle even further than our own, who seem nevertheless to have borrowed the practice of wearing nothing on their necks, from some of the tribes we have been noticing. The arrangement of the hair is one of the chief employments of life, a point in which some of our drawing-room belles resemble the barbarian coquettes of the Archipelago. The “double skirt” has its origin in the double petticoat of leaves worn round the waist by the women of New Guinea, who dye their hair with ochre, and perform other tricks which are not uncommon among the fairer portion of our highly civilised metropolis.

We must not pass coldly over the Arctic Regions, of which the Great Bear seems to be the star. This animal, or rather his skin, was brought home by CAPTAIN INGLEFIELD, who, it is believed, embraced the opportunity when the Bear was preparing to embrace the gallant Captain himself. Among the North American Indians we recognise an article in trowsers, which would certainly be labelled as “the fashion” in any cheap clothing mart of the present day: the trowsers are of the broadest stripe, and are worn by a Red Indian, who is obliging some of his friends in blue whiskers and yellow eyebrows with an accompaniment to a war dance in which they are engaged.

Passing a few cases of birds, most of them remarkable for their bills, which have been presented to the directors of the Crystal Palace, and accepted without hesitation, we arrive at a party of South Americans, engaged in a fierce encounter with sticks. It is the ugly custom of these very ugly customers to introduce a block of wood into the under lip, and thus to illustrate their faces with a woodcut of the rudest character. Their object is to tear out the illustrations and destroy the blocks, which are set in these very low types of humanity.

Among another group of South Americans may be perceived a rather gentlemanly looking person in the completest, and probably the cheapest suit of stripes that ever came under our notice. The material is nothing but blue paint, so that the entire costume could have cost little more than the labour employed in fitting on what may be termed an entire suit of Nature's blouses. The objects in this department are so numerous that it is impossible to give them more than a passing glance; so congratulating the bonnet-monkey on the opportunity afforded him

by the ladies of the present day, to bring the bonnet into contempt, and with a nod of recognition to the Ounce, a creature which has become so rare, that many when told of its existence will not believe the an-ounce-ment, we take our leave of the Natural History Collection of the Crystal Palace.

CHARACTERISTICS OF IRISH MEMBERS.

THE Select Committee appointed by *Mr. Punch* to investigate the character of Irish Members, have presented him with their report on that interesting subject, which is as follows:—

Your Committee are of opinion that the Irish Members of Parliament, considered as a body, constitute the most important and influential section of the House of Commons, not by reason of the weight they are able to throw into the scale of nearly balanced parties, but on account of the great moral effect of their support, when afforded either to measures or men.

It appears to your Committee that pure and disinterested patriotism is the primary and leading characteristic of the representatives of Ireland. They are generally remarkable for a lofty superiority to motives of ambition and personal aggrandisement, and their indifference to personal objects prevents them from ever exhibiting those mean jealousies whereof the degrading spectacle is so often presented by other parties.

The quality for which, in the next place, your Committee consider the Irish element in the House of Commons to be conspicuous is an aptitude for practical legislation, and this, together with the amenity and good temper which they are almost as eminent for, occasions their presence in the House to be a great furtherance to its business, whereunto they never offer vexatious obstructions, and which they never interrupt by frivolous and unnecessary disputes.

The utilitarian spirit, however, by which the Irish members are animated is combined, according to the sentiments of your Committee, with broad and liberal views, which are enunciated with a wonderful correctness of logic at once fluent and concise.

Lastly, your Committee take leave to notice, as a consideration of importance in the constitution of an assembly on which depends the maintenance of our civil and religious liberties, the striking solicitude manifested by the majority of the Irish members for the welfare and prosperity of the Protestant institutions of the kingdom.

The only exception that can be taken against the Irish members your Committee conceive to be more than countervailed by the political independence which they derive from the circumstance forming the ground of it. It is that perhaps, altogether, they have rather too much property.

THE WILD-OAT-SOWING MACHINE.

AN American genius, inspired by the Sewing-Machine, has invented a wonderful apparatus to enable young men to sow their wild-oats. It is a most ingenious piece of mechanism, being equally adapted to the pocket of the Government clerk and the cheque-book of the millionaire. It has been calculated that not only will there be a material saving of time by this new process, but that also a much greater expenditure of money will be gained by it. It is so simple in its operation that any young man who can write may play with it with the greatest ease. An experiment was tried upon a wealthy minor, who had all the innocent ways of a child, and it was found that, long before he had become of age, he had not only not a single wild oat left in his possession, but that he had already reaped the consequences of all those he had sown. The result is—and the inventor points to it with no little pride—that the young man has not as many pence now as he had thousands before. The great merit of the invention lies decidedly in its simplicity. It requires not the slightest practice, but is acquired with no greater study, no greater outlay, than a few minutes' patience. Moreover, it is so admirably contrived that any one, who is in the least clever in operations that require the free play of the hand, becomes perfect after one trial, and is in a state to teach others. We will endeavour to describe the principal characteristics of this new "WILD-OAT-SOWING MACHINE."

It is simply a hand machine. At one end of it are arranged a number of slips of paper, and the usual facilities for writing. The slips somewhat resemble in their shape the ordinary bill, or promissory note, that is used in daily matters of commerce. As the operator affixes his signature to the paper, he presses on a spring which forces down a stamp that gives his slip a legal value. This stamp varies from two shillings up to thirty. As soon as this is done, the bill is snatched up by some unseen power, and commences a series of runs, which are hidden from view. How it runs, and where it runs to, or how it has the power of running at all, are so many mysteries that our ingenious inventor has not thought fit to explain. It is only sufficient to state that after a certain period of running,—that is sometimes over in three months, and sometimes extends to nine,—the operator is expected to be at the other end of the machine to meet his little piece of paper. Should he fail,

however, in meeting it, to such perfection is the machinery of this extraordinary instrument brought that the piece of paper will actually run after him, no matter where he may be, and nothing but actual payment in full will stop it. We must state that at the time of parting with the autograph document, some money is handed over to the person who has just been putting his signature to it. This sum is sometimes half the amount specified in the paper, sometimes only one quarter, and sometimes nothing at all. It entirely depends upon the market to which the young man takes his wild oats to sell. Sometimes he is paid only in wine, beer, blacking, or boot-jacks. The machine is extremely simple to look at, being put in motion generally by a screw, that works it and keeps it running. This screw is regulated by one or two Jews, who are always too happy to explain the principle (or, at least, what little there is, for it is mostly devoid of any principle whatever,) of the action.

We append the following very flattering testimonial of the admirable efficacy of this new machine:—

"SIR,—I first became acquainted with the secret of your wonderful Wild-Oat-Sowing Machine whilst on a visit to FLEECE'S, in Koulette Street, Leicester Square. I instantly tried it. Nothing could have been so efficacious. By working it two or three times, I was enabled to visit the different places of amusement about town. I next tried the betting shops. This was not sufficient, and I made a trial of the gambling and cigar shops about St. James's Street. I went to Baden-Baden—kept racers—lent my money indiscriminately to all my friends—published several books of poems—took a theatre—in short, committed every imaginable folly that a young man can be guilty of. The consequence is that, thanks to your excellent contrivance, which always put money at my command as often and oftener than I wanted it, I am now in the Bench, having spent a small fortune of £12,000 a year in less than nineteen months. I also owe £500 to my fishmonger, and a few hundreds to my washerwoman, and can safely lay my hand upon my pocket, and say I haven't a farthing in the world; but at the same time I can boldly affirm I haven't a Wild Oat left, having effectually sown every one of them. If it hadn't been for your admirable 'Sowing Machine,' I doubt if I could have done this.

"(Signed)

ALFRED KEIGHTIE FLEIGHNER."

Other testimonials may be had, on application at the Insolvent Court, and the "Wild-Oat-Sowing Machine" may be seen any day in full operation at the Office of S. WINDLE, Esq., Thoroodoo Chambers, Diddlesex Court, Temple.

CITY OF LONDON CEMENT.



NEW species of cement, which it is hoped may prove durable, has been discovered in the City of London. We are at liberty to mention its principal ingredients, which are derived from both the animal and vegetable kingdoms, and from, in short, the well-known materials of the civic banquets. That turtle is of a glutinous nature is generally understood; and in common parlance it is said to stick to the ribs: whence it will be readily inferred that the new

cement contains a considerable proportion of that delicious reptile. The cement, however, is not adapted for ordinary building purposes, although it may be used largely in freemasonry; nor is it of the nature of marine glue, notwithstanding that it will be offered to the two principal marine powers. It will be prepared by the LORD MAYOR and Aldermen for the purpose of securing and consolidating the union between this country and France, with which view it will be employed in lining the interior of certain distinguished French citizens, to be invited to a grand national entertainment of which it will form the staple. This cement for joining France and England might be very much improved if Government would allow the addition to it of French wines admitted at a reduced duty.

The Czar's Creditor.

THE newspapers say that NICHOLAS is trying to raise a loan of seven millions on the Amsterdam Bourse. That sum will not suffice to get him out of his difficulties. Even if it should enable him to liquidate the expenses of his war, there will still be the devil to pay.

THE HEIGHT OF TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

THE Teetotallers want to exclude the bottle from the Crystal Palace. We wonder they don't carry their fanaticism so far as to endeavour to deprive it of the glass.



TABLEAU REPRESENTING A YOUNG GENTLEMAN, WHO FANCIES HE IS ALONE BY THE "SAD SEA WAVES." HE TAKES THE OPPORTUNITY OF GOING THROUGH THE LAST SCENE OF "LUCIA."

N.B. The Young Gentleman's voice (which HE imagines like MARIO'S) is of the most feeble and uncertain quality.

THE MORAL OF WOODEN CANNON-BALLS.

THE humane governor of Sveaborg—that man ought to be enrolled as one of the Vice-Presidents of the Peace Society—has been imprisoned for life by the inclemency of the wicked Czar, and only for having substituted wooden balls for iron cannon balls, putting in fact the cost of the real shot in his pocket, and painting the fictitious shot very black, that they might, to the vulgar, unsophisticated eye, pass for mortal missiles. We say again that this man ought to meet with some expression of sympathy from the peace-mongers. What, now, if MESSRS. STURGE and PEASE should—in memory of their late visit to St. Petersburg—solicit of the EMPEROR permission to convey to Siberia a pigeon-pie, to the captive governor? A simple pigeon-pie, in testimony and symbolical of his practical peacefulness that turned the adamant heart of mortal shot to painted touchwood? Why should not the men of cotton-balls make some testimony to peaceful balls of wood?

In some way, however, our own Premier has acknowledged the wisdom of the unfortunate governor of Sveaborg—but with much better luck. MR. LAYARD considers the stores of the EARL OF ABERDEEN; and exclaims "wooden cannon-balls!" More: convinced of the woodenness of our governor and guardian Premier, MR. LAYARD gives notice of impeachment, declaring himself ready and able to prove their naked, ligneous substance.

What is the resource of the EARL OF ABERDEEN? Why, he takes a hint from the hapless governor of Sveaborg, and immediately sets about painting his wooden shot. Not, indeed, merely painting, but deeply dyeing the missiles, to prove himself in warlike earnestness against NICHOLAS the arch-destroyer. "Wooden cannon-balls, you call 'em!" cries the Premier. And thereupon, he rummages up his very famous letter to COUNT NESSELRODE on the Treaty of Adrianople, and with the black, mortal ink in which that tremendous missive was written, he dyes and stains his wooden shot and—to the critical eye and acute judgment of a most far-seeking and sagacious public—ABERDEEN's wooden cannon-shot, painted with ink of five-and-twenty years ago—are shot that VULCAN himself might be proud of; iron shot that, kick

against them as you may, shall still return an iron sound. Never did ink so well disguise falsehood with an outside of truth.

But these Sveaborg timber-shot are evidently destined to beget inspirations. MR. MILNER GIBSON is doubtless touched by wood, and gives utterance accordingly. Manchester with a heart—bleeding like any cotton-pod—begs to know why the pitch and tar of Uleaborg should be ruthlessly destroyed. There is property—sacred property (and still the sympathetic cotton weeps gout of blood!) to the amount of £400,000 given to the devouring element! MR. MILNER GIBSON—still thinking of the wooden shot—strikes his forehead, and of SIR JAMES GRAHAM demands an explanation!

SIR JAMES, with some remembrance—foolishly, weakly piteous, perhaps—of the red-hot iron poured into the stranded *Tiger*—asks, "what particular indulgence should be shown to the enemy we have to deal with?"

(MR. MILNER GIBSON exclaims confidentially to his waistcoat—"Four hundred thousand pounds of property!")

SIR JAMES—untouched by the sacredness of the appeal—ruthlessly continues:

"We had it in our power to destroy the city of Odessa, and we spared it. We attacked the batteries of Odessa only, for which we were subjected to something like censure, and I must confess that I begin to partake of that feeling myself. (*Cheers.*) How did the enemy act towards a British ship which accidentally ran ashore in a fog near this very port of Odessa? An immense multitude of soldiers, with batteries and red-hot shot, were brought down, and the stranded vessel was fired upon. I cannot see that any peculiar forbearance is necessary towards this enemy. (*Great cheering.*)"

MR. MILNER GIBSON could not, and did not, deny all this; nevertheless he thought with sympathetic admiration of the clemency, the philanthropy of the Governor of Sveaborg who, for his own ends, substituted timber for iron. And the sympathy of the peacemongers, even in his captivity, must comfort the Governor of Sveaborg, who cannot want material for wooden balls, so long as the heads and, we may add, the hearts of such men of peace be with him.

POLITICAL CAPITAL.—The greater part of this Capital is made up of Private Interest.

IMPORTANT FROM THE SEAT OF WAR!

LETTERS FROM THE EAST BY OUR OWN BASHI-BOZOUK.

"On board H.T.M.'s Ship the Mahmoudjee Kebotjee, off Sebastopol,
July 5th, 1854.



MY DEAR SIR,

"I RETURNED to the Hôtel d'Angleterre, immersed in disagreeable thought, for it is never pleasant to look on friends for the last time, more especially if you are going away from a pleasant place on a confoundedly disagreeable journey, as a trip in a chain-gang to Siberia undoubtedly is, most especially of all, if you are about to part from a being so beautiful, beloved, and devoted as I then thought MATILDA SCHOUZOFF. Beautiful! Yes! devoted? phoo! beloved? ha, ha!—But I am advancing matters.

"We had our usual company to supper, excepting of course TUFFSKIN, who, for very good reasons, did not show, and drank many a friendly bumper to our Quaker friends, whose last night it was, and whose luggage lay piled in the Hotel corridors, ready to be carried off to the steamer before dawn. Young DOBKINS was particularly melancholy. He has beautiful blue eyes, and a figure and an expression, as I have previously stated, singularly like my own. The young fellow's eyes, I remarked, began to fill

with tears, and he spoke with profound emotion of the kindness which he had received from inhabitants of St. Petersburg, contrasting the splendour and elegance of the society there, with the humdrum routine of Godmanchester, Bristol, and other cities whither his lot had led him, as a Quaker, a manufacturer, and a man.

"I know the world pretty well, and when a young fellow begins to blush, and shake, and sigh, and tremble in his voice, and hang down his head, and rub his eyes with his fist, I feel tolerably certain what is the matter. 'Hullo, my friend BROADBRIM,' says I, 'there's a woman in the case. I see that in a jiffy.'

"BROADBRIM gave a heave of his chest, a squeeze to my hand, and demurely pleaded guilty to the soft impeachment; a woman there was, as beautiful! oh, as be-eu-en-ti-ful as an angel, he gurgled out, concealing his emotion and a part of his comely young countenance (confound it!) in a frothing beaker of champagne—a woman, the loveliest being in St. Petersburg, from whom he did not know how he should tear himself away.

"The loveliest being in St. Petersburg! thought I; no, no, my fine lad, that young person is disposed of elsewhere," naturally presuming that the young fellow had lost his heart to some girl of the English factory, some hide and tallow merchant's daughter, in his own shop-keeping, slop-selling, square-toed walk of life.

"I have a feeling heart, and having been touched by love and frantic with passion, many many scores of times in my life, can feel another's woe under those painful and delicate circumstances. I consoled honest DOBKINS, therefore; I clapped him on the back; returned squeeze for squeeze of his hand, and pledged his lady love in innumerable bumpers of champagne, for which—poor satisfaction—I now console myself by thinking that the young rascal was left to pay.

"As we were talking, DOBKINS's servant brought him a note, which he seized eagerly, read with glittering eyes and flushing cheeks, over which he murmured a hundred gasps and exclamations, and was about to kiss, had not my presence deterred him.

"Kiss away, my boy," said I; 'I have osculated reams of note paper in my time, and know full well whom that pretty little packet comes from.'

"Do thee?" says he, blushing up to the temples.

"Of course I do," I answered with a laugh. "Dost thou think, O bashful BROADBRIM! that the"—I protest I had here very nearly written down my name and title—"that VERAX has never been in love with a pretty girl."

"Chief," says he—for Chief I am, though my tribe is well nigh extinct, and my Chieftainship a mockery—"Chief," says he, "dost thee know that this letter concerns thee; a great danger menaces thee—

exile, chains; and in a low whisper, so that the waiter should not hear, who was cutting the string of the sixth bottle—"Siberia!"

"Does the whole town know it?" cried I, 'double-distilled donkey that I was—is my disgrace the talk even of the hemp and tallow merchants of the city?'

"My letter," says DOBKINS, slowly, and with much agitation—the artful young hypocrite, I should like to wring his neck,—'my letter is from one who is a very good friend to thee, who fears the dreadful fate that awaits thee in the eternal snow—the canting young humbug—who points out the only way to avert thy evil fortune—the way to freedom, the way to escape from thy tyrant, perhaps to revenge thyself on him at some future day.'

"Ha! boy," I exclaimed, strongly moved by the young crocodile's words, for as I never told falsehood myself I am slow to suspect it in another; 'so thou knowest the fate that menaces me, and hast found out means to avert it; speak, my friend; whatever a man of courage may do I am ready to attempt, in order to escape from a tyrant, and one day to avenge my wrong.'

"Easy, my good friend!" cries this young squaretoes, this arch sly-boots, 'we Quakers are of the peaceful sort; here is no question about revenge, but about escape, and that immediately. Thee knowest that the gates of Petersburg are shut against thee, and that thee may as well hope to escape from the Autocrat as from death, when the day comes. A way, however, there is, and but one, by which thee can put thyself out of reach of the claws of this Russian Eagle; and though I shall risk myself not a little, nevertheless for thy sake, and for the sake of those who are interested in thy welfare, I will abide the peril, so I may set thee free. Our steamer, the *John Bright*, sails from the Potemkin Quay at half-past two o'clock this morning, when the tide serves. The Friends have given orders to be waked at one, which is now the hour. Thee must take my passports, thee must shave off thy moustaches, and put on the broadbrim and drab, which thee loves to laugh at, and so escape.'

"Generous boy!" I exclaimed, gripping his hand like a vice; 'and what will happen to you?' I was quite confounded by the seeming nobility of the young scoundrel's self-sacrifice.

"Never thee mind that," says BROADBRIM. 'How can I help it if a rogue makes off with my coat, my hat, and my passport? I am a Briton, and my Ambassador will get me another.' I took him to my heart, this loyal, this gallant, this guileless, this affectionate heart, that beats with eternal tenderness for the friend who does me a kindness—that rankles with eternal revenge against the villain who betrays me!

"I agreed to his proposal. To put on his great coat and broad hat was an easy matter; though to part with my moustaches I own was difficult: can we help our little vanities? our long bushy auburn-coloured curly vanities? I rather would say. A more beautiful pair of moustaches never decorated the lip of man. I loved them perhaps the more because my MATILDA loved them. I went up to my chamber, and was absent a few minutes.

"When I returned, DOBKINS started back. 'Gracious heavens!' said he, and looked positively quite pale. 'Gracious heavens,' says he 'what an alteration!'

"Altered I was indeed. I had taken off my splendid uniform of an unattached colonel of Russian Cavalry—yellow, with pink facings, and the Black Russian Spread Eagle embroidered tastefully on the back—and put on a snuff-coloured suit of DOBKINS's, which I found in his room, No. 10. My face was shaved as clean as a baby's. I had a broad-brimmed hat on. I placed in the Quaker's hand an envelope, sealed with a royal 'scutcheon that once flamed in the van of Erin's battle; it contained my moustaches. I am not ashamed to own that the tear bedewed my manly cheek, as I bade him deliver the packet to the PRINCESS MATILDA SCHOUZOFF.

"The young villain rushed up into his room, and put on my uniform, which fitted him to a nicety, and I painted him a pair of moustaches with one of the burnt champagne corks, of which a half-dozen were lying on the table: you would really have thought it was myself as you looked at him. Ah! Fatal resemblance! Ah! Sorrow that throws its bleak shade alike o'er my life and my woes!

"Six hours afterwards the *John Bright* steamer was before Cronstadt, and it was not until we were out of reach of the guns of that fortress (which I have a certain plan for silencing) that the friends of the Peace Deputation were aware that I, and not their young companion, was on board.

"I did not care, for good reasons, to go to London; but as soon as we got to Dantzic, put myself into the railroad, and betook myself to Paris, where my old friend, the EMPEROR NAPOLEON THE THIRD, received me with his usual hospitality. In several interviews with his Majesty, I laid before him the fullest information regarding the military and pecuniary resources of the Russian empire which has ever yet, as I believe, found its way out of those immense dominions. What I told the French monarch (I confess myself a friend to despots, and an enemy to philosophers and praters)—what information I had the good fortune to convey to him I shall not, of course, publish here. My plans, were they followed, would burst in thunder upon the

crumbling battlements of Cronstadt, and hurl into mid air the ships and arsenals of Sebastopol. I fear other counsels than mine may be followed.

"ST. ARNAUD and I had a dispute long ago, when he was in a very different situation in life. With the English commanders I cannot communicate, owing to my peculiar position, and the Ballingarry affair. It was that unlucky business likewise which prevented my friend, the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH, from giving me a command over troops which were to act in conjunction with the forces of the English QUEEN. He offered me Algeria, but I preferred active service against ROMANOFF, and the Colonel of Bashi-Bozouks has already put a shot or two into the proud wings of the Russian Eagle.

"If anything was wanting to sharpen the edge of my hatred against him, against Russia, against men and women, against Quakers especially, it was a paragraph which my kind friend, the EMPEROR NAPOLEON, showed to me one afternoon, as we were sitting in the Pavillon Marsan, talking over Russia and the war. I was translating for him—and I think I have said that I speak the language perfectly—some of the lying bulletins out of the Petersburg gazettes, in which his Majesty and his British allies are abused in a most vulgar manner, when glancing down a column of fashionable intelligence, I came to the following paragraph:—

"CONVERSION OF AN ENGLISH QUAKER TO THE ORTHODOX FAITH.—A young Quaker nobleman, of the highest birth, whose family has devoted itself for some time past to commercial pursuits, whereby he has realised an immense fortune, has quitted the lamentable errors and benighted faith under which most of his countrymen labour, and has professed himself a convert to the only true and orthodox religion. It is M. DOKKINS's intention to establish himself in our capital, and his Majesty has graciously awarded him the order of St. ANDREW of the second class, the rank of Colonel, and the permission to marry MATILDA, daughter of Police President PRINCE SCHOUZOFF."

"MICK, my good fellow," said his Majesty, the EMPEROR NAPOLEON, "you look a little pale;" and no wonder; I did look a little pale, though I did not inform my Imperial interlocutor of the causes of my disquiet, but you and the public now may understand in part, for my adventures are not nearly over, why it is that I am a

"BASHI-BOZOUK."

THE RUSSIAN GENTLEMAN IN DIFFICULTIES.



I HAVE not a friend that will lend me a shilling,
Wherewithal to enjoy my amusement of killing,
My loan over Europe is utterly scouted,
And my ports are blockaded, and forces are routed,
And it seems very likely that I shall be knouted.

There isn't a Christian of whom a small trifle
I can borrow, to pay for ball, powder, and rifle;
Very soon I shall have not a shot in the locker,
And the duns are beginning to bang at my knocker,
So I soon must be done up, according to COCKER.

Fast back from the Pruth my thrashed Cossacks are prancing,
I'm obliged to retreat, none the needful advancing,
And nation against me is banding with nation,
And I see nought before me but humiliation,
Because I cannot obtain accommodation.

SYMPATHY.—Sorrow, shared by two persons, becomes much lighter
—like a PALMER'S candle with two wicks.

OLD CAMBRIDGE OWLS.

THE University Intelligence of the *Times* mentions a learned question as having been propounded, but not answered, at the Cambridge Archæological Society, *à-propos* of an antiquarian paper concerning "rebuses;" whence we learn that the sages constituting that erudite body are not fully informed *de rebus omnibus*, whatever amount of knowledge they may possess concerning *quibusdam aliis*. We read that

"At the close of this paper, Mr. WESTMACOTT asked if any one could explain the meaning of a small gold frog attached to the left ear of a statue of one of the ancient family of the POLEYS, in Suffolk. PROFESSOR HENSLOW said, in that part of the country young frogs were called 'polley-wiggles,' and so it might have reference to the name, but no one could throw any light on this fact."

Much PROFESSOR HENSLOW and the Cambridge antiquaries must know about archæology, or etymology either! Polley-wiggle is a corruption of porwigle, which means, according to Dr. JOHNSON, a tadpole or young frog, not yet fully shaped. That is to say, a porwigle or polley-wiggle is an undeveloped or undergraduate frog, a batrachian not yet arrived at the dignity of a little frog. How the leadenest pump in any learned assembly could have boggled at a riddle so very plain as the connexion of the frog with the "ancient family of the POLEYS" must pass all common understanding. It is almost an insult to the intelligent, nay to the ordinarily stupid reader, to say more; but as some of the Cambridge DRYADUSTS may happen to stumble on these lines, the liberty may perhaps be pardoned of an allusion to the well-known song—

"A frog he would a-wooing go,"

together with its burden of world-wide celebrity:—

"Roley Polley, gammon and spinach,
Heighol says ANTONY ROWLEY."

Here is the very name of POLEY, with relation to the frog, pure and simple, without being modified and mollified into POLLEY; and although in juxtaposition with gammon and spinach, a great deal more remote from those symbols of fallacy than that diminutive. The statue of the old POLEY, perhaps, was that of the original ROLEY POLEY, and the little gold frog attached to its left ear was clearly intended for that precocious reptile who was determined to seek a conjugal partner—

"Whether his mother would let him or no,"

in defiance of maternal authority; and here the question naturally arises whether the circumstance that the Archæologists of Cambridge are out—and how far they are out—is sufficiently well known to their Alma Mater.

PAWS OFF MY HAT.

"The Hon. Member (Mr. APSLEY PEL-LATT), whose gesticulation is unique, happened to be standing immediately behind Mr. LOCKE KING, and, during the physical enforcement of the voluntary principle, he continued to dash his fists into the crown of that Hon. Member's hat, and otherwise spread such terror around, that a large space of the bench below him was deserted, CAPTAIN SCOBELL, a naval hero, covering the retreat."—*Morning Herald's Report of the Debate, June 21st.*

MR. APSLEY PEL-LATT, MR. APSLEY PEL-LATT,
You must show more regard for a gentleman's hat;
You may pitch into Bishops, Priests, Church, and all that,
But you've no right to batter another man's hat.
Your gestures may be to the purpose most pat,
But the pat should not fall on a gentleman's hat.
Thrust your hands in your pockets, or keep them quite flat,
And then you won't damage another man's hat.
If you do it again, you may get tit for tat;
So keep your paws off, MR. APSLEY PEL-LATT.

LIMITED LIABILITY.

MESSES. BRIEFLESS and DUNUP are in favour of a bill for the above commercial purpose. They state that they should like the liability to be as limited as possible; in fact, if the liability could, in all cases, be limited to nothing, they should like it all the better. Some such measure, they are of opinion, is urgently necessary, as it would have the effect, not only of removing many of the fetters that at present shackle commercial enterprise, but also of bringing the purchaser and the vendor in a closer and more friendly relationship together. Moreover, they modestly represent that it would relieve them of a deal of trouble and painful annoyance, as nothing can be more distressing to their feelings, or at times more embarrassing, than to have to send away claims which, however just the liability of them may be, they find they have it not in their power, from a total inadequacy of means, satisfactorily to discharge. They conclude by declaring that they are decidedly in favour of a thorough new system of debt without any liability at all.

LUMLEY'S MIDNIGHT REVIEW.

(To the air of NAPOLEON'S ditto.)



At midnight's dreary hour is heard an awful sound
From the empty Opera orchestra, through the cobweb'd boxes round;
A Ghost-Band tunes with fleshless hands shades of fiddles pass'd away,
And the spectre conductor's "rat-a-tat" bids the overture to play;
Oh strange the thrill that from empty stalls to lone parterre there comes;—

It stirs, it wakes the dead *artistes* from their posthumous dressing-rooms!

Lo! *Prime Donne* that charmed the ears of our fathers long ago—
GRASSINI, PASTA, MALIBRAN—through the *coulisses* stageward flow,
Bassi profondi, who won applause at GEORGE THE FOURTH's fat hands;
Tenori, whose descendants have on CHAMBERS's estate demands:
Flooding the vacant Opera-house their phantom voices go,
As the ghost-conductor waves his airy *bâton* to and fro;
And the spectre-band around him the signal beat obeys,
And the *salle* is peopled with ghosts full-dressed in fashions of other days.

In short book-muslin sarouls the bony *coryphées* appear,
And fleshless hands in ghosts of gloves ghosts of *lorgnons* uprear;
And at the midnight hour, MR. LUMLEY, the Ex-Lessee,
Comes slow and sad into his box, by aid of his master-key;
Gravely he sits him down, and the curtain draws aside,
And gazes on the phantom resurrection of his pride;
The empty space illuming blue the ghostly gas-light falls,
As the Ex-Lessee sweeps round the house from pit to gallery stalls!

He sees it graced by duke and lord—his old patrons still are true:
JENNY LIND crushes crowd again upon his tranced view.
Singers and dancers round him for engagements eager draw,
And to journalists and scene shifters once more his word is law;
And two magic words he murmurs—that in £ s. d. combine—
"LIND" is the watchword—and again, "WAGNER" the counter-sign
Thus at midnight in the Opera House, an opera house no more,
Wanders an Ex-Lessee, who finds law and life a bore!

AMENITIES OF CLONMEL GAOL.

In reference to the brutal Irish rascal, who attempted the other day, the savage outrage of dragging away a young lady—possessed of property—from her family, and against her inclination, by the help of a gang of ruffians, but who was defeated, well thrashed, and lodged in Clonmel gaol, the *Tipperary Free Press* sympathetically says:—

"Under the direction of the local inspector, the REV. JAMES MORTON, every care has been taken to provide for the comfort of the unfortunate gentleman. He is located in the room occupied by MR. SMITH O'BRIEN, when a State prisoner in Clonmel, in the immediate vicinity of the hospital, where he will receive every attention that his condition requires. His portmanteau, being first opened in the presence of the governor, was directed to be given him, and MR. STRAHAN, it is known, will do all in his power towards rendering his confinement as little irksome as possible, pending an application for bail, to the Court of Queen's Bench."

What a comfortable prison that of Clonmel must be. How much sooner would one be sent there than anywhere else, if one were a thief. If such consideration as that above described is extended to a prisoner committed for stealing a lady, how much indulgence must be shown to one incarcerated for stealing a horse!—particularly if having got kicked in the attempt. Wouldn't he receive "every attention that his condition required!" Would not "every care be taken to provide for the comfort of the unfortunate gentleman!" Wouldn't MR. STRAHAN "do all in his power towards rendering his confinement as little irksome as possible!"

Forcible abduction would seem as popular in Tipperary as highway robbery accompanied by violence was in Middlesex a century ago, and it must indeed be considered to exceed the exploits of TURPIN in turpitude.

Sold for a Song.

THOUGH MR. LIDDELL would not allow his Curates to sing the Church Service, he has not been able to prevent them from lecturing him to a very pretty tune. After what has occurred, it is probable that if there is any chanting at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, the Incumbent himself will sing very small.

LORD PALMERSTON'S PARTIES.

It has been the fashion of late years to say that the old distinctions of party have disappeared; and to wonder how the QUEEN's government could be carried on without a Ministry professing one set of principles, and an Opposition maintaining another. Political antagonism is, however, founded in nature, and LORD PALMERSTON has found a new denomination for the rival sects, on either side, which, under some name or another, must always exist. The noble Lord, in the debate on the Board of Health grant, is reported to have said:—

"Now, in every town there were two parties, well known by two designations corresponding to Whig and Tory, and dividing the town almost as completely. One was the 'clean' party, and the other the 'dirty' party. (Laughter.) Each was a well known faction, and neither felt any diffidence in expressing its views. A man would say, 'I am the dirty party; I like dirt, and I don't choose to pay for being clean.' (A laugh.)"

PALMERSTON is right; and political, as well as evening parties, will go on just as before, under new titles only, with a corresponding modification of watchwords, cries, and cant. The motto of one side will be Soap and Water, and that of the other Slush. The clean party will shout Pearlash for Ever! and their dirty adversaries will exclaim, No Soda! By the former, the principles of the laundress will be advocated, whilst the latter will denounce these as ablutionary doctrines. Oxygen will be the demand of the friends of cleanliness; sulphuretted hydrogen the requisition of the disciples of dirt; and as the clean politicians will march beneath the mop and scrubbing-brush, so the dirty will rally round the cesspool and the cinder-heap.

The Foreign Office in Danger.

THE EARL OF MALMESBURY has expressed his fear in the Lords "lest some day the Foreign Office might come down and bury some members of HER MAJESTY's Government in its ruins." We know not what changes are in store for us; but should a certain Earl be in office at the time, it will be all the worse for him; for assuredly nobody will be in a hurry to dig him out.



Inflamed Militia Man. "TALK O' TH' ROOSHANS! THERE! DANG'D IF I WOULDN'T MOW 'EM DOWN FOR A SHILLIN' AN ACRE!"

HEARTSEASE FOR THE CZAR.

OUR Scotch friends are great growers of pansies, and have just achieved some triumphant exhibitions. "*Lord Palmerston*" has flowered remarkably well; being almost all that a pansy ought to be. But "*Omar Pasha*" has come out especially brilliant; carrying away the prize as being "of excellent substance and colour, and good in shape."

Now this *Omar Pasha* pansy affords an excellent opportunity for our floral friends of Caledonia to mark their sense of the merits of NICHOLAS; marking it in a manner that should carry a sweet and bitter moral with it. Let them subscribe a halfpenny each, and have the *Omar Pasha* flower nicely executed in gold and enamel, and send it to the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA to wear as a breast-pin. The present should be accompanied with the few pithy words—especially pithy since Kalafat and Oltenitza—of SHAKSPEARE—"Omar Pasha pansy,—That's for thoughts."

"Hide and Seek."

MR. WILKIE COLLINS has just published a new novel, called "*Hide and Seek*." However, we merely allude to it, as it reminds us that "*Hide and Seek*" happens to be the game that at present is being played in the Baltic and the Black Sea. With the Russians it is "*Hide*;" with the French and English, it is "*Seek*." But the game must soon be played out, and then we hope that we shall be found (and it only depends on our finding the Russians) to be on the winning side.

Parliamentary Economy.

THE reason why the House of Commons has rejected so many measures this Session, lies on the surface. Having the expenses of the war to meet, it is unwilling to render itself liable for any other bills.

ISABELLA IN ENGLISH.

THE Spanish insurrection has fallen short of high treason by a single letter. It may be described as a rebellion against the QUEAN.

PUNCH'S HANDBOOKS TO THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

THE POMPEIAN COURT.



THE road to Pompeii lies beyond the Arctic Regions—of the Crystal Palace—if we enter from the south, and is not very far from Birmingham and Sheffield, if we happen to be coming from the north.

Pompeii was a watering place—a species of Margate—for the Romans, and, as well as Herculaneum, was situated at the foot of Vesuvius. Herculaneum being the nearer, may be said to have occupied the

in-step, while Pompeii, situated at a more distant point, may be considered to have stood on the mountain's great toe. It would not seem creditable to the wisdom of the ancients to have built a watering place immediately under such an extensive fireplace as Vesuvius; but nobody suspected an eruption, and even STRABO, who knew the rocks were igneous, fancied that the fire must be—what he in fact was—quite out. However, in the year 79, Herculaneum and Pompeii were both destroyed.

We will not enter into the distressing details of this calamity; for word-painting might fail as dismally as scene-painting, which, in the opera of *Masaniello*, represents an eruption of a canvas Vesuvius, casting up its imaginary lava from a crater, consisting of a saucepan of red-fire shaken by the hand of the property man at the back of the stage. The catastrophe had its "own reporter" in the person of PLINY THE YOUNGER, who, in true reporter-like fashion, gives a very circumstantial account of the death of his uncle, though at a safe distance from the spot where it occurred.

The excavations which have brought Pompeii to light were the result of a thirst for water rather than a thirst for information, since it is to the sinking of a well that we are indebted for the discovery of the buried city. For some time the work was carried on by a French prince, who literally played with the marbles that were exhumed, for he had them pulverised for the purpose of making stucco—a process for which he himself deserves to be smashed. At length, the workmen happening to come on some perfect statues, the Neapolitan Government put a stop to further excavations, and, as might be expected from the Neapolitan Government, nothing was done for thirty years. At length, however, the work was resumed; bit by bit the city has been laid open; industry has found its fruits in the shape of walnuts, almonds, and chesnuts, which may be said to have rewarded labour with its desert. Wine has been discovered, which having been eighteen hundred years in bottle, presents nothing but a fine old crust, and a loaf, with the baker's name on it, has been found in a similar condition. Eggs have been met with, looking as if they had been newly laid where they were found, and a play-bill of the day, announcing the performances of the troop of AMPLIATUS—probably the COOKE or BATTY of the period—has been traced on the walls, which thus bear testimony to the excellence of the bill-sticking of the first century.

One of the houses that have been discovered at Pompeii used to be called the House of the Tragic Poet, which, owing probably to the modern notion that poets never occupy houses, but always live in lodgings, is now called the Homeric House, and the tragic poet is thus turned unceremoniously out of House and Home. Our respect for literature induces us still to call it the Home of the Poet, and the idea is favoured by an inscription at the entrance of "*Cave Canem*," or



THE RUSSIAN FRANKENSTEIN AND HIS MONSTER.

"Beware of the Dog," which may have furnished a general answer to those clamorous duns with whom the poet was possibly pestered.



The walls are adorned with theatrical and other portraits, among which is a picture of the poet himself in the act of reading what is in all probability a Greek play that the poet intends "adapting" to the Roman stage.

In most of the Pompeian houses there was placed rather ostentatiously a large wooden chest, bound with iron, fixed firmly on a stone pedestal, and supposed to contain the wealth of the master of the house, but on closer investigation of these chests, they seem to have been emblems of the emptiness of riches, for nothing has been found in any one of them. SIR BULWER LYTTON, in his "Last Days of Pompeii," has made an amiable effort to elevate the "tragic poet" by describing his house and its appurtenances in language that its size and pretensions scarcely seem to deserve. He says, "on one side of the atrium a small staircase admitted to the apartments for the slaves on the second floor." If for "slaves" we were to read "lodgers," we fear we should be nearer the truth, for when we remember that the landlord was a poet, "the slaves" dwindle down in our imagination into a solitary "slavey," or maid-of-all-work for the whole establishment.

Let us now enter the Pompeian Court, where we are told we shall find ourselves at once "with TACITUS and the two PLINYs," but on looking round we see a bricklayer and two labourers, while instead of having "the roar of the amphitheatre still in our ears," we catch the distinct clatter of the knives and forks of the refreshment-room. This reminds us that the Pompeian Court at the Crystal Palace was originally intended for purposes of refreshment, and dinners were to have been served in the best modern style under the ancient peri-style. The house is supposed to be detached, forming what is called an *insula* or island, and, with the poet's house still in our eye, we can imagine that his being frequently surrounded with hot water may have caused the application of the term "island" to his place of residence. There are no windows near the ground, but there is over the door a "grating" through which "the poet" or any other lessee might have delivered occasionally a grating reply to an over-impudent visitor.

The front part of the entrance is called the Vestibulum or Vestibule, which is an evident derivation from the word Vestis, and would seem to show that visitors were in the habit of leaving their Vests, or cloaks in the passage at a Pompeian as at a London residence. At the end of the passage is a screened door, and the threshold is further protected by the representation of a ferocious dog, copied from that which kept guard at the house of the poet, who was anxious perhaps to show that there was a dog who could get a piece out as well as his master, if occasion should require. Just within the Vestibulum, or passage is the *Prothyrum* or *Ostium*, which corresponds to the Hall in which a "party" is sometimes asked to take a seat, while the servant goes on with a message, leaving the "party" to make a clearance of the hats and great coats, if his visit should have been a mere cloak for his dishonest intentions.

We next enter the *Atrium*, a Court or Common Hall, which was open to all visitors, but which is in the Pompeian Court of the Crystal Palace, rather too open at the top, too open at the doors, and too open at the windows. The basin in the middle of the *Atrium* was called the *Impluvium*, and its use was to collect the rain, which was admitted by a hole at the top called the *Compluvium*. This ought to have been the same size as the reservoir below, but as the artists did not require any water, and wanted additional light, they sacrificed correctness to effect by making the *Compluvium* so large, that the *Impluvium* or cistern must be in a state of constant overflow.

We will now walk into the bed-rooms or *Cubicula*, of which there are three in the Pompeian House, which was probably adapted to the residence of a "small genteel family," for the width of the best bedroom is only six feet, nine inches. An attempt is made to give an appearance of space by bright paintings on a black surface, an expedient rather calculated to mislead the occupant, for if he ventured on an extra stretch out on the strength of the paintings, he might be unpleasantly reminded of the strength of the brick walls. In the third

bed-room is an interesting picture of a poet and an actor, the former sitting with his legs crossed in the attitude of a tailor, as if he were a mere literary botcher, who has probably been patching up for the actor a very bad part. The *Ala*, or wing, is a small apartment or recess in which luxury might have fixed a butler's pantry, but where necessity would probably have crammed a turn-up bed. The *Ala* is said to have been used for the transaction of business, but the smallness of the wing would seem to have fitted it for none but flying visits.

Opposite the door of entrance we pass into the *Tablinum* which contains the "family archives," but as the "family archives" were often as apocryphal in those days, as the "family plate" is in our own, the *Tablinum* was generally used as a drawing-room for the spoons, and other members of the family.

We here catch a glimpse of the *Peristylum*, in the centre of which was a square garden; but not wishing to take a turn in the square we shall at once enter the *Triclinium*, or dining-room, the walls of which are adorned with pictures of figs of a peculiar figure, and dates of the period. The guests did not sit at table, but were accustomed to lie on their breasts to help themselves—an awkward position in which they must have occasionally looked as if they could not help themselves, particularly if they happened to have imbibed too much wine at the banquet. The guests before dinner always took off their shoes, and it would be as well if the practice were observed in some of our modern clubs, where "gentlemen are"—often in vain—"requested not to put their feet upon the sofas." A Roman dinner of the first quality included peacocks *au naturel*, and other delicacies, of which grasshoppers were perhaps the lightest; but it is a curious fact that the course of so many centuries has not made much alteration in the three courses which formed the usual meal of the ancients. The wine was rather sweet and fruity, but much depended on its age; the bottles were marked with the names of the Consuls who were in office at the time the wine was made. Thus the liquor got the name of a person, and it was customary to call for an *amphora* of CÆSAR, or a sip of SCIPIO, as we in modern days order our bottle of GORDON'S Sherry, or CLUQUOT'S Champagne.

Before quitting the Pompeian Court, we would direct attention to the paintings on the walls, in which the ideas are not nearly so bright as the colours. In one place a yellow-haired VENUS is seen fishing with such success as to have secured a most respectable herring, and there are several paintings in which CUPID is represented as on "sale or hire," in various positions. We may with VITRUVIUS condemn the taste of making figures stalk out of the stems of flowers, and placing buildings on candelabra, as if a house could stand on such a light foundation as a candlestick; but we cannot quit the spot without making up our minds to call again, and again, at the Pompeian House of the Crystal Palace.



AMPHORÆ

SUNDRY RULES AND REGULATIONS

For the better Observance of the Sabbath in Scotland.

- Any Railway engine heard whistling, to be impounded.
- Any Dog found barking, to be instantly shot.
- Any Fountain found playing in the streets, to be treated as a vagrant under the Police Act.
- Any Weathercock giving way to any airs by turning, or pirouetting, or wheeling round in the presence of the public eye, to lose its post.
- All Bluebottles seen gadding about on that day, raising in all directions their irreligious hum, to be dealt with according to the utmost rigour of the Law.
- Any Hen suspected of laying an egg on the Sabbath, to be unhesitatingly killed, and divided amongst the poor.

Hard People.

In regard to the state of trade at Manchester, a contemporary the other day reported that "the hardening tendency of prices continues." It is a pity that something cannot be done to counteract the hardening effect of business generally on the population of manufacturing towns.

THE CLASSIC CHURCHES OF LONDON.

It is calculated that the Congregations of the City Churches consist, on an average, of from ten to a dozen persons, who are all worshippers of MORPHEUS.

A REFLECTION IN THE COMMONS.—Happy the man born with a silver spoon in his mouth! Miserable the member, with a wooden SPOONER in his ear!



TRUTH IS GREAT.

Unsophisticated Little Girl. "NOW, YOU A' DONE, BILLY. IF YOU AINT QUIET DIRECTLY I'LL GIVE YER TO THIS GREAT, BIG, HUGLY MAN!"

[Immense delight of Swell in gorgeous array.]

BAR, BAR BLACK SHEEP.

It is an old trick of barristers of a certain class to abuse each other's clients and bully each other's witnesses, but they have recently begun to bully and abuse each other in a style worthy of the worst days of the Old Bailey. It is not likely that the public will call in question the judgments that these gentlemen of the long robe have mutually formed; nor will any sensible person think of asserting that each barrister has not deserved all the vituperation that his learned brother has spit out upon him. We must, however, protest against the outrage of public decency, which has been committed in selecting the occasion of an inquest on a deceased child, for one of these vulgar exhibitions of forensic squabbling. We cannot be surprised at the impatience of the jury at a scene which was becoming every moment more disreputable between the members of the Bar, who really ought to settle their differences through the medium of *Bell's Life in London*, rather than through the abuse of opportunities afforded by their professional practice.

Civic Glee.

Troll, troll,
The iced-punch bowl,
Troll it as deep as you can;
Troll with whitebait,
And as certain as fate,
You will catch an Alderman.

ANECDOTES OF PAINTING.

SIR GODFREY KNELLER (the anecdote has been hidden from HORACE WALPOLE)—SIR GODFREY was once upon a time painting—the subject has escaped us—from a human model; a humble villager.

"You knows the QUEEN?" says CHAWBACON to SIR GODFREY.

SIR GODFREY bowed.

"There's nowt she won't do for you, eh?"

SIR GODFREY smiled and bowed again.

"Well, then, just have the kindness to ax HER MAJESTY—as I'se a neighbour—to let me have her wash for my pigs."

A "SUMMER FLOWER" IN THE COMMON PLEAS.

MR. SERJEANT BYLES conducted a very delicate case last week; a case very illustrative of the tenderness and respect instinctively paid by moral JOHN BULL to the immorality of noble lords. MR. BYLES was for the fair defendant, whom—as MR. EDWIN JAMES averred—he designated "a summer flower." CHIEF JUSTICE JERVIS did not recollect whether Brother BYLES had so designated the fair wronged one, but—having seen her in the witness-box—thought that, with better justice, she might be called "a full-blown flower." And so, on evidence, it appeared: a very full-blown flower; full-blown as any Dahlia or Dandelion.

We opine that counsel, resolved in such cases upon flowers, would have a more pathetic effect upon juries were they to sing part of their appeal. There is an admirable ditty for the occasion in the *Beggars' Opera*; and, considering the matter, it is to us an especial wonder that CHARLES PHILLIPS, who left the Bar with such an illustrious reputation for the care and cure of trampled flowers and broken hearts, never sang the lines; the more so, as it is well known he is endowed with a deep, melodious voice. Let us suppose the action is for breach of promise, or for a worse wrong. Imagine the effect of a SIMS REEVES (D. V. without a cold, and in gown and wig), trolling forth the lines of GAY:—

"Virgins are like the fair flow'r in its lustre,
Which in the garden enamels the ground!
Near it the bees in play flutter and cluster,
And gaudy butterflies frolic around.
But when once plucked, 'tis no longer alluring,
To Covent Garden 'tis sent (as yet sweet),
There fades and shrinks and grows past all enduring,
Rots, reeks, and dies, and is trod under feet."

This would surely introduce a variety into bar practice, the while it must materially assist the cause and increase the damages pleaded and sung for.

The fair flower, in the case in question, failed to obtain that sym-

pathy which twelve true-born Britons generally vouchsafe from a jury-box to that time-hallowed object, a female in distress. But the homage due to the naughtiness of the great was duly paid at the usual cost of exposure of the vulgar small. A worthy chronometer-maker—being the father of a foolish son attracted by the "summer flower"—had his name published in court, to be afterwards sent throughout the world in the morning papers; whereas another admirer of the summer flower, being a nobleman, was not nominated: "his name did not transpire;" his letter to the flower, read in court, being merely read as the epistle of a noble lord, whilst the name of the ignoble chronometer-maker "is told to all the hills." Is the *Red Book* such a place of refuge for the naughty? And because a worthy citizen and mathematician keeps a shop, and has a foolish son, shall *his* name be gibbeted? And lords, too, to sin—lords, who are the born monitors and models of plebeian men! What says DANIEL DEFOE on this solemn theme?—"If my own watch goes false, it deceives me and none else; but if the town clock goes false, it deceives the whole parish." If the watch of the chronometer-maker's son goes false, it deceives him and none else; but if the clock of the House of Peers goes false, it deceives—only the simpletons who unerringly trust to it. Nevertheless, why should Justice expose the son of the chronometer-maker, and at the same time hide, in the folds of her ample gown, a noble lord?

A Sledge-Hammer Argument.

ONE WILLIAM EGLIN was arraigned before the Middlesex Assistant-Judge for having broken prison, by means of a sledge-hammer left in his way, "the handle next his hand." The Assistant-Judge wanted to know how a man could be condemned for so doing. Were he himself in prison, and a sledge-hammer lying in his way, he doubted not he should do the same thing. Bravo, Assistant-Judge! It would sometimes be none the worse for justice in the abstract, if the Judge upon the Bench would—just for a minute or so—taking thought of human nature and human circumstances, put himself at the bar, and so pass sentence accordingly.

PSALMODY FOR THE CZAR.

THERE is too much reason to fear that the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA is backsliding from that piety of which, at the commencement of his crusade against the Turks, he exhibited such a pattern. PASKIEWITCH, SCHILDEKERS, LUDERS, *hors de combat*! A loss of 50,000 men altogether since the opening of the campaign! A pontoon bridge with 500 men upon it, and numerous guns, destroyed by a storm, and all the guns, as well as men, gone to the bottom! So many martyrs offering their lives for the Czar! and he has not the gratitude to order a single *Te Deum*! Surely NICHOLAS is violently carried away from grace. Where be now your quotations from the Vulgate; where be your texts from the Psalms? Or if psalmody on the other side of the mouth should now seem rather advisable, cannot the Autocrat afford a stave of that sort? If *Te Deum* is not exactly the sort of thing, why not sing *Miserere*? Is it, indeed, too much to suggest that his Imperial Majesty might as well at once go down upon his knees in an entirely different spirit, and chaunt *Peccavi*?



FLEAS AND BOOKWORMS AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

PUBLIC attention has been directed by the *Times* to the incommo-
dious condition of the Library, and the unserviceable state of the
Catalogue, of the British Museum. Both appear to be in a sad mess,
and the former, in addition, swarms with fleas, which have no business
there; for surely the entomological and literary departments should be
kept separate. From all these evils, and particularly from those last
named, the readiest way to free the British Museum would be a liberal
augmentation of the number of foreigners, especially Italians and
Germans, included among the officers of that truly national Institution.
MR. PANIZZI, if he had but an adequate number of his countrymen in
authority under him, might go on devoting his energies to the prose-
cution of publishers for failing to send copies of their books to the
Museum, and might thus continue adding to the lumber which some of
his assistants would sort, whilst others were engaged in banishing the
vermin, and imparting some degree of cleanliness to the place.

Downing Street News.

WE cannot think that Government has prevented newspaper corres-
pondents from accompanying the British forces. If this report were
true, it would evidence an attempt to render the British Public depen-
dent, for the news of the War, on the *Invalide Russe*, and the *Journal*
de St. Petersbourg. Surely "dear ABERDEEN" is not so Russian in
his sympathies as all this!

Sermons for Stones.

FOR the rejection of the proposal to transfer the City churches to the
suburbs, there is only one thing to be said, which is that as, according
to the proverb, walls have ears, the clergy who officiate in those sacred
edifices will not be entirely in want of an auditory.

SONG OF THE DEVNA CAMP

AIR.—"And all to astonish the Browns."

THE fast English ensign was sent to the fight
Against the tyrannical Czar,
So he sought for a dress not too hideous to sight,
And convenient to wear in the war.
He studied in what he could be most at ease,
When one of his friends about town
Said, "Of course, my good fellow, you'll dress as you please,
But, by George, you'll astonish old BROWN!"

"To old regulations you know he's a slave,
And, if you would spare him a shock,
Every hair of your face you will carefully shave,
And appear in a tight-fitting stock.
You may think in hot climates with this to dispense,
But such thoughts are received with a frown;
If your dress were according to good common sense,
You would really astonish old BROWN."

The fast English ensign this good advice spurned;
The comforts of costume he knew;
Aware that in Turkey the sun and wind burned,
A beard and moustaches he grew;
A handkerchief loosely he tied his neck round,
His shirt collar nicely turned down;
Round his forage cap next a white turban he bound,
And all to astonish old BROWN.

But when he appeared in the eyes of the chief
Whose orders he ventured to brave,
The rage of SIR GEORGE quite exceeded belief,
As he roared out, "Go home, Sir, and shave!
A true English soldier in comfort be dressed!
Such new-fangled rigs I'll put down,
The heads of the army, I hope, Sir, know best
What clothes it should wear," said SIR BROWN.

So the fast English ensign retired with a sigh
His tailor and barber to see,
And they made him, according to rule, such a guy
As the true English soldier should be;
With face in a blister and neck in a vice
He's marching away to renown,
Very wretched, no doubt, but all right in the eyes
Of his martinet leader, SIR BROWN.

But smooth shaven faces and tight-fitting stocks
Have both in their turn had their day,
And now that they're scouted by *Punch*, and the *vox*
Populi, even BROWNS must obey.
Should his spirit, some short fifty years hence or less,
To our planet look up or look down,
Such changes he'll see in our brave soldiers' dress
As will truly astonish old BROWN!

NO NOTHING IN SCOTLAND ON A SUNDAY.

IN Scotland, it seems from cases recently published, you can
not get a dinner on a Sunday. You may starve for what the hotel-
keepers care, before they will give you anything to eat. Yes, there is
one mouthful of a chance for you—if you take a bed, they will throw
a dinner in. The saying formerly was "No Song, No Supper"—it
must be altered now, to meet Scotch consciences at least, to "No BED,
No DINNER." But why not improve upon the absurdity, and make
the poor hungry travellers go to bed at once, and eat their dinners
between the sheets? It would be just as tyrannical, and, besides,
would throw a solemnity instead of a table-cloth, over the ceremony.
Or, again, why not insist upon their turning waiters, on the plea that you
are only allowed to give the servants of your establishment any meals
on that day? It would be fine puritanical fun to see gentlemen whisk-
ing about with napkins under their arms, handing toothpicks to the
customers, before they were allowed to swallow a basin of Scotch broth
themselves. As it is, it stands thus:—"Take a bed, and you may eat
—don't sleep in the house, and you may starve, even in sight of the
larder." Surely, benevolence like this is born (as they say) on the
wrong side of the blanket!

THE EMPIRE OF FOLLY.

IT may well be a matter of astonishment that the EMPEROR OF
RUSSIA does not abdicate, for since he has lost his head he can find
little use for his crown.



"NOW THEN, YOUNG GEN'L MAN, WE CAN'T EXPECT THE PONY TO DRAG US BOTH UP SUCH A HILL AS THIS, AND AS YOUR LEGS ARE YOUNGER THAN MINE, YOU'D BETTER GET OUT AND WALK."

JENKINS ON A BEER-BARREL.

THAT fashionable journal, the *Morning Advertiser*, appears to be emulous of the fame of another fashionable journal, of which our revered friend JENKINS is the inspiring genius. The *Tizer*, as in playful fondness it is called by its patrons, is plunging into dissipation, and sporting about at West End parties, in a way quite incompatible with its decorous licensed victualling character. We meet it at a *r union* at LADY GLAMIS's, glancing jauntily round the aristocratic *salon*, and observing, in slightly awkward imitation of the patronising grace of JENKINS, that "among the visitors we noticed a brilliant circle of the *corps diplomatique*." As affectionate young matrons say, the way that child takes notice is extraordinary. But the aspiring licensed victualler seeks still higher scenes. One of the younger sons of the DUKE OF NEWCASTLE has just joined his vessel, the *Dauntless*, and the JENKINS of the Beer-barrels is present when the young nobleman "takes leave of his illustrious Young Personal Friend, the Heir-Apparent." The farewell, according to our licensed scribe, is "affectionate." Now we really must remonstrate against our worthy and honest friends, the wilters, sanctioning this kind of thing. They are men of practical sense, and know perfectly well that the reporter who "noticed" the diplomatists, and the other one who reported the affectionate farewell, had just as much chance of being invited to LADY GLAMIS's and to Buckingham Palace, as the two dirtiest little boys who should come up to the bar of a publichouse and offer lucifers for sale, would have of being asked into that snug little back parlour, and requested to "put a name" to anything they would fancy. As to the diplomatists who were noticed, we would give odds that MR. JENKINS DE BEER does not know COUNT WALEWSKI from CHEVALIER BUNSEN, and as to the affectionate parting between the PRINCE OF WALES and LORD CHARLES CLINTON, we happen to know that it was in this wise:—

The Prince. What, you are really going, then, CHARLEY?

Lord Charles. Off to-morrow.

The Prince. I wish I was going with you, old fellow.

Lord Charles. Ah, don't I? wouldn't that be *prime*? (*Earnestly*) I suppose it's no use asking?

The Prince. Not a bit. We are going to Scotland. You must write regularly, you know, CHARLEY. You promised that.

Lord Charles. Oh I will. I say, what fun if I should arrive in time to see St. Petersburg taken!

The Prince. I hope you will, that's all. Three cheers for you and Old CHARLEY!

Both. Hurray! Hurray! Hurray!

The Prince. Well, come and have some lunch.

We suppose that MR. JENKINS DE BEER will faint away, when he is told that a Prince and a Duke's son talk like other young gentlemen of their age. We should like to see *his* notion of the "farewell" in question. It would probably run thus:—

H. R. H. the P. of W. In parting with you, my dear LORD CHARLES, permit me to say, that while (I admit), envying the duty confided to you, of serving our common country, and regretting the temporary separation which alienates me from a valued friend, I cannot but congratulate you upon the prospects of witnessing, under the gallant NAPIER, an addition to the glory of our arms.

Lord C. P. C. Cordially reciprocating those sentiments, your Royal Highness, so far as the difference in our positions permits me to do, I would reply, that next to the happiness of serving the nation over which your R. H.'s family preside, is the pleasurable anticipation that your R. H. may hear that one whom you have condescended to honour with your friendship has not proved himself altogether unworthy of the distinction.

H. R. H. the P. of W. I do not doubt it, my dear LORD CHARLES, and I will now invite you to dedicate a glass of our best wine to your own prosperous career, and to the glory of the British arms.

Lord C. P. C. Most joyfully will I avail myself of your R. H.'s gracious invitation, and will venture to add, that in combating for the flag of my country, I shall never forget that it bears the arms of a family whose heir has honoured me with his regards.

H. R. H. the P. of W. This way then, my dear LORD CHARLES.

This, no doubt, would be more in conformity with MR. JENKINS DE BEER's ideas of aristocratic manners, than our version of the interview. We must express our hope that the wilters will put a stop to his vagaries, and insist upon his drawing it a good deal milder.

IMPORTANT FROM THE SEAT OF WAR!

JOURNAL OF THE SIEGE OF SILISTRIA. BY OUR OWN BASHI-BOZOUK.



"Scutari. Tuesday.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"IN order not to be recognised by the 33rd boys, whom I knew intimately at Dundalk (I hereby present my best regards to COLONEL BLAKE and the officers of that regiment, who have the best mess of any regiment in HER BRITANNIC MAJESTY'S service), and to keep out of the way of unpleasant *rencontres* with GENERAL LORD R—GL—N, GENERAL H. R. H. THE DUKE OF C—MBR—DGE, and other acquaintances of happier years, I have taken the precaution since my arrival here of dyeing my face, beard, and hands, and wearing a plaister over my nose and right eye. I use BURGESS'S walnut ketchup for my face and hands in preference to India soy, which I employed at first: but for which the flies and wasps, which abound in this country, have a great liking.

"Yesterday, as I was having an audience of the Sultan's mother, the dear SULTANA VALIDEH, a whacking big hornet, attracted by the confounded soy, settled close on my nose, stung me, and occasioned atrocious agonies. Of course I had to grin as if nothing was the matter, and continue the conversation, which was most interesting. When the Sultana left us I could bear the pain no longer, but rubbed my nose, and tore off the plaister which covered that and my eye.

"It was so swollen that the gallant and excellent English Pr—nce, who made one at our consultation, very likely *could* not recognise me. At any rate he *did* not. A dancing dervish (a most holy man, and great favourite of the Sultana's), fetched some leaves out of the garden, and, having chewed them, fomented my *feature*, which speedily resumed its own classic shape. Mem.—To inquire what the plant is, and send some to dear friends at home; where a fellow of spirit may often get a swelled eye still, praised be luck!—at elections, fairs, and so forth.

"The splendid proposals which her Highness made to me (in private) on the part of her imperial son, of course, are out of the question. The young PRINCESS NIJOONA (for those who like that style of beauty) is lovely certainly. She is but sixteen, and must weigh as many stone. Her eyebrows meet. Her complexion is very fair (though I must say I think she is painted). Her teeth are not good, owing to the quantity of sweetmeats they take. When I go to see the SULTANA VALIDEH I am half choked with the lumps of sugar-candy which I am obliged to swallow whenever I say anything witty, and that, of course, is at every other observation. It seems NIJOONA remarked me as I was riding in the Valley of the Sweet Waters (*her's* then must have been the hand which held out the three rhododendrons and the polyanthus from behind the pink and silver curtains of that emerald-green aroba!), and was pleased with my personal appearance. NIJOONA! thou art not the first, by long chalks, who has been charmed by this figure!

"Wishing to soothe every lady's disappointment as much as possible—when a hint was given me in a certain august quarter—I told one of the few falsehoods which I have uttered in my life, and said I was married in my own country. And the upshot of this silly fib was to show how *useless* it is to lie.

"The young lady's imperial grandmother did not seem to consider my previous marriage an objection. 'All that we shall require is that NIJOONA shall be the first wife; and if the second makes any objection, my dear Colonel,' the Sultana-Mother said, in her arch way, 'there is plenty of sacking in the bazaars, and the Bosphorus is very deep.'

"To have the rank of Pasha, and a palace at Constantinople and at Therapia, with fifty millions of piastres down, and jewels to a still larger amount; to divide the command with OMER PASHA; and, at the end of the war, to have the hereditary pasbalic of Syria, with palaces built for me at Jerusalem, Damascus, and Beyroot—these, I confess, were handsome offers, not to be attributed so much to my merit, no doubt, as to the passion which young NIJOONA had conceived for me: who is, as is well known, her imperial father's favourite, to whom his Highness can refuse *nothing*.

"The poor thing actually tried to fascinate me by her simple accomplishments, and sang me one or two songs to her guitar. Asking me if I was also a musician, I took up the little instrument and sang, 'Who fears to speak of Ninety-Eight?' (out of my friend DUFFY's paper,) in a way which brought tears into the eyes of the Pr—nc—ss—s. No wonder they were affected as the poor Exile sang!

"But marriage and turning Turk was quite another *paire de bottes*. When NIJOONA went weeping out of the room, led away by her maids, and her grandmother put the question to me point-blank, I was about to answer point-blank, No! but a look from my friend, the dancing dervish, put me on my guard. 'Madam,' said I, 'I must ask your R—y—l permission to have some conversation with my reverend friend here regarding the two faiths, and if he can convince me—then, indeed!' She is a very warm partisan of her creed; she gave me a couple of little tracts, 'The Washerwoman of Therapia,' and 'The Boatman of

the Bosphorus,' which, she said, had converted a great number of Poles and Hungarians, and left me after my promising to study these works.'

"Unless you intend to come round, MULLIGOON,' said my friend, the dervish, 'you had better put some distance between you and the princess. She is a fiery little creature, and will have you strangled or poisoned as sure as your name is what it is.'

"So it seems there is to be no rest for me—not in Dublin, not in London, not in Petersburg, not in Constantinople! Finding that the coach was going to Varna that afternoon (and most uncomfortable conveyances those Turkish stage-coaches are), I took a place for myself and my servant in it, with letters to the Governor of Silistria. And by the time the clock of the Mosque of Saint Sophia struck thirteen (the hour at which the Sultana-Mother had appointed me) the next day, I had left Varna, and was on horseback on the road to Silistria.

"You now understand why my death was announced, on the very first day of the siege of this place; a piece of news which put poor NIJOONA into a dreadful fury; she was so enraged to think I had escaped her vengeance. I do not envy NOBBI PASHA, whom she has married since by order of her imperial father. NOBBI is a quiet man, and she leads him and his family the deuce's own life.

"The Governor of Silistria welcomed me with that distinction which I am accustomed to receive from brave men. Having been just obliged to hang the colonel of a regiment of most refractory Bashi-Bozouks, the Pasha was pleased to offer me the vacant command, which I accepted, and when I had partaken of coffee and pipes, given my views of the affairs of Europe, the advance of the Russians, &c., to His Excellency, a person of the highest distinction, greatest bravery, and most aristocratic manners, he wrote a line by an aide-de-camp, and mounting horses, which were provided for us, I rode down to the place by the Mosque of SULTAN SELIM, a little to the left of the Bakers' quarter of the Old Bazaar, where my Bashi-Bozouks were quartered.

"A more drunken and ferocious set of vagabonds eyes never lighted upon. In the centre of the place, they had stuck up their standard with a hideous Russian head, surmounted by its cocked hat on the top. The tom-toms, kettledrums, jinjalls, and other music of the regiment were around this. The men were scattered here and there, some sleeping, some smoking, many intoxicated, and under a rude canopy sate a dozen of officers, of whom a gigantic woolly-haired mulatto seemed the chief; he had a skin of wine by his side as big as a portmanteau; and was gnawing a leg of lamb with his long fangs, holding it up with his huge fists, and glaring at me over the meat.

"Are you the Bimbashi?' says I—'Are you, gentlemen, the Captains and Lieutenants of this pretty regiment?'

"Yes,' they replied, seasoning their answer with curses in a hundred dialects.

"Then stand up!' I roared out, 'whilst I read my commission'—and accordingly taking that document from the aide-de-camp (who, I must say, trembled like a mould of jelly), I kissed the paper, held it to my forehead three times, and then read it to the officers and men.

"Ho! ho! ho! and so you are the Colonel are you?' yelled the Bimbashi, laying his leg of lamb down and springing up, rubbing the gravy off his mouth with his great brawny arm.—'A stranger! and a Giaour, and you are come to be set over us, are you? Keep the gates, you sentinels! Take that Russian's head off the flag, Ensign!'

"Who sides with the Sultan, and who with the Major?' says I.

"We propose that the promotion goes with the regiment,' roared out the officers.

"Where are the non-commissioned officers?'

says I. Seven or eight of them were standing apart as I saw. 'Let the men fall in!' I roared, 'Captains, go to your companies. Major!'—

"What I was going to say to him does not matter; for the ruffian fired a shot at me, and then sent the pistol flying at my head.

"It knocked down the poor aide-de-camp who was with me—upon which, seeing I had to do with nine ruffians, of course I produced my Revolvers, one of COLT's and one of HANDCOCK's, regarding the respective merits of which, there has been some question.

"The practice, as I take it, is pretty equal. With the COLT I shot three captains, two lieutenants, missing No. 6, the ensign—with the HANDCOCK I potted two ensigns, a captain, a lieutenant, and finally my friend the major, sending a ball into his great mouth, and stopping his horrid language for the future towards his colonel and your

"BASHI-BOZOUK."

PUNCH'S HANDBOOKS TO THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

THE EGYPTIAN COURT



IMAGINING that we have asked a policeman the nearest way to Egypt, and that he has civilly told us, to "take the first on the left," we shall find ourselves at the end of an avenue of Lions, which would not under ordinary circumstances be an agreeable promenade; but fancying ourselves on an equality with any of the Lions of the place we are induced to enter. We find ourselves opposite to the entrance of a Temple, and having a sort of natural aversion to the Temple—from legal associations with which the Lions' mouths, and their formidable amount of jaw, may have some subtle connection—we pause to examine the exterior. The unintelligible hieroglyphics that surmount the Egyptian Temple in the Crystal Palace help to carry us to the Temple in Fleet Street, for there is a close analogy between the jargon of law and the language of mystery. We learn, however, that certain strange figures, of which the least inscrutable are a pair of sugar tongs, a curtain ring, a short German pipe, and the blade of a knife, are the names of HER MAJESTY AND PRINCE ALBERT. It is fortunate for the QUEEN that she has not to make the sign manual in Egyptian characters, for if she did, she would be compelled to copy the Royal sugar tongs and scribble short German pipes over every official document requiring her signature. On the frieze we find a horse-shoe, a billiard ball, a quantity of strange birds, an individual going either to hang himself or jump out of window, and a few other equally brilliant designs, which we find signify altogether that "HER MAJESTY the ruler of the waves," (we thought BRITANNIA did that part of the business) "the chiefs, architects, sculptors and painters, erected this palace with a thousand colours, a thousand decorations, a thousand statues of chiefs and ladies, a thousand flowers, a thousand birds and beasts, a thousand tanks, and a thousand vases." This language is evidently borrowed from an old declaration in an action for an assault, in which the defendant was usually alleged to have given "a thousand blows with a thousand arms, on a thousand eyes, a thousand noses, and a thousand mouths, whereby the plaintiff had sustained a thousand pounds damages." The same inscription is repeated in other places with the addition of a figure like a chimney pot which means stability, a racket which represents life (though it would seem to be limited to a rackets life) and an utterly inexplicable figure which is said to stand for purity, though to us it appears purely enigmatical. The columns of the facade have their capitals adorned with palm and lotus, both of which are so effective, that both seem to bear the palm when separately examined.



The image of Truth is frequently introduced as an object of Egyptian art, and when we look at the false representations of nature with which Egypt abounds, we cannot be surprised that Truth appears as an image, or, in other words, as an imaginary character.

On entering the door, we see on the wall a representation of the triumph of RAMESES THE THIRD, who, seated in his chariot, looks on at his scribes counting the number of hands cut from the slain, while the few bearers in attendance aid him to look coolly on at the shocking spectacle.

On the other side is a battle scene, in which a chief and a charioteer are both falling by the hand of the king, who, if he has not two strings to his bow, seems to have at all events two victims to his arrow. Passing onward we take a glance at the eight gigantic figures of RAMESES holding the crook and flail, which are emblematical of his power to punish and protect, to cherish and to thrash his people. The figures in the Egyptian Court are mere ciphers compared with the originals; but, though the directors would not have objected to the highest figure in point of expense, they were compelled by the space at their disposal to depart from facts, by the diminution of their figures.

One of the most beautiful objects in the Egyptian Court is a representation—in rather reduced circumstances—of the famous Temple of KARNAC at Thebes. This temple was commenced by OSIRIS THE FIRST, and was finished by some subsequent RAMESES, who put his name to the work,—though the idea was not his own—a practice which is still prevalent.

We must not overlook the Temple of ABOO SIMBEL, though it was overlooked for many centuries until BURCKHARDT recognised a row of heads in the sand, which had been running from the hour glass of Time for ages over them. He fancied that where heads had been found, temples might be discovered. BELZONI and others having cleared away the sand, made their way into this wondrous monument in Nubia, which, but for their researches, might as well have been in Nubibus. RAMESES himself is, in the original, sixty-one feet high, while the SUN at his side, to whom he is offering a statue of Truth, is only twenty feet high, and we cannot help feeling that the offer of a statue of Truth comes with but an ill grace from a figure embodying in its exaggerated size a most enormous falsehood.

The model in the Crystal Palace is only one tenth of the size of the original, but the two figures in what is called the Sydenham transept are full-length copies, and are so capacious that a public house might be started, called the Rameses Head, in the occupant of either one of them.

On the left hand is the Philoe Portico, among the prominent features of which are the faces of an ape, a hawk, a man, and a jackal. Figures of this description in wax or porcelain were often placed with a mummy, and there are cases in which a monkey and an ass are found on each side of a man, who is thus represented as something between an ape and a donkey.



Passing through a doorway, we come to the Inner Egyptian Court, where we find a standard bearer, walking with his left leg first, which is the peculiarity of every Egyptian statue, and would seem to show a superstition of the Egyptians, that in placing the left leg first, they were putting their best leg foremost.

Proceeding through the Court of Amunothph, which is of the real size, we come to the facade of the outer Egyptian Court, which is adorned with various more or less interesting figures: one of them represents NILUS bringing her productions on a sort of tray, for the Egyptians always draw the Nile as a young woman acting in the capacity of a waitress, or going round with the tray at a tea-party.

The image of

Truth is frequently introduced as an object of Egyptian art, and when we look at the false representations of nature with which Egypt abounds, we cannot be surprised that Truth appears as an image, or, in other words, as an imaginary character.

Re-entering the Inner Court; we come to a portico, the capitals of whose columns are adorned with a capital imitation of the lotus. Above them is the head of an Egyptian VENUS, whose ears are those of a cow, and are fair specimens of carving



On quitting Egypt by the entrance towards the Greek Court, we may observe some interesting subjects on the façade, and among others, is the initiation of the King into the sacred mysteries, by pouring over him in rapid succession the contents of several vessels.

Having attended the reader through the Egyptian Court, we will request him to take an imaginary turn with us to Egypt itself, whose gigantic monuments are the oldest and largest in the world, so that modern art has never outgrown the ancient, although growing out of it. The two pyramids were built by two kings, CHEOPS and NECHOSO, who had such an idea of their own greatness that they thought nothing less than the pyramid would be large enough for them to be buried in.

The Egyptians used to cut forms of architecture in the rocks, a practice which has long been followed by the people of Ramsgate, who have cut coal sheds out of the solid cliff on their Pier, with much ingenuity. The Obelisk is also of Egyptian origin, and needs no description as the article is one with which we have all been placed on terms of familiarity—bordering on contempt—by the bit of masonry in the Blackfriars Road and the Waltham monument in Fleet Street.

Here we take leave of the reader for the present, to proceed to our office in Bride Court, a Court which, for "the vast renown it hath acquired" will some day be added to the other Courts in the Crystal Palace.

A SCIENTIFIC QUESTION.

"MR. PUNCH,

"You know everything. And if you do not, you have such an extraordinary talent for hiding your ignorance, that even your ignorance is far more valuable than the knowledge of other people.

"I perceive, Sir, that, answering the urgent call for paper—the article having become monstrously scarce in consequence of the cash-payments in whitey-brown by Austria—a Frenchman, one M. VIVEN, has taken out a patent in England for the manufacturing of paper from leaves of trees, plants, and other vegetable matter.

"Now, Sir, all flesh being grass, is it to consider the matter too curiously to hope to see some day, under M. VIVEN's process, a fine tall copy of "The Whole Duty of Man" printed in clear large type on the fleshy grass of what was once a Bishop? A Chancellor of the Exchequer, "reduced to pulp," might find himself upon the stalls as a "Ready Reckoner;" and even a fashionable duchess rustle in the leaves of "The Complete Footman."

"Very curious, Mr. Punch, are the day-dreams of science! With this profound reflection,

"I remain, yours,

"WEASEL WIDEAWAKE."

THE DOWNFALL OF DOWNING STREET.

THE friends of the Ministers have reason to be alarmed at the shaky condition of the Foreign Office, which seems to threaten the downfall of at least one department of the Government. It seems that the Foreign Secretary cannot give a party without having the building propped up—a fact which we hear without surprise, for if "the party" consists of the old Whig party, a great amount of propping up must be required. It seems that a dinner cannot be given, because there is no kitchen; and indeed if there were a kitchen, it is probable there would be so many Whig cooks on the look-out for employment, that they would spoil the broth among them. If the Foreign Secretary cannot give a dinner cooked at home, we suppose he must have it sent in from some neighbouring tavern, to which an order for "six beefs," and so many breads and vegetables, according to the number of the guests, will have been previously forwarded. If, however, the Foreign Secretary cannot always offer to those who drop in upon him the luxury of "hot joints," it may be convenient at times to give them the "cold shoulder."

We are told that on one occasion of a dinner having been given, the ceiling fell into the soup-plates, and furnished a species of white soup that was not altogether agreeable. The incident probably happened when our relations with France were rather unsettled, and the plaster of Paris was not so firmly united with the Foreign Office as could have been desired. We are rather surprised at what we have heard, for we always thought the Foreign Office was the very last of our Government departments that was likely to give way—which it never would have done while upheld by such a pillar of strength as PALMERSTON.

Pleasure at Pleasure Gardens.

BETWEEN a man who goes up in a balloon to come down in a parachute, and any one who resorts to see him, there is this difference, that the former risks his neck, and the latter does not. As the one, however, is necessary to the other's suicide in case that other should get killed, it may well be questioned whether the law ought not to place the spectator in equal peril with the aeronaut.

THE SEA FIGHT OF SEBASTOPOL.

(RUSSIAN ACCOUNT.)



OBSERVING an Anglo-French squadron, consisting of 10 sail of the line, detached some distance from the main fleet, which numbered many hundred men-of-war and frigates, our two steamers, *Gromonassetz* and *Wladimir*, issued from the harbour of Sebastopol in order to chastise the insolence of the enemy, who had dared to approach to within a few versts of the range of the guns of the Imperial fortress.

With a temerity which was not to have been expected after their defeat at Odessa, the French and English ships maintained their position, and awaited the conflict, which, however, they did not venture to initiate.

A summons to surrender having been received by the enemy in silence, the *Gromonassetz* fired a ninety-eight pounder, which carried away the mainmast of the British flagship. A similar ball discharged by the *Wladimir* sent two French vessels of 100 and 150 guns to the bottom.

The enemy then opened a fire upon us, which may be described as terrific, on account of its noise, but which did comparatively little damage, although it lasted for full six hours. Our loss amounted to two or three killed, and about twenty scratched and otherwise slightly wounded; inclusive of some officers. The bowsprit of the *Wladimir* was grazed by a round shot, and the topsail of the *Gromonassetz* was torn by the explosion of a shell.

On the part of the enemy the loss must have been very severe. Besides the French vessels sunk by the *Wladimir*, an English line-of-battle ship was blown up by a red-hot ball, sent right through her powder magazine by the *Gromonassetz*. Another shot from the same vessel constituted a miracle of gunnery, taking effect, as intended, under water, and carrying away the propeller of an English screw-steamer. Most of the other ships of the enemy were dismasted, and several lost their rudders.

The unequal contest continued during the greater part of the day, when the hostile squadron, as much as remained of it, took to flight, as fast as its disabled condition permitted. Our two gallant little steamers immediately gave chase, and had nearly overtaken their opponents, whom they would certainly have captured, but that the combined fleets, bearing up to the rescue, presented an array of force so overwhelming that our brave commanders, with due regard to prudence, felt that they would hardly be justified in engaging it. They therefore slowly returned to Sebastopol, covered with glory, and singing songs of triumph, while loud lamentations resounded from the hostile armament.

His Imperial Majesty has issued commands for a *Te Deum* to be sung in all churches as a thanksgiving for this glorious victory. He has ennobled the two Captains of the conquering steamers, BRAGANOFF, and GAMMONOWSKI, conferring on them also the rank of Admirals. All the officers have been proportionably advanced; the seamen have been raised to the rank of lieutenants; and all the cabin-boys and powder-monkeys promoted to be midshipmen.

A Difficult Calling.

IT may be all very well to say that the office of a tax-gatherer needs no great ability for the fulfilment of its duties, but there is no employment which requires such constant application.

THE SILISTRIAN OPERATION.—As the Russian soldier tastes so much of the stick, it is no wonder that he should take the first opportunity of cutting it.



WHAT A DREADFUL STORY!

Stout Party. "STOP! HERE! CABMAN! WE WANT TO GO AS FAR TER-WARDS WHITECHAPEL AS WE CAN FOR SIXPENCE?"

Cabman. "VERY SORRY, MUM! BUT THE OSS HAS BIN OUT ALL DAY—DEAD BEAT, MUM—GOING HOME, MUM!"

A RETIREMENT FOR LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

THE *Journal des Débats*, in an article on the recent failures of the English Government, alludes to LORD JOHN RUSSELL having drowned his own offspring—his Reform Bill—in a river of his own tears, and concludes by saying, that there will be no resource for him but Chelsea or Greenwich. The *Débats* being the best informed French paper on English affairs, we may form some idea of the extent of knowledge that exists in France on matters of the kind, when the highest authority in the Parisian press expects LORD JOHN RUSSELL to end his official career as a Chelsea pensioner or a Greenwich "collegian." Fancy LORD JOHN in a blue coat and cocked-hat, walking about Greenwich Park, offering to show the public a cockroach through a microscope, or telling of the many political contests in which he has passed his life, and asking for a trifle to buy a little extra 'bacco. Such is the termination to his political life, which the *Journal des Débats* seriously anticipates for LORD JOHN RUSSELL, when pointing to Chelsea or Greenwich as the only alternative that is left to him.

We should like our Parisian contemporary to tell us what is to become of LORD ABERDEEN, for whom a Lodge at one of the Park Gates—with the privilege of selling curds and whey—would perhaps seem an appropriate retirement in the eyes of one who can see nothing better than Greenwich Hospital as an asylum for LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

A Tit-bit from the "Invalide Russe."

"THE English newspapers are full of the heroism of one LUCAS (*a non lucendo*), who, in the recent engagement of ten English steamers with three Russian corvettes, off Sebastopol, picked up a shell and flung it overboard before it exploded. What is this to the heroism of our Russian mothers and children, the former of whom have been seen (as even the English newspapers admit) through the telescopes of the officers on board the English fleet, peacefully seated at needlework, by their villas, on the delightful shores of the Crimea, while their infants playfully picked up the shells—at their feet!"

RASCAL WORSHIP.

THERE is a species of cant whereby *Mr. Punch* has of late been frequently disgusted, and which he hopes will not, after this warning, be repeated, to the excitement of nausea on the part of all humanly organized stomachs. An honest execration of the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA is met with the remark that he is an amiable creature in private life, or even that he is personally a fine noble fellow. This, not only of the Monarch who has caused a much greater sum of human suffering than NERO, if not than all the worst of the CÆSARS together, but of the gentleman who flogs women and forfeits his word! It is not fine to talk this sort of cant, as those who are addicted to it appear to think; it does not show any superiority to vulgar feeling, but on the contrary, a very remarkable sympathy with the class "Snob." Scarcely a common murderer is placed in the dock who is not reported as having a mild expression of countenance, or comes to be hanged without having numerous instances of benevolence and amiability recorded of him. The base mind delights in magnanimous rascals and gentle villains; and the apologists of NICHOLAS, whatever their rank may be, and whoever are their tailors, belong in spirit to the same vile herd as those whose weak sympathies with THURTELL or with RUSH are addressed by the penny-a-liner.

Shocking Case of Retribution.

A TEETOTAL Spy, watching a tavern-door in Glasgow, the door was swung to with such malicious force, that it shut in the points of three of his fingers! The yell of the spy—says the *Glasgow Post*—cannot be described: but such suffering was trifling compared with what was to follow. A doctor was called in, who immediately ordered half-a-pint of whiskey and water wherein to steep the teetotaler's fingers!

HOPE FOR THE PERSEVERING STUDENT.—The man who has successfully sought a needle in a bundle of hay, need not despair of finding the book which he inquires for at the British Museum.



THE REAL "INVALIDE RUSSE."

SPORTING IN THE SOUTH.



THE *Richmond Examiner*, of the Slave States, suggests the necessity of shooting all schoolmasters so-
ever. A murderer, named WARD, is acquitted for assassinating one of the tribe; and the *Examiner* speaks of the matter as only an opening of what ought to be considered the sporting season in the south. This is, certainly, teaching the young idea how to shoot their guides, philosophers, and friends. The *Examiner* does not go into the particulars of ammunition, and so forth; but it would surely give a zest to the sport, if every wadded with a moral scrap of the early murderer's copy-book. "We imagine," says the *Examiner*, "that the propriety of shooting an abolition schoolmaster when caught tampering with our slaves has never been questioned by any intelligent Southern man." Thus, to be true children of Columbia, the children must be the sons of guns!

A JUDICIAL LEAP IN THE DARK.

SERGEANT ADAMS has been sometimes called "singular" in his mode of administering justice, but when we examine the acts of his deputy, MR. WITHAM, we are enabled to acquit both of singularity by saying there is decidedly "a pair of them." The other day MR. WITHAM got hold of the string so often harped upon by SERJEANT ADAMS, and the Deputy twanged away at it, in a style of slap-dashiness quite worthy of his principal. ADAMS objects to summary jurisdiction, and so does WITHAM, and so, in fact, do we, if summary jurisdiction is to consist in entrusting to one man the power of passing such sentences as are often passed at Clerkenwell and Middlesex.

Among other cases tried before the Deputy Assistant-Judge was one of prison-breaking, of which the accused was found guilty, when MR. WITHAM, in passing sentence, declared "he should have done the same thing himself," that "he did not see what the man was to be punished for," and that "justice would be satisfied by sentencing him to twelve months' hard labour."

It is rather difficult to get at the rationale of all this; but it would be a perfectly legitimate logical deduction to say, that MR. WITHAM, in his own opinion, deserves twelve months' imprisonment. Against such an authority we should be sorry to appeal, and therefore, when he says that he would do as the prisoner has done, we, remembering that the will is the essence of the deed, and presuming MR. WITHAM to have been just in inflicting twelve months' imprisonment for an act which he himself would have committed, can only conclude that he feels himself entitled to a year's hard labour. It is true he remarked, that "he did not see what the prisoner was to be punished for," but as Justice is said to be blind, a sentence in the dark is perhaps excusable.

MUSIC FOR MARS.

THE Scutari Special Correspondent of the *Morning Post* describes a military mass which was performed the other day in the open air by our French allies at Adrianople. To judge from the following passage in his account of the mass, it certainly does appear to have been a very military service indeed:—

"At the elevation of the Host a salvo of five guns was fired, and three colours, surmounted by the Imperial eagle, were dipped, and all the troops presented arms with bended knees. At this moment the *coup d'ail* was truly imposing. When the mass was ended, the '*Domine salvum fac Imperatorem Napoleonem*' was chanted, and a gun announced the end of the ceremony."

The boom of ordnance does seem a rather odd accompaniment to the Canon of the Mass. "*Gloria in Excelsis, &c. Et in terra pax*" generally comes next. In a military mass, accompanied with artillery, the word "Pax" is perhaps expanded into Paixhans. Or, peradventure, it is sung very small, and probably drowned by the report of a howitzer, so that the passage in the Roman liturgy alluded to would be heard as "*Et in terra*!"—bang! The *Ite Missa est*, too, would be appropriately followed by an explosion in lieu of a benediction. The clash of swords, moreover, might mingle with the roar of great guns; so that the mass-music would be regular MARS-music.

These are the reflections which naturally occur to the mind of a Cockney and a Protestant on perusing the above statement: the author of which, however, appends to his narrative a comment conceived in a sublimer spirit; observing that

"It is very gratifying to find that the God of Forces is set before Mahomedans by the allied armies as the Giver of all victory."

This may be very gratifying to the Russians; but to whom besides can it afford any reasonable gratification? To represent the "God of Forces" to the Turks as the deity of the allied armies, can only confirm them in the persuasion that we are idolatrous ghouls. Certainly, the celebration of divine worship by means of cannon is calculated to impress them with a notion that we do adore that deity; and perhaps at this moment they are convinced that Christians venerate the offspring of JUNO. For further information concerning the "God of Forces" than what may be found in LEMPRIERE'S *Classical Dictionary*, the correspondent of the *Post* should resort to a Sunday School, or invite the visit of a Scripture reader.

Count Pahlen in Parliament.

WE hope, for his own sake, that COUNT PAHLEN is too wise to return to Russia. After the praise bestowed upon him by the House of Lords, he would inevitably be packed off to Siberia.

DIRTY MONEY.

In the *Daily News*, a MR. LESLIE's sense of propriety is duly outraged by a daily practice:

"A numerous class of men and women who chiefly travel by omnibuses, defile their lips and even mouths, by holding money between their teeth."

This is intolerable; and marks either the ignorance, or the unseemliness of the offenders. MR. LESLIE pathetically asks—"Can these persons be aware of the quintessence of filth worked by dirty fingers into the rims of coins and on their uneven surface, putting aside the fear of contagion, &c.?" This ought to be thought of. Considering too the dirty means by which, in this vale of tears, money is sometimes obtained, the coin, held even in the mouth, is doubly dangerous. Nevertheless, we fear MR. LESLIE preaches to an adder-deaf generation. How can money be foul? Money has no odour, said the Roman emperor. *Pecunia non olet*. All money—however obtained—is clean, is the belief of a very numerous class of persons who do not ride in omnibuses, but in vehicles of family exclusiveness. Money, like fermenting wine, cleanses and purges itself of all original foulness; otherwise, could it be thought, that the most worshipful members of society would continually have money between their lips—money even in their mouths?

Were it known that money was liable to harbour dirt and infection would it be necessary to warn stock-jobbing Christians of the peril to be encountered in the Russian loan? Nevertheless the benevolence of a paternal French government has, on its part and the part of England, warned all French and English subjects against the dirty money offered with dirty interest by the EMPEROR NICHOLAS—"Every British subject"—runs the notification—"subscribing to a loan intended for a power at war with Great Britain will be guilty of high treason, as affording aid to the enemies of the QUEEN." This warning is enough to spoil the taste of Russian money in the mouth, even of BEN ISRAEL, making what before was sweet as the manna of the wilderness, as foul and defiling as Russian tallow, or lard of Russian wild-boar.

The Glass without the Wine.

WE do not believe the following statement of the *Builder*.

"A TEMPERANCE 'PALACE.'—An arrangement is on foot amongst the friends of Temperance, offended by the sale of wine, &c., at Sydenham, to purchase the Surrey Zoological Gardens, and to erect a large building of glass. We have not yet the precise particulars before us, but understand that it is proposed to raise £100,000 by 100,000 £1 shares, and that the gardens have been provisionally purchased for £25,000."

It is incredible that the teetotallers should make an arrangement for collecting their disciples under glass at the Surrey Zoological Gardens, because this would be, clearly, inviting and encouraging them to make beasts of themselves.



MATERNAL SOLICITUDE.

Anxious Parent. "OH, MY DEAR CHARLES! HOW DID YOU HURT YOUR LEGS! AND HOW CAN YOU GO ABOUT IN THAT DISTRESSINGLY SWELL'D CONDITION?"

SPIRITUAL WORKHOUSE GRUEL.

THE subjoined advertisement appears to indicate that the principle of regaling the inmates of workhouses on a coarser kind and a smaller quantity of food, is extended to their spiritual dietary:—

LYMINGTON UNION.—CHAPLAIN.—The Board of Guardians of the Lymington Union will, on the 17th July next, APPOINT a CHAPLAIN of the Workhouse. Salary £50. Duties, a day service, with a sermon every Sunday, and on Good Friday and Christmas-day, weekly visits to the sick, and generally the duties of the office as defined by Article 211 of the General Order of the Poor Law Commissioners of the 24th July, 1847. Applications, with testimonials, to be addressed to the Board of Guardians, under cover to the Clerk, on or before the 15th July.

Lymington, June 28, 1854.

JOSEPH ROBINS, Clerk.

The manna thus provided for paupers at £50 a year by the Poor Law Commissioners will, those gentlemen perhaps expect, prove deficient both in quality and amount. The allowance must, at least, be scanty, considering the number of months to be fed; with but one pastor.

Fifty pounds a year salary to a Chaplain may possibly be meant for a sort of out-door relief to a necessitous clergyman, sufficient just to keep him, and enable him to go about in a threadbare coat out at elbows. In fixing so shabby an allowance, the Poor-Law Commissioners must, of course, contemplate a corresponding recipient. They know, themselves, what a handsome stipend is; enjoying £1500 per annum apiece.

It would be wrong, however, to impute to the Commissioners a meaner motive than that which may, in reality, have actuated them. Perhaps they considered that the Gospel could be preached to the poor most effectually by the poor; and that a hungry congregation would give peculiar attention to the discourses of a preacher exhorting them on an empty stomach.

If a stipend of nineteen shillings a week is all that a Union can afford for the services of a Workhouse Chaplain, and if it is not thought abstractedly desirable that he should be a starveling and a ragamuffin, it is to be wished that the poverty of the apostolic man could be qualified by the mitigation which tempered the poverty of the Apostles. He should be allowed to work with his own hands; to add the mending of shoes to the cure of souls; and to do gardening, carpentry, or any other odd jobs of an honest nature. Or if, as would be the case of the reverend gentleman who should undertake the Lymington Union, unable to eke out a living by such means for want of time, he ought to be suffered to go into partnership with a tradesman; or his wife should be allowed to set up a chandler's shop, or take in washing, or conduct a mangle.

[FIRST COUSIN TO CHOLERA.

DR. ROBERT LEE has written a book, in which he describes a rate of mortality, more than 20,000 a year above the natural average, as having prevailed on the confines of Circassia during the last 28 years, amounting, in round numbers, to 600,000 deaths. From the same cause an unknown but enormous loss of life has, according to DR. LEE, occurred also in Persia and Poland; besides 300,000 persons swept off in Turkey during 1823-9; of these 50,000, however, having been destroyed by the concurrence of the ordinary plague. To the above victims, the Doctor adds 30,000 and upwards, fallen in the Principalities since their occupation: the whole of these unfortunate wretches having been subjects of Russia; and an incalculable number of Circassians, Persians, Poles, and Turks, having shared their fate. It might be supposed that DR. LEE is describing the ravages of the Small-pox, Typhus, or Cholera: this is not so; he is only recounting the murders of the Czar.

It is said, by the way, that the Cholera has broken out in Cronstadt. Perhaps this is only a figurative mode of stating that NICHOLAS in person, to encourage his troops, has made his appearance in the garrison.

Eastern Occupation.

THE Anglo-French forces in the East are called an army of occupation; but whatever their occupation may be, they seem to be doing very little. Indeed it may be questioned whether MR. JOSEPH MILLER would not be justified in describing the English troops as doing nothing, and the French as helping them.

THE BURIAL OF THE SESSION'S BUSINESS.

NOT an Act was passed—nothing came to a vote,
As each Bill till next Session was buried;
Not e'en SIBTHORP discharged a random shot
At the style in which business was hurried.

We hurried Supply through at dead of the night,
To account War's necessities turning;
Of HUME and of WILLIAMS making light,
And the candle at both ends burning.

PAM's New Police Bill was laid to rest,
(The Mayors and Town-Councils got round him);
Election abuses we should have supprest,
But we left them much as we found 'em.

Civil Service schemes we've put snugly to bed,
(Though TREVELYAN's a troublesome fellow);
Young Offenders to deal with, we were to've essayed,
But they're left till next Session, to mellow.

Largely we puffed, when the Session began,
Our intentions—how deeply we laid 'em;
But, somehow or other, the House took each plan
And arrangement we'd made, and unmade 'em.

By August the Session's task will be done;
We shall have an excuse for retiring;
And then we may look to see business begun
With more action, and less aspiring.

The historian will write on our funeral stone,
When resolved into Whig dust and Tory—
"They passed not a bill, but they raised not a loan;
Be this their sole title to glory!"

A Shaky Sovereign.

THE vacillation exhibited by the KING OF PRUSSIA has been attributed to the influence of Clicquot, taken in superabundance, on his MAJESTY's counsels. After all, a Monarch is but a man, and we all know that too much champagne will make any man unsteady.

IMAGINARY CONVERSATION.

PARTIES.

HIS MAJESTY THE EMPEROR LOUIS NAPOLEON.
HIS HIGHNESS THE LORD PROTECTOR PUNCH.

SCENE.—*The top of the Boulogne Column.*

TIME.—*After the Review of Wednesday, July 12th, 1854.*

The Emperor (who has been watching the troops depart by the Calais road). So, my good friend, they are gone. And now let our adored NICHOLAS look out. Between the Anglo-French fleet and those brave fellows, St. Petersburg will be a pleasant locality.

The Protector. Will your Majesty permit me to say one word?

The Emperor. My dear Lord Punch, you can never offend me except by your silence.

The Protector. The word then, your Majesty, which I would offer in reply to your observation, is simply this. BAH!

The Emperor. You are incapable of incivility, my Lord, and you have a meaning, for which I will trouble you.

The Protector. I admire the soldiers we have just inspected, your Majesty. I admire your Majesty's fleet in the Baltic. I need not say that I admire our own. But all my admiration fails to discern any particular danger to the EMPEROR or RUSSIA. Nor, permit me to say so, does your Majesty discern it.

The Emperor (after a pause and in a low voice). You are a wonderful man.

The Protector (modestly). I am so, your Majesty.

The Emperor. I believe that you have fathomed a thought which I have deemed unfathomable.

The Protector. If my instinct is indiscreet, your Majesty, I can only regret it.

The Emperor. There is no cause for regret. On the contrary, I rejoice that there is one mind in Europe to which I can freely open my own. Punch! I am very weary of this humbug war.

The Protector. Your Majesty has properly characterized it.

The Emperor. We are playing another act of the farce. The stage direction is "Enter several thousand French soldiers, headed by GENERAL BARAGUAY D'HILLIERS. They parade round the stage, and march off at upper entrance left, where is a finger-post marked, To the Baltic."

The Protector. And for all the good they will do, they may as well change their dresses behind yonder trees, and return to their vineyards and cornfields.

The Emperor. True. Oh that we could convert this sham war into a real one. Oh for one hour of him whose title you bear.

The Protector. Does your Majesty allude to a certain Chancellor of the University of Oxford, best known as OLIVER CROMWELL.

The Emperor. Hm! Were he England, I being France, where were Russia?

The Protector. Slightly crumpled, I humbly conceive, your Majesty. For the jest's sake, imagine me that man, Sir, and speak your mind.

The Emperor. We should need little speaking, then, my friend. A strong man armed keepeth his house, but take two strong men armed (call them OLIVER and LOUIS), and every man's house would be theirs to keep. Answer for him, Punch.

The Protector (sternly). Of a verity, KING OF FRANCE, there is man's work to do, and that right early. Art ready to put in thy sickle?

The Emperor (admiringly). Good—good. Waiting, OLIVER. It is England who has been slack, or rather her Government, and its head, my LORD ABERDEEN.

The Protector (with a grim smile). Aye. It may have been so. But I have gone something suddenly to work. Marry, I have swept cleanly. ABERDEEN will hinder no longer. The Government is now certain able scribes who take my orders, and woe to him that slacketh. Moreover, I have sent two words to DUNDAS, touching yon Sebastopolis. He had best obey them.

The Emperor. Might I guess—they are "Take it."

The Protector. Thou hast it. Again, I have sent the LORD PALMERSTON to Vienna, to deliver a message in which his jaunty soul delighteth. He will lose no syllable on the road. He is gone to tell FRANCIS JOSEPH, that if there be a live Russian in Bucharest after this month is out, I shall take it upon myself to desire one KOSSUTH to expel the Muscovites with the aid of such Hungarians as he can raise—he has (another grim smile) some fancy that his recruiting would be speedy. By which route hast thou sent these soldiers to day?

The Emperor. By Calais.

The Protector. How! Is there no iron road to Königsberg?

The Emperor. That is in Prussia.

The Protector. Nay, friend, we have some smattering of geography. England had as good schools in 1599 as in 1854. We have some remembrance, too, of the Rhine, and of certain ancient boundaries of France. Dost think the muddle-witted sciolist, KING OLICQUOR, would like to see the map of Europe reconstructed after thy fashion?

The Emperor. What is that German song—"The French shall never have the Rhine?"

The Protector. A song that may need re-setting, if thy troops are not forwarded and helped on their way—followed, too, (for I know Frenchmen will not be preceded) by a Prussian army 80,000 strong. Marry, there will be no mistake, for I have sent LAYARD, the bull-hunter, to signify as much.

The Emperor. But the diplomatic negotiations that are going on—

The Protector. Seems to me that they will scarce continue, as I have recalled all my ambassadors, and as I take in no foreign letters. Enough of life and of lives has been lied away by such follies. My Ultimatum has gone to Devna.

The Emperor. In Turkey my orders should be first heard. My army is the larger, my general the higher in rank.

The Protector (craftily). It may be that I have not forgotten that, but have bidden RAGLAN and CAMBRIDGE go forth, instantly, as pioneers, and clear the way for the Marshal of France—if he will give them time.

The Emperor. He will not. In an hour orders shall depart that the united armies advance upon the enemy. What of Odessa?

The Protector. NICHOLAS was so pleased with the little that was done before, that I have given him a theme for another Te Deum. Six ships were detached from the squadron, and re-visited the place. Odessa suit.

The Emperor. And the Baltic?

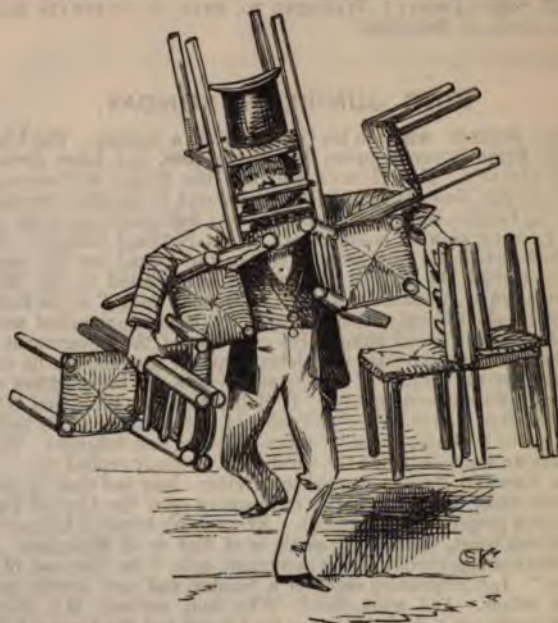
The Protector. I detest profane and rash swearing; yet it seemed not altogether amiss to remind NAPIER of a vow he made on leaving England. Nevertheless, I imperil no lives out of bravado, and he will await thy men. When they shall have arrived, Cronstadt falls, or we have no fleet in the Baltic. Verily, a work is appointed, and a fiery vengeance upon the tyrant and the oppressor, and England shall not shrink back from it, until it be utterly accomplished.

The Emperor. Nor shall France. Oh, Punch, if such words were indeed spoken for England!

The Protector (smilingly). In that case, please your Majesty, England would lose the inestimable advantages of enjoying the services of LORD ABERDEEN, a Statesman whose character, whose experience, whose—

The Emperor. It is now my turn, my friend, to say—"BAH!"

(The word is repeated by the echoes all along the English Coast.)



HOW OUR POLITE CONTRIBUTOR WENT TO HEAR THE BAND PLAY ON THE TERRACE AT SYDENHAM.

The Fellow with the Scythe.

NICHOLAS has ordered a levy *en masse* throughout Poland. Each landed proprietor is to supply twenty-four men, twelve of whom are to be armed with scythes. "Flesh is grass," thinks the moralizing NICHOLAS, and Turks, French, and English, all the same crop. But there are reports from St. Petersburg that tell of a certain scythe, very contemptuous of the order of the Czar; a scythe that cuts very silently, without ever being whetted even against a tomb-stone. The worst of it is, that this old mower, who continues to make his meal on NICHOLAS, does not only carry a scythe, but bears a glass; an hour-glass, whose sand—even at the bidding of the master of sixty millions—is not to be thrown in the eyes of the nations.



Commercial Gent. "THIS WAR, SIR, WILL BE A TERRIBLE HINDRANCE TO ALL KINDS OF BUSINESS!"

Swell. "AW—DESSAY! D'LIGHTED TO HEAR IT—A ALWAYS HAD THE GWEATEST AVERSION T' ALL KINDS OF BUSINESS."

THE CZAR'S CONFUSION.

CONFOUND my men for being beaten,
And by contagious fever eaten,
Invincible because they're not,
And proof against disease and shot.

Confound my generals too, I say,
For being hindered in their way
By obstacles they can't surmount,
And whereupon they couldn't count.

Confound, and blow, and dash, and drat
My scoundrel commissariat,
For not providing for my troops:
A set of knaves and nincompoops!

Confound both Austria and Prussia,
Which I imagined one with Russia,
For leaning to the coalition
Against my Majesty's ambition.

Confound the peoples, whose opinion
Crosses my project of dominion;
Confound the sovereigns who allow it
To have its way, or cannot cow it.

Each upon either throne who sits
Confound alike; both FRANZ and FRITZ:
Whose gratitude, and whose devotion,
I built on with so fond a notion.

Confound the world, confound the weather,
In short, confound it altogether,
Since I must own the hope ill-grounded
That I should "never be confounded."

QUESTION FOR THE CANINE FANCY.—As dogs of draught are now illegal, will it be lawful for a dog to draw a badger?

KING JUNIPER'S SUNDAY.

KING JUNIPER reigns in his Gin Palace on a Sunday. The Church closed, KING JUNIPER opens his palace door, and takes down his palace shutters. MR. HUME's motion in the House of Commons is to give to the Muses the like privileges enjoyed by the alcoholic despot. Shall the Goat-in-Boots serve out quarters, half-quarters of gin; and shall Painting sit with bolted doors in her National Gallery? Shall the Cock-and-Bottle crow responsively to the jocund cry for another pot, and shall the British Museum be only visited by the British Museum flea? All MR. HUME asks is "a small thing;" as the Bishops said when, shudderingly, they appealed to the conservators of ancient sculpture—a very small thing. He only asks of the Government fair play between public-houses and places of public instruction: he would merely place the keepers of objects of fine arts and belles lettres on a level with waiters and tapsters. If Bulls, Red and Black and White, be open after church-hours,—why should not MR. LAYARD's bulls be made public? Bulls, *not* to be taken with beer and tobacco? This is MR. HUME's question, and the question is variously replied to.

MR. EDWARD BAINES has written a letter—long and clear as stream of pump-water—on the intention of throwing open the Crystal Palace to its own proprietors on Sundays. Every man's house is his castle, is the British boast, whether the castle be of flint or of flint-glass. But MR. BAINES apprehends in this movement only "the thin end of the wedge." Let proprietary enter on a Sunday, and very shortly public would follow. And what then? Why then, declares MR. BAINES, would commence a rivalry between the Church and the Crystal Palace. He says, "I apprehend it does not admit of the slightest doubt, that the more pleasure-places you open, the more pleasure-takers there will be." Nevertheless, political economy that, with grave looks, dogmatizes upon demand regulating supply, might object to the absolute verity of this. "Use the palace legitimately," says MR. BAINES, "and the most influential persons will"—do what?—"load it with their commendations!" Let SIR JOSEPH PAXTON take a long, sweet sleep with that thought; his sleep made delicious by dreams of influential persons loading his structure—(it *will* bear them; being built for all sorts of descending blessings)—with commendations. The roof stood up under the snows of last winter, and will doubtless support any load of praise!

But, should the Palace be opened after Church hours, what will be the inevitable result? Why, our "influential persons will regard its crystal attractions as the fascinations of the woman who has every charm but virtue." The Crystal Palace will, in fact, be only another Crystal VENUS! "They [our influentials] will warn others against it,

and for themselves, they will—never enter it again!" Having arrived at this conviction, MR. BAINES must believe the structure doomed; after a short time, a Crystal Babylon given up to owls and satyrs. Influential people refusing their shillings, in due time the whole structure will come down with a crash, and who will pick up the pieces?

MR. EDWARD BAINES is a Lord of Leeds; one of the Barons of Broadcloth, who—let the truth be said—are at times a little more domineering and exclusive than real peers. The Lords of the Ledger are, now and then, prone to be quite as imperious at least as the Lords of the Red Book. Now, who are these influential persons, in whose favour or disfavour the Crystal Palace must stand or fall? Is it the DUKE OF DEVILSDUST? The MARQUIS OF SHODDY? EARL SPINDLES? BARON COTTONTWIST? All peers with letters patent, the letters being £. s. d. ? Is it these high and mighty units, or the thousands, by tens and twenty of the unimportant, laying down each man his influential twelvence, who shall support their own brilliant structure—their own Crystal Palace, price one shilling? Really, we think the people need not be pawed by patronage. The people can see, and judge, and act for themselves. Influence may, in its neglected importance, put on its nightcap and go to sleep; the people can take care of themselves.

"The Crystal Palace Company," says MR. EDWARD BAINES, "like another great invading potentate, will have to beat a retreat with stained laurels." Laurels blackened from the ink-horn of the influential MR. EDWARD BAINES; but the ink is of the most harmless sort; there is in it neither gall nor vinegar to fix its blackness: it will wash off and leave no stain behind. In the meanwhile, according to the Lord of Leeds, we are to look upon SIR JOSEPH PAXTON as only another sort of PAXTONOFFSKY leading a horde of Cossacks against the morality and piety of England, the aforesaid Cossacks remaining for a while disguised in an overcoat of plaster of Paris; and—to the unsophisticated eyes of the Bench of Bishops—standing as the APOLLO BELVEDERE, the INDIAN BACCHUS, ANTINOUS, and so forth.

In the meanwhile, the gates of the Crystal Palace are closed the whole of the Sabbath; and in the meanwhile the Marquis of Granby's Head is open after church hours; and the pewter is crowned with a crown of froth, and pungently strong the odour of shag in the bowers of the CIRCE Tea-Gardens.

Name and Thing.

It appears that MR. I. BUTT could not be satisfied with being BUTT by name. The stir which he made about COUNT FAHLEN in the House of Commons indicates a desire to prove himself a BUTT by nature.

IMPORTANT FROM THE SEAT OF WAR!

JOURNAL OF THE SIEGE OF SILISTRIA. BY OUR OWN BASHI-BOZOUK.



"DEAR SIR,

"Fort of Arab Tabia. Thursday.

"I resume my pen, and continue my account of our siege. I accompany the MS. with drawings, which you will please to have copied by proper persons at home. The one I have hastily dashed off on this page represents myself just now with a little incident that happened. I give you my honour I was so tired after twenty-three hours in the saddle, or in the trenches, that I did not care to remove the shell, but let it blaze away at its leisure. It only killed nineteen men. I thought a few pictures of myself might please the girls at home; and you will take care the artist you employ makes me *handsome enough*, or if I survive this siege, we be to him on my return home!

"Friday. After dispatching that little business with the officers, I appointed the non-commissioned officers to the vacant posts: reserving the place of Major for my faithful friend, G * * *. Some disturbance may possibly take place on account of the appointments, the Pasha in command of the town naturally liking to have the patronage. If he breaks all these ill-looking scoundrels, I shall not be a whit put out of temper. My temper, when I am pleased, is often very fine.

"Inspected the defunct Bimbashi's quarters, and selected out of his stock such things as suited me. The late villain appears to have had an appetite for plunder: I have the less remorse in having suppressed him. I found in his rooms thirteen very handsome suits of clothes, of different but handsome patterns. Selected for every day wear a pink pelisse, yellow trowsers, and a shawl round my fez: for Sundays a light blue Cashmere ditto ditto, Shulwars striped white and crimson, pea-green morocco boots with silver spurs; and another equally elegant dress for change—the rest I distributed among my men. Besides the clothes I found, among the villain's effects—

"A desk, marked MR. J. T. JONES, containing £2000 of circular notes of COUTTS', payable to JOHN THOMAS JONES, Esq., with the circular letter containing MR. JOHN THOMAS JONES's signature. I warn Mr. J.'s family that they can have the desk back again, containing—

"Two quires of Bath post paper,

"Eighteen letters, one containing a lock of hair, and signed your ever ever faithful ANNA MARIA.

"JONES's journal and fifteen of his inn bills (it appears he kept his accounts with much regularity).

"A box of COCKLE's compound Antibilious Pills, of which I own to having given six one evening to one of my Captains, CRUMMY EFFENDI, who was indisposed, and

"The circular letter containing JONES's signature. The notes, I am sorry to say, have been taken by some one, and were cashed by MESSRS. NEPHELEGERETES & Co., of Pera, upon a rather clumsy forgery of JONES's signature.

"In the poor Major's kit I farther found—

"A brace of silver-mounted pistols, and a yataghan, with a case of gold, as I first thought, covered with turquoises. If the late Bimbashi, as I have too much reason to suspect, robbed some innocent family of this yataghan, thinking it was gold, the villain was grievously disappointed, for I could only get 500 piastres for the knife when I sold it at Adrianople.

"Proceeding in my perquisitions I discovered—

"A worsted stocking, containing a *Russia leather Pocket-book* with 3673 paper roubles of Russia, and a bag of 996 silver

roubles, chiefly of the EMPEROR ALEXANDER's reign—which—I mean the paper roubles—I gave to the Commandant of Silistria. The silver I thought proper to retain: and make no doubt that the scoundrel I had just exterminated had been in league with the enemy. Also I found

"A portmanteau, marked 'solid leather,' containing two dozen shirts, marked J. T. J.

"Stockings, collars and handkerchiefs with the same mark.

"Six cakes of brown Windsor soap;

"And a silver-mounted dressing-case—rather a handsome thing—the bottle-stoppers, &c., marked J. T. J., with a lion rampant for a crest. The maker, WEST, in St. James's Street.

"But how the deuce can I tell to whom a portmanteau belongs marked only 'Warranted Solid Leather?' Of course *à la guerre*, it is *à la guerre*. I found the linen most comfortable, and the stockings and slippers very pleasant for a change, when I came in wet and weary out of the trenches. That Major certainly had robbed somebody, and was a lawless villain, whose life was rightly sacrificed to his cupidity.

Saturday. Paraded my regiment, and gave them fourteen hours under arms. Had to chastise seven or eight of them, showing them *que je n'entendais pas la plaisanterie*. Confiscated a goose and a lamb, which our villain had robbed out of the bazaar, and sent the giblets back to the family. On this day we received information in Silistria that a Russian corps was advancing out of the Dobrudscha upon Rassova.

Monday. My quarters are pretty good in the house of the Greek Papa POLYPHLESBEOES. His wife BOÖRIS must have been good-looking, his daughter RHODODACTYLOS is extremely so. Sate with them, and drank Rakee, whilst the old gentleman was at church. Sang 'Who fears to speak of Ninety-Eight?' and 'The Shan Van Voght' to the ladies, who were affected to tears.



"After I had done singing, pretty little RHODODACTYLOS took the instrument, and improvised a plaintive ballad respecting the late events with my regiment, beginning

"Μῆνιν ἄειδε, θεὰ, μεγαθύμου Μυλλιγανοῦ,"

which my modesty forbids my translating, so really undeserved were the compliments paid to the courage, personal appearance, &c., of a certain Colonel of Bashi-Bozouks.

"They produced some Cyprus wine, and we had an excellent pilaff, over which old POLYPHLESBEOES found us on return from chapel. As we had polished off the rice and lamb, the old man dined on the flaps of bread which we had used for plates: and I left the old monster actually picking crumbs off the table-cloth!

"Tuesday. Annoyed all night by the old Papa's snoring. Finding he

has a very comfortable bed, ordered it to my room. Went out with my Bozouks to the bridge of Routschouk, where we found the advanced guard of the enemy. Charged them nine times, but were beaten back by the Russians, with a loss of thirty-nine of ours killed, and seventy-eight wounded. All things considered, however, my men behaved very well. RHODODACTYLOS a good deal agitated, and her mother, BOOPIS POTNIA, delighted at my return. The old Papa seemingly not very glad to see me.

"16. A strong cannonade from the islands of the Danube. The enemy's advanced guard at Adikoi. A skirmish with the Bashi-Bozouks, who retired towards Arab Tabia. The rain fell very heavily from after twelve o'clock. The macintosh I took from the young officer of the Lobski Hussars of great use and comfort. Poor fellow! He too very likely had been in England! The cloak is marked Piccadilly! Such is life.

"18. The enemy who has been establishing batteries upon the islands and the left bank opened his fire this day from noon until night. POLYPHLESBÆOS, in great perturbation, took up his residence in the cellar, where I did not grudge the old chap fuddling himself with Cyprus wine. His comrade, the Papa DOLICOSCHIOS called—as he was talking his head knocked off by a cannon-ball—broke china in corner-cupboard: his hand still holding his beard, which was uncommonly fine, the other his large umbrella.

"19. The enemy opened his trenches at about two English miles of our lines—his left towards Arab Tabia, his right on the Danube. Slept as sound as a roach on the old Papa's mattress, though the Russians never ceased firing from sunset until the morning of the 20th, when his first parallel was completed. The enemy's chasseurs, trying to establish themselves on the height opposite Arab Tabia, the Bashi-Bozouks and Albanians drove them back. Little finger carried off by a Minié ball. Gallant conduct of KARAGOOZ BEG, killed a Russian Colonel, and put on his boots in the face of the enemy. Poor poor little RHODODACTYLOS! Sadly put out by accident to my little finger.—Two Circassian prisoners announce an attack for to-night—Bashi-Bozouks kept up in consequence.

"20. The enemy's guns are uncommonly well served. Every one of their balls hit. Twenty-four pound shot knocked letter I was reading out of my hand: and plumped into the bosom of HOKIM-AGA, Commandant's Aide-de-camp. Had order in his pocket—from a certain high quarter—to shoot me, and reward of 1,000,000 sequins to bring my head to Constantinople. Did not tell poor little RHODODACTYLOS

for fear of alarming the timid little fluttering affectionate creature!—*Mem.* MRS. POLYPHLESBÆOS begins to look very sulky at me.

"24. Provisions are growing rather scarce in my quarters, and old POLYPHLESBÆOS begins to grumble. This evening for supper, I ate the bread and the pilaff too. My appetite is excellent. Mrs. P. and my little RHODODACTYLOS would only touch a little morsel. Young SPIRIDION POLYMETIS, whom I have appointed Lieutenant *vice* BOBORYGMOS, who ran away disgracefully last night, has been useful in these latter days carrying my messages to or from the Commander of the place. In the sally we made last night, SPIRIDION rode back very good-naturedly into the enemy's column for my umbrella; it was the old priests, and not having drawn my sword, I had been constrained to use it in order to poke out a Cossack Colonel's eye who was making himself very officious in front.

"*Mem.* I am growing rather rich in cash. Besides 39 piastres which I brought with me, I have,

"A portmanteau of handsome clothes as above, value say £30.

"969 silver roubles.

"£2000, which came to me by the laws of war.

"A gold snuff-box with the portrait of the EMPEROR set in diamonds, and the order of the Saracen's Head of the second class in brilliants also, sent by his Imperial Majesty to MAJOR GENERAL BARON SLABBERS, whom I slew in the second attack on the 22nd.

"Twelve silver-gilt candlesticks, and a couple of statues, of an ecclesiastical pattern, I confess: and some gold-lace vestments of which the old Papa POLYPHLESBÆOS has made me a present (very unwillingly) out of his church. He may have a hesitation, but I have none, in taking possession of the bullion employed in the Cathedral of these schismatics.

"A gold bowl, a picture frame ditto ditto, and a silver arm chair which SPIRIDION was instrumental in procuring for me from the abbot of the Armenian Convent hard-by. I shall value these at even more than the bazaar price, as they were the means of saving the Reverend man's life: indeed, I should have hanged him had he not given them up.

"A bag of loose diamonds, emeralds, and a silver soup-ladle of English manufacture given to me with the grateful tear of a Jewish family."

"BASHI-BOZOUK."

A GOVERNMENT COUP DE THÉÂTRE.



PARAGRAPH in the *Moniteur* informs us that it has been determined to make the French opera a Government affair, and to add the management of a large Theatre to the other duties of the Minister of the Interior. Such an arrangement would not be popular in England; but if it were, we have no doubt that our present Home Secretary, LORD PALMERSTON, would make himself as much at home in the wings of the opera as he is in the recesses of Downing Street. A life passed behind the scenes of politics, would find no great difficulty behind the scenes of a theatre, and casting the parts in a grand opera would be easy compared with the task of casting the parts in the drama of Government.

In selecting his instruments a Minister, like a manager selecting his orchestra, will find many wishing to play first fiddle, who are scarcely fit to beat a drum, and many who, though they might be useful if they would act in concert, are so fond of harping on one string, as to be prejudicial to the harmony that is desired. It would occasionally lead to some rather absurd questions in the House of Commons, if the Opera should be made a department of the Government. The following are a few specimens of the kind of inquiries to which the Operatic Minister would probably be subjected:—

The HONOURABLE AUGUSTUS SPOONEY, seeing the RIGHT HON. SECRETARY FOR THE HOME DEPARTMENT in his place, would ask whether there was any truth in the rumour that the indisposition of a popular tenor, who did not sing on the Ascot Cup day, though advertised to do so, was in any way connected with the race in question, and whether he, the HOME SECRETARY, would have any objection to lay

on the table of the House any correspondence that might have passed between the popular tenor in question and the Government.

CAPTAIN BALDERDASH would ask whether the military engaged in fighting on the side of Austria in *William Tell*, would not be better employed at the seat of war, and whether they ought not to be immediately ordered out on active service.

The HONOURABLE ARTHUR TWOPENNY would not wish to embarrass the Government, but he would merely ask the HOME SECRETARY whether some arrangement could not be made as to the bones of admission to the Opera, so that the bones of the aristocracy might not be unpleasantly mingled with the bones of the general public, and indeed whether they could not be admitted at separate entrances.

Such are a few of the questions which might be asked, and as the time of the House is already sufficiently occupied about unimportant matters, we should be sorry to see the number increased by adding the management of the Opera to the duties of the Government.

CIRCUIT GAMBOLS.

(From our Legal Reporter.)

"Several members of the Bar went to Bridport to play a Cricket Match to-day."

Western Circuit Report, Times, July 19th

I entered an appearance, and I gazed with sage abstraction,
At the joinder of the issue—at each flannel chose en action:
I heard a writ of summons, and I saw a wicket fall,
As a proof of actual ouster in ejectment by a ball:
As with twisters or with rippers, each in turn was then nonsuit,
Each granted to himself a rule his notches to compute:
As the cricketing coparceners to the scorers' tent did stroll,
But few there found an entry of satisfaction on the roll:
When a writ of execution fierce was sued out—mid his pain,
The fielder only heard the plea of son assault demene;—
One in trower shapes his action for the ball, where long grass lingers,
While another makes an effort for a Capias, with his fingers:
At last a *Slet Processus* is granted to the play,
And a long account is stated of the tent costs of the day.

PROPRIETY OF PENNY-A-LINING.—NICHOLAS, the greatest criminal in Europe, may now, with a correctness that is quite delightful, be styled "The Unfortunate Gentleman."

TEMPERANCE TRIP TO BERLIN.



tion of such fluids in the Palace of SANS SOUCI, they would achieve a victory which would probably lead to a very speedy termination of the war.

Among the many fearful effects of drunkenness, some of the most frequent and well-known are irresolution, vacillation, want of firmness, indecision of character. The mind of the sot loses its equilibrium, wavers, oscillates, and shakes similarly with his hand.

That decent reserve, and respectful reticence which this periodical always observes in making any allusion to the frailties of illustrious personages, would be inconsistent with any remarks more explicit than the above on the very delicate subject which they distantly relate to. But if the teetotallers would send a deputation to Berlin, to see FREDERICK WILLIAM, and point out to him the deplorable consequences attendant on excess of champagne, and induce his Majesty to take the pledge, there can be no doubt that the result would be an attitude, on his part, of steadiness in opposition to the schemes of Russia, much more consistent with his royal dignity than his present course of tottering backwards and forwards. And if the friends of temperance were to undertake this enterprise, they would, since the war is a great hindrance to trade, be minding their own business, which is what they are not doing by trying to interfere with the arrangements for public refreshment at Sydenham.

A VANE AMBITION.

WE have all heard of a tempest in a tea-pot, but something very like a tempest in a chimney-pot has recently occurred, and has fluttered in the leaves of the *London Gazette* for a brief period. We read the other day in that much-quoted but rather dull periodical, the important announcement, that the QUEEN has graciously permitted a certain LORD JOHN or TOM or HARRY and his brother "to use the name of VANE in addition to that of TEMPEST." We congratulate the TEMPESTS on having obtained a sort of object for their energies, inasmuch as a Vane is likely to afford as much play to a Tempest as a weathercock would to a whirlwind.

Worthy the Attention of the British Female.

"MR. EDITOR,

"Habin red in de *Times* an extrae from an Merrican paper, which I hab no dout peaks de troot, cos all de wurruld nos dat de Merrican editurs hate lies as dey do swearin and bad spellin, dat de Englishwomen are bery fond of de Merrican coloured gentlemen, I want you to hab de goodness to put de following vertisement in your paper, gratis, for me, and ib I get a nobleman's darter, or some rich lady, you shall be invited to de weddin:—

WANTED, A WIFE, BY A REAL MERRICAN COLOURED MAN. He is bery much like de uncoloured article; bery small in de nape ob de neck; narrow in de shoulders; tin in de legs, but bery much sole; bery sharp nose, and bery little eye, lbs bery fast and will bery soon die. He will go to market himself and keep all de mouey. Chews and drinks a little, and pits bery elegum.

De ladies will please address MERRICAN SAMBO, 85, Fleet Street.

N.B. Peaks troo de nose.

"P.S. All de letters dat come for me hab de goodness to keep till I call for dem."

A PLEASANT CABMAN.

How pleasing 'tis to hear a Cabman tell

A tale, in speech of coarse redundancy pruned,
Not only talking decently, but well,

His tongue to mild forbearing accents tuned,
At Worship Street as lately it befel:

The nicest exquisite that ever swooned
Being o'erpowered by strong expressions, might
Have listened to JOHN WILLIAMS with delight.

JOHN WILLIAMS is the owner of a cab

Or cabs, for subdulous acumen famed,

And gift of what is sometimes called the gab,

"Cabmen's Attorney-General" thence nicknamed

At queering Beaks and Crushers he's a dab;

Though MR. WILLIAMS would be quite ashamed

That terms, gentility so far beneath,

Should ever leap the palings of his teeth.

Summoned he was by P. C. STANDEN, G.,

Badgeless upon the Shoreditch rank for plying,

And when the Constable desired to see

His catalogue of fares, the sight denying;

Albeit with a form of courtesy,

The Cab Act contumaciously defying.

Upon which charge, with striking grace of diction,

He blandly deprecated his conviction.

Thus, or to this effect, he spoke—"Now I

Am summoned here for two distinct offences;

Permit me separately to reply

To either charge; I care not which commences,

The officer may choose; I quite rely

On what I think a good ground of defence is

Against them both; first I am charged with not

Producing badge, whereas no badge I've got.

"I am the owner of the carriage merely,

That I'm the driver there's no proof to show;

Cabowners to have badges no law, clearly,

Compels—at least of no such law I know.

That of one charge disposes, pretty nearly,

I think; the second is, that I, when so

Required, did not produce the book of fares.

Now that I answer thus: the Act declares

"Distinctly that the driver shall be bound,

Not the proprietor, upon desire.

His book to show, demanded on the ground,

Either of hiring, or intent to hire

His vehicle; but its provisions found,

The right that book's production to require

Upon no other terms. I must, with deference,

Unto the Act request your worship's reference.

"Then will you see 'tis so. Now I, the express

Interrogation to the constable,

Put, as himself will readily confess,

Did he intend to hire the vehicle?

Distinctly he did not, to that address

He answered; therefore, with assurance full,

To you, Sir, do I, most respectfully,

Submit the Act was not infringed by me."

With charmed attention, MR. HAMMILL heard

The Cabman's plea, so pleasant and polite;

And after having to the Act referred,

Pronounced the mild defendant in the right;

Who left the Court without a vulgar word,

(Nor did he wink his eye, nor "take a sight,"

But only shook his head and smiled) surrounded

By friends who scarce contained their glee unbounded.

Hemp to its best Use.

THOSE who think that it is better to teach people not to commit crime than to hang them for committing it, will probably find encouragement in a fact, of which paper-manufacturers have been reminded by the present scarcity of rags, namely, that whatever material can be used for the making of rope, can be used for the making of paper.



First Languid Party. "DON'T YOU FIND SEA AIR VERY STRENGTHENING, JACK?"

Second Ditto Ditto. "OH, VEWY! I COULD THROW STONES IN THE WATER ALL DAY!"

THREATEN THE THREATENER.

PEOPLE who travel by railroad cannot have failed to observe, at various stations, formidable notices of this kind:—

"CAUTION.

"JOHN STUBBS was, on the 11th May last, fined Forty Shillings, for writing with his ring on a window of a railway carriage, that the train was 'disgusting slow.'"

"CAUTION.

"HENRY WABSTRAW and MICHAEL SQUOTT were, on the 9th June, committed to Lampton goal for a fortnight, for riding in second-class Carriages with third class tickets, and offering to fight the station master for the difference."

"CAUTION.

"HABAKKUK BOWLING was, on the 13th of February, sentenced to imprisonment for having insisted upon smoking in one of this company's carriages."

Now we have nothing to say against this mode of gibbeting offenders. MR. STUBBS and the other frightful criminals were, of course, punished for the sake of example, and the more publicity that can be given to an example, the more efficacious it is likely to be. So we are content that they be thus hung in railway chains. But there is such a thing as fair play. There is a saying in the Latin Delectus, "The traveller is not always killed by the thief, but sometimes the thief by the traveller." We might adapt this, and remark that the traveller does not always injure the railway-man, but sometimes the railway-man injures the traveller. We may venture to say this, because juries and judges have said so before us. And therefore we should deem it quite fair, not only in MESSRS. STUBBS, WABSTRAW, SQUOTT, or BOWLING, but in any other railway traveller, to hold out, in his turn, warning and caution to the railway Company and officials. How station masters or Directors who might happen to be on the line, would stare to see affixed to all the lists of the passengers inscriptions to this effect:—

"CAUTION.

"This Railway Company was sentenced by the Court of Queen's Bench on the 8th June last, to pay PHINEAS ANDERSON the sum of one hundred pounds, for damages to his person, caused by the Company's stinginess in not keeping a sufficient number of officials to provide against accidents."

"CAUTION.

"On the 5th January, 1854, a Director of the Indirect South Northern and West Easterly Junction Railway Company was sent to gaol for three months for manslaughter, occasioned by an engine breaking down from neglect."

"CAUTION.

"At this moment the Railway Company on whose line we are travelling is, by compulsion of law, paying an annuity of £50, to the family of SAMUEL STITCH, tailor, who was destroyed by an accident caused by the avarice of the shareholders, the negligence of the Directors, and the wanton carelessness of the officials."

We recommend the Office that Assures Travellers against Accidents to insist upon every assurer wearing upon his hat one of these notices during a journey. It might tend to diminish the chance of his having a claim against that office.

CHASTISEMENT IN THE ARMY.

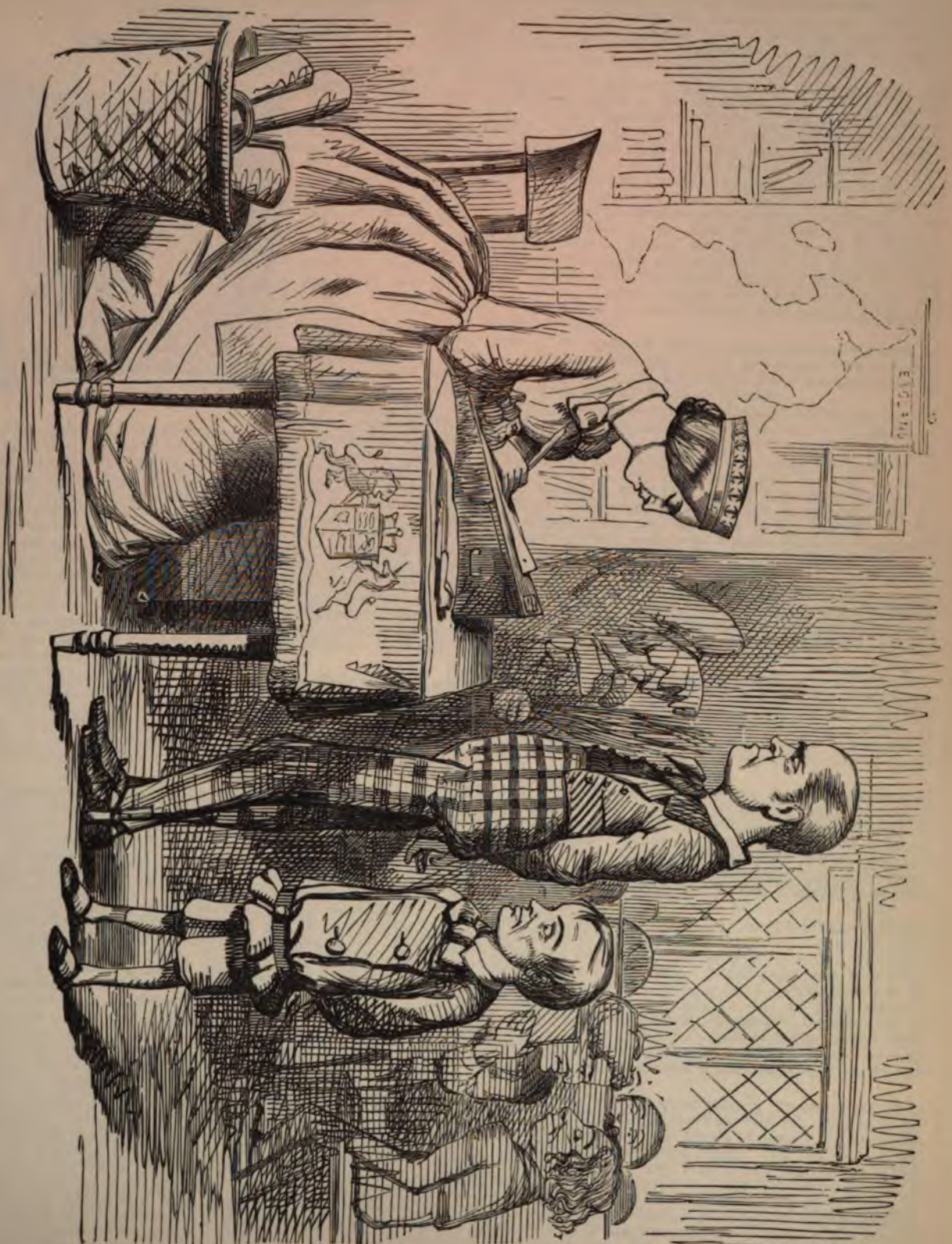
ALTHOUGH we should like to see the Cat disused, we do not desire that flogging should be altogether abolished in the army. In some regiments it appears that the junior officers are in the habit of bullying their comrades after the manner practised by blackguard boys at a public school. Conducting themselves like juvenile blackguards we would have them punished as such blackguards are wont to be. Let them be chastised, *more puerorum*. Do away with the Cat, indeed, in the Army, but institute the Rod, and keep it in pickle for young lieutenants who are in the habit of beating, and pinching, and "pulling about" their brother officers.

The Czar's Rubbish.

FROM JASSY a Correspondent of the *Morning Post* thus writes:—

"The number of the wounded (Russians) on the day of the 7th only, may be imagined from the fact, that 450 carts laden with them have arrived here."

Pleasant news for NICHOLAS this, one might think. But what are four hundred and fifty cart-loads of his wounded soldiers to the CZAR? Of course he looks upon his whole army as composed of rubbish that may be carted anywhere—and shot.



THE HOLIDAY LETTER.

Royal Masters (series). "IN THE CASE OF MASTERS ABERDEEN AND RUSSELL, I REGRET TO SAY THAT THE MOST EXTREME IDLENESS HAS CHARACTERISED THE WHOLE HALF-YEAR."

JUNE 29, 1854.]

PUNCH'S HANDBOOKS TO THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

THE MEDIÆVAL COURT.



MEDIÆVAL, a word signifying middle-aged, has given rise to much discussion, and indeed the middle age of art seems to be almost as much wrapped in obscurity as the middle age in nature, which is, especially among the female sex, a subject of much mystery. There is much dispute as to the point at which mediæval art commenced; but we most of us know it when we see it, just as we

can tell a middle-aged woman when we see her, however she may try to baffle us by an argument as to the point at which the middle age begins. The Pointed style has been termed the key-note to the mediæval in art, and perhaps the Pointed style, as indicated by the sharpness of the nose, and other features, that have lost the roundness of youth, may be considered characteristic of the middle age in nature. A mediæval window has the smoothness of its arch interrupted by a point, and the middle-aged eyebrow is drawn up into what is termed a peaked shape, which takes from the eye its arch look. There is a further analogy between the mediæval in art and in nature, both of which resort in middle age to an amount of ornament, which is equally unknown to the early period of the one and the youth of the other. With advancing age ornament becomes more profuse and elaborate till the original object is almost lost sight of in the gaudy adornments with which it is overlaid.

Much learning has been bestowed on the origin of the Pointed style, but we fear that our own style would be found anything but pointed, if we were to dwell any longer on this rather profitless argument. MR. RUSKIN, throwing overboard all fanciful theories, attributes the Pointed style to the necessity for throwing off the snow and the rain, and thus, by reference to the wet, he manages to get rid of a dry discussion.

Instead of entering any further into the dispute, we will enter into the Court itself, which, coming from the railway, is on the right hand, or eastern side of the building. The exterior of the Mediæval Court is decorated with statues from Germany, as well as from Wells and other places of England. There is the tomb of LONGUESPÉE, our old friend LONGSWORD, from Salisbury; and lying next to him is our old enemy HENRY THE THIRD from Westminster. The lion has gone from his feet—a remarkable coincidence with the fact, that the British Lion would not consent to be trampled on by a sovereign, who made more than one vain attempt to tread down English liberty. On the left is a monument of BISHOP POER, or POOR, in three-quarter relief, which will suggest to the frivolous mind the question, whether any Bishop could have been Poor, and whether anything in the shape of relief ought not to be considered superfluous.

Further on is the monument of PHILIPPA, Queen of EDWARD THE THIRD, whose crown was for some time in pawn to meet the necessities of her husband. This needy sovereign would probably have got change for himself, and spent the proceeds, if he could have managed the affair, for he pawned his kinsman, the EARL OF DERBY, who, if he had met with nobody to back him, might have remained for ever on the shelf as a melancholy pledge of friendship. Passing by the tombs of some few others, who, by virtue of their rank and wealth, were buried in Cathedrals, but who might just as well have been buried in oblivion, we enter what is called the English Mediæval Court.

As we go in at the centre we pass under a doorway from Tintern Abbey, adorned with statues from Wells and Westminster, and find ourselves in a cloister from Gainsborough, in Lincolnshire, a combination which, though pleasing to the eye of taste, is rather embarrassing to the mind of the geographer. Opposite to us as we enter is the Great Door from Rochester Cathedral, with all its original colouring and gilding, which were once very elaborate, but they have been swept by the fingers of Time, who has robbed it of its richness, and on whose hands all the guilt remains. On the left of the inside of the Cloister is the door of PRINCE ARTHUR's chapel from Worcester, having at the sides

two crowned kings, whose heads, the Official Guidebooks tell us, are "exceedingly well executed;" but the heads must have been exceedingly well restored, if the execution was really performed. There are numerous other objects of interest, but our Handbook would become a mere Catalogue if we were to note down separately the lots of attractive articles with which the Mediæval Court abounds.

The early Gothic sculptors went to nature for their ornaments, and were particularly faithful in the delineation of the ivy leaf; but the Renaissance, taking French leave with the ivy, completely deprived it of its fidelity. Among the lesser statues may be noticed a small one, known, or rather guessed at, as the "Boy Bishop" from the Cathedral of Salisbury. When the antiquarians have stumbled over a statue, they are not long in finding a story to match it, and they do not leave a stone unturned, to give to any stone that may turn up a legendary interest. We are told in reference to the alleged "Boy Bishop" that it was an ancient custom to elect from the children of the choir, or singing boys, a "regular Bishop," who, it is said, did all the Bishop's work; but it does not appear that he took any of the Bishop's salary. Some authorities are inclined to believe that the statue of the "Boy Bishop" represents a regular prelate, and when we remember that there have been bishops who have been very small men, we are disposed to concur in the suggestion.

The walls of the Mediæval Court present an interesting series of specimens of the sculptural art, and we find among them more than one sovereign whom we now see chiselled out of stone, after having been in his own day chiselled out of his kingdom.

A copy of the celebrated monument of EDWARD THE BLACK PRINCE, from Canterbury Cathedral, occupies a good position in the Mediæval Court, where may be seen the well known figure of the Prince, with his head resting on the outside, instead of occupying the inside of his helmet. It may be as well to observe, that the title of Black Prince is not proved to have been derived from the armour of his Royal Highness having been kept constantly blackleaded, like the bars of an ordinary grate, but the name is supposed by some to have arisen from the black shadows his presence threw on the hopes of the French, who always called him the "Noir" after the battle of Cressy.

The last monument we shall notice is that of WILLIAM OF WYKEHAM, whose name has been immortalised in connection with the College of Winchester, and whose association with the Hospital of St. Cross seems to promise him a second lease of immortality through the medium of an endless suit in Chancery.

The German Mediæval Court has many exquisite specimens of art, and there is near the entrance on the left hand a piece of sculpture, attributed to KRAFFT, who has shown much artistic cunning. The figures are distinguished chiefly by the feeling for nature exhibited in their hands, and it must be admitted that the artist who has shown in his hands a feeling for nature, seems to have got it at the end of his fingers.

The French Mediæval Court contains many exquisite specimens of workmanship from France, among which may be noticed a copy of some magnificent iron-work, from the south door of the Cathedral of Notre Dame, at Paris. Opinion has been divided on the question, whether the gates are cast in a mould, or wrought with the hammer; and even to this day the disputants are hammering away at the point, with a violence worthy of the forge, and a windy wordiness suggestive of the bellows.

The Italian School is also represented in the Mediæval Court, through the medium of some works by NINO and GIOVANNI PISANO, the latter of whom is the sculptor of a statue in the centre. The figure is said to be Justice because it holds a pair of scales, but if the suggestion is supported by no reason having more weight than is to be found in the scales, the figure might as well be called Grocery. In one of the figures beneath Art may, we are told, be recognised by a pair of compasses, and Charity by a pair of babies, though there seems a childishness in the latter idea, which would make every woman with a brace of infants in her arms a representative of the highest virtue.

We cannot quit the Mediæval Court without expressing our admiration of its beauties, though we cannot go with MR. RUSKIN in his proposed expedition "through the streets of London, pulling down those brackets and friezes and large names" over the shops of the tradesmen, in order to supply "each with a plain shop easement with small frames in it, that people would not think of breaking in order to be sent to prison."* Our love for the Gothic would be tempered by our fear of the police, and we should in smashing the largest windows, put ourselves literally to the greatest panes, with no other attainable end than the station house. We cannot go the length of those who object to all decoration except the Gothic, and who insist on the non-concealment of "hinges, bolts, and nails," as if something besides the door is supposed to hang on the hinge, and as if the only way to hit the right nail on the head is to leave the head visible.

* The Seven Lamps of Architecture, page 109.

"DOGS AND MONKEYS!"

In the present dearth of histrionic talent, it is very refreshing to find not one actor only, but a whole company whom one can praise, without doing violence to one's feelings as a man and one's principles as a theatrical critic. It is at all times very hard work to find out the merits of MR. CHARLES KEAN, to abstain from saying uncivil things of MR. G. V. BROOKE, or to keep down a protest against the blatant emphasis of MR. ANDERSON. The "heavy lightness" of some of our most elaborate comedy "gents," is only less oppressive than the "serious vanity" of most of our performers in the leading business. It is melancholy to have no relief from the rags and tatters of the last French vaudeville, cruelly overdone into English at the Lyceum, better than three acts of stale horror from the Boulevard du Temple, dished up afresh with additional pepper, at the Princess's. In short, wherever I go, I find all French, but the acting.

I am sorry to say that even M. DESIRAI'S admirable *troupe* of dogs and monkeys at Cremorne is "from the French." But as the actors don't talk, and confine themselves to a number of "rapid acts," instead of one slow play, this is the less felt.

M. DESIRAI'S *troupe* is what would be called at Astley's a double company—one quadruped, the other quadrumanous. Among the former there are no less than three low-comedy poodles, whose grotesque dancing distances FLEXMORE; and a light comedy spaniel, whose grace and lightness might be usefully studied by our actors in the same line, while the heavy-business is efficiently supported by a black retriever, whose gravity reminded me of DIDDEAR. The monkey-performers are rather gymnastic than dramatic artists. But the "Star-riders," and "Cherokee Chiefs," and "British Tars," and "Bounding Brothers," and "Italian Brothers," and "German Brothers," and "Olympian Brothers," and the "Sylphs of the Circle," and "Gems of the Arena," and "Dashing Ecuyères," of "the Turkish Pavilion" (or, in plain English, the male and female horse-riders in the Cremorne Circus) are quite outstripped by their monkey rivals in M. DESIRAI'S employment.

In the first place, the scene of the performance of the latter is wilder and more exciting. Instead of the everlasting ring, spread with sawdust, it represents a rocky pass in Kaffreland; and we are reminded of the bow-legged Bushman, or the wild Zulu, while witnessing the rapid act of the Courier of St. Petersburg (with a tail protruding in an agony of nervousness) on two poodles, or the characteristic performance of a simious EATON STONE, on the barebacked pointer of the Prairies.

In the next place, there is no clown in M. DESIRAI'S Company. Now, much as we respect the institution of clown to the ring in the abstract, we are compelled to pronounce your Original Shakespearean Jesters, and your Grotesques of the Circle, generally, insufferable bores and nuisances. The good old clown has been replaced by a being full of stupid forwardness and gross vulgarity, but with none of that delightful imbecility and incurable want of respect for the Master of the Ring, which belongs to the ideal clown—the clown of our childhood—the *Panurge* in motley of *Pantagruel* in a laced jacket and enamelled boots, whose mild wisdom he imposes upon, and whose whip-lash he evades so wonderfully—that emblem of shrewd wit, under the mask of folly, mocking pretentiousness in high places, and always getting the best of it.

M. DESIRAI'S monkey-riders stick to their work, and clearly don't care a dump for the audience. There is no grinning bow, no conceited attitudinising on the part of the gentlemen monkeys—no ogling and posture-making at the audience on the part of the ladies. The ring is clearly a serious business with them. Not that nature does not occasionally peep out, as when the Courier of St. Petersburg, forgetting that he is a courier, suddenly feels that he is a monkey, and instead of bowing to the public at the end of his performance, springs up the side scenes and gibbers and shows his teeth, and climbs, like the youth in LONGFELLOW'S "Excelsior," higher and higher still, till he sings his tail in the gas-border—a warning to the ambitious. As for M. DESIRAI'S EATON STONE, we decidedly prefer him to the original. He gives himself no wild Indian airs, indulges in no humbug about his adventures in the prairies, but is simply an agile mountebank, in paint and fringed leggings, vaulting by the aid of a strong pommel on and off an animal, with a back made tenacious by a coat of rosin. But a small black monkey, with a face like a reduced elderly refugee, is the ADMIRABLE CRICHTON of the troupe, all accomplished both in arts and arms. He plays the cymbals, executes a solo on the violin, is not above performing such menial offices as sweeping the floor, goes through the manual exercise, and concludes by loading and firing his musket in a state of abject terror, which makes the perfection of his drilling more remarkable.

The animal has clearly pursued knowledge under the greatest difficulties, and has the most indistinct ideas of the meaning of his various feats, and the general purport of the whole proceedings of which he forms a feature. But how many artists do you and I know who are just as ignorant? How few do we know who are half as diligent or as unpretending? If he is now and then distracted by a

stray nut, what actor can resist a bit of fat, or an opportunity of "gag?" If he does occasionally bolt off the stage and conceal himself in the flies, he is much more easily caught than MR. SIMS REEVES; and, besides, he never skulks under shelter of a medical certificate, or insults the public under pretence of making an apology.

I had the pleasure, after the performance, of an introduction to the company. I found them affable and good-tempered, and quite free from that craving for strong flattery which I have generally remarked among bipeds of the same profession. M. DESIRAI describes them as easy to manage—on the whole—but, with them, as with their human brothers and sisters, firmness is necessary. If you give way to them at all they become insubordinate. His rule is never to feed them till after their performance—but then they are not liable to half salaries or "no treasury."

Immediately after acting and supping, they are consigned to small boxes and shut up in the dark till wanted again. I could not help wishing that some actors and actresses of my acquaintance could be subjected to a similar seclusion when not acting.

M. DESIRAI, like other managers, finds the ladies most difficult to deal with—and when they do bite, he remarks that they do it with a peculiar viciousness. He is now training a couple of novices to the performance of "*la Perche*," and had even attempted to break-in a large black monkey and his two young ones to a drawing-room entertainment à la RISLEY. But the parental instincts of the animal revolted at the idea of making footballs of his own flesh and blood—thus showing the inferiority of the monkey to the man, in whom such prejudices have never been found to stand in the way of the amusement of the public.

Now that the EARL OF WICKLOW'S dog-cart bill is likely to throw so many industrious animals out of employment, why should not British philanthropy secure them a subsistence in the theatrical profession? Let the friends of the dog combine, buy up the lease of the Opera House from MR. LUMLEY, engage M. DESIRAI as their acting manager, and get up a Canine Company—or Dog Dramatic Establishment.



The Bold Aberdeen.

At the meeting of the Supporters of Ministers the other day, MR. BRIGHT declared that "he had great confidence in LORD ABERDEEN, and expressed his scorn for the violent manner in which the noble Earl had been assailed in reference to Russia and the War." MR. BRIGHT'S own views upon these subjects being pretty well known, the calling such a witness to LORD ABERDEEN'S character is perhaps the boldest thing that has been done during the whole campaign. If LORD ABERDEEN feared to defy Russia, he does not fear to defy England.

Quack, Quack at the Antipodes.

A LETTER in the *Times* from Australia informs us that the Miners of Ballarat give a guinea apiece for BALLAWAY'S PILLS! Another tremendous proof that gold has no bowels.

PRUSSIA'S VACILLATION EXPLAINED.

(IN A SCENE FROM THE UNFINISHED DRAMA OF THE RUSSIAN GENTLEMAN.)

SCENE—*Sans Souci. The Royal Study.**Enter KING CLICQUOT and TWO COUNCILLORS following.*

Clicq. We are fatigued, discussion's drought hath dried
Our tongue and brain; and Draught, Drought's antidote,
In both our natural humour must restore.
Without!—some wine there ho!

Enter PAGE with Champagne.

1st Coun. Hey presto!—faith, } *aside.*
Right promptly served.

2nd Coun. The butler hath, I wot, } *aside.*
To make no lengthy voyage to the cellar.

Clicq. Sit, gentlemen, (*fills a tumbler*) and do as we do.

1st and 2nd Coun.

We humbly thank your Majesty. *[They help themselves.]*

Clicq. Peace! *[Drinks]*

1st and 2nd Coun. Peace! *[They drink the toast.]*

Clicq. Pros't!—may the pledge avail the wished-for-end!

For which we strive, as yet, alas! in vain,

That end what means were safest to pursue? *[Drinks.]*

1st Coun. If I might hazard speech—

Clicq. Speak freely, man. *[Slaps him on the shoulder.]*

1st Coun. This counsel I would give your Majesty;

At once with Austria and the Western Powers

Make common cause, and lead the Intellect,

The Science, and the Morals, and the Art

Of Germany against the barbarism

And brutish force of savage Muscovy.

Clicq. Why that's well said—that's well and bravely said— *[Drinks.]*

Extremely well and very properly said,

There is the Physical and Psychological

And there is Russia—that's one element—

And Prussia—that's another element—

Antagonistic forces.

2nd Coun. Pardon, Sire:

But is it not of Nature found the law

That force should with opposing force combine?

Acid with alkali; and oxygen

Or chlorine with a metal: positive

With negative in electricity?

Clicq. That's true o' the other hand—that's also true—

Acid with alkali makes a neutral salt,

And that suggests a neutral policy.

'Sides, talk o' chemical affinity,

Rec'lect that Nic'LAS ish my bruz-in-law.

1st Coun. Yet let your Majesty this truth perpend,

Light is the opposite to darkness, s'ill,

Light doth the shades of darkness chase away;

Then champion Fatherland's enlightenment

Against the advance of Russia's night.

Clicq. I will!

I'll be sha champions of our Fazerland.

Russia shall not eclipsish sha Human Mind

Dashifsheshall!

I'll give in my adhesion to sh' allies,

And Prussia shall march in she van o' Eu-

-pean shivilishash'n.

2nd Coun. Then, Sire, against your august relative,

Your Majesty resolves to draw the sword?

Clicq. Draw sword against my bruz-in-law!

2nd Coun. Against

Your Majesty's near kinsman, and besides,

The great support and prop of monarchy,

On rabid revolution, everywhere,

Enforcing loyal order.

Clicq. No, I won't.

Angel of Peace, you know, he shaysh I am.

I can't, I mush'nt fight my bruz-in-law—

My poor dear bruz-in-law!

2nd Coun. And fighting him your Majesty would fight

For MAHOMET against the Christian side.

Clicq. MAHOMET is the false Prophet, and I won't fight for MA-

HOMET. I am a Chrish'n—and I hope to be shaved. I won't take

MAHOMET's part—hangfiwill! *[Drinks.]*

1st Coun. But Russia, as your Majesty well knows,

The Greek corrupt religion doth profess,

Not the confession evangelical

Of MARTIN LUTHER.

Clicq. Why, that alters sha caseagain *[Drinks.]* MARNLUTHER I

look upon as a Posh'l. MARNLUTHER's sh' only true shysh't'm of
theology. True sheology's sha bashish of evshing—ashecks and
evshing elsh! *[Drinks.]*

2nd Coun. What course then doth your Majesty elect?

Clicq. Lemmy turnitover immymind. Famous doctorhewas! DOCTOR

MARNLUTHER. Sing's DOGMARNLUTHER's song.

1st and 2nd Coun. What song, an't like your gracious Majesty?

Clicq. Song DOGMARNLUTHER used to sing. You know—

1st and 2nd Coun. Full many a goodly song, puissant liege,

Did DOCTOR MARTIN LUTHER use to sing.

Clicq. Ay; but zshish was a cap'l song. Tsh! whatamem'ry I have,

be sure! "Who lovesh not wine." Thash ish! *[Drinks.]* "Who lovesh

not wine" *[trying to sing, breaks down]*. No—I can't shing! I've qui-

lost myvoice—quilstomyvoice—talkinsmuch 'bout this confound East'n

quest'n. Shall soon have no voice atall left. I'm very tired—essessively

tired—*[Drinks.]*—zhent!m'n helpyaselves an' downineme *[nods]*.

1st and 2nd Coun. But, Sire, your answer to the Western Powers.

And Austria?

Clicq. Talkaboutthattomorra!

[Falls asleep. COUNCILLORS raise their hands, turn up their eyes,

and shrug their shoulders; and the SCENE closes.]

TO YOUNG MEN ABOUT TO ENTER THE ARMY.

A YOUNG gentleman, desirous of a commission in the gallant Light
Peashooters, his anxious parent, before coming down with the money,
put to his ambitious son the following questions:—

Father. And so, HENRY, you wish to be a soldier?

Henry. Such, my beloved parent, is your son's most ardent prayer.

Father. The discipline is very sharp. And, my dear boy, you have

a temper.

Henry. Aware of that infirmity, honoured Sir, I have, I trust, entered

upon a self-examination, followed by a self-mortification that, if I err

not, has at once restrained and strengthened me.

Father. Very good. Can you obey the orders of a superior?

Henry. Unhesitatingly.

Father. Say, you were an ensign; and in an hour of social converse

over cards, your superior officer were to inflict upon you a name I—

will not mention. How would you receive it?

Henry. Whatever the name might be, with becoming humility.

Father. Say that, on your manifested desire to discontinue play,

your superior officer should collar you, and drag you about? What

would you do?

Henry. With the fullest sense of the vital necessity of discipline, I

should mildly and respectfully remonstrate with him.

Father. Very good. We will suppose that your superior officer is,

in his superiority, deaf to remonstrance. We will even suppose him

superior—much superior—in station and in strength; and with a proud

sense of such superiority, we will suppose that—there is a candlestick

upon the table—that your superior officer punches you in the face?

What would you take?

Henry. The candlestick, if nothing else, and immediately knock him

down.

Father. Your sentiments, my dear boy, do you honour as a man;

but they would lead you to inevitable disgrace and ruin in the army.

You must therefore give up the thoughts of a Commission in the Light

Peashooters.

Rational Remonstrance.

LET peaceful BRIGHT in speech delight

That charms the Cotton crew;

Let COBDEN rather trade than fight,

For 'tis his business to:

But when our Premier, duped before,

Still trusts to Russian lies,

Such weakness but disgusts JOHN BULL,

And makes his monkey rise.

Not a Serious Man.

A GENTLEMAN calling himself ERNEST FITZ ROY has been figuring

away in the *Morning Post* as "Hon. Sec." of the Belgravian "Choral

Defence Committees." FITZ ROY may be authentic enough—but

ERNEST? Oh nonsense! FITZ ROY is only joking.

Nicholas and the Peacemongers.

CERTAIN people almost as insane as himself, appear to think the

CZAR OF RUSSIA is desirous of peace. For ourselves, however, we

confess we see but little hope of his burying the hatchet, while he so

vigorously continues to throw it.



QUITE A NOVELTY.

Amiable Experimentalist. "MAKES A DELICIOUS SIDE DISH, DOESN'T IT? BUT IT IS NOT THE COMMON MUSHROOM; IT'S A LARGE FUNGUS, CALLED THE *AGARICUS PROCERUS*. IT GROWS SOLITARY IN HEDGE ROWS, IS CALLED *COLUBRINUS*, FROM THE SNAKE-LIKE MARKINGS ON ITS STEM. THE *PILEUS* IS COVERED WITH SCALES, WHICH ARE FORMED BY THE BREAKING-UP OF THE MUD-COLOURED EPIDERMIS, AND —

[General panic takes place.]

NO MATES FOR THE VULTURE.

THERE sits a Vulture, gaunt and grim,
Double-headed, golden-crowned,
Foul of scent and lean of limb,
Keen for carrion, peering round
With eyes, albeit seeming dim,
That sweep a vast horizon's bound.

When a sickening nation reels
To the death, this vulture's there,
Ever narrowing, as he wheels,
His circuit, in the tainted air,
Till an instinct sure reveals
Safest time the prey to tear.

So round Brescia's shattered wall,
Sullen swept this bird obscene,
Sniffing through the sulphurous pall,
Reek of blood, with relish keen;
Waiting on the prey to fall,
When beforehand death had been.

So beside the lone lagune,
Where beleaguered Venice stood,
Through the long siege, late and soon,
Hovered still this bird of blood,
Till to death, in mortal swoon,
Sunk the Lady of the Flood.

When 'neath ARAD's gallows-tree,
Proud the martyr's death to die,
Stood the Magyar chivalry—
The hideous bird was waiting nigh,
Until Death should leave him free
To rend the flesh and scoop the eye.

And shall England's Lion bold,
And shall France's Eagle true,
With this bird alliance hold
In the work they have to do,
Though each head be crowned with gold,
And each claw be sceptred too?

Never—for the Lion's pride
And the Eagle's is the same;
Carrion neither will abide,
Stooping but to living game—
Victors, they would be defied,
Or the victory brings not fame.

Hence, then, craven carrion-bird—
To the gibbets and the graves!
With thy kindred vultures herd—
Russ and Prussian—fools and knaves:
Be one freeman's strength preferred,
To the strength of million slaves!

THE SMUGGLER OF HAMPSTEAD HEATH.

EVERYBODY is asking what could have induced the Lords to pass SIR THOMAS MARYON WILSON'S "Finchley Road Building Act," which is so framed as to enable him ultimately to enclose Hampstead Heath? There is no knowing, unless it was fellow-feeling with the donkeys, whom their Lordships may conceive to be over-driven and over-ridden on that hitherto common property.

If this Bill has passed the House of Commons, it is evident that a gross act of smuggling has been committed, whilst the people's Preventive Service were asleep or intoxicated. In case it has originated in the Peers and has yet to get through the Lower House, let this be a notice to the ST. STEPHEN'S Coast-Guard to be on the look-out for the contraband article, so as to frustrate the machinations of the Hampstead WILL WATCH, as we may call WILSON; who has so long and so pertinaciously been watching his opportunity of getting an Act of Parliament to enable him to violate his father's Will.

Class Book for Belgravia.

SHORTLY will be published—with numerous illustrations afforded by various clergymen and ladies—a new child's book for the use of Belgravian youth, entitled, *Puseyism in Fun made Popery in Earnest*.

The Sovereign of Potsdam.

THE KING OF PRUSSIA is pursuing courses which may cost him a crown. In this country at any rate they would render him liable to be fined five shillings.

IMPORTANT FROM THE SEAT OF WAR!
JOURNAL OF THE SIEGE OF SILISTRIA. BY OUR OWN
BASHI-BOZOUK.



"Fort of Arab Tabia, June 25.

"DEAR SIR,—Some jealous scoundrels, (I suspect the envious malignity of a couple of English Officers, who are making themselves very officious here) have been complaining of the plundering propensities of my Bashi-Bozouks. In an angry interview with H. E. MUSSA PASHA this morning, I repelled the accusation with scorn, and challenged both the English Officers for the honour of our corps.—N.B. The Turks do not understand the practice of civilised European gentlemen: and MUSSA PASHA said 'Suppose Captain B. shoots you, will that prove you did not take the Jew Merchant's silver soup-ladle and diamonds?—Go and shoot as many Russians as you please, MULLIGON FERIK! but let us hear of no more plundering.' It is in vain to expect in half-educated men the refinement

and delicate feelings of gentlemen with a long line of ancestry. The enemy made three attacks this evening on Arab Tabia. As I brought in a prisoner, though very much mutilated, MAJOR GENERAL COUNT SWIGGAMOFF who led the last attack, HIS EXCELLENCY MUSSA PASHA was pleased to compliment me, said he would send my name to the Commander-in-Chief for decoration, and look over the affair of the Jew, who was making a deuce of a disturbance.

"The affair last night was very hot. My arm this morning is black and blue from lifting iron. The Russians had actually entered the redoubt and cut down our artillerymen at their guns, when the Bashi-Bozouks luckily arriving gave a different turn to affairs. We may expect a great attack in a day or two. My prisoner says that MARSHAL PASKIEWITSCH was in such a rage, as to kick the Major-General at the head of the column.

"27. Three tremendous attacks upon Arab Tabia took place to-night. The first, under the command of GENERAL COUNT SLUTZ of the Alexander Regiment, was very nearly doing for us. They came on in spite of the fire of our guns, their drums beating, their officers in the front waving their hats and cursing and swearing in the most frightful manner. The Russians actually clambered through the embrasures and over the guns. COUNT SLUTZ, a very stout man, in jack boots, was rammed up in an embrasure against a Paixhan gun, and there I confess I prodded him. After his death the survivors of the attacking column fell back in much disorder. This must have been at 10:35 by the late Count's repeater.

"At 11:22, p.m., the gallant foe returned in still greater force; they did not fire a shot until they were close upon us, and I heard a voice calling out—'Three hundred thousand silver roubles and the Order of SAINT ANNE, second class, for the man who brings in MULLIGANOFF dead or alive!' I thought I knew the voice. 'Ha, my boy!' I roared out from the bastion. 'Ha, TUFFSKIN, my boy! How did you like the bastinado at the Hôtel d'Europe?' Indeed it was poor TUFFSKIN, who had arrived only that morning at the army. He will never suffer the cat-of-nine-tails more. It was the fortune of war, and now he is no more I can do justice to a gallant enemy. I gave his earrings to little RHODODACTYLOS, on my return to my quarters after

"THE THIRD ATTACK, which was the most severe of all. By this time ammunition had been luckily brought to us in the fort, and as the enemy came up we received him with a fire so murderous, that 452 men were killed, and 2706 wounded, by the first discharge. We gave them a second by the time they were up to our guns, and then rushing out on the disordered column, my gallant Bashi-Bozouks drove the storming party back three miles through their own entrenchments and into the Danube, where, such was their impetuosity, many of my fellows were actually drowned with the Russians. I had marked and seized an old officer who had been making himself particularly conspicuous, and having broken my sword was pummeling him most severely with the handle about the face and ribs, when he cried out in very good French, 'Tenez, MULLIGANOFF! Je me rends. Je suis le MARÉCHAL PRINCE PASKIE' . . . but I heard no more, for a shot entered my shoulder and down I dropped. Provoking.

"I had to walk home five miles with a bullet in my shoulder; and did not reach my quarters till 7 o'clock, a.m. What a scream of delight little RHODODACTYLOS gave at beholding me. They were eating a piece of horse for breakfast; for provisions are getting scarce.

I took my share of the chivalric meal; and then had the conical ball extracted, which had given me much annoyance. Prisoners who came in this day, the 28th, announced that PRINCE PASKIEWITSCH had received some severe contusions the night before, and that PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF had resumed the command of the siege.

"30. Had some fever from my wound. The fire of the enemy was so hot that no less than twenty-nine cannon balls and four shells fell into my room, which burst there, and filled the place with smoke. I could not move, as the surgeon had forbidden me to stir, even taking away my pantaloons, so as to prevent the possibility of my quitting my apartment. In the intervals of the firing my charming RHODODACTYLOS was so attentive and kind to the poor wounded Bashi-Bozouk, that my heart melted towards the dear girl. I offered her my hand, on condition, of course, that she would separate from the Greek schism, and the blushing young creature gave me her own rosy fingers in reply.

"July 1. The siege is raised. The Russians are in full retreat, my Bashi-Bozouks after them. I am so weak that I cannot move from my bed. Cowards and detractors have been blackening my character to SAMMI PASHA, who has now the command of Silistria, and I am a prisoner. I who saved Silistria!

"2. RHODODACTYLOS was allowed to come in to me with a little calves' foot jelly, which she had been making. I told the dear girl where I had secreted my property; viz. in a hole under the pumpkin bed in the garden of the house where poor old POLYPHLESBÆOS discovered me investing some of my property on the 23rd. I was in the hole, spade in hand, digging, and thereby saved my life; for a round shot took off POLYPHLESBÆOS's head just over me: and the poor man thus paid for his curiosity.

"4. Anniversary of American Independence. I rallied this day. The sentry was taken off yesterday, and I received my order of Nisham from the English officer here, who says my conduct is overlooked—I think it is overlooked indeed!—in consequence of my gallantry. The house being empty, I went down to the garden, where I kept my things.

"O RHODODACTYLOS! O woman, faithless woman! Would you believe it? I only found the desk and papers marked J. T. JONES; every other single item of my property has been taken away, except a boot-jack, an old coat, and a pair of very old trowsers, and I was told by the clerk of the Greek Chapel, that RHODODACTYLOS and SPIRIDION were married yesterday morning, and that they left Silistria the same afternoon for Bulgaria, in an aroba very heavily laden. SPIRIDION was in a pink pelisse, red-striped trowsers, and pea-green boots. RHODODACTYLOS, the clerk said, blazed in diamonds: and unless you accept the bill I have drawn upon you through MESSRS. ORNITHES of this city, I am actually a penniless

"BASHI-BOZOUK!"

TREASURE-TROVE FOR A CABMAN.

WE should much like to know what answer has been received to the subjoined advertisement:—

TO CABMEN.—If the Cabman who took up a Clergyman and his Wife in the New Road on Sunday evening last, and drove them to the Inverness Road, Bayswater, will return the BIBLE and PRAYER BOOK left in the cab, he shall be well rewarded.

The question which occurs to most of us, on reading the above, is whether any existing Cabman would know a Bible and a Prayer Book if he saw them, as the chances would be much against his ever having looked into either in his life. Perhaps, however, the effect of the foregoing advertisement has been to elicit a circumstance which may form the basis of an affecting story. Possibly the volumes have been returned by a Cabman who never returned any property that he found in his vehicle before; but who, accidentally opening them, and perusing a portion of their contents, was thereby induced to abandon the error of his ways; eschew gin and beer in excess, and extortion, insolence and bad language altogether, becoming civil, honest, and sober.

WHAT IS BRIBERY?

HONOURABLE Members seem to be in a state of much uncertainty as to what is or is not bribery, under the new Bill, and some curious cases have been put, which are certainly rather puzzling. MR. BANKES thinks it ought not to be considered bribery to "refresh" a voter, and the honourable member evidently thinks that the franchise might be safely "wetted" with an occasional pot of beer, lest the voter should neglect a merely dry privilege. Considering that the freedom of election has often been swamped in stout, ale, porter, and other compounds, we think the legislature should be cautious in putting the Beer barrel—or rather the tap—into the hands of Candidates. Many an M.P. who has been supposed to represent a borough, has in fact represented so many hogsheads of half-and-half, and there are some, who, instead of entering the House as members for such and such a place, should have taken their seats for so many pints of double X.



IMPROVEMENT IN IRISH AFFAIRS.

"WHOO!—WILL ANY JINTLEMAN BE SO ENGAGIN AS TO THREAD ON THE TAIL OF ME REGISTERED PALLTONE?"

SEVEN CASES FOR THE POLICE.

THE knaves who pretend to read the stars for the fools are, it seems, not extinct, although a good many of them have involuntarily exchanged their mock observations of the revolutions of the planets for real acquaintance with those of the treadmill. *Mr. Punch* has been favoured with an assortment of cards and other invitations of some of the scamps, and he perceives, with regret, that the police are not so vigorously employed in extirpating the breed as they might be. No fewer than seven of such documents lie—in every sense—before him.

One impudent vagabond, who calls himself an Astral Professor, excels in English composition. His *affiche* runs thus:—

"The Stars do teach as well as shine.

"NATIVITIES CALCULATED AND HORARY QUESTIONS ANSWERED, whereby persons are warned of impending danger or encouraged to pursuits which promise success relating to Love, Marriage, Business or Pleasure, Sickness or Health, &c. &c., solved by Astronomical Calculations on the true principles of the venerable science of Astrology. Terms, for Nativities, 5s. according to length, &c. Horary Questions, from 1s. Planets Transits, showing their operating influences for the current year, 5s.

"Diseases cured by Herbs, under the influence of the Planets which rule them, being the safest remedy, as minerals, &c. have taken away millions of our fellow-creatures!! Advice and Mode of Diet, 2s. 6d."

It is hardly probable that anybody who is idiot enough to think of consulting the Professor, is likely to read *Punch*, and therefore the latter merely exhibits these evidences of folly for the compassionate smile of those possessed of common sense. Else it might not be amiss to insist upon attention being paid to the Professor's wretched gibberish. He professes to answer questions "whereby persons are warned"—warned by their own questions. And his clients are encouraged to "pursuits which promise success relating to sickness." Surely one of these must be the pursuit of an emetic, an article which perhaps the quack sells, in addition to his "herbs, under the influence of the planets which rule them." We should like to know something about this vegetable astronomy, and how the fellow found out that Mercury and Venus have no better business than the minding kitchen-gardens. There is one herb, however, which we should very much like to administer to the Professor himself—the herb our old friend RABELAIS calls Pantagruelion. Not, we need hardly say, in the dignified form of a halter, but in nine doses, simultaneously administered every morning for a week, at the "fortunate hour" when the planet Matrix, or the Flogger, enters the House of Correction, in conjunction with Felis, or the Cat.

Another impostor heads his card "Astrology," and in some dirty den, whose obscurity requires a whole string of directions, (No. 3, Stench Street, Foul Street, Muck Lane, Whitechapel),

"Answers all Questions relative to the Affairs of Human Life, as Marriages, Sea Voyages, long or short Journeys, lost or hidden Treasure, &c. Nativities Cast. Letters Post-paid."

A third spells so charmingly that his card must be reproduced *literatim*, name and address excepted:—

"PRONOGOSTIC ASTRONOMY.—Mr. . . . Continues with great success to answer Questions upon Business, or any other undertakings of importance.—N.B. Bread Guard Manufacturer."

The "pronogostic" astronomer has so much to do that he has no time to mind his spelling. His "bread guard" was beyond our comprehension, but, luckily, collating him with the next quack, we got a clue to the mystery. Here is the fourth:—

"W. . . . Bookseller and Stationer, Dealer in Almanacks, Astrological Books, and Ephemeris, Questions answered on Life or Health, Removals, Marriages, absent Friends, Business, Legacies, and any kind of chance speculation whatsoever. Nativities calculated, &c. Bread Guard manufacturer. Umbrellas made and repaired. Terms moderate. Letters must contain a Stamp."

This gentleman not only reads the skies, but makes machines for protecting you against their influences. We fancy the great astronomer going his rounds, "Many new planets to consult? Many old umbrellas to mend?" And it seems that "bread guard" is the article in which the pronogostic and the umbrella-man also deal—we believe it is the material of which watch-guards are made, articles which anybody venturing into the astrological den is very likely to need.

Next comes a more pretentious party. He dates from the city over whose Cathedral the ancient NICHOLAS is said not to look with a cheerful countenance, though the sight of the wretched folly, whose existence is implied in such an advertisement, might comfort the First Whig. He—we mean the quack—has the presumption to start with a misapplied motto from honest ELIHU BURRITT, for the which we should like nothing better than to see that honest blacksmith take him in gripe for a couple of minutes—probably he will when we tell him to what he is made sponsor.

"Mr. . . . Mathematical Projector of Zodiacal Planispheres, and Professor of Genethliacal, Horary, Mundane, and Medical Astrology, may be consulted on all important subjects referring to human destiny. All questions are scientifically answered, according to the position and configuration of the planetary orbs, on Life, Health, Love, Marriage, Pecuniary affairs, Sickness, and the probable duration of Vitality. Intelligence of Ships at Sea, and the condition of absent friends, with important advice on Removals and Emigration, so essentially required in all adventures and speculative enterprise. Judicial remarks on the nativities of Children, invaluable to parents, describing the temperament, propensities, and disposition,—the most beneficial pursuits in life they may be qualified to follow, if destined to arrive at maturity. . . . can also state the periods when the body will be predisposed to sickness, accidents, &c. In order to insure positive remarks on Nativities, it is necessary to forward a notice of the correct time and place of birth.

" . . . being the only Professor in the Midland Counties who holds a Diploma from the British Scientific Association, and whose experience in the Celestial science over forty years, amateurs and others may with confidence rely upon obtaining genuine instructions, and important revelations."

For impudence and nonsense this precious announcement beats most of the kind. However, we will leave the gentleman to the enraged blacksmith, assuring the friend, that if stalwart ELIHU does see these lines, a period when an Astrologer's "body will be predisposed to an accident," will not be very far off.

No. 6 on our list is more humble. He only goes in for

"PRONOGOSTIC ASTRONOMY, and begs to inform his Friends and the Public in general, he still continues to give advice to those Ladies and Gentlemen who may favour him with their time of Birth. Nativities calculated on Mathematical Principles.—N.B. Please to observe the Name on the door."

He is as polite as a hungry dodger should be—favour him with your time of birth, and please observe the name on the door. He is scarce worth notice. But we have reserved the climax as a *bonne bouche*. Here is a production of real note. It purports to be a prediction of the fortune of a young lady of exalted rank, whose illustrious position exposes her to the impertinence of such creatures as those who issue the following handbill. They date from St. Luke's, so are probably on a visit to some of their dupes. The lady is one of the Princesses, of whom a firm of impostors cackles thus:—

"At the given time of the Royal Native's birth, the sign Places arose, giving the benevolent Planet Venus as her ruling star. We consider her nativity as fortunate, and she will live in great esteem, and be much respected in society. The Moon in Scorpio makes her cheerful, agreeable, pleasant, just, and kind; of good temper and disposition, fond of music, painting, poetry, singing, dancing, reading, also gives a partiality for changes and witnessing many strange and curious scenes, generally a favorite and much admired by Gentlemen. In all kinds of pleasures, love affairs, parties, &c., the Royal Native will find her own sex to be her enemies, and they will deceive her often. She will travel and see many different places, have many removals and changes of residence. Of marriage, her husband will be above the middle stature, good looking, of fair complexion, dark hair, a sharp, acute, and active man, of a pleasant, jocular, and flexible disposition, a free and generous spirit, and in general very much respected and beloved. We judge the Royal Princess will marry about the age of 22 years and 4 months."

And for rubbish and vulgarity of this kind, persons are actually found to pay. This is the sort of trash, by vending which RAPHAELS and ZADKIELS, and URIELS, and other angelic gentlemen (who would probably consider a street pickpocket a dishonest man) get their living. Comment upon such delirious jargon would be almost as absurd as the thing itself.

Truly, people have something to learn, even in this age of enlightenment, and if Evangelicals and Tractarians were not so very busy battering one another in riding-houses upon questions of obants and shirts, we would ask them to consider whether education be not a thing for which there is still some little room. However, we must wait until it is settled whether "Amen" should be said or sung.

SUNDAY FOR THE SUPERIOR CLASSES.



attended a Meeting yesterday held at the Cat and Fiddle, the large tap of which public house was densely crowded by persons chiefly of the lower orders. The object of this concourse was to reciprocate the kind attention and solicitude of the superior classes in endeavouring to enforce the observance of the Sunday on the multitude by closing public houses, and barring the doors of all places of amusement and recreation. Numerous speeches were made by working men, expressive of the great obligation under which they felt themselves to those who, not content with selfishly minding their own religious business, were so kind as to devote their principal attention to that of others. It was unanimously agreed that such disinterestedness ought to be met in a corresponding spirit; and a resolution

was adopted for the presentation of a petition to Parliament demanding the closure of all club-houses on Sunday, and the exclusion, to be carried into effect by the police, of the nobility and gentry from their own parks and gardens, on the day of rest.

The petition further required the prohibition of hot dinners on that festival, and also of all other superfluous dressing; namely, the excessive decoration of the person, in which the better orders, so called, are too prone to indulge. Much stress was laid on the painful fact that carriages, belonging to the aristocracy, were to be seen on Sunday standing at church doors, in the charge of domestics, bedizened in ostentatious liveries, and having their hair plastered and powdered; operations involving an amount of work wholly unnecessary. All present appeared to feel that one good turn deserves another; and that the grand principle to be observed, in spiritual as well as in temporal matters, is to consult the good of our neighbour rather than our own. The facility attending this method of practising piety was particularly insisted on. The utmost harmony of sentiment pervaded the assembly, and it appeared to be actuated by the best possible spirit.

AN ARISTOCRATIC AVALANCHE.

THE *Morning Post* gave the other day a fearful account of the falling of an avalanche (in the shape of a pane of glass from a skylight) at the "reception" of the MARCHIONESS OF WESTMINSTER. This result of the negligence of the glazier seems to have caused as much consternation as a casualty from a glacier, among the assembled visitors, none of whom, however, were smothered by the *débris*, though MR. AUGUSTUS LUMLEY was unfortunately under the skylight when the pane tumbled. The affair spread such dismay among the aristocratic group, whose nerves appear to have been frightfully shattered by the breaking of the window, that, "SIR MICHAEL SHAW STEWART and other gentlemen, went in instant search of medical assistance!" The doctors' night-bells in the neighbourhood seem to have been rung by SIR MICHAEL and his frightened followers with such effect, that "several surgeons" were soon on the spot, and MR. LUMLEY's face having been instantly placed in "several" professional hands, was found to have sustained a scratch, or to use the technical language of the *Post*, an "injury of a superficial nature." We are rather surprised at the non-issue of a series of bulletins to allay the anxiety of that part of the public which may be supposed to take an interest in MR. LUMLEY's countenance. Something like the following might have been satisfactory.

1 o'Clock A.M.—The scratch has been measured; it exceeds one inch in length.
2 o'Clock.—A consultation has taken place among the "several" surgeons, who jointly and severally recommend court-plaster.

5 Minutes past 2.—Court-plaster has been applied, and gave its adhesion with great rapidity.

½ Past 2.—MR. LUMLEY has passed a quiet half-hour, and is better.

3 o'Clock.—The "several" surgeons have had another consultation, and propose to "exhibit" gold-beater's skin should the state of the scratch be satisfactory.

½ Past 3.—The patient has just submitted to the operation of removing the court-plaster, which was performed by one of the surgeons in the presence of the "several" others, so promptly called in by SIR MICHAEL SHAW STEWART and the other gentlemen who ran for assistance.

4 o'Clock.—The epidermis has united under the gold-beater's skin, and the

patient being pronounced convalescent by the "several" surgeons, who have held another consultation, no further bulletin will be issued.

BETWEEN BULL AND BEAR.

A BRACE of vultures,—black and foul both—

On a guide-post I saw perching:
Now back to back, now cheek by jowl, both,
To right and left alternate lurching.
Two names that guide-post's arms display so
That every one who runs may read 'em:
As one to Slavery shows the way, so
The other points the road to Freedom.

Never from more unpleasant weather
Shifty and sly for shelter cowering,
Sat two obscene birds together
Against a sky more darkly lowering.

"Why spread you not your heavy pinions,
Before the gathering storm bursts o'er you?
Why halt you betwixt two opinions,
With roads opposed so plain before you?"

They shake their hideous heads, and answer
In a croaking High-Dutch chorus,—
"How, as a reasonable man, Sir,
Ask us to move, with *that* before us?
Just look along each branching road there,
And of our doubt you'll see the cause, Sir.
In those two rampant brutes bestowed there,
Bristling with horns, and teeth, and claws, Sir."

And then I looked and saw the reason,
Why these 'cute vultures kept their perches:
In spite of the inclement season,
And their uneasy mutual lurches;
Barring the road to Freedom, tumbled
The Russian Bear—that *Ursa Major*!
Stopping the path to Slavery, grumbled
The British Bull—that tough old stager!

Then, quoth the Vultures, "Fain on Freedom
We'd turn our backs, and hold with Bruin:
But if the Bull should toss and bleed him,
To side with him might be our ruin.
But if from Slavery—*vice versa*—
We turn and trust the Bull's alliance,
Should Taurus be upset by *Ursa*,
Where should *we* be, if once we fly hence?"

"So, clearly, 'tis our safest plan, Sir,
While each in turn his proffer urges,
To sit as long as e'er we can, Sir,
At this point where the road diverges.
We think the Bull is fool enough, Sir,
To stay, till we have made our minds up;
For though the animal looks gruff, Sir—
Without a fight what odds he winds up?"

"For our own parts, our wish is strong, Sir,
To see poor Bruin get the better:
As carrion-provider, long, Sir,
Each of us owns himself his debtor.
But as, if either floor the other,
We vultures probably shall suffer,
Our game is still war's fire to smother,
And act between them as a buffer.

"Only you go away and leave us
To hum the Bull a little longer;
Say what we like, he'll still believe us,
And every hour the Bear gets stronger.
While the Bull stays on our excuses—
Of course we speak him very fair, Sir—
His time and fighting pluck he loses,
In point of fact forgets the Bear, Sir.

"Hoping the Bull won't be a mover
Till in his boat we vultures pull, Sir—
Our game is still to tide things over—
To act with Bear, and talk with Bull, Sir.
But if the Bull *will* fight—and flies off
From Protocol and Ultimatum,
At worst 'tis but to fling disguise off,
And help our friend the Bear to bait him!"



PROGRESS OF CIVILISATION.

Ramoneur (on Donkey). "FITCH US OUT ANOTHER PEN'NORTH O' STRAWBERRY ICE, WITH A DOLLOP OF LEMON WATER IN IT."

AS CLEAR AS CRYSTAL!

YES, MR. LAING—as clear and unwrinkled, quite—your open, sparkling account of the ledger condition of the Crystal Palace, as made and delivered to Crystal Shareholders in particular, and to the world in general. The GRESHAM Grasshopper might have been heard by the fine, monetary ear, to give a blithe chirp at debtor and creditor account; and the spirit of CROAKER—a spirit that, it is its function, pervades all things for a time—been heard to squeak like a rat in a trap at the manifest, declared prosperity of the Crystal Glory that, like unto prismatic soap-bubble, was to shine awhile, and then, bubble-like, break and vanish. Nevertheless, CROAKER is a serviceable agent, though a spirit "least erect." Old as the hills, and in defiance of a thousand rebuffs, CROAKER is still as active and vigorous, as when he took an invisible place in the Ark, and declared the world's vessel in no way seaworthy; but—the thing had been so hastily built; the wood was so green, and the pitch of the most crude and irretentive quality—but that world's ship must founder, go irrevocably to the bottom. She was too long in the back, too narrow in the beam, and go she must! It proved otherwise. And then CROAKER—what was the spirit's name in the days before the Deluge we know not, but our haphazard rendering of it is CROAKER the familiar—leaving the Ark, with the creeping things, groaned at the miry earth; foretelling the utter annihilation of corn-seed, vine-stocks, lentils. The whole world was a world of mud; and—hapless race of man!—there was nought left for the kind, but to stick in it. Nevertheless, CROAKER, in due season, ate best wheat bread, drank delicious wine, and comforted his still-doubting stomach with mess of savoury pottage.

And from the flood downwards, CROAKER has been among men chuckling at unborn disaster, and rubbing his thin, dry hands at calamity that never comes! In that year of human presumption, 1851, was not CROAKER ever present in Hyde Park, hugging himself, as the Crystal Palace rose—hugging himself with the thought of its certain destruction? The wind would enter the Palace, a very high, tall wind would some day enter that huge mountain of brittleness, and—like the effect of a hurricane entering an umbrella—like an umbrella, it would be turned inside out! CROAKER's thin blood warmed, and his sharp, pointed ears were pricked with the future music of the warning crash!

THE PROTECTOR OF THE PRINCIPALITIES.

The following announcement, according to a contemporary, has been made by the CZAR:

"To all official documents published in the Principalities in which the name of the EMPEROR NICHOLAS occurs, the words Protector of the Principalities must be added."

Our own correspondent informs us that NICHOLAS has vouchsafed to explain the nature of his Protectorate in the proclamation subjoined:

Inhabitants of the Danubian Principalities.—In the prosecution of my mighty scheme of universal empire, I have thought proper to begin by taking you under my protection, that protection which I purpose extending to all the nations of the earth.

I shall protect you from the evils arising from excess of food, by sending soldiers among you to destroy those crops with which your ground is encumbered, and whereof the harvest imposes so heavy a task upon you.

My armies shall protect your souls from the tyranny exercised by Avarice over most persons who have great possessions, by relieving you of most of your money and goods, and nearly everything you possess. They shall protect your bodies from cold by the conflagrations which they will kindle in retreating (that is feigning to retreat) before the heathen enemy.

My soldiers of the Cross, combating against the enemies of Christianity for the orthodox faith, shall protect your wives, your daughters, your sisters, from yourselves.

"Non confundar in eternum."

NICHOLAS.

Wooden Bullets and Wooden Walls.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Daily News* says that a great part of the walls of the fortress of Cronstadt are "merely wood painted to look like granite." If it is only a fight then between walls, surely ours ought to win the day; more especially, when we know that Russian bullets are also made of wood,—to match, we suppose, their walls. How much longer (may we ask LORD ABERDEEN) are the "Wooden Walls" of Old England to be thus mocked by the "Wooden Walls of Russia."

Crystal Palace? Wait for the first high wind, and you will have a Crystal Chaos.

It was very provoking—but who, in the name of novelty, could have foreseen it? The Crystal Innovation did not tumble in—neither was it blown out; but, its purpose accomplished, was soberly taken to pieces, bit by bit, and there it is, or nearly all of it, shining and glistening the Crystal Crown of Sydenham Hill. Nevertheless, the thing will not do. It is too far from the resort of civilised men. London will never undertake such a long, tedious, time-consuming pilgrimage. Had it been built up again on Battersea flat, there might have been just a forlorn hope of its success. But Sydenham Hill! As well pitch the building on Salisbury Plain. This time CROAKER is really comforted. There was a chance for the folly of 1851—but what can be hoped for the Insanity of 1854? Nevertheless, SIR JOSEPH PAXTON is not only at large; but is to be seen everywhere going about—and sometimes in half-a-dozen places at once—without a keeper.

And now, MR. LAING delivers his Crystal-clear account of the directors' stewardship; and CROAKER bites his thumb, disgusted and disappointed! People—but then they are all insane—by tens and twenties of thousands, betake themselves to the Crystal Palace; and what is more, going once, they must go twice; going twice, they are compelled to go three times; going thrice, it becomes in them a fixed, determined idea to go as often as life and its duties will permit them. A mad world, my masters—cries CROAKER, whom here we leave—"Mad world, and Crystal Bedlam!"

MR. LAING, having disposed of his bright array of figures—for the accounts were clear as the fabric whereof they were the numeral representatives—did not attempt to disguise from the perilled shareholders the fact of an alarming opposition. The Crystal Palace of Sydenham was to be opposed by a Crystal Bear-Garden at Walworth. The teetotallers, all wormwood at the thoughts of the bitter beer on tap in the Crystal Palace, had resolved to purchase—nay, had purchased the Surrey Zoological Gardens, and were determined to let loose the lions on the bacchanals of Sydenham! Alligators were already on their passage to strengthen the crocodile interest, and a live mermaid secured, who would, of course, appear without her customary glass.

There is moreover an abandoned, rum-addicted mandril at the Gardens at the present hour—it is said, much given to alcoholic fascinations, (for evidence of which, see his red cheeks) being ready at any



THE GIANT AND THE DWARF.

Giant. "WELL DONE, MY LITTLE MAN! YOU'VE DRUBBED THE RUSSIANS AT SILISTRIA—NOW GO AND TAKE SEBASTOPOL."

AUGUST 5, 1874.]

[PUNCH, No. 682.]

100

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time to consume his half-pound of brown sugar, duly diluted with half-a-pint of old Jamaica rum. This mandril will be subjected to the earnest discipline of Mr. Gough, and will, it is expected, very soon take water like a duck.

It might be supposed that the teetotallers ought to content themselves with these manifestations of their own purity, without insisting upon throwing cold water upon everybody and everywhere else. But it is not so. The Crystal Company—such was the terrible accusation—had broken faith with a distinguished waterman, inasmuch as they vended sundry abominations known as port, sherry, bottled stout, and bitter beer to the unguarded Briton.

MR. LAING, with unblushing impenitence, confessed to the fact. He was even lost, hardened enough to declare that, after hours' working in the Palace, his forlorn soul had yearned for a glass of the strength of malt, flavoured with the bitterness of hops. Without enigma, he meant bitter beer. He, moreover, confessed to what might be called broken faith; but which he considered amended determination. On reflection, it had been thought better that men, under the Crystal roof, should temperately refresh themselves, all mutually sustaining one another even by their own self-respect of the decencies of life, there and then in their own Crystal Palace,—than that, turned away hungering and athirst, they should be absorbed in the holes and corners of surrounding public-houses. Is it not better that ROBINSON—in the full light of his own Palace, with humanising elevating objects all around—should there and then quaff even his bottle of stout, better than that he should enter the hole and corner parlour of the Devil-in-a-Bush, and there obscurely drink and smoke, and smoke and drink? In the Crystal Palace, ROBINSON's soul delights with beauty; in the pot-house, the said soul may haply drop and wallow in the sawdust of a spittoon.

Nevertheless, an earnest, good man—high! CHARLES GILPIN—cried aloud for teetotalism, frankly and fervently denouncing the heathenism of LAING, declared and shown in a glass of bitter beer. "Water! Water!" was the cry of the teetotaler.

And then arose SIR JOSEPH PAXTON. ("And JOSEPH was a goodly person and well-favoured.") And SIR JOSEPH, opening his mouth, even as the mouth of the Thames, promised water. Yes; most happy public, happy in this, your Crystal generation, PAXTON promises that next summer's sun shall turn to diamond showers thousands of tons of water. Moreover, a silver lake! And for the fountains, they would give any odds to the fountains of Versailles, and whether by working or playing, would beat them afterwards.

With this glad assurance, MR. LAING's report was joyously received, the pregnant prologue to a happy future. In proof, however, of the kindly feeling between the Crystal Palace governors, and the keepers of the Crystal Menagerie, SIR JOSEPH PAXTON has promised next year to forward the earliest crop of water-lilies by way of spring medicine to the lions.

THE CHEMISTRY OF COMMON DOMESTIC LIFE.

(By a Strong-Minded Woman—with a strong Chemical Turn.)

THE subjects to be treated in this interesting series—and into which will be thrown the experience of a long married life—will be:—

- No. 1.—The AIR we breathe, and why our dear children (bless them!) always require a change of it at a certain period of the year.
- No. 2.—The COLD MEAT we eat, and why it generally produces ill humour when there is no pudding after it.
- No. 3.—The JOINTS we cook at home, and the Joints that are cooked for us in a lodging-house, and how the latter invariably lose so much more in the cooking.
- No. 4.—The PANCAKES we fry and the wonderful PUDDINGS we contrive, whenever there is a doubt, whether there will be sufficient for dinner.
- No. 5.—The POT-LUCK that our husbands will persist in bringing their friends home to partake of, and the various STEWS and BROILS that always come out of it.
- No. 6.—The LUNCHEONS we enjoy when alone, and the DINNERS we cannot touch when there is company.
- No. 7.—The SHERRY we drink ourselves, and the MARSALA we give our friends at an evening party.
- No. 8.—The SWEETS we give our children, and the BITTERS we receive from our husbands for so doing, on the absurd plea that it makes the poor little dears ill.
- No. 9.—The SOIL we cultivate in our conservatories and out in our balconies, and the FLOWERS (hyacinths particularly) we rear on our mantelpiece.
- No. 10.—The BEVERAGES we infuse after an oyster supper, and the SLOPS we imbibe when we have a cold.

- No. 11.—The ODOURS (including musk and patchouli) we love best, and the SMELLS we dislike most, especially that filthy tobacco-smoke.
- No. 12.—The PETS we cherish, and the real causes of the illnesses that are generally attributed to our over-feeding them.
- No. 13.—The QUARRELS we ferment and the STORMS we brew, whenever poor mother comes to make a short stay in the house.
- No. 14.—The TABLE-BEER we give our servants, and an analysis of the strange rapidity with which it is drunk, though the ungrateful creatures are always complaining of it.
- No. 15.—The TEA AND SUGAR we allow the Cook and Housemaid, and the extraordinary preference they have for that which is used in the parlour.
- No. 16.—What we BREATHE, and whom we BREATHE FOR, and the great benefit there is in STAYS, by their enabling us to breathe so much better, and how a heated room generally improves the RESPIRATION AND VENTILATION.
- No. 17.—The BODY we love and nourish and take care of, with an exposure of the absurd fallacy that thin shoes, low dresses, and scanty clothing are in the least injurious to health.

ALL UP WITH ENGLAND.

(From the Journal de St. Petersburg.)



INCERELY do we congratulate our readers on the extreme distress and misery in which the English are involved by reason of the impious war which they have dared to wage against our august Lord and Master, NICHOLAS. We have the happiness to assure the subjects of HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY that those wicked islanders are in a state of absolute starvation. The price of bread has increased to a sum which places it beyond the means of all classes but the most opulent of the nobility: and the scarcity of all other provisions is equally severe. Mutton-chops are a sovereign apiece, and thirty pounds are demanded for a joint of meat by the few butchers

who manage to keep their shops open. There is not a cat to be seen; and everything would be eaten up by rats and mice if there were anything for the mice and rats to eat; and if those vermin had not all perished of famine, as many as have not been caught, and applied to the same purpose as the cats. The dogs also have disappeared from the streets, and even from the kennels of the aristocracy: thus foxes can no longer be hunted for food, and there is not a basin of soup to be had, or a sausage.

Owing to the imposition of the Malt Tax, the MARQUIS OF WESTMINSTER and BARON ROTHSCHILD are the only persons in the country besides the QUEEN and PRINCE ALBERT, who can afford beer: and consequently all the cab-drivers and coalwhippers are in a state bordering on revolt. Whitebait and minnows are sixpence each: whilst aldermen, who this time last year were rolling in wealth, may now be seen fighting in the City gutters for a bone. The few hides imported have been entirely devoured; so that boots and shoes are not procurable, and the population is going barefoot. The same statement applies to tallow: inasmuch that the nobility's balls are illuminated by rushlights, and soda and potash being equally deficient, there is now a terrible meaning in the popular inquiry, "How are you off for soap?" Such is the want of hemp, that CALCRAFT, the executioner, is reduced to the employment of hay-ropes, and the dearth of paper is so extreme that not only can the boys fly no kites, but accommodation bills cannot any longer be drawn, for lack of material. Nay, it has been found impossible, for the same reason, to carry into effect the issue of bank-notes, by which it was in contemplation to establish an artificial currency: for paper in England is now more valuable than gold. It is obvious that the expenses of this unhallowed contest cannot be sustained much longer by the British infidels: in the meantime we may reflect on the gratifying circumstance that they are subsisting on offal, and beginning to think seriously about eating their babies.



Itinerant Newsmen, No. 1. "I SAY BILL, WHAT ARE YOU GIVING 'EM?"

Ditto, No. 2. "GRAND MASSACRE OF THE FRENCH, AND TERRIBLE SLAUGHTER OF THE BRITISH TROOPS."

A LADY'S CONSCIENCE AND A JUDGE'S DUTY.

At the Exeter Assizes a lady, acting on conscientious scruples, refused to be sworn. The judge, MR. JUSTICE WIGHTMAN, hearing that the lady objected to an oath under the impression that all oaths are forbidden by a text of Scripture, referred her to the "Sheriff's Chaplain," who it seems is prepared to "explain texts of Scripture," a process which sometimes ends in rendering obscure that which at first appeared perfectly plain. The lady left the court to have an interview with the professional remover of conscientious scruples, who had been recommended by the judge as a person calculated to overturn, by a few minutes' conversation, the conviction of perhaps many years, and to change into an easy oath-taker, an individual who had on principle refused to "swear at all." The expected lubrication of the lady's conscience was however not accomplished, and the professional explainer of texts did not succeed in that rapid overthrow of those objections to an oath, of which he had been expected to make the very shortest work. The lady returned into court as firm as ever in her conscientious refusal to be sworn; and the judge, telling her that "she would have all the inconvenience but none of the merit of a martyr," that "he could not say he sympathised with her," committed her to prison for the remainder of the assizes, in the discharge of what he called his "painful duty." If his Lordship had no sympathy we are at a loss to know how his duty could have been painful to him, for unless he felt pain for the object of his sentence, we do not see how he could have been pained by anything but the mere labour—such as it was—of uttering so many words. Both parties perhaps fulfilled their duty, but in looking at the respective merits of the judge and the lady, there is no difficulty in deciding which had the highest duty to perform. We think the judge might have spared his irrelevant observations, and he might certainly have omitted his gratuitous declaration of want of sympathy—a quality he had not been asked to manifest, though his repudiation of it will do him as much harm in the opinion of thousands, as the firmness under implied insult and real suffering will reflect credit on the lady, whom his Lordship politely committed to the hands of the jailer.

It is strange that it did not occur to the judge that if it was his duty to act in obedience to the law of the land, it was *à fortiori* the duty of the lady to pay obedience to that higher authority, under whose direction she was conscientiously acting. If this fact struck his mind, he might have refrained from those sneers at the expense of her scruples, with which he accompanied the sentence of imprisonment he thought proper to enforce.

The whole transaction, as affording a fresh instance of the way in which the law of the land and the moral law are brought into collision, by the present system of oath-taking in judicial proceedings, may have an effect that will prevent a repetition of such scenes as the one in which the pledge acted—perhaps the principal, but certainly not the highest—part.

SCOTTISH LIONS AT THREE PENCE.

(From the Caledonian Advertiser.)

THE Season for Summer Excursions is now at hand, and doubtless the steps of numerous tourists, whether in search of health or recreation, or both, will take the direction of the Land o' Cakes. Among the many attractions which are

THE GLORY AND THE BOAST OF CALEDONIA, not the least interesting is offered by

DRYBURGH ABBEY,

which, in addition to the historical associations connected with its venerable ruins, derives a peculiar charm from the circumstance of being hallowed by enclosing within its precincts the cherished tomb which contains all that was earthly of the far-famed

Wizard of the North.

It is unnecessary to state that by that title is intended, not our wonder-working countryman, MR. ANDERSON, who, we are happy to state, is alive and well, but the magic minstrel, whose enchanting strains and romances have won for himself and his country a world-wide celebrity, the talented author of "Waverley,"

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

As an object worthy the attention of the tourist, Dryburgh Abbey has this peculiar advantage, that, considered in the light of a burial place, and therefore as a locality suggestive of grave and solemn meditations and trains of thought, it is one of those few scenes of a recreative nature which are eligible for a Sunday visit, affording, as it does,

"SERMONS IN STONES"

on the transitory nature of even the most gifted existence, and other subjects fraught with melancholy instruction.

For admission to the Abbey, including the sight of SIR WALTER'S tomb, the enterprising lessee has reduced his demand to the small sum of

Three Pence for Adults; Children Half Price.

No extra charge is made for the privilege of dropping a tear over departed genius.

The Lessee of Dryburgh Abbey confidently trusts that the liberality with which, whilst practically excluding the vulgar masses, he has thus thrown almost open to the better orders a scene of so humanizing and softening a tendency, especially to the young, as is presented by those time-honoured and consecrated premises, will be met by the genteel portion of the public in a corresponding spirit; and that there "breathes not the man with soul so dead" as to refuse to the memory of

SCOTLAND'S GREATEST AUTHOR,

a tribute so extremely reasonable as Six Bawbees.

TREATING PRUSSIA DIPLOMATICALLY.

THE KING OF PRUSSIA, wishing to assist his imperial brother-in-law in his difficulties, sent him an affectionate letter, in which he begged of him not to have any reserve with him, but candidly to submit to him his case, and he would promise faithfully, and without disguise to give him his unbiassed opinion upon its merits. The EMPEROR, deeply touched with this noble proof of friendship, sent his "dearly-beloved brother," the case as he thought it exactly stood. It was carefully gone through, and when the King had thoroughly made himself master of its contents, he forwarded to St. Petersburg a report, in which he said "he had scarcely made up his mind yet—it was certainly a most difficult question—but as far as he had gone, he must say his opinion was decidedly favourable—still it appeared to him that the case at present was incomplete—so he would much rather not say anything until he had seen the whole of it." The fact is, the case submitted to the Prussian Monarch was no other than a case of CLICQUOT Champagne.

Rescue of Hampstead Heath.

We are much obliged to the House of Commons for having thrown out the Finchley Road Estate Bill. Thank Heaven we have a House of Commons! The Lords, with parks of their own to enjoy themselves in, had no difficulty in passing an Act tending to deprive the public of a playground. The Lower House has shown more sympathy with the people, and will, we trust, make a stand against the further enclosure of lands which are the people's property: for, being Commons, they must feel the force of the question. How would they like to be enclosed themselves?

THE UNITED HAPPY FAMILY.

(Respectfully dedicated to the Cabinet.)

WALK up—walk up—walk up!
 Threepence each—for the Exhibition!
 The United Happy Family—
 Defying competition!!
 Composed of discordant creatures
 In colour, and species, and age too,
 Complexion, habits, and features,
 And all in the same cage, too!
 Walk up! Walk up!

The Patriarch of the collection
 Is this cunning old Scotch cat, here,
 He has hardish strife for a quiet life,
 What with owl and monkey and rat here.
 But he stands aggravation with meekness—
 Though the monkey his temper tries, Sir;
 Ob—serve the animal's sleekness,
 And his habit of shutting his eyes, Sir,
 Walk up! Walk up!

Next observe the performing monkey—
 He's a bad un—he is—to keep under;
 He pulls the owl's tails, and the cat he assails—
 How the old boy stands it, I wonder.
 PAM's the monkey's name—up to all sorts o' game,
 He keeps the whole cage in 'ot water;
 But the coppers he draws and gets great applause,
 And that's what we looks arter.
 Walk up! Walk up!

Here's a pair of owls—werry wise-looking fowls,
 Rayther given the young birds to cuffin'—
 Much looked up to by all the family,
 But that monkey—as don't respect nuffin.
 One's a Woburn bird—he's great, I've heard,
 In constitutional histories:
 T' other's Oxford-bred—and big as his head
 May be, it's chock-full of Church mysteries.
 Walk up! Walk up!

There's that mag-pie, but he's a bad bargain, d' ye see,
 I was told he was *sich* a talker;
 But since here he come, the bird's been dumb—
 What they said of his *jaw*'s all Walker!
 He was cotched, I've heard, in Adm'rality yard;
 But it's time his neck was wrung, Sir;
 For I ax, what's the use, for fun or abuse,
 Of a mag-pie without a tongue, Sir?
 Walk up! Walk up!

Here's a Netherby terrier—a wonderful worrier
 Of vermin, I've heard, he used to be;
 But now lives cheek by jowl with the cat and the owl,
 And parted they can't be induced to be.
 That there teasin' the cat's the Australian rat,
 Observe his white skin and pink peepers;
 He's a rum un to bite, and he's day and night
 At the owls, which they're 'eavy sleepers.
 Walk up! Walk up!

That there cockatoo, red-crested and blue,
 Was brought all the way from Argyle, Sir:
 And alongside the same, is a cock, real game—
 The Newcastle ginger-pile, Sir.
 That Grey starling's been ailing, we thought he was failing,
 But again, as before, his tongue pegs away;
 We've a Cuckoo from Clarendon—aint he just an arrant un!
 That's him hiding between the cat's legs away—
 Walk up! Walk up!

And there if the straw on one side you'll draw,
 Is the Southwark guinea-pig dozing:
 Though smart when awake, his sleep's hard to break,
 And he's gin'rally found reposing.
 Another I put in the cage—such a strut
 As he had, when he warn't a-snoring!
 But the fam'ly one day found him so in the way,
 He got shoved through a hole in the flooring.
 Walk up! walk up!

So if pleased you have been with the sight that you've seen—
 Recommend the Exhibition.
 I'm sure you must own such a show was ne'er shown
 At the same low charge for admission.

Birds and Beasts with each other live, as brother with brother,
 Of encroachment or strife none complain e'er:
 We've no rumpus—nor row—

[A tremendous caterwauling, barking, screaming, scuffling,
 shrieking, and general outbreak of agonised and angry
 animal noises heard within.]

(Aside.) Hullo, what's up now?
 There's the fam'ly a fightin' again there!

[Exit Mr. Punch to settle the difficulty.]

A WORD WITH MR. BAINES.



R. BAINES.—In a letter published as an advertisement in the *Times*, you are pleased to object to the Crystal Palace Company opening their Institution to themselves on Sunday, and to people going for recreation to Kew Gardens on the same day.

Now, therefore, without intending to affront you in the least, I might ask, who are you?

I believe the truth is, MR. BAINES, that you, who set up to teach us what we are to do on Sunday, do not yourself even go to Church. Unless

I am much mistaken you are a Dissenter of some species, and attend an Ebenezer, or Enon, or Little Bethel, or such like meeting-house. Very well. Enjoy your dissent with all my heart. Dissent from me *toto celo*, if you like to carry your dissidence so far. But let us have reciprocity. Spend your whole Sunday in Ebenezer if you will, but allow me so far to differ from you as to pass part of mine, at least, in Kew Gardens, or the Crystal Palace, if I please.

I respect EBENEZER. The word, I know, has a mystic signification. It means, to me, freedom of conscience. But the time was when you, Mr. B., would have been fined for attending that tabernacle instead of your parish church; nay, perhaps your ears would have ultimately been cropped for your nonconformity. And certainly to sanction, by the advocacy of sectarian prohibitions, the principle whereon you would have been subjected to that operation, is to exhibit a length of those appendages which presents a strong case for its performance.

I am a Protestant and a Dissenter, myself. I dissent from the Council of Trent, and I protest against the supremacy of FERRETI, otherwise PRO NONO, Pope of Rome. Much more do I dissent from your opinions in regard to Sunday, and protest that there is no authority in them to control my actions. I say that you neither have nor ought to have any spiritual jurisdiction in these dominions. I also say that neither you nor any other of the Sabbatarians can bring me one text out of the Book, which we all agree to be guided by, to prove that I am under any obligation to keep Sunday as the Jews were ordered to keep Saturday, or forbidding me to walk in gardens, or stroll about in a conservatory, or inspect statues, or any other objects that are not vicious or impure. I further say that you and the rest of you have been thus challenged over and over again, and will not answer the challenge; that you ignore the argument which you are unable to refute; blink the truth on which we stand against you; and persist in preaching your sermons on a text that is not.

Do you really believe that the average mind—I will not say of a mechanic or artisan—but of a master tailor or butcher, or grocer—of the mass, in short, of the middle classes—is capable of really occupying itself with spiritual meditations during all the hours of Sunday intervening between the services, besides being attentive to these? If not, what had the man better do than seek some innocent amusement? Go to bed and to sleep, or sit twiddling his thumbs, or smoke a pipe, and fiddle himself with spirit-and-water? That is the only spirituality, MR. BAINES, that will be promoted by the tyranny of your Sabbatarians; believe

PUNCH.

A PICTURE OF PEACE (*Vide LANDSEER'S Picture*).—LORD ABERDEEN, as a Scotch Sheep looking into a Russian's gun.



SOMETHING LIKE SPORT.

Jolly Angler. "HOORAY, TOM! I'VE GOT ONE—AND MY WORD! DIDN'T HE PULL!"

THE MUSIC OF THE POLITICAL SPHERES.

ON the proposition of SIR FITZROY KELLY, a clause has been inserted in the Bribery Bill to prevent the employment of bands of music at elections. This arrangement will be rather hard on all the trumpets, trombones, and other "brazen engines whose rude throats" have been hitherto employed in providing a sort of nominal harmony at a contested election. We think that all the Green Baize Bands in the kingdom are entitled to ask for compensation for the loss they will sustain by this rather harsh enactment. A band was a most useful appendage at a contested election, for even the most short-winded of brazen instruments was preferable to the long-winded and equally brazen of those who are in the habit of making themselves the instruments of rival candidates. A bad polka is always better than a bad speech, and we would rather hear even MENDELSSOHN murdered on the opicicleide than LINDLEY MURRAY murdered on the hustings. As the Bribery Bill is intended to prevent candidates from paying, as they have formerly done, to a pretty tune, it is perhaps thought that by doing away with bands, a stop will be put to the practice of paying to any tune whatever.

The Czar's Want of Scimitary.

THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA has shown the cloven foot. It is greatly to be wished that he would lead his own troops into action, as in that case there would be some hope that he would likewise show the cloven head.

THE BELGRAVIAN MUSIC-MANIA.

IN Belgravia there is, and has been for some time, raging a frenzy analogous in character to the remarkable mania resulting from the bite of the tarantula spider. It consists in a rabid propensity to sing, as uncontrollable as the itch for dancing, wherewith the Neapolitans are irritated by the venom of that insect.

This species of delirium, which is of a contagious nature, and also somewhat corresponds with that of the "Flagellants" of ecclesiastical history, first manifested itself among the sect called Puseyites or Tractarians, who abound in the district. It is said to have broken out simultaneously in the Churches of St. Paul and St. Barnabas, which are frequented principally by those enthusiasts, who, abandoning, under its influence, the usage of rational persons, took to chanting their prayers instead of saying them, and have now arrived at such a pitch of absurdity, as not only to sing, but against all sober and sensible advice, to persist in singing the Litany. It is not to be expected that the disorder will stop here: indeed there can be little doubt that the St. Paul's and St. Barnabas' congregations will very soon, if not next Sunday, insist on having the Sermon sung, instead of being preached to them.

Demeaning themselves with so much extravagance in Church, it will correctly be surmised that these music-mad people proceed to still greater excesses in social intercourse. They are reported to sing responses to inquiries about their health, which they also put to one another in singing, and to converse concerning the weather and the war in recitative. Their table-talk is likewise all carried on in music; so that their dinner parties, and other *réunions*, as the fashionable phrase runs, are so many harmonic meetings: and very wonderful it is to see the higher phases of society thus approximate to those which are presented at Cider-cellars and Coal-holes. They make love in song, as characters do at the Opera; they debate likewise in tune: although their differences with their neighbours have created much discord in their parish. Their commands addressed to their footmen and other servants are all melodious, and they literally sing out when they want their coachmen to stop.

If ever Belgravia should obtain a member to represent it in the Commons, and a Puseyite should be returned by the Constituents, there is no doubt that the honourable gentleman will have a voice in the House which he will exert in *arias* and *bravuras*. At a Public Meeting recently held for the purpose of securing a choral litany, the Belgravians are understood to have sung those observations which in general constitute a plain speech.

A RUSSIAN PROBLEM SOLVED.



AS common, we suppose, with most civilised beings, we have long been puzzled to understand why the Russians, perhaps more than any other nation, have such an inordinate taste for tallow—we mean not as an article of light but of diet. From our earliest cradlehood the portrait of a Russian has been drawn in oils upon our mental canvas: and we have pictured him to ourselves as a hairy individual, holding with one hand a bunch of candles to his lips, like the boy with the grapes in MURILLO's picture, while his other hand rests upon a can of lamp oil, wherewith to wash down the tallowy tit-bits. We have also heard recounted wild legends by our fathers of how, when the Russian fleet once lay

at Spithead (as we rather think it possible it may again shortly, with the Black Eagle flying beneath the British Ensign), the streets of Portsmouth were nightly put in darkness by unenlightened Russians, who sucked out the lamps as fast as they were lit. In fact we have always been led to believe that however strong an attachment the Russian may profess for his country, he is still continually betraying a preference for Greece.

There is proverbially no accounting for tastes, and there has been until lately no accounting for this. Time, however, and the *Invalide Russe* have together helped to solve the mystery. From the official reports which that veracious print has published concerning the bombardment of Odessa, and other so-called Russian victories, it seems to us quite clear that every Russian subject finds it necessary to his existence to keep his throat well greased, in order to prevent his being choked by the enormous lies which his Government is constantly obliging him to swallow.

A CLODHOOPER AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.



E are indebted to a correspondent at Skimmerton's Bottom for the subjoined epistle, which, he informs us, he heard the other evening, read out before a considerable assembly of the inhabitants of that Arcadia, at the blacksmith's shop. The Trotts are agriculturists, uncle and nephew, and the letter was addressed by the latter gentleman to the former. In point of orthography our correspondent has rendered it on the phonetic system, in accordance, he says, with the pronunciation of old Mr. TROTT.

To MR. ISAAC TROTT, *Job's Acre, Skimmerton's Bottom.*

"Bell Savage, June, 1854.

"DEAR UNCLE,

"The last words you sez when I left, mind you writes and tells me all about that are Crystal Pallus, 'cause if you sez a be wuth zee'n, I thinks as how I shall come up and ha a squint at un myself—Squint at un! Dost, thee'st squint thy eyes out, uncle, I tell'ee that. Well, I zed I 'ood, and little thought what a precious lie I was tell'n of. Tell thee all about un! why, mun, that takes a matter o' aighteen books—the laste on 'em as thick as a dab o' bacon, and the biggest no thinner than a slice o' brem-butter. All I can tell thee of un is about my zee'n of un, and not bein a scollard, that 'll be hard work, how-somedever I'll zet to at it, for which purpose I've took off my quoot.

"Fust of all, uncle, if ever you visits the Crystal Pallus, I tell 'ee what you do aforehand. You take and drink a jug o' beer. Not but what there's plenty o' that beverage to be had in the Pallus, and wine, too for the matter o' that,—in spite o' them teetotaler chaps—and lots o' beef, and everythink else that's good to ate, as well; but thee ha' a zwig o' beer afore thee go'st in. Thee'st very zoon want another, I prommus thee! Take a drop o' beer vust to strengthen thy heart, and screw up thy pluck, and vartify thy narves. Dostn't, when the zight bursts upon thee, thee'st be struck all of a heap wus than old HOBBS was at the Fat Cattle Show. It took me aback, I can tell 'ee, for all I did take a purty tolerable dose o' the physic I recommends at startun'.

"Fancy a gurt build'n like a Cathydral, only eversomuch bigger, all o' glass, cept the posties and pillers, and sitch, which is iron, painted diffren't colours. Fancy a greenhouse, like as ADDUM med a had to grow vlowers under in the Gearden o' Edun, vive or zix times the zize o' NORE's Ark—big enough to cover half the parish, and moor

nor a hunder'd voot higher than the weathercock 'top o' the church spire. And when you looks up into the roof on un, drat if it don't sim as though the cielun of un was the sky itself, hooped athurt and across wi jistes and bames, like raainbows.

"As to what there's inzide of un. Well, to tell 'ee that ood take more sheets o' foolscap than there war skins o' parchment in that laasuit about Ditch-End. Statchies, picturs, plants, vlowers, stuffed birds and beastices, saviges and natives, took from Natur, in wax-works, wild man apes, and all manner of wonderful works, oringe and lemon-trees, paams or whatever they calls 'em, and trees and shrubs of every sort from Afrikey, Botany Bay, and other hot climuts. Besides all this here when a be finished, which a bain't nigh yet, there 'll be fountains squirtun rheumatic vinegar, and shootun up colms o' water into the sky; these here, in coorse, 'll be outzide, and there, among all manner o' plants and vlowers, you 'll ha gurt ponds, and all round 'em, as large as life, the huge evouts and dragons, and other monsters as there used to be afore the Flood.

"Well, then you sees all the Kings and Queens o' England in plaaster o' Parrus. You sees the temples o' the haythen Griks and Rhoamans, and their greaven imidges, copied arter the ruins of 'em, and done up and paainted like they used to be in the times o' JULUS CÆSAR. Not only that, but you sees likewise the palluses o' FAIRER, King o' Egypt, and SNATCHACRAB, King o' Syrier, as you reads about, and all their ways and fight'n, and charrats and hossmen, and the dumb idols they used to worship; bastes and birds, and creepin' things and vovels o' the air, and monstus figgers that looks meant for old HARRY, and giants which represents their kings. Sitch rum uns, zum on 'em; specially the bulls in SNATCHACRAB's pallus, my eye, what bulls! bulls wi' wings and faces like Christians. I never heard o' a bull wi' a human veace afore 'cept JOHN BULL, and he hant got no wings like these here. I s'pose SNATCHACRAB was forced to keep his bulls in a cage, for fear they should take it into their heads to wish good by to 'n, and vlee away.

"Moover likewise there's the insides o' churches, and all their curiosities, coloured and mended zo as to look like what they was in the times when everybody worshup'd the PUOAP; monniments o' dead kings, took from life, as the Irishman zed, all gilt and warmillun, sitch as thee'st zin on a Satturday at the Caythadrel arter thee'st bin to market; saaints wi' their necks atwist stare'n like stuck pigs, and bishops wi' their crooks in all manner o' queer posters, cast'n the devil out o' Pagan kings; zig-zag arches, twoads and frogs, griffins, imps, and hobgoblins.

"But there!—I should ha' to goo on writun vrom this time to to-morrer, and not done then if I was to tellee all there is to be zin. Zoon as I gets back to look arter the varm, thee come up and zee'n thyself; only mind what I sez about the beer, and git thee a new hat, one as fits tight, else thee'st git zo many new notions into thy head that they 'll be like to bust un.

"Well, this I ooll zay—though whate's up—for all these here times be good for we—when I see this here gurt work o' Peace, the Crystal Pallus, I did think to myself, what a horrid thing 'tis that the civilisa-sh'n and improvement we've got into should be interrupted by this here war. And though a be just now the Varmer's Vriend, I do zay, confound the EMPEROR o' ROOSHER! Zo no moor at present from your dootiful nevv,

"JEACOB TROTT."

THE STEPS AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.



THE FIRST.



HALF-WAY.



THE LAST.

The Balance Right in the End.

DISRAELI is always threatening to move a want of confidence in Ministers. However, if ministers have too little confidence, MR. DISRAELI on the other hand has rather too much, so the House does not lose a great deal after all.

Military Mems.

IF LORD RAGLAN's army is to make no other movement, his Lordship might as well allow it to adopt the moustache movement.

The British soldier would be just as bold as he is if he were not so barefaced.

CRONSTADT TAKEN AFTER DINNER.



BROWN and JONES over their wine.

Jones. How would I take Cronstadt? With vigour and decision, nothing more easy. My dear BROWN, look here. This table is the Baltic, very well. Now look—(JONES places certain strawberries for the forts; the City of Cronstadt on this occasion only being represented by a plate of gooseberries at the back.) Here we are. The strawberries the forts: Cronstadt the gooseberries. Now a little vigour and decision! This spoon is the *Duke of Wellington*, three-decker, leading the van. We go in here, firing both broadsides at once, to destroy the forts to larboard and starboard; while at the same time our guns in the bows and stern-sheets smash the other forts before and behind. Very good. We are then in front of Cronstadt—the City of Cronstadt. We shell that, Sir; shell it of course! Blow up the powder-magazines; capitulation ensues; the Russian fleet is in a blaze, and, my dear BROWN, that is how I would take Cronstadt—

Brown.—After dinner.

FINE ART IN POETS' CORNER.

WESTMINSTER Abbey is often spoken of as a fine building, and very properly so, whether you consider the word fine as a substantive or an adjective. The Dean and Chapter who preside over that venerable pile possess the power of exacting a fine for the erection of any statue or other monument within its walls, so that the Abbey may be described as a fine-edifice, containing fine-statues. This power they are said to be at present exercising, by demanding the sum of 200 guineas for the permission to erect the monument of CAMPBELL in Poets' Corner. The monument is stated to have been completed several years, and to be imprisoned in the artist's studio, or elsewhere, only because the fine is not paid. If, as is also alleged, the DEAN and CHAPTER of WESTMINSTER have already had a fine, and a heavy one, out of the Poet's grave, they might consider whether the fine-feeling which they have evinced towards departed genius should not give place to a finer.

It seems to be the object of these fine fellows to make hay in fine weather, and certainly such weather may not be permitted to last. That BUCKLAND and MILMAN are fine names we all know, but how fine they are was known to comparatively not many. A general dislike is felt for ecclesiastical finery, but that is nothing to the odium which the authorities of Westminster Abbey will incur by their style of "coming it fine." Not to put too fine a point on it, we would recommend them to confine their exactions, lest the fine thing they make out of Westminster Abbey should be confined for them, within a small compass, one of these fine mornings.

Lights of the Church that want Snuffing out.

THOUGH the Puseyites are indebted for their tallow principally to Russia, still it is to be doubted whether Puseyism after all is worthy to hold a candle even to old NICHOLAS.

POLITICAL FASHIONS IN SPAIN.

THE QUEEN OF SPAIN promises, in her recent proclamation, "a new era of true liberty, morality, and justice." There can be no doubt that if "liberty, morality, and justice" are really introduced into the Government of Spain, they will be amongst the greatest "novelties of the season." We should recommend the inscription of the words *Magasin des Nouveautés* over all the Government offices. We shall be curious to see the new patterns of morality that are to proceed from the palace of Madrid, where the *modes* have hitherto been such as would disgrace any decent milliner's establishment.

In the way of Liberty we may expect some rather curious devices, and we are very much afraid that the material will be of too flimsy a description for the wear and tear to which it will be liable. It is something new indeed to see Madrid setting the fashions to Paris, but if anything in the way of Liberty is to come into vogue, the Spanish capital will be decidedly in advance of the French metropolis. We fear, however, that poor Liberty will soon have her figure spoiled, and her free respiration impeded by the tight lacing which is too much in fashion with some of the Continental Governments.

An Educational Damper.

A REVEREND gentleman advertises to "prepare pupils for the public schools, washing included, for forty-four guineas per annum." We do not quite understand the preparatory washing the pupil is expected to undergo to fit him for a public school, though we have met with cases in which there has been a liberal use of soft soap on parents and guardians. Perhaps "washing included" means to comprise the "mangling" that it may be necessary to apply to the back of the pupil, should the rod be found requisite.

EXPLOITS OF THE ALLIES.

It is true, as the *Times* remarks, that six months have elapsed since the Allies have taken the field. They have taken the field; and that is all they have taken.

THE CONVICT OF LOVE.

I don't feel ashamed of this sad situation,
Though much I dislike my hard labour and fare,
For I know that I'm sympathised with by my nation,
Whose daughters all weep for the lot I've to bear.
With pistols and bludgeons I went out a wooing,
To win a fair bride thirty-thousand above,
And my passion for that same has been my undoing;
No rest at the crank for the Convict of Love.

My pistol I carried, the delicate question
Of Wilt thou be mine? to the charmer to pop,
My skullcrackers hinted a tender suggestion,
That I was a boy not at trifles to stop,
Retainers I took, lest, my fond passion spurning,
The mate that I wanted should peck at her dove,
And here, hubbadoo! at this handle I'm turning;
No rest at the crank for the Convict of Love.

Cases under the Bribery Bill.

Is there anything in the Bribery Bill to prevent a candidate from giving a voter five guineas for a pair of gloves?

Does any clause hinder the candidate from discounting the voter's bill? The bill having been discounted, is there any provision to hinder the discounter from lighting a cigar with it?

Does the Bribery Bill prevent the candidate from paying the voter a compliment?

Does it prevent the former from paying the latter any attention?

Does it prevent the candidate from paying his addresses to a elector's daughter?

A VEGETARIAN EATING HOUSE.



THE immense success of the late Vegetarian Banquet at Leeds has induced an enterprising enthusiast to start an Eating House, conducted entirely without the assistance of the Butcher. But not only is the Butcher renounced, but also the Fishmonger, on the principle that it is wrong to catch fish: for vegetarianism professes to be an improvement on that doctrine, the first promulgators whereof were fishermen. The Poulterer is excluded likewise; for not even eggs are tolerated: it being considered cruel to rend the tie which exists between them and hens, if not cocks also: and although this objection may not apply in the case of ducks, by reason

of the indifference of those birds to their eggs, yet it is thought that to take a shameful advantage of the ducks' neglect of their eggs. Recourse is not even had to the Dairyman; to drink cows' milk is to rob calves: and if the cow has no calf, to milk her is to weaken her, by creating an artificial drain upon her constitution. Milk quite sufficient for the composition of puddings and pies is obtained from various plants, and the requirements of the tea and breakfast-table are completely met by the milk of the cocoa nut.

In short, the Baker, the Greengrocer, and the Grocer in ordinary, purvey all the materials which form the bill of fare provided at these novel Refreshment Rooms: the staple of the kitchen is derived entirely from the kitchen-garden. The beverages—for the establishment is teetotal as well as vegetarian—essentially consist of the unfermented juice of the pump.

We have honoured this Vegetarian Eating House with a visit, and on inquiring what there was ready, were informed by the waiter that there was "some very nice grass just up." "Do you think," we cried, "that we are going to be such geese as to eat that?" "Nice young grass, Sir," he repeated: "new cut."

The idea of grass made us ruminate a little. "Any hay?" said we.

"No 'ay, Sir," answered the waiter, blandly. "No 'ay, Sir; but beautiful [grass—sparrowgrass."

"Peas, Sir?" suggested the waiter. We ordered peas. "Two peas—thoroughly done!" shouted the man, down a pipe.

"What will you take to drink, Sir?" he asked, returning to the table. "There's toast-and-water—there's apple-water, lemonade, ginger-beer."

"Any ale?"

"HADAM's hale, Sir; very old; first liquor as ever was drunk."

"Bring us a pot of ADAM's ale apiece; we prefer it mild."

"Yessir." So saying the waiter disappeared; and presently returned with our dinner; for which, however, we found our two peas insufficient, so we demanded what else there was.

"Kidneys, Sir—fine kidneys. Marrow."

"Come," we said. "This is better than we thought. Kidneys and marrow. Bring a couple of marrow-bones."

"No bones, Sir." Vegetable marrow."

"Two kidneys then."

"Two kidneys, Sir, yessir."

"Let them be devilled."

"Very sorry, Sir: don't devil our kidneys. Red-nosed kidneys, or kidney beans, Sir?"

"Red-nosed kidneys!" we cried in astonishment.

"Yessir. 'Taturs, Sir."

"Potatoes with red-noses!" we again exclaimed. "In this abode of Temperance! Well; never mind: bring us some of your debauched potatoes."

"Ow will you 'ave them, Sir? Plain?"

"Hey?—no. *A la maître d'hôtel*—that is with parsley and butter."

"Parsley, Sir, we 'ave; but no butter. Butter a hainnal substance, Sir; we use no hainnal substance. Ile, Sir."

"One wants something else with potatoes," we observed.

"You can 'ave," replied the waiter, "minced turnip, or 'ashed carrot, cabbage 'art stuffed, scoloped hartichokes, curried brocoli, fricassee'd cucumber, roast onion, stewed endive, truffle and mushroom pie, beet-steaks, pumpkin chops." We chose a slice of roast onion; and when we had eaten it, the waiter inquired whether we would take pastry or cheese. "How is it you have cheese," we demanded, "and not butter?" "Damson cheese, Sir," was his reply. We had some bread and damson cheese; and then asked what was to pay. "Yessir. Two peas is eight; and kidneys is five—that's thirteen—and two roast

onions is one shilling, two and a penny: and breads and cheeses four: and two waters a apeny each is two and fivepence apeny."

We settled this little account without any demurrer; and under the excitement of the generous fare we had been partaking of, gave the waiter half-a-crown, telling him to keep the change, which amounted to a halfpenny for himself.

MANY THINGS IN FEW WORDS.

A POOR Bachelor never looks so pitiable as when he is looking out his linen to send to the wash.

A Violin is an instrument that tortures many for the enjoyment of one.

None but a Frenchwoman knows how to put on a shawl.

A Lawyer's carriage is only a blue bag on wheels.

A woman's age is a problem of which no ARCHIMEDES has ever yet cried out "Eureka."

Puseyism is a kind of sandwich taken between Protestantism and Roman Catholicism.

Every Dramatist fancies all his Geese are Swans of Avon.

With a Cabman (since the FITZROY Act) mostly all roads lead to the Police Court.

The Balance of Europe is mostly left in ROTH-SCHILD'S hands.

Shopping is woman's only consolation when she has no money to spend.

Drunkenness is a dead wall with a row of broken bottles at the top.

Repentance must travel always by an Express Train, for it so repeatedly arrives too late!

TIPPERARY ROASTING PIG.

THE little pigs of some town, blest with extraordinary prosperity, are described in an Irish anecdote as running about the streets roasted and smoking hot, inviting the public at large to come and eat them. When MR. CARDEN was acquitted, the other day, on his second trial for attempted abduction, the ladies are said to have cheered him and waved their handkerchiefs. Perhaps this was because of their persuasion of his innocence; but if it was owing to a belief in his guilt, the sympathy manifested by these ladies is a hint that may be worth taking if there is among them a handsome heiress, or an heiress worth anything handsome. In that case, also, there can be no doubt, that the town of voluntary roasting-pigs is Clonmel, and that the ardent ladies of Tipperary are those little pigs.

Grape Shot.

SOME of COLONEL MABERLEY'S friends have been quizzing him about the presentation of a testimonial to him, on his retirement from the Post Office. The Colonel takes the quizzing in very good humour, and in allusion to the design of the candelabrum, which represents a vine laden with fruit, he says he can well understand that "the grapes are sour."

Wanted an Aide-de-Colonel.

THERE is a certain foreign officer who, being now, however, a naturalized individual, is eligible for admission into the British Service; and as soon as a vacancy occurs in the 46th Regiment, we recommend that it should be offered to him. We allude to MAJOR BENIOWSKI, whose system of mnemonics, or method of improving short memories, would render him a valuable auxiliary to one of the members of that distinguished corps.

ADVICE TO SABERATARIANS.—Keep your own Sunday, and don't take away ours.



VERY KIND.

"WELL! GOOD BYE, UNCLE! I'VE ENJOYED MYSELF VERY MUCH IN THE COUNTRY; AND IF YOU WILL RUN UP TO LONDON AT ANY TIME, I'LL SHOW YOU A LITTLE LIFE!"

IMAGINARY CONVERSATION.

An Apartment at Osborne. HER M—Y is graciously pleased to be hearing HER R—L H—S THE P—S L—A C—E A—A read to her out of Punch. The EARL OF A—N and LORD J—N R—L are announced, and HER M—Y's smile at the graceful satire in which Mr. Punch enwraps his profound wisdom, is utterly and entirely misconceived by the two Ministers into an expression of pleasure at their arrival.

Her M. Good morning, my lords. I hope you had a pleasant passage, and that the *Fairy* did her duty.

Lord A. Admirably, your M—Y, and we have come to do ours, we hope as satisfactorily. In obedience to your M—Y's commands, we are in attendance to receive any intimation your M—Y may wish to make as to the Speech from the Throne, at the approaching prorogation.

Her M. LOUISA, my love, give me that paper. (*The Princess smilingly hands Punch to her illustrious mamma.*) No, dear, keep that. The paper on the table.

Lord J. R. Allow me, your Royal Highness. (*He fetches the paper in question, and observes, to his extreme discomfort, that it is the Times of Wednesday, February the 1st, 1854.*)

Her M. My lords, I have been reading the speech which you were so good as to prepare for me at the opening of the present session, because it appears to me that the address at its close should refer to the hopes and promises with which we set out. Does not that seem reasonable?

Lord J. R. Without venturing to discuss the reasonableness of such a course, your M—Y, I would observe that it is not precisely exacted by the Constitution, and inasmuch as there are occasions when such references might be productive of unhappy cavil, we can be guided by the exigency of the moment.

Lord A. (*contradicting his colleague, as usual with Ministers.*) There is not the slightest reason for any hesitation on the subject. As the Houses will rise as soon as the speech is made, there can be no cavil.

Her M. Be that as it may, suppose we go through the January Speech, and see what material we can find for the August one.

The Princess (smiling). All your Speeches must be August Speeches, Mamma, mustn't they?

Her M. My love, I am sure you never found such a joke as that in your *Punch*. Pray show more respect for Prosody. Now, my Lords, (*HER M—Y reads*) the first paragraph of the January Speech referred to the war. I said that "the differences between Russia and the Porte had not been settled, and that a state of warfare had ensued." What are we to add to this statement now?

Lord A. I beg to suggest that we add—nothing. The words exactly express the present state of things, and the least said is the soonest mended.

Lord J. R. (indignantly). That won't do. There is our Declaration of War, and the departure of the fleets, and of the armies, and the French soldiers going away in English ships, and—and—

Lord A. And—well—and what? The glorious capture of Cronstadt, the splendid storming of Sebastopol, and the brilliant victory on the Danube. Don't let us forget those triumphs of English and French arms.

Lord J. R. It may be matter of satisfaction to a friend of the Czar that nothing has yet been achieved, and the person who has thrown every obstacle in the way of our vigorous action may fairly exult in his success.

The Princess (appealingly). Mamma, don't let them speak crossly to one another. It's wicked, isn't it, Mamma?

Lord J. R. We are not cross, your Royal Highness, at least I am not. Your M—Y, I would submit that a reference to our having joined in the grand quarrel, and a hope that our arms will be triumphant, will fitly commence the Speech.

Lord A. But without any unnecessary vituperation of the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

Lord J. R. I do not often agree with PALMERSTON—in fact he is my colleague—but he was very right in denouncing the "jargon" of you opponents of the policy of England.

Her M. (with dignity). Your Lordships will be good enough to make this paragraph speak the plainest English. You understand. (*They bow, LORD J. R. with evident enjoyment.*) Now, the next paragraph



SMOKE.

Inspector Punch. "YOU MUSTN'T MAKE SO MUCH SMOKE NEXT SESSION, MY LORD, OR YOU'LL GET INTO TROUBLE, I PROMISE YOU."

1000

1000

said that the Estimates had been framed with a due regard to economy. The war alters the circumstances, but, without reference to the war, have you any economical reforms or retrenchments to appeal to?

Lord A. We have nothing to do with such matters in the Lords.

Lord J. R. Except that we have done the BISHOP of NEW ZEALAND out of his salary—only a few hundreds—I fear we have nothing to boast of, your MAJESTY, but GLADSTONE promises wonders from the new mode of national bookkeeping.

Her M. I do not see how the mode of stating an account can alter the account itself. We must pass over this. I mentioned that the year before we had not had a good harvest. This year, providentially, the harvest will be a rich one.

Lord J. R. It will sadly offend the friends of the farmers to be told that they have nothing to grumble at, but I think we should risk that.

Her M. I said that trade was prosperous.

Lord J. R. The war impedes commercial enterprise by causing hesitation and uncertainty, but things are not very bad—yet. If the war were vigorously pushed towards a speedy termination, we should scarcely feel the mischief.

Lord A. I protest against mixing matters which have nothing to do with one another.

Her M. I referred to University Reform.

Lord A. (looking triumphantly at his colleague). Your M—r's late Ministers have passed a very good bill on this subject. My noble friend was beaten about twenty times during the debates, and the bill was remodelled by the enemy. Would it be constitutional, LORD J—N R—L, for HER M—r's Government to compliment HER M—r's Opposition?

Her M. I said that bills would be submitted to Parliament for transferring from the Ecclesiastical to the Civil Courts the cognizance of testamentary and matrimonial causes. In other words, we promised reform in the law of Wills, and of Divorce.

Lord J. R. Excuse me, your M—r. We said that bills should be submitted. They were. We promised to do nothing more, and have kept our promise. Both bills have been withdrawn.

Her M. We promised a reform in the Civil Service system.

Lord J. R. I fear we must ask your M—r to promise it again, and next year we will see about it.

Her M. We promised to reform the law of Pauper Settlement.

Lord J. R. The country squires did not like our bill, so we withdrew it.

Her M. I said that measures would be submitted for the amendment of the laws relating to the representation of the Commons in Parliament.

Lord J. R. "*Infandum, Regina, jubes renovare dolorem.*" (Bursts into tears, to the great grief of H. R. H. P—ss.)

Her M. My lord, you fulfilled your pledge. Let the disgrace lie with those who hindered your doing more, and specially with Manchester, which, rather than see reforms achieved otherwise than at its own dictation, rejected them. The Free-Traders, false to their principle, desired a monopoly of the manufacture of law. As somebody said to MR. BUCKSTONE in an amusing burlesque I saw at the Haymarket—

"There's no complaint of you, my little man"

Then I promised a Bill against Bribery.

Lord J. R. We have done something, but this bill also has been remodelled by the Tories, and its best parts are cut out.

Her M. As to Education—could you not manage to do something?

Lord J. R. We have tried, but bigotry beats us, the Church voting that a child cannot learn its letters aright except from a leaf torn out of the Book, and the Papists solemnly declaring that children had better be half-naked, half-starved thieves, than learn off such a leaf unless it have been printed at Douay.

Her M. Well, have you drained London? Have you made it felony to send out Emigrants in ships ill-found or not sea-worthy? Have you regulated Savings Banks—a reform which the industrious operatives have implored for years? Have you dealt with the Landlord and Tenant question in Ireland? Have you considered whether Partridges are quite worth their price in gaol-room and murder? Have you put down the medical quacks who advertise poison for the people?

Lord J. R. Unfortunately, your M—r, the war—

Her M. What on earth had the war to do with these things? You have been sitting from the end of January to the middle of August, and what have you done? What am I to say that you have done? What, my LORD ABERDEEN, in the Lords?

Lord A. Abolished dogcarts, your M—r.

Her M. What, my LORD J—N R—LL in the Commons?

Lord J. R. Smashed SIR THOMAS WILSON, your M—r.

Her M. Good deeds, both, no doubt, and deeds that could not be done in less than seven months. Well, you must make me the best Speech you can, and, for the future—what is that Latin, LOUISA, that Papa quotes, when he means that he hopes for better things.

The Princess (after consideration). *Sperno meliora*, isn't it, Mamma?

H. R. H. the PRINCE A—r, entering. Say *spero* next time, my dear. Ah! my Lords. I did not know that you were here.

Her M. We have done, my love. Suppose we go to lunch.
[The distinguished party move off, HER M—r leading the way with the PRIME MINISTER, the Princess and LORD J. R—LL following arm-in-arm, with much stateliness, and the Field Marshal bringing up the rear.]

A COURT-MARTIAL FOR ME.

Oh of all fair tribunals give me a Court-Martial!

That's the Court I would go to, pure justice to seek.

So forbearing, considerate, calm, and impartial,

From the strong such protection affording the weak.

Pulled up there—if I ever be brought to a bar shall—

Let me be; not before Judge and Jury, or Beak.

Sing, over the left, boys, and like a whale, very,

And "where are your witnesses," eh, MR. PERRY?

"In Turkey? we thought so;" chaff, laugh, and be merry,

And in judgment we'll sit with a heydownberry.

'Tis of men of nice honour composed altogether,

Men of honour that bears not a speck or a stain,

Honour brilliant and bright as their boots' patent leather,

Men who stoop to no humbug and scorn all chicane,

But of fact, pro and con, strictly weigh every feather,

To the infinitesimal part of a grain.

Sing, over the left, &c.

Don't tell me of the Bench—how unsullied the ermine,

What a spotless peruke clothes my Lord Judge's head:

I had rather that Colonels my case should determine,

I prefer much the coat of immaculate red—

As for Serjeants at Law, this persuasion I'm firm in,

It were better to have Sergeant-Majors instead.

Sing, over the left, &c.

May I never be dragged into vile *Nisi Prius*!

Try my cause without cavil, or quibble, or quirk,

Let my judges have minds that are warped by no bias

And my questions not suffer a witness to shirk.

Yes, let officers, yes, boys, let gentlemen try us,

Who have hearts above dirty and underhand work.

Sing, over the left, &c.

For of every attempt to intimidate, bully,

Or embarrass a pris'ner, incapable quite,

They will bid you speak boldly, and hear you out fully,

Being free from impatience, and passion, and spite,

And without fear or favour, and justly and truly,

Will that sentence pronounce which they feel to be right.

Sing, over the left, &c.

From the Sessions defend me, and from the Assizes,

By my peers be it never my lot to be tried,

I don't care for that right which each Englishman prizes,

Of our free constitution the glory and pride:

A Court Martial the rarest of courts in my eyes is;

No such other we've had since JUDGE JEFFERIES died.

Sing, over the left, &c.

Interesting Habits of Ministers.

MR. GLADSTONE, when he buys a bundle of asparagus, begins by dividing it into "three heads."

LORD JOHN RUSSELL, before doing anything, always looks into *Magna Charta*, to see if he is justified in doing it. He will not even take a walk, unless he has thoroughly convinced himself beforehand that it is a perfectly "Constitutional" one.

IRISH BACON.

IRELAND has long enjoyed a peculiar celebrity for its hogs, but it has now produced a Philosopher who bids fair to rival the English BACON. MR. CARDEN, of Barnane, has exhibited himself to the world as the great practical exponent of the Abductive Philosophy.

A Day of Settlement.

MR. BRIEFLESS, being pressed exceedingly hard by his creditors to fix a date for the payment of his debts, has named "the day when the Russians evacuate the Principalities." The date, he confesses, is a little uncertain, but, if agreed to, he is willing to promise most solemnly that he will not think of asking for any further extension of time.



GORGEOUS SPECTACLE.

Sarah Jane. "OH, BETSY, COME 'ERE, AND BRING HISABELLER! WE CAN SEE THE 'OOFS OF THE 'ORSES!!"

THE CZAR'S NIGHT THOUGHTS.

'Tis midnight—all is deadly still—
And I this silence dwell within;
I, by whose solitary will
The world is roaring with the din
Of myriads that each other kill,
Because I am resolved to win!

Their howlings cannot reach me here,
Though far as Heaven they might ascend,
If Heaven indeed had any ear
To hear, or, hearing, would attend.
But Heaven if we begin to fear,
Then everything is at an end!

What groans, what agonising cries,
What yells, what ravings of despair,
In torment what a world of eyes
Uplifted, plead against me there;
For my confusion thither flies
How many a curse—how many a prayer!

I sometimes think there is a Power
Above—and then again I doubt.
Could I exist a single hour
In outraged Europe's face, without?
Would men before me crawl and cower?
Yes—there's a Heaven, and I'm its Knout!

And am I, like my hangman's thong,
Commissioned human flesh to tear
In chastisement for human wrong,
Until mankind no more can bear;
Then, soaked in gore, endured too long,
Cast by Eternal Justice—WHERE?

THE PLEASANTEST RINGING IN ONE'S EARS.—
The Dinner-Bell.

CRUEL TREATMENT OF A RESPECTABLE PERSON.

To Mr. Punch.

"SIR, "THERE is much said about the humanity displayed nowadays in war. Enemies are treated with the most friendly consideration, and belligerent armies proceed to the cutting of one another's throats, and the blowing out of one another's brains, with the most exquisite politeness.

"How comes it, that in our catalogue of things deserving of consideration in war-time, we have not included 'respectable persons?' 'Respectable persons,' as the name implies, are eminently persons to be treated with respect. This holds of all respectable persons; but how much more does it apply where respectable persons are also officials? I have read, with equal pain and surprise, in the *Times* of August 1st, in a letter from Baro Sound, how—

"CAPTAIN SULLIVAN, being on shore to day, has captured a VERY RESPECTABLE PERSON IN A GREEN COAT, WITH BRASS BUTTONS. He says that he is the SHERIFF OF THE PARISH, and a Consul."

"In other accounts of the same incident I find this respected person variously described as 'a policeman,' 'a general officer,' 'a beadle,' 'a dignitary of the church,' and 'a high-bailiff.'

"Conceive the feelings of a British beadle, who having gone down to Ramsgate for the benefit of sea-air, should find his walk to Pegwell Bay suddenly cut short by the appearance of a boat's crew of Russian privateersmen, and himself—laced hat, official coat, staff and all—carried off to St. Petersburg, and exhibited to the jeers of a brutal populace, ever glad to insult dignity in distress—perhaps to the taunts of the Russian little boys—a class at all times difficult to impress with awe. Nay, the stern and solitary policeman of Herne Bay, or the gallant though stout artilleryman, who constitutes the garrison of Brighton, is not safe, from this moment, if reprisals should be attempted by the enemy. Really, to read the paragraph, one would think 'respectable persons' were a kind of birds, to be bagged at pleasure—and green coats with brass buttons, a plumage to be described by the naturalist. This respectable individual probably imagined that his green coat and brass buttons rendered his person sacred. Perhaps he was digesting a sober meal—perhaps protecting a peaceful population, like the policeman of Herne Bay, or the Brighton artilleryman to whom I have referred.

"In the name of the order to which I belong, I call upon the authorities at home to interfere and insist on CAPTAIN SULLIVAN

restoring this man to his home and his official duties. The British beadle recognises in him a man and a brother. He may be a sheriff—perhaps a high-sheriff. Finland may be advanced enough in civilisation to comprehend how admirably these higher functions may be combined with the much-misunderstood and sadly undervalued duties of Beadledom.

"At all events, I claim your sympathy for my Finnish brother, thus rudely arrested, in the green coat and brass buttons of civil edileship, and I declare that I, for one, will be ready to hold out to him the right hand of fellowship on his arrival, as a prisoner, on these shores.

"I remain, Mr. Punch, yours obediently,

"JOHN BUMBLE,

"(Beadle and Pew-opener of St. Candlestick-cum-snuffers, Vintry Ward without)."

The Greatest Event of the Present Session.

WE think that the greatest event that has taken place during this Session occurred on Friday evening, July the 28th, when BENJAMIN DISRAELI actually passed a vote of censure upon himself! This censure was for having passed a censure upon the Government, which he ought properly to have taken to himself. The vote being put by the Right Honourable Gentleman, was carried without a division. At the conclusion of his speech, the talented Ex-Minister was surrounded by his friends, and warmly congratulated upon the flattering unanimity of the House.

A RELIGION THAT NO ONE OWNS.

THE worst thing that can be said against Puseyism is that you never by any accident hear any one openly avow that he is a Puseyite. Surely that must be a strange religion that even its followers, who practise it most, are ashamed to confess they belong to it.

SUSPENDED ANIMATION.—The English for "Parachute."—*Punch's Dictionary.*

SABBATARIAN PHILOSOPHY.—The Philosophy of CANT.

GET UP.—Stopping in bed too long is decidedly bad for the temper—even Port Wine gets crustier the longer it has been lying down.

HOW TO BEAT THE RUSSIANS.

"Varna, Aug. 10.

THE following spirited address to the British Army serving in the East has been issued from Head Quarters:—

"Soldiers!—In the conflict which you are about to sustain with the forces of the greatest military power of Europe in point of numbers, your QUEEN and country trust you will never desert your colours, by wearing any that are contrary to regulation.

Whether in the face of the enemy, or encamped side by side with your allies, your officers will never unbutton their shell jackets, and allow them to fly open, showing underneath a red flannel shirt. The bosom of the British Officer, his jacket buttoned bravely over it up to the chin, will never betray the shirt to friend or

foe. He will set his men the example of wearing a white collar and a black stock. He will avoid all plaids that are not strictly regimental, and leave checks to be experienced by the Russians. He will never put on a turban over his forage cap under the hottest fire of the sun; and having been commanded to draw the sword, he will know how to wear it.

"In facing the enemy you will show that face which has always been shown by the British soldier. That is, you will display as much of it as possible; you will, with the regulated exceptions, remove all hair from your upper lips, and shave your chins.

"You will put on your uniforms with that care and attention which will enable you successfully to resist the heaviest odds and the most vigorous charge, as well as to prove more than a match for the most crafty stratagems of your antagonists.

"You will pipeclay your belts and epaulettes with that perseverance which has always distinguished English troops in the field; and you will strap yourselves in the manner that becomes tight lads: so that while you strike terror into the hostile ranks, it may not at the same time happen that they cannot be otherwise than struck by your general disregard of what is proper.

"By Order,

"X. Y. Z. FITZBRUMMELL, D. A. G."

An Al Fresco Dinner (at Gremorne).

Indignant Old Gentleman. Here, Waiter—Waiter—Waiter—Waiter. (running breathlessly). Yes, Sir.

Indignant Old Gentleman. Take this cherry pie away directly. It's impossible to eat it. It's most shameful—why, it's choke-full of sand.

Waiter. Very sorry, Sir, but cannot help it. The fact is, Sir, it's the ballast from the balloon, Sir, that's just gone up.

LEGAL DESTITUTION.

SINCE Taverns and Coffee-Houses in the City write up "No Fees given to the Waiters," MESSRS. BRIEFLESS and DUNUP declare that, considering the little practice there is at the Bar, a somewhat similar placard might, in better truth be hung up over all the Law Courts, viz.: "NO FEES GIVEN TO COUNSEL."

Tender Solicitude.

(Being an Extract from a fashionable young Lady's farewell Agonising Letter.)

"OH! CHARLES dear, they tell me you are ordered off to the Theatre of War. I beg of you therefore, dear, as you love me, to bear in mind one thing—and that is, above all, not to forget to take your opera-glass with you, for I know myself how extremely inconvenient it is to go to the Theatre without one."

A GRAND SUBJECT FOR A PICTURE.

CHADWICK flinging himself, like a second QUINTUS CURTIUS, into one of his own sewers, for the benefit of his country.—N.B. The picture might be drawn on the Board of Health.

THE DOG-DAYS AT THE BLUECOAT SCHOOL.

THE late hot weather has been peculiarly trying to the dogs and the Bluecoat Boys of the City of London, but though precautions against hydrophobia were adopted, no measures were taken to prevent the boys from going mad. This remark is addressed to the Governors of Christ's Hospital, who will require no apology for mentioning the scholars of their institution along with dogs. Are not those scholars objects of charity, and, as such, entitled to no more consideration than so many whelps? However, it cannot be denied that they deserve as much. Now, dogs have been emancipated from the servitude of the costermonger, and must no longer be employed in drawing trucks. Certainly it does not follow that Bluecoat Boys should be released from their tasks. No; but Greek and Latin are diaphoretic work at any time, as a city alderman might ascertain if he would try the declension of *Musa*, or endeavour to master δ , η , $\tau\delta$. If he attempted such exertion on a moderately warm day, his worship would certainly find it necessary to take off his gown. Can it therefore be right that a poor lad should be compelled to fag at SALLUST, VIRGIL, LIVY, CICERO, XENOPHON, THUCYDIDES, HOMER, ÆSCHYLUS and EURIPIDES, in a frying atmosphere, and under a weight of woollen clothes? This is really treating the boy worse than a dog, and those who subject the former to such treatment in hot weather had better muzzle him like the latter, for the recipient of charity under such conditions might naturally be expected to bite the hand that feeds it.

"Is the costume of EDWARD THE SIXTH a fit dress for the school-boys of 1854?" demands "M. D." in a letter to the *Times* on this subject; and he correctly describes that costume as consisting of a heavy blue woollen robe, yellow petticoat of the same material, cap, also woollen, of the size of a pen-wiper, yellow worsted stockings, and shoes. In answer to M. D.'s inquiry, it may be said that of all the above-named articles of apparel, there are none that are fit for the schoolboys of 1854, except perhaps the last in the list. Perhaps except these, for the case may be that it is no longer customary for the scholars of Christ's Hospital to scramble for their shoes thrown together in a heap after having been cleaned, and perhaps they have thus ceased to be misfitted with shoes and to get lamed in consequence.

The cap, indeed, of the Bluecoat Boy can be worn, but only in the pocket; so that the head has no clothing at all. The uncovered head betokens humility, which the Governors of the Hospital may think desirable, but they cannot be of opinion that it is also a good thing to expose a boy to a *coup de soleil*.

Surely the climate of the country must have changed; for a dress which may have suited the days of EDWARD THE SIXTH, is not adapted to the days—at least the dog-days—of VICTORIA THE FIRST. The only argument that can be urged in behalf of it—and mark how canine associations cling about the theme—is derived from what is likewise said to constitute the beauty of a bull-dog, its ugliness. It makes the wearer look extremely ridiculous, and it therefore keeps the children of the higher classes out of the school. The same object might, as M. D. justly observes, be gained by the substitution of a costume equally absurd but more comfortable. It might also be secured by the simple method of the Governors faithfully discharging their trust.

But if Charity must have its Objects—that is to say its Frights—the Aldermen and their colleagues might clothe the boys in colours as preposterous as those of the LORD MAYOR's coach, and yet in caps, jackets, and trowsers of ordinary make: such as a boy might play about in. The material might be motley if they chose, but would not something simply mean and common suffice? would not fustian and corduroy answer every purpose? Some sort of charity-dress may be considered requisite for charity-children: but the Bluecoat School dress is decidedly the dress of a much too "melting Charity."

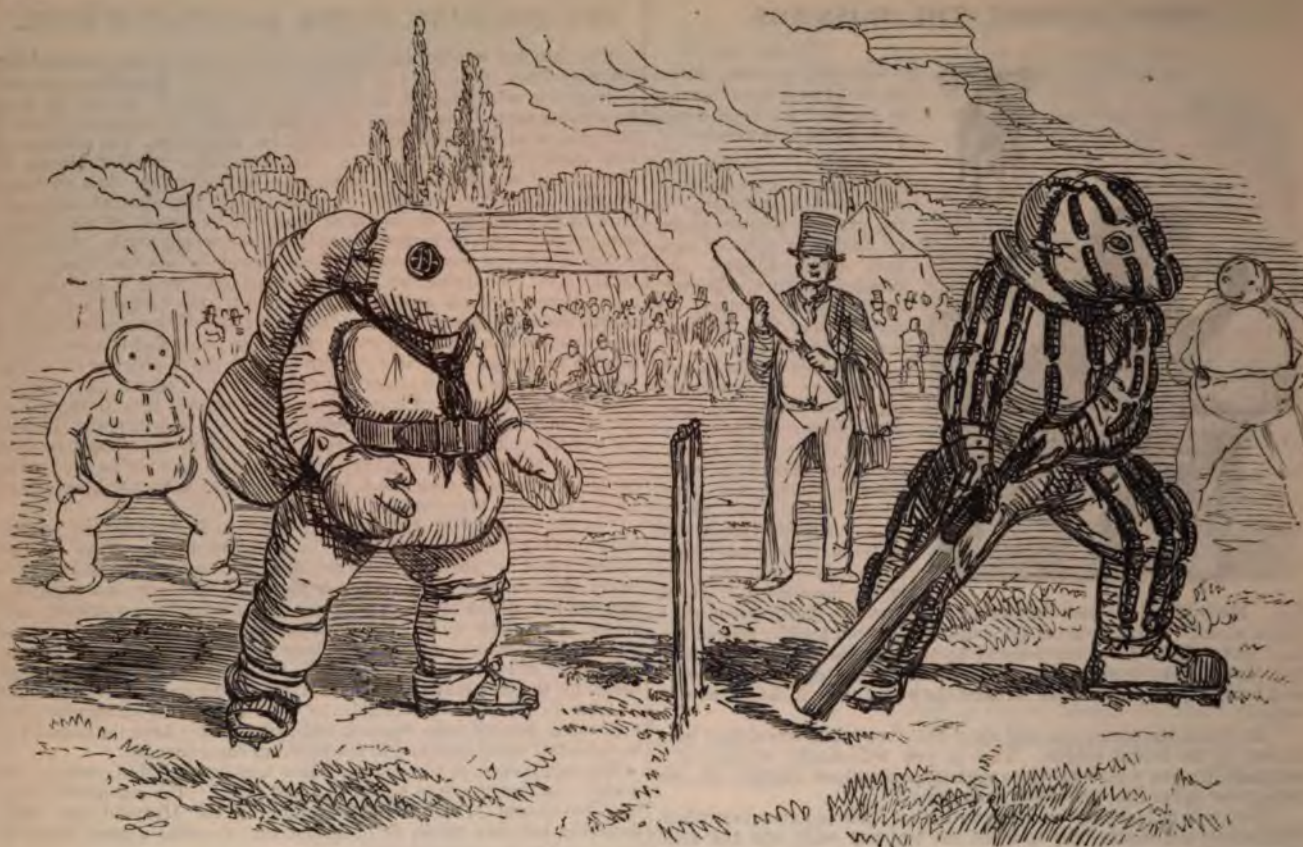
Our Account with Russia.

WE don't know what to say about paying debts to Russia. Honour among thieves is an acknowledged maxim; but the recognition of social obligations towards them depends upon circumstances. The property of a convicted felon is forfeit to the Crown. Government would not pay dividends to JACK SHEPPARD under sentence; and why, it may be asked, should we stand upon more ceremony with the Burglar and Outlaw of Europe? All we can say is that we owe NICHOLAS a hiding, and ought to try our utmost to pay him that.

DUSTING THE WRONG JACKET.

THERE is a great fuss about the costume of the army. We only wish our commanders would attend a trifle less to the dressing of the English, and trouble themselves a little more about giving the Russians a good dressing.

OUR CYNICAL CONTRIBUTOR SENDS US THIS:—There is a Blue Beard's Chamber in every man's heart, of which he does not like to trust the keys to any one, not even to his own wife.—(Rubbish. Ed.)



NEW CRICKETING DRESSES, TO PROTECT ALL ENGLAND AGAINST THE PRESENT SWIFT BOWLING

FRENCH TROOPS IN BRITISH BOTTOMS.

Being the literal Translation of a Letter from ANATOLE GRIGOUX, Sergeant of the 3me Légère, on board HER BRITANNIC MAJESTY'S ship Hannibal, to MARTIN TOULOUROU, Corporal of the Chasseurs de Vincennes, Camp at Deena.

"MY DEAR,

"I WRITE thee to give thee an idea of the life we lead on board the ships of war of the Insularies. In the first place put on one side all thou hast read or seen in the journals, thy *feuilletons*, the Dramas of the Boulevard, of the John Bull—that fantastic animal, as he has been created by MÉRY, D'ENNERY, COGNARD Brothers, and all those gentlemen—and instead of a being, morose, taciturn, continually selling his wife by auction, always suffering from the 'spleen,' expending enormous sums in incredible bets, nourishing himself on a bleeding roast-beef, watered with a flaming punch, always clothed in the riding-coat, and the top-boots—loving the box, the race, the sport and turf, and detesting the 'French dogue' (*sic*)—figure to thyself an individual gay, amiable, careless, free of word (*libre de parole*), dressed in the blue jacket and loose pantaloons of the mariner, willingly making himself to our habits, though flaying alive our language (*écorchant notre langue*) in a manner the most diverting, not eating but of the boiled-beef, and contenting himself for all beverage with a modest grog of rum.

"In fine, reverse the picture, which has been held up to you amongst us (*chez nous*), and you will see something like the JOHN BULL, as our transport on board the vessels of war has made us know him. But above all, figure to yourself, that this JOHN BULL is also an accomplished cook. I see you make the large eyes. It is true, my word of honour. Thanks to Heaven we have learnt from him, already, to appreciate the famous plum-pudding! It has been received with a lively adhesion, and, in the end, adopted almost to unanimity by our brave soldiers!

"The first day of our traverse, on which that frightful sickness of the sea rendered it possible for us to take nourishment, they have distributed to us (*on nous a fait partage*) rations. It was to each an enormous piece of boiled beef, accompanied by dry peas, with a portion of a solid and excellent biscuit. We have at once (*tout de suite*) under-

stood we were to arrange this each after his own fashion. But to this succeeded something quite mysterious—a portion of flour, morsels of suet, raisins of Corinth, in fine, what do I know? Here we are, entirely off the scent (*nous voilà tout à fait dépiqué*), regarding each other in the eyes, interrogating each other—ashamed, as French soldiers, of an ignorance which it was impossible for us to conceal from the eyes of our insular hosts.

"At length repeated expressions, from our new friends, of 'the plum-pudding! the plum-pudding!' have revealed to us that we held to us in the hands this mysterious comestible, so dear to the inhabitant of Albion, alike by sea and by land. Enough! we had received the elements—but how to combine them? At this crisis has revealed itself the generous instinct of those we have always hitherto considered our irreconcilable enemies! Mingled with our ranks might be seen the insular mariner of Albion, engaged, with a touching simplicity, in the task of instructing the brave soldiers of France in the mystery of the plum-pudding.

"This moment has appeared to me sublime! I wished myself a VERNET, or a SCHEFFER, to fix with the brush this symbol, at the first sight so trivial, but at the bottom so profound, of the fraternization of the peoples! We have since frequently made trial of the plum-pudding. Some essays have even very well succeeded. The great art consists to make it at once compact and light. It must be avowed that the greater part of ours have issued from the pot heavy, of a desperate solidity (*solidité désespérante*), almost as the bullets of cannon. Slight indigestions have followed, but hitherto without serious results. The morsels of suet have a taste of grease, at first displeasing, and remain long to you in the teeth; but we shall reconcile ourselves to this as to other novelties.

"For me, who am of a reflective spirit, the event has appeared of a range difficult to calculate (*d'une portée difficile à calculer*). May these bullets, so succulent, be the only ones that shall henceforth be exchanged between the two great peoples of the future!

"All to thee, Thy ANATOLE."

BEARING THE MARKET.—When BARING stands up for dealing in Russian securities, it's clear he cares more for interest than principle.

THE BEST SUBSTITUTE FOR RAGS.—Bank-notes.



GENERAL SIR GEORGE BROWN DETERMINES TO
INSPECT SEBASTOPOL.

PUNCH'S HANDBOOKS TO THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

THE GREEK COURT.

THOUGH MR. OWEN JONES has thought it necessary to offer an Apology (price sixpence) for colouring the Greek Court, we shall offer no apology whatever for painting the Greek Court in our own peculiar colours. Without pausing to consider whether MINERVA should be treated to a pair of blue stockings, or whether the hair of VENUS should be dyed, we shall dash away in black and white, combining all the vigour of the six-pound brush with the delicacy of the finest pencil, made of the silkiest hair of the sleekest and best groomed camel. Greece, as anybody knows, is next door to Egypt, and within, we were going to say, a stone's throw, but we feel that those who enter glass houses should not be throwing stones as a mode of measurement.

The Greek Court is approached by a façade, having three Grecian doorways of the Grecian Doric Order. The visitor is, or may be, arrested at the principal entrance by what to the inexperienced eye would appear to be some rather strange characters; but the learned will recognise these characters as constituting a passage from HERODOTUS. The unlearned will at once enter the Court without going through the passage, which, if it is unfortunately above their comprehension, is luckily so much above their heads that they can pass immediately under it.

There is over each of the three entrances an inscription of the merest common-place, and they are so far appropriate to a doorway, which is a very common place to have an inscription over it.

Having nearly lost ourselves in admiration of the façade, we find ourselves rapidly in the Central Greek Court, which represents an *agora* or market-place. The names around are those of poets, philosophers, and artists, but considering the place is a market, the most appropriate names would have been those of butchers, greengrocers, and fish-mongers. The list begins with HOMER, who may perhaps be admitted into a market by virtue of the accuracy of his measures. HIPPOCRATES, the father of physic (a most disgusting relationship by the way, which must have prevented the father from meeting his physical progeny with a pleasant face), may have been introduced as the first man who made a business of medicine, and who may have realised the commercial idea of "a drug in the market." While HOMER has arrived on his Pegasus, ARCHIMEDES may be said to have come down to posterity on his celebrated Screw, and his name is by no means ill-suited to a market-place, where he might have had a stall, not only for his screw but for those celebrated burning-glasses which were the result of his own deep reflection.

The Paintings on the wall of the Greek Court would seem to be hardly suited to a market, though the subject of the *Judgment of Paris*

is perhaps admissible, where the golden pippin may be offered for sale, and the *Fall of Troy* may be allowed to pass, under the somewhat strained idea that Troy weight might be kept in view by the heaviness of the catastrophe. A third painting represents the *Infernal Regions*, in which the tormented are seen listening to the playing of ORPHEUS, who must be playing dreadfully out of tune to account for the horror depicted in the countenances of the listeners. The subject of the fourth painting is *Phidias exhibiting his Model of Minerva*, or in other words acting as a showman of his own productions. It has been thought a happy idea to place this picture at the supposed entrance of the workshop of PHIDIAS, as if the ancient sculptor had hoisted a sign, which should be equivalent to a cry of "Walk up" addressed to the people in the market place.

We now enter the Atrium, which contains a model of the West End of the Parthenon. The building of the Parthenon is said to have cost one thousand talents, though its highest value is represented in the single talent of the architect. The Temple was built in honour of MINERVA, who was supposed to live in the cella, where her statue was deposited.

The whole of the ornaments of the building are supposed to represent scenes in the life of MINERVA, the mistress of the mansion, who, with all her ancient wisdom, seems not to have risen above the modern folly of filling her own abode with pictures of herself and of her own exploits.

The Parthenon was in a comparatively perfect state until 1687, when the Venetians besieged Athens, and threw in a shell which destroyed nearly all but the shell of the building. The Parthenon was on the top of the Acropolis, and occupied what DR. WORDSWORTH called the "finest site in Europe;" a distinction that has been sometimes claimed for Trafalgar Square, where an almost unlimited sight of money has been employed in rendering the finest site in Europe remarkable for its extreme unsightliness. The frieze forms a striking portion of the building, and an attempt has been made to give warmth to the frieze by painting it. This proceeding has been the subject of much discussion, it being argued on one side that the frieze cannot be too cold in order to be correct; and it being contended on the other side, that those who would paint the frieze have a colourable excuse for coming to that conclusion.

The result is that the advocates of the paint-pot have prevailed, though many artists allege that the colour should not have been applied till the subject had been thoroughly canvassed. It would be a tedious task to trace the progress of sculpture from the primitive efforts of the wood-cutter, who hacked the human form into a shape resembling the doll of our own days, until the skill of the sculptor reached the culminating point in the genius and chisel of PHIDIAS. This great artist literally played with the marbles that came into his hand, and he died in the middle of a game, for he did not live to complete his colossal statue of MINERVA, which was so lofty that it must have taken half the sculptor's time to travel from the top to the toe, or even to find his way across the bridge of the nose, if he happened to be making for the Temple.

APPEARANCE OF THE POLICE.

WRITING in reference to the Police, asks a Correspondent of the *Times* :—

"Would it not be advisable to give them a short frock in lieu of the absurd swallow-tail, which has neither appearance nor comfort, and by that means afford men who are exposed to all weathers, at all hours, some protection to their loins, stomachs, and hips, as well as adding grace and manliness to their appearance, neither of which the present coat does?"

It is no doubt very desirable that the Police should be clad in garments which would afford sufficient protection to their loins, stomachs, and hips, but there is a serious objection to dressing them in any manner calculated to add grace and manliness to their appearance. Most householders will be of opinion that the personal appearance of the Police is quite graceful and manly enough as it is; and that it would be very much the reverse of an advantage to families to make any addition whatever to those attractions which Policemen, attired in their present uniforms, present to cooks and housemaids at our area-railings.

NOTE AND QUERY.

A CORRESPONDENT, who would much oblige us by contenting himself with being a Subscriber, writes to say that he perpetually sees the following Advertisement :—

THE MOOR AND THE LOCH.

He wishes to know whether this is an announcement of an engraving from SHAKESPEARE, illustrating the scene in which *Othello* requests *Emilia* to "turn the key and keep his counsel."

WHEN can a steamer tap a bottle of wine?—When she's a CORK "Screw."

THE OFFICER'S OWN BOOK.



THE following extracts from this little book of Military sports and pastimes may amuse some of our junior readers.

1. DRAWING THE BADGER.—In this game the Badger is a Lieutenant, who gets into bed and goes to sleep. The Terrier is played by another Lieutenant, who catches him by the legs and pulls him out. The fun of the game may be heightened by using a string to draw the Badger; attaching the string, by means of a noose at one end of it, to the sleeper's toe.

2. SING A SONG OF SIXPENCE.—This is a very simple game. It consists in merely taking a young officer out of his bed, and carrying

him down stairs in his nightgown, when he is placed upon a table, and in that situation compelled to sing a song. This pastime is otherwise called The Forty-Sixth Undress.

3. BOLSTERING.—This game is performed by young officers, who provide themselves with Bolsters, and break into the bed-room of a brother-officer. It does not differ from the sport of the same name practised among the school-boys.

BAD THOUGHTS.

(Written at Baden-Baden.)

FROM the little gratitude shown now-a-days, you would imagine no one ever did an act of kindness.

Little by little, as we travel through life, do our whims increase, and become more troublesome—just like women's luggage on a journey.

A girl at school would like to have two birthdays every year. When she grows up a woman, she objects to having even one.

The Parentage of a Lie is the most difficult of all to trace. It is, indeed, a clever Lie that knows its own Father!

The worst kind of borrower is he who borrows with the intention of repaying, for you know to a moral certainty that he intends to borrow again.

If England was a paradise, still you would find Englishmen grumbling.

More beggars are relieved for the sake of getting rid of them than from any feeling of charity.

It is a curious system of drainage to close up all the Sewers, and to leave the Thames open into which they all flow!

They say "Friendship is but a name;" at all events it is not one you often see on the back of a bill.

It is strange how often it occurs, whenever a person is disinclined to do a thing, that he is labouring under "a cold!"

Scandal, like a kite, to fly well, depends greatly on the length of the tale it has to carry.

CURIOUS CHINESE DEFINITION.—The Chinese call a pricking conscience "a hedgehog with all the points turned inwards."

THE PRESENT AND THE FUTURE—OR, THE REPORTER'S DREAM!

In the gallery, stuffy, steamy,
I was sitting dazed and dreamy,
Feeling life an utter bore;
While, with endless iteration,
NEWDEGATE informed the nation,
Floundering, maundering evermore!
Such that weight of leaden spouting,
Not impatient members shouting,
Nor the loud division bell,
Nor AFSLEY PELLATT'S arms unaisy,
Working wild in circles mazy,
Like a semaphore gone crazy,
Could my lethargy dispel!

Faint and fainter came the tittering,
And the rustling and the twittering
Of caged lady-birds behind;
Faint the Speaker's "Order! order!"
As, too loud, a Member snored, or
Cried "Hear!"—not to hear inclined.
All things swam and danced around me,
Till the chains of slumber bound me,
And in Dream-land I was blest—
(Far from Parliament'ry pothering,
And the gallery gaslight's smothering)—
Where sub-editors lave bothering,
And reporters are at rest.

And I pondthered, and I pondthered,
As through Dream-land on I wandthered—
Wandthered without pause or check;
Till, looking up, of walking weary,
I found me in a desert dreary,
Strewn with rubbish and with wreck.

Large professions, dropt when spoken,
Pledges unredeem'd or broken,
Good intentions out of gear;
Half-form'd projects, shrunk and shatter'd,
Embryo law-schemes, torn and tatter'd,
Notions into form scarce batter'd,—
The abortions of the year!

Here and there, its bulk uprearing,
Taller for that waste appearing,
Rose a parchment roll complete;
As in Egypt's ruins solemn,
You may see a perfect column,
Pierce the chaos at its feet.
And I had a clear impression
What I looked on was THIS SESSION,
Scant of bearing, flush of bloom:
Wherein, scorning opposition,
Such a force of coalition
(Or as some would read "collision")
Rose in fire and set in fume.

Then I cried, "Is this the harvest,
Wherewith, cruel Time, thou starvest
Folks who waited to be fed?
With such wealth of seed for sowing,
And such wondrous hands for mowing,
Is this all our six-months' bread?"
Said a voice, "You would be talking—
While grim-visaged War was stalking

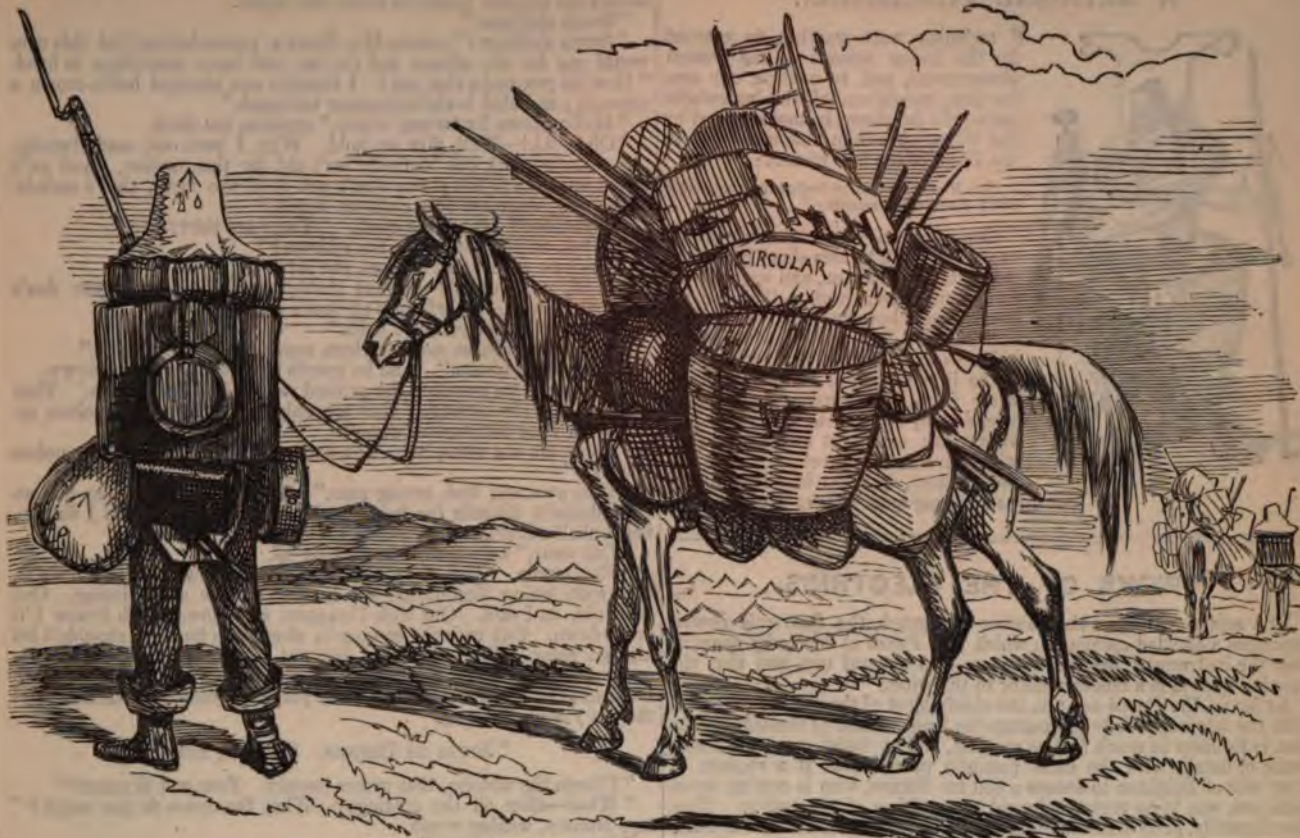
O'er the green blades as they grew.
And as, more than silent labour,
Each loved arguing with his neighbour,
For the sickle, came the sabre,
To snip and slash—to hack and hew.

"If you'd gather consolation
For this scene of blank frustration,
To yonder valley turn your eye."
I looked—and lo—the pleasant places!—
I saw a green and gold Oasis
Smiling 'neath a sunny sky!
Crops of glorious hopes and wishes!
Fruits of word-o'-mouth delicious!
Full of savour to the sight!
And I knew I saw NEXT SESSION—
Land of promise and profession;
Forth I sprang to take possession—
Eager for its rich delights.

Fast as on my wishes bore me,
Faster fled the scene before me;
Dim it grew and faint and thin:
Till its fruits in air seemed fusing,
Colour first, then substance losing
Still my way I strove to win.
O'er the stones my shin-bones barking,
With my blood my passage marking;
Yet with hope my heart was big—
Ha! 'Tis done—I near the border—
When lo a cry of "Order! Order!"
I'd dropped my note-book, and—oh murder!—
Hit MISTHER SPAKER on the wig!

Queen Christina, not a Small Difficulty.

THERE is a difficulty in the way of disposing of this lady. We think we espy a means by which she might be availably bestowed. Why not place a yacht at her service, and send her against Sebastopol? Considering what she has already done in the way of pillage, can there be any doubt that she would fail in taking anything; no matter how hot, or how heavy?



SERVANT AND BAGGAGE OF THE BRITISH OFFICER IN THE EAST.

[From an authentic Sketch in the possession of Mr. Punch.]

REAL STEAM ENGINEERS.

We have good reason for announcing that a very great extension of the powers of steam will shortly be made on the North-Western Railway. In a letter addressed to the public through the medium of the *Times*, "AN ENGINEMAN" makes the statement following:—

"Under the present system of working the engines, it can be proved that men are fast asleep on their engines while on the road, and in charge of a train consisting of between fifty and sixty waggons. As a proof of the foregoing statement, I have only to add, that one engineman came on duty on Friday, the 28th of July last, at seven o'clock in the evening; he was piloting till half-past two in the morning; he was then sent from Rugby to Rockingham and back, a distance of fifty-four miles. He was then sent to London and back, a distance of 163 miles, thereby commencing duty at 7 P.M. on Friday, and finishing at 1 A.M. on Sunday, making the total number of hours on duty thirty; out of which he had not time to obtain the least refreshment, except as he was riding upon his engine."

The signatures of four individuals, who give their names, are appended to the above document, on which therefore reliance may probably be placed. If enginemen are overworked on the North-Western Railway to the extent described by the writer, of course they must go to sleep, supposing their frames to be constituted of ordinary flesh and blood. It is almost unnecessary to remark that a nap of forty winks on the part of an engineman might involve the whole of the passengers in an interminable slumber. But if dividends demand economy, and economy necessitates the employment of one man to do the work of six, the only thing to be done for public safety is to get a man with a frame that will stand the fatigue. He must, in short, have an iron constitution; and therefore the Directors of the North-Western will consult both their duty and their interest in providing themselves with Enginemen who may truly be described as Iron men. Accordingly their Enginemen for the future will be men made of Iron; their limbs, their joints, their brains, in so far as they require brains for the performance of their duties, being all composed of that metal. Hearts they will have no need for, or these might be formed of the same material, as some may imagine that those of the Directors who will employ them are. They will be men of wheels and cogs, of hinges and screws; more particularly men of screws, we may say, considering who will be their masters. Their bodies, thus consisting of an iron

mechanism, will be animated by steam; they will, in fact, be engines constructed to direct other engines: and that this is impossible who shall say, knowing that an automaton has been made to play chess? In them will be realised the idea of Steam-Enginemen—a notion which has never yet been carried out. The North-Western Company will find in them the very servants it wants, servants who will need no sleep. To eat, indeed, they will require somewhat: but will want only a little coal and water, which being placed within their reach, perhaps they will be enabled by the ingenuity of their contriver to help themselves, and be their own stokers. They will never turn out for any increase of wages, or strike, except in case of a reduction of the allowance of oil that will be requisite to keep them going, and even then will create no disturbance, nor murmur or grumble, but only run a little rusty. It will be impossible that they should ever get tipsy; as, though they may smoke, they will drink nothing but water; or that they should be guilty of carelessness or negligence; and if they should ever exhibit a fatal want of foresight, a verdict of manslaughter will be returnable against their employers.

Call a Spade a Spade.

WITH a warmth of indignation which is exactly suitable to this hot weather, the *Times* calls especial attention to the fact of a Russian frigate having eluded the blockading squadron off Sebastopol, and carried off some prizes from almost underneath the British Admiral's nose. We are not in the habit of employing personalities, but we have certainly a prejudice in favour of calling things by their right names; and if such a slip as this should occur again, we shall be strongly tempted, when we speak of ADMIRAL DUNDAS in future, to call him not Admiral of the Fleet, but of the Slow.

A SENTIMENT FOR LORD PALMERSTON.

MAY all who invest in Russian stocks be clapped into British dittos!

THE GREATEST TRIAL OF PATIENCE.—A Stammering Barrister examining a Stuttering Witness in the presence of a Deaf Judge.

A RATIONAL CONCLUSION.



For anything were wanting to account for the insane actions of the present Government, and to confirm our own too just suspicions of the lamentable cause, the deficiency is now supplied by the following public announcement in the *Times* of the 2nd instant:

"Dr. FORBES WINSLOW had an interview with LORD ABERDEEN yesterday."

Comment on the mournful intelligence conveyed by this short paragraph would be superfluous, and we can only congratulate our readers that the necessary step, however late, has at last been taken. It is at least some consolation to know that, if the indisposition of the Premier is not to relieve us entirely from his counsels, he is being attended by so eminent a man as Dr. WINSLOW; and most sincerely do we wish him success in restoring sanity to the Cabinet, but we fear it is a bad case, having been so long neglected.

TRICKS OF THE ELECTRICS.

In a capital article on the Electric Telegraph, the *Quarterly Review* expresses a decided opinion, in which *Mr. Punch* as decidedly concurs, that the instrument has yet to come into general use, and that the existing system is a non-conductor to the wires.

As far as *Mr. Punch* can see, the chief object of the officials entrusted with the telegraphs is to discourage the transmission of messages. The plan is to make as much fuss as possible, and to insist upon the observance of details with the same pedantic precision as if a request to your wife at Brighton to secure a bed for SMITH, who is coming down with you, was to be registered amid the archives of the nation. Then the niggardly, petty-tradesman-like way in which an extra word is made the excuse for an extra demand of money, gives a meanness to the whole affair. Add, that the prices are already far too high, and that, generally speaking, the manners of the electric shopmen impress you with their conviction that they are really doing you a great favour in selling you a pint of electric fluid, though really the barman who pulls at his ivory handle and draws you his fluid (when you refresh yourself between the acts of *Norma*) is just as much entitled to give himself airs of importance.

MR. BROWN meets MR. JONES, salutes him by the title of old fellow, and also characterises him as a pretty fellow. JONES demands the meaning of the ironical compliment. BROWN, with Anglo-Saxon frankness, explains that both he and MRS. BROWN are perfectly savage with MR. JONES for never coming near them. JONES, desirous to abate their fury, asks when they will be at home and give a fellow a knife and fork. BROWN says there is no time like the present—he is at Dartford, in Kent, with MRS. B. If JONES will go down with him by the 5:30 train, they will give him dinner, a cigar, and a bed, and they can come up together in the morning. JONES assents, and goes off in a Hansom to pack his carpet bag, BROWN remarking that he will let the missis know. For MRS. BROWN, though the kindest, smilingest little thing in the world, has a matronly liking for knowing when an addition is to be made to her dinner-table, and *Mr. Punch* would not give twopence for any wife who has not, or for any husband who does not—if he can—gratify that liking.

Plungeth MR. BROWN through the swinging gin-palace doors of the electric fluid shop, and going up to one of the pawnbrokerly boxes, tears down a form, and writes:—

LOVING TODDLUMS,—OLD CHARLEY JONES IS COMING DOWN WITH ME TO DINE AND SLEEP. SALMON, IF YOU CAN. ICE.—YOUR AFFECTIONATE DODDLEKINS.

"There," says MR. BROWN, "send that to Dartford. How much?" The shopman takes the paper without a word, and reads it over. MR. BROWN suddenly recollects that the familiar epithets of his note were not exactly intended to be reviewed by an uninterested clerk, and he feels rather absurd.

"Put in your name and address, and the name and address of the person to whom the message is to be sent."

MR. BROWN obeys the command, and writes "JOSEPH BROWN, 13, Lauristina Villas, Clapton."

"That won't do," dictates the other. "Put figures in words. Can't you read the directions?"

"Blessed nonsense!" mutters MR. BROWN; but he writes "thir-

teen," and his wife's address at Dartford. The young gentleman behind the counter begins to count the words.

"Seven shillings." "Seven shillings!" echoes MR. BROWN, remembering that this sum would pay for the salmon and the ice, and leave something in hand. "How do you make that out? I thought you charged half-a-crown a message; and that is eighteenpence too much."

"Half-a-crown for twenty words," explains the clerk. "Oh!—Ah!—Well, give us hold. Why, I have only made twenty-two. Let's knock out 'old'—he isn't old, for that matter. And we'll knock out 'if you can'; she won't get it if she can't, that's certain. There now, there are only eighteen words."

"Eighteen!" echoes the clerk. "There are thirty-two."

"What, do you charge for the address?"

"Can't go without an address, can it?"

"Well, no; but it's precious shabby. But look here—you don't want my address—my wife's is all that's needful."

"The rule is that you give both."

"But the addresses make thirteen words out of the twenty."

"They make fifteen." And he counts the words to MR. BROWN.

"Why, you are counting the printed words 'To' and 'From.' They don't go into the message; they are only directions to yourselves, inserted for your own convenience."

"Those are our rules, Sir. You need not send the message unless you like."

"I am aware of that, young man," says MR. BROWN, who has an Englishman's distaste for being bullied at a bureau. "But I do like, and I shall cut it down to twenty words."

"Cut away," says the clerk, walking off.

"Five words. Well, I am blest'd!" says BROWN, but we'll do it. Out with loving TODDLUMS, she knows I know she's loving. Out with old, as I said. Out with CHARLEY, she knows which JONES I'd bring down. Out with the coming to sleep, she knows I shouldn't let him go away. She'd think of fish, out with the salmon, but women never think of ice. Stop, I have it. Out with her affectionate DODDLEKINS, she knows that. Here you are, young gentleman, and there's your half-crown.

"JONES TO DINNER. SALMON, ICE."

"Fifteen the address, that makes twenty. Four and Sixpence."

"What—after all the cuttings? What the deuce do you mean?"

says BROWN, waxing wrath.

"Porterage, a shilling."

"Why, it's only five minutes walk from the railway. And you ought to deliver the message you undertake to deliver."

"That is the charge."

"And what's the other shilling?"

"Why, you see, our line does not run into that one exactly, so the other line make a charge at the break."

"By Jove," says MR. BROWN, furiously crumpling up his manuscript, "sooner than submit to your extortion, JONES shall take his chance of potluck." And he strides through the gin-palace doors in a rage.

It must be satisfactory to a benevolent mind to be informed that dear little MRS. BROWN was not at all put out, but having been watching with a telescope for the stoppage of the train at Dartford, made out MR. JONES, and long before he and BROWN came up, she had secured the last piece of salmon which GRILLAS the fishmonger had got, and also sixpennyworth of ice, and was ready with her smiles as they turned the corner. But no thanks to the Electric Telegraph.

THE JOSEPH HUME PORTRAIT.

MRS. HUME has been presented with the portrait of her husband, the patriotic, unflinching JOSEPH. He has already been forty-three years in parliament, a sentinel over the public purse. May he stand a century so! The portrait is a capital likeness, subscribed to by men of all parties, from COBDEN, of the West Riding, to DISRAELI, JOSEPH's politically prodigal godson, almost of Marylebone. LORD RUSSELL made a capital speech, on presenting the portrait, and brave old JOSEPH warmed into pathos in his reply. A portrait to the senator's wife carried a happy thought with it! So many public men have, as CASTLEREAGH said, "turned their backs upon themselves," that to paint their portraits, would be to paint them backwards. Again, so many men have been so purely self-seeking in all their doings, that for them the fittest testimonial would be, duly framed in brass, the smallest pocket-mirror.

The New Minister of War.

THIS appointment was decidedly necessary, as there has been nothing of the kind hitherto in the present Ministry. We suppose the DUKES OF NEWCASTLE was appointed Minister of War in express contradiction to LORD ABERDEEN, who is too generally looked upon as England's MINISTER OF PEACE.



SELLING OUT.

A Question. "MY GOOD FELLOW, I THINK I SHALL SELL OUT. WILL YOU BUY MY COMMISSION? HAVE IT A BARGAIN."

An Answer. "WHY, THANK'EE, OBLIGED FOR THE OFFER; BUT THE FACT IS, ALL MY LIFE I'VE BEEN 'CUSTOMED TO THE SOCIETY OF GEN'L'MEN."



THE SHOOTING SEASON.

BULL (a Sagacious old Dog). "NOW THEN, GENTLEMEN, COME ON—DON'T KEEP ME POINTING ALL DAY!"

AUGUST 19, 1864.]

BREAKING UP.

(Song for MR. SPEAKER.)

BREAK up the House,
No more of your mag;
Away to the grouse,
With a gun and a bag.

No more prose and plod
On each wearisome theme;
Take your line and your rod,
And be off to the stream.

Fling blue books aside,
And throw up all reports,
Mount your horses and ride;
You're dismissed to your sports.

Go out in your yachts,
Having cut your debates;
Visit famed foreign spots,
Or your country estates.

By inhaling fresh air
In your drive, ride, or walk,
You the breath may repair
Which you've wasted in talk.



THE PERPETUAL YOUTH OF THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND.

It appears from the Census, that the people of Great Britain are the youngest people in the world. We are not surprised at this result, and indeed we only wonder that there is any woman in England above the age of thirty, which we are convinced would have been impossible, had the ladies been left to make their own returns. We have had a striking proof of the numerical strength of the Young England party, to which it seems that nearly the whole of the fair sex belongs. There is such a tendency to youth in our female population that we find them ranging themselves under the different heads of "children," "girls," "infants," "maidens," and "young women," as if juvenility were a luxury to be enjoyed under as many different denominations as possible. We verily believe that if the women had their own way, they would never adopt the epithet "old," should they even live to be a hundred, and that they would class themselves in the category of "second childhood" rather than admit their arrival at the stage of anility. Such is the female horror of the vale of years, that a woman would sooner declare herself to be in her dot-age, than to have reached that "certain age" which any figure above thirty is supposed to indicate.

WHAT IS A FRIEND?—A Friend is one who jumps down, and puts on the drag, when he finds that you are going down hill too fast.

A VOICE FROM STOKE POGIS.

STOKE POGIS has long been a name familiar to our ears, but we should as soon have expected to hear of any one having extracted a pint of pea soup from a paving stone as of any one having victimised Stoke Pogis by a misappropriation of the funds of its charities. We always regarded the Stoke Pogians as a mild and simple people, rich in nothing but their parish pump, their public pound, and their private virtues. It seems, however, that Stoke Pogis possesses a charity, known as LORD HASTINGS'S Hospital, designed for the reception and maintenance of three poor men and three poor women. Of course the charity had a Master, who was of course a clergyman, who ought to have read prayers in the chapel, but who, on receiving a rather disagreeable visit the other day from MR. INSPECTOR SKIRROW, admitted that for some years he had read prayers in his own dining-room. This led to an inquiry, what had become of the chapel, when

"The Master stated, in answer to questions from the Inspector, that the reason why service had not been performed in the chapel for many years back was because it was totally unfit for church service; but he admitted that during that time he has used the chapel as a private apartment for the convenience of his family."

"The Inspector inquired to what particular use the chapel had been applied."

"The Master said that it had been carpeted and furnished for the use of his governess and children, and that he had also kept in it barrels of beer, sacks of beans bran &c."

The chapel seems to have been devoted to the good things of this life rather than to any preparation for the next, and the Reverend Master appears to have used it for stowing away together his beer, his children, his beans, and his governess.

A perusal of the statutes at the inquiry before the Inspector must have somewhat confounded the Reverend Master, who was bound by the 20th statute to have presented a pair of shoes and 6s. 8d. once a year to the visitors; but "those gentlemen then present," says the report, "declared that they had never received either during their term of office, so that the charity was in large arrears to them on that head."

We recommend the Reverend Master to contract immediately with some cheap shoe shop for a large supply of highlows, to enable him at once to put this part of the awkward affair on a somewhat better footing. From such arduous duties as he had to perform, which consisted of reading prayers in his own dining-room, the Master was glad to escape for six weeks in each year, "during which," said the Commissioner, "the Master let the house for four guineas a week, and did not appoint a *locum tenens*." We have heard a great deal of the abuse of charities, but it was reserved for Stoke Pogis to supply an instance of a Reverend Master having converted a public hospital into a private lodging-house.

The number of inmates had been reduced from six to four, whose magnificent "maintenance" consisted of "seven half-quarters of bread and one and a half of flour every fourteen days for the whole." The vegetables they had the glorious privilege of cultivating in the garden "at their own expense," and they were allowed a shilling a week each for meat, which at the present price, would give them about nine ounces on Sunday, none on Monday and Tuesday, nine ounces on Wednesday, and none on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday. The poor creatures were called in and examined, when, as might have been expected from the possession of spirits broken by semi-starvation, "they had no cause of complaint, except the deficiency of meat"—or in other words they had no fault to find with their maintenance except that they were half-famished.

It is to be hoped that the "visit" which has been paid to LORD HASTINGS'S Hospital at Stoke Pogis will not prove a mere formal visit, but that there will be no ceremony whatever in causing the restitution of the funds of the institution to their legitimate objects.

"Get thee to a Nunnery," &c. &c.

THE Queen of Spain wishes that "a thick veil be thrown over the dissensions of the present struggle." We think it would be all the better for Spain, and that it would be the quickest way of putting an end to its dissensions, if the Queen Mother were to take the veil, though we doubt if a nunnery could be found in the world that would consent to receive CHRISTINA.

A JOURNEY WITHOUT END.—Entering upon an argument with a metaphysician is like getting into an omnibus: you know where you start from, but it's impossible to tell where it will carry you.

PUSEYITE MUSICAL TEACHER.—A Reverend Gentleman, who is about shortly to start for Rome, and is possessed of a good Organ, will be happy to give young ladies who are in the habit of attending St. Barnabas, and St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, a few lessons in the difficult art of clerical singing. Intoning taught in all its fashionable branches. Terms, including the Use of the Responses, Ten Guineas for half-a-dozen lessons. Testimonials from MR. BENNETT, MARIO, FORMER, the BISHOP of LONDON, and some of our most accomplished Singers at Concerts, and the Opera. N.B.—Candidates finished for the Puseyite Pulpit, according to the latest *Mode de Belgravia*. Smart young boys trained for the censor and procession business, and an active candle-snuffer wanted with a high tenor voice. Ladies' Schools attended within ten miles of the Aristocracy, and music for ecclesiastical evening parties provided at the shortest notice. Address to Monkshood, S. BARNABAS.



DELIGHTFUL OUT-DOOR EXERCISE IN WARM WEATHER.

RUNNING AFTER "ANOTHER FOUR!" AT CRICKET, AMIDST DERISIVE SHOUTS OF "NOW THEN, BUTTER-FINGERS!"—"OH! OH!"—"THROW IT IN! LOOK SHARP!"—"QUICK! IN WITH IT!" &c. &c.

AN IMPROVEMENT ON EARLY CLOSING.

THE late closing of shops has been found to lead to the early close of the existence of shopmen. Humanity has therefore demanded that the shutters should be put up betimes, in order that the eyelids may not be sealed prematurely, and that the gas should be turned off at a reasonable hour to prevent an untimely extinction of the vital spark. Humanity has had one of these demands partially complied with; but not the other. The shutters are pretty generally up about eight, but the gas is not out till nine or ten. These observations are especially applicable to drapery establishments; where counters have to be cleared, windows undressed, and dummies, in many instances, put to bed; the young men and apprentices doing the work of the nurse, and being detained by that labour an hour or two after shop has been shut.

We gather these facts from an "Appeal on behalf of the young Men of Scarborough," which those young men have published, and we are nappy to find that they have something to say for themselves. What they have to say, in addition to the facts above-mentioned, is, that if purchasers would, if possible, never "shop after an hour before closing time," this forbearance would allow them time for putting the shop and accounts to rights, and for taking needful recreation thereafter. So that, if shops close at eight, and you want a pocket-handkerchief, go and buy it at or before seven—if you can. If your pocket has been picked, and you have a cold, that is another matter. On such an emergency, the shopman will serve you gladly. "In those cases," the "Appeal" assures us, "no want of polite attention, on the part of the young men, would be experienced." We do not doubt that. We do not question that there would be an excess of polite attention. We are even sure that the young men who sold the handkerchief would have the superfluous politeness to say, "Any other article to-night?" We object to that question. It ought never to be capable of being put. "Any other article to-day?" there is no objection to, except that it is surplusage—and a query which bores. But to-night? No other article to-night that will stand over till to-morrow; no article of any sort but the article in the evening paper! We know our old friend MRS. HARRIS will quite agree with us in this sentiment; and we are sure we feel, equally with that estimable lady, the force of the following passage of the "Appeal:"—

"We might appeal to the religious, on the ground that these young persons rarely, for a large portion of the year, have the opportunity of attending any religious week-day service. To the moral, on the impossibility of the feelings being rightly cultivated

NICHOLAS TO HIS PILLOW.

My peaceful pillow, ah, how sweet
On thee my head to lay,
And think in my imperial seat
What work I've done to day!

How many a head on earth there rests
Just now, as mine on thee,
Of men with bullets in their breasts
My people shot for me!

To-morrow morn, refreshed by sleep,
I hope once more to rise;
But their repose will be too deep
To let them ope their eyes.

Should I ne'er wake on earth again
Where am I like to go?
Not, surely, after such a reign
As mine has been, below!

New Military Forces.

News from St. Petersburg tells us that two battalions of skaters have been formed at Cronstadt. When winter comes, they are to act upon the ice. We have also heard that a self-taught engineer of Aberdeen has submitted to our impetuous Premier the model of a gun capable of being loaded with snow-balls, to act against the skaters aforesaid. Further intelligence states that the KING OF PRUSSIA, to show his sympathy with his royal brother-in-law, and to act in concert, as occasion may serve, with the Imperial Cronstadt Skaters, has originated and drilled a new Prussian force, to be called the Royal Berlin Backsliders.

where there is so little opportunity for social intercourse, and where the whole of youthful energy is expended in the service of Mammon; and to the friends of Education, because the intellectual faculties cannot be improved when both mind and body are exhausted with the long hours and fatigues of the day."

The foregoing passage suggests an admirable expedient for keeping young men out of pleasure grounds and parks on a Sunday, to those who consider that a desirable object. By abstinence from late shopping you will give them time for recreation on working days, and in so far prevent them from desecrating the Sabbath by excursions, or perhaps, by what must be considered almost as bad, by drunkenness.



COSTUME OF A FRENCH OFFICER IN PURSUIT OF
"GIBIER" AT SHUMLA.



Stout Party (log). "DEAR! DEAR! DEAR! WHERE CAN THAT STUPID DOG HAVE GOT TO?"

BEHIND THE SHUTTERS.

"My dear, these peas have no flavour."

"Not a bit, my love."

"You might as well eat bran, my dear."

"Just as well; but—no matter—I'll give it 'em. It's very provoking, my love, but—set your mind at rest—I'll give it 'em as they never had it."

Green peas are a sweet thing; like green youth; it is a pity they should ever be spoiled. Our esteemed friend, MR. DEWLAP—(no man as a Christian was prouder of the beauty of his pew in the Church of St. Oil-cum-Honey than DEWLAP)—our esteemed friend, we say, was particularly fond of green peas, and in the course of a tolerably long and to himself extremely useful life, he had so educated his palate—and what it had cost for its education not he himself could tell!—that with the first green pea he could pretty well tell the hour when it was plucked; whether at sunrise or sun-down; the precise time, too, when the pea was shelled, whether a certain number of hours before dinner; or whether, a few timely minutes before they were dropt into the pot. Now, as the Sunday—it was a beautiful Sunday late in June—on which MR. DEWLAP condemned the peas as being of no better flavour than bran, he had been much comforted by a sermon under the roof of Oil-cum-Honey, preached by the REVEREND JOSHUA STICKLEBACK in denunciation of Sunday bakings. A shoulder of mutton dripping upon the under kidneys was a fearful type of what the consumers thereof in this world might—upon his authority—take it upon themselves to expect upon the coals. MR. DEWLAP dropt a five-shilling-piece in the plate that day; and MRS. DEWLAP observed to more than one friend in the church-porch that they had been edified by a most sweet discourse. When the Government wanted a bishop—she spoke in a whisper—she only hoped that the Government would take its staff, and make a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Oil-cum-Honey.

The next day, MRS. DEWLAP's brougham stopped, with almost ominous emphasis, at the door of POTTLES, flourishing fruiterer and greengrocer; for the DEWLAPS dwelt in the beautiful suburban village of Tomtitfield. Nevertheless, the shop of POTTLES might have fairly held up its head even in Covent Garden; it was so rosy with fruit; and so fresh, so cool with the freshest and coolest of vegetables.

MRS. DEWLAP, having nothing to do, would always overwork herself by causing herself to be driven to her own tradesfolk. She only dealt with people of unimpeachable character—in so far as that could be for their station,—but how was she to know who was who, unless she personally bent the whole powers of her intellect to the inquiry? Hence, MRS. DEWLAP drew up at the door of POTTLES.

In one moment POTTLES was at the door of the brougham.

"MR. POTTLES, those peas you sent in yesterday?"

"Yes, my lady?"

"They were like bullets. You'll not contradict it, bullets."

"Quite fresh, my lady. Picked on Saturday morning, and shelled the very last thing over night."

"Shelled over night!" exclaimed MRS. DEWLAP, astounded by the intelligence. "And do you think, MR. POTTLES, that you can dare to hope to continue to serve me with peas shelled over night?"

"Shouldn't do it, of course, my lady," said POTTLES, who began to feel all his guilt coming upon him, falling from the avenging brow of MRS. DEWLAP—"shouldn't do it of course, except on a Saturday night."

"And wherefore on a Saturday night?" asked the lady.

"Why, my lady, because you know we don't keep open any time of a Sunday."

"I should suppose not; or do you suppose I would lay out a penny with an infidel? But if you do close on a Sunday, and have to supply me with peas, can't you, at the last minute, shell them behind the shutters?"

POTTLES was weak—POTTLES was money-making—POTTLES was afraid of losing his custom. He had already been threatened with a rival. What was to be done?

We cannot answer—that is, not for the very truth. But it is said that never again did MR. or MRS. DEWLAP complain of insipid Sunday peas. They asked no questions. POTTLES' Sabbath shutters were, as ever, closed; but who can tell what things were shelled behind the shutters?

Next Parliament, MR. DEWLAP intends to be returned for the Borough of Coseysoul; if only, as he has been heard to declare, to lift his voice against the unhallowed Bill of JOSEPH HUME—of the infidel who would open the British Museum and the National Gallery after the hours of church.

Perhaps, however, MR. DEWLAP may be brought to a compromise: he may vote for the measure, with the amendment, that what is to be seen may be exhibited—behind the shutters.

THE GALLANT FORTY-SIXTH.

HURRAH for British bravery, for gallantry and worth!
Three cheers for English officers and gentlemen by birth!
The honour of the army is not an idle boast;
Fill high the pewter-pot—fill high—the Forty-sixth we toast.

What noble deeds of chivalry the Forty-sixth have done!
How gallantly ten officers have persecuted one!
What brilliant feats of daring! honour to him who led
The six or eight who went to pull one ensign out of bed.

What valour and what bravery the Forty-sixth displayed,
When on each other's bedroom doors a grand attack they made;
When officers and gentlemen came to decisive blows,
Banging each other gallantly about the eyes and nose.

What bold and skilful strategy the Forty-sixth employed,
How cleverly the enemy was harassed and annoyed!
What splendid engineering! what tactics can compare,
With throwing all the bed-clothes into the barrack-square!

The boldness of the Forty-sixth! how gloriously rash!
What recklessness of character—what recklessness of cash!
How heedlessly the officers a sacrifice can make
Of fame and money—turning both into a gambler's stake.

'Tis true that England is at war, but who can with her cope
When to the Forty-sixth she points—part of her pride and hope?
No wonder that the world in arms she boastingly defies,
While she upon her "officers and gentlemen" relies.

Let's own that with the Forty-sixth no other can compare;
That in the British army its qualities are rare;
Upon itself alone, 'tis right, its character should fix;
Let's strike from out the Army List the number *Forty-six*.

Physic for the Enemy.

A CONTEMPORARY lately stated that the Government has been engaged in trying antimonial balls. It is necessary to observe that the balls in question were cannon-balls; otherwise it might be surmised that the War-Office authorities must have made themselves ill. The advantage of these balls consists in breaking when they strike their mark, and flying to pieces; thus flinging in all directions lumps of metal, which, being antimony, are of course calculated to give all within the sphere of their destructiveness a regular sickener.

AN INVARIABLE RULE.—Let the wittiest thing be said in society there is sure to be some fool present, who, "for the life of him, cannot see it."

GRAND FANCY FAIR

FOR THE BENEFIT OF DESTITUTE BARRISTERS AND
BARRISTERS' CLERKS.

THE Bar of England having been for months past in a state of the greatest destitution, a few generous individuals have succeeded in getting up a Fancy Fair for the relief of those Barristers and Barristers' Clerks who happen to be reduced to the last extremity of briefdom.

The Proprietors of Her Majesty's Theatre presented the Committee with the free use of the Theatre.

Yesterday this Grand Fancy Fair took place. Never did the beautiful building look to so much advantage! The large chandelier was decorated with handsome bunches of red tape,

from which hung playfully huge clusters of legal seals. The effect at a distance was excessively grand.

At the back of the stage was observed a most elegant illumination. It consisted simply of three large letters, "L. A. W." Many a legal bosom throbbed with feelings of honest pride on beholding those three significant letters, shining, as they were, in jets of the most brilliant gas, and entwined, as they always have been, in their associations with three other letters, not less potent or glittering in their eyes—"£. s. d."

In honour of the occasion, the playbills were printed on the backs of old deeds and writs. This touching compliment seemed to affect sensibly some of the oldest veterans of the Bar. One aged junior was carried out in tears.

The Band of the Hanwell Lunatic Asylum was in attendance, and played some of their most favourite tunes.

At the door were stationed two venerable QUEEN'S Counsel, who had formerly enjoyed the largest practice, but who were now reduced to such a pitiable state that they were compelled for their living to write for the Magazines. Their wigs, round which was wreathed a strip of black crape, were pulled over their eyes, and in their hands they held blue bags, which were turned upside down, with their mouths gaping hungrily open, as though apparently they were seeking whom they could devour. Behind these two veterans stood their two Clerks, thin and mouldy-looking, holding up their fee-books, which presented as melancholy a blank as their countenances. From the books were suspended large placards of brief paper, on which was written, in a fine law-copyist's hand, the plaintive announcement of "WE ARE STARVING."

Over the portico was a transparency of LORD ELDON. The worthy Chancellor was represented before the celebrated Turnstile in Holborn, pondering on which side he should go through.

The front of the boxes was hung with the handsome material from which the silk gowns of Counsel are generally made. This material was of the very finest texture. The refreshment-rooms were decorated with the common stuff that juniors delight in, but this was fluted most elegantly, or arranged with great taste into fanciful festoons. The cushions were all covered with serge of a warm legal buff, somewhat similar to the colour of the usual bilious binding of law books.

The general effect of the theatre was quiet, but imposing.

The principal stalls were held by dignitaries, whose names have always been dear to the legal heart: MR. JOHN DOE, opposite to whom we noticed MR. RICHARD ROE, attended on this occasion at great personal inconvenience to themselves. They appeared in good health, and many were the regrets heard that they had retired so early from a profession they had so long adorned with their valuable presence. They sold a number of articles, and the rivalry between the two gentlemen, as to which of the two should obtain the greater number of victims, was excessively keen and amusing.

MONS. ROBERT MACAIRE (of the French Bar) came purposely all the way from Paris. His stall was excessively patronised. His *portemonnaies*, which were no sooner full than, by a *coup de main*, they were empty again, had an enormous sale. A Lease, too, that wouldn't hold water, amused the spectators exceedingly; and a good-natured Farmer, who was persuaded to become the temporary holder of one, caused

considerable amusement, in which the Lord Chancellor who was present with his mace, joined most heartily.

A couple of stalls were held by the former managers of two Italian Opera Houses. Their contributions to the day's receipts must have been far from contemptible. They waged a fierce war all the time about a trumpery bird (supposed to be a Prussian Lark), that kept flying backwards and forwards from one to the other, and which neither of them could catch. The burden of this bird's song was "England is only to be valued for its money," and it was a burden that seemed to weigh excessively heavy upon the recollection of many a poor broken-down barrister present.

A picturesque model of a House in Chancery excited a great deal of admiration, and some pretty reduced copies of the same, with the windows smashed exactly after nature, found ready purchasers.

It was the subject of general remark, that at this legal Fancy Fair, as at all others, "no change was given." A bank note once parted with, no matter what its amount, was immediately appropriated to the benefit of the fund, and the owner, as though he had been entering on a Chancery Suit, never saw any of his property back again.

The proceedings terminated with the Band playing the well-known air of the "*Rogue's March*," (during which, all the Lawyers present uncovered) and the popular tune of "*That's the way the money goes*." The latter was the signal for every one to button up his pockets, and to hurry away as fast as possible.

The attendance was extremely select and respectable. MESSRS. BRIEFLESS and DUNUP walked through the hall in the course of the day. No Sheriff's Officers were admitted.

The day's receipts must have been enormous. MONS. ROB. MACAIRE alone took upwards of £900. It is to be regretted, however, that it is always a matter of the greatest difficulty to get any accounts from that honourable gentleman. The difficulties on this occasion have been rather increased than lessened. In the meantime, the Committee declare that what little money they took was bad, and in fact, they maintain that they are out of pocket by the whole affair. But this statement is stoutly disputed, and there is a strong hope that the entire matter will be thrown into Chancery. In this latter event, the claims of the charity will not be exactly defeated, as the litigation of the case, should it once find its way into Chancery, will fortunately provide employment for several years to come to several of our most distinguished, but at present half-starving members of the Bar.

P.S. MESSRS. BRIEFLESS and DUNUP have just received retainers in behalf of the Destitute Barristers and their unfortunate Clerks. The Charity is in Chancery! The infamous robbers of the Destitute will not be allowed to keep all the spoil to themselves.

AN ELEVATED COURT CIRCULAR.

(From our Prussian Gobemouche.)

HIS MAJESTY awoke this morning with his usual headache.

After an ineffectual attempt at shaving, in which his Majesty severely cut himself (owing, it was said, to the bluntness of the razor) his Majesty was at once attended to the breakfast-room, where, however, he, as usual, found he had no appetite. By the advice of his physician a bottle of soda-water was immediately administered, and the King shortly afterwards took his prescribed walking exercise upon the terrace.

By lunch time his Majesty was sufficiently recovered to enjoy his usual two bottles of champagne, after which he found himself in a condition to attend to business. Some important state matters being summarily disposed of, the King's attention was directed to the Eastern question, which, with some facetiousness, he remarked he really could not answer. It being afterwards announced that the French and English ambassadors had urgently solicited an audience, his Majesty was graciously pleased to observe that they might call again to-morrow.

Immediately his Ministers retired, the King held a private interview with his butler, with whom he remained closeted for upwards of an hour. There is no reason to believe that the conference was otherwise than of an agreeable nature, although his Majesty appeared a little flushed and excited after it.

There was no addition to the royal dinner to-day, with the exception of a few extra bottles of champagne, of which his Majesty partook with his accustomed freedom, and was carried to bed somewhat earlier than usual.

Antidote to Clicquot.

WE understand that MR. SAINSBURY, the eminent manufacturer of soda-water, has received a large order for that article from Berlin. In connection with this intelligence, it is reported that an eminent German chemist and physician has been presented by the KING OF PRUSSIA with a handsome gold medal, in acknowledgment of a memoir which the Professor had the honour of submitting to his Majesty on the subject of ammonia, particularly considered as a remedial agent in relation to the effects of inebriety.



Tourist expostulates: "Oh—H, COME! THEM SEEGAR IS POOR LE—LE—LE—
FOOMIGASEONG DE MOR-MEM—YER FOOL!"

THE TURKISH MUSEUM.

(By one who has not seen it.)

We made sure that this Museum had a political meaning hidden inside it, and that it would be full of political subjects that of late have been a great deal talked about, but which none of us have seen.

However, we will describe the building as we expected to have found it:—

CASE I. "*L'Homme Malade*."—In this case is shown a full-length view of the present SULTAN, in a very prostrate condition lying helpless on the Ottoman. A Russian doctor, not unlike the EMPEROR NICHOLAS, is in attendance upon him, about to apply some very severe remedies for his restoration. Whilst engaged in bleeding him at the extremities, his hand is also raised against the SULTAN, as if in the act of levelling a blow upon his crown. Two figures, attired in English and French military costume, are rushing in at the back, with the intention, apparently, of averting the blow.

CASE II. "*The Emperor's Ultimatums*."—This is not a very interesting compartment, consisting merely of heavy bundles of paper, each one being marked "Ultimatum." There must be several hundreds of these Ultimatums, and they fill a space somewhat larger than the Queen's box at the Italian Opera.

CASE III. "*The Battles of the Allies*."—There is nothing in this case as yet; a donkey race with English officers, and that is all.

CASE IV. "*The Seat of War*."—This Seat is an Ottoman, that apparently has been very much put upon. An English and French General are extended at full length upon the Seat fast asleep.

CASE V. "*The Protector of the Holy Places*."—A tall military-looking figure, with long moustaches and spurs, entering a mosque, and carrying off the plate under the cloak of Religion. The cloaked figure bears an ugly resemblance to the Czar of all the Russias.

CASE VI. "*A Jar of Caviare*."—Captured by the English at Odessa.

CASE VII. "*Sebastopol Taken*—in French Chalks by LIEUTENANT O'REILLY.

CASE VIII. "*A Copy of the QUEEN'S Speech*—in which the English Government is congratulated by HER MAJESTY upon Silistria having been so gallantly defended—by the Turks.

CASE IX. "*The Panorama of the Danube*—particularly those memorable spots at which the Allies rendered such valuable service to the Turks in their engagements against the Russians.

CHARACTER OF THE WAR.—We read long accounts of the *Fury* doing wonders in the Sound. The whole expedition to the Baltic might be aptly described as "Sound and *Fury*, signifying nothing."

A CASE OF REAL DISTRESS.

By a letter which may doubtless be accepted as a letter of credit, it would really seem that the Seat of War just now might be more correctly described as the Seat of Hunger, so far at least as the British Army is concerned. The General in chief command there appears to be a GENERAL FAST, and whenever a vacancy occurs in anybody, there seems to be no one appointed to fill it. Dating from "the Camp at Monastir," the Special Correspondent of the *Daily News* observes:

"It may sound strange, and perhaps appear incredible to people at home, but still it is a fact that the troops out here in Bulgaria are half starving. Whatever provision may have been made for the food of the troops, I believe there is not a single man, not a general officer, in the Camp at Monastir, who will dare to assert that the rations served out to the men are sufficient for their maintenance. * * * The men have grown so thin that their muscles are in an alarming state of softness. I felt the arms and legs of many, and those not men who were on the Sick List, and I was quite startled by their leanness, and the unhealthy relaxed condition of their muscles."

We surely cannot expect much service of a man if we deny him acquaintance with the dinner service, and although our soldiers are in general obedient to command, it is surely quite preposterous to bid them "stand at ease" upon an empty stomach. The nature of the military man of course abhors a vacuum as much as that of any other; and although you may restrict him to "regulation stint" of food, you cannot guarantee him "regulation stint" of appetite. If the present almost Total Abstinence System be adhered to, we shall find our ranks thinned by famishing before they come to fighting, and our artists will be sending home sketches of the emaciated English, lying in the pose of the London Street Professional, and chalking "*I am Starving*" on the Varna pavement.

Seriously, though, something must be done to alter this "empty state" of things, or in speaking of our forces we shall be reduced eventually to call them our weaknesses.

SINGULAR UNITY IN THE RUSSIAN ARMY.



that number. "Where there was but one heart and one soul," he would frequently say, "there could not possibly be more than one body."

UR astonishment is always great at the small number of "killed" in the Russian Returns. In many instances, they have been literally "next to nothing," as the saying is, for they have actually not exceeded one. The fact is, NICHOLAS wished by so low a figure to convey a high notion of the courage of his army; and though, it was true, several thousands had perished, still he was confident that, inspired by the "orthodox faith," they had all fought and died with the heroism of one man. That was the reason he would never allow the Deaths to exceed

A New Cloak.

A NEW military garment has been registered under the name of the "COURT-MARTIAL CLOAK." The object of this new martial cloak is to screen superior officers, and to save them on all occasions from public exposure. It has been tried in one or two regiments, and has been found to cover Majors and Captains with the greatest ease and comfort, but, if applied to the shoulders of a poor Lieutenant, it shrunk immediately, and did not afford him the least protection. N.B. One trial (at Windsor, or elsewhere) will prove the fact.

The Proofs of Popery.

AN advertisement states that

"THE FIRST PROOFS OF CARDINAL WISEMAN are now ready for delivery."

We should like to see them. We have carefully weighed CARDINAL WISEMAN's arguments, but we never discovered anything like proof in them.

SHOULD THIS CATCH THE EYE OF A POLICEMAN, it is to tell him that I am going out of town, and that during my absence, which will be for six weeks or thereabouts, my cook and all my servants will be upon Board Wages, so that what he eats will be at their expense, and not at mine.

Smith Square, Smithfield.

(Signed) JOHN SMITH.

VULGAR TRUISMS.



Hall-looking friend at Cremorne, it is always "the first time that he has ever been there."
A man's ruin is never the result of his own folly—it is sure to be the fault, or treachery, of some one else.

The man who neglects himself is sure in time to be neglected by others.
In fashionable society nothing promotes conversation so much as "a little music."
Ladies who "never eat suppers," generally eat the most.

OUR EXCURSIONIST ON SUNDAY.

THE proverb that Necessity is the mother of Invention, was illustrated last Sunday by the devices adopted by the Excursionists to provide themselves with that needful refreshment, which, under the agreeable New Beer Bill, they are prevented from obtaining at an inn, not only at unreasonable, but at reasonable hours. Hampers, baskets, barrels, and all manner of vessels capable of transporting liquor, from stone bottles to black jacks, were piled on all the railway platforms and crammed into the carriages; the out-of-town omnibuses and steamers carried similar cargoes: and all the gigs, buggies, dog-carts, taxed carts, and other humble vehicles on the various suburban roads, were laden with the same description of luggage; of which sundry articles were even to be seen strapped upon the top of the neat brougham, or occupying a space in the handsome carriage. The road and the river, in short, presented such an appearance that it might have been supposed that races were going on everywhere, and that the holiday-folks were engaged in the observance of a general Derby.

The subject of this article is in the habit of going for a long walk on Sundays—after one o'clock. This practice is requisite for his bodily health: for his occupation is sedentary, whilst his appetite is keen, and his corpulence, but for taking strong exercise once a week, would be excessive.

He usually extends his walk about Richmond, because in that circuit he passes a number of quiet old houses; and still, shady avenues lie in his way, and other places and objects breathing a spirit of repose that tends to allay the irritation of mind under which, from the contemplation of affairs in general, and especially his own, he generally labours.

About the middle of his journey he usually gets tired; hungry and thirsty always. Among the old houses above mentioned there are some of a public nature. At these he has been in the habit of obtaining rest and refreshment—the latter including a limited quantity of beer. But now their hospitable portals are closed against him on Sunday, and perhaps very soon will be shut on every other day, if gentlemen, who can go to clubs as well as to church, being blest with affluence, and therefore belonging to the better classes, continue to legislate, in their present spirit, for himself and the rest of the worse—that is, the worse-off. The privation which has been thus imposed upon him has exasperated him in the highest degree; for nothing enrages him more than injustice and tyranny, particularly when practised upon himself.

He is a person whose constant and earnest, but, unfortunately, ineffectual desire is to make provision for the future. It was, however, in his power on Sunday last to secure bread and cheese for lunch. He put a moderate loaf of the former and a suitable slice of the latter into a wallet, slung to a shot-belt which he girded himself withal in the usual fashion. On the previous day he had procured a small cask, such as reapers take into the fields: had sent this to "the Jolly Gardeners," and got it filled with strong ale. He strapped this cask to his back, put a horn in his pocket, and, thus accoutred, sallied forth for his customary walk, armed with his trusty cudgel, attended by his faithful dog, followed by a train of admiring youth, and greeted by the smiles of everybody that he met,—except a few ugly and unwholesome-looking fellows in black suits and white stocks, who scowled on him.

It is a wonder, when Eve went out walking, what she did without a parasol.

Women are true to one another in all things but babies, and there it must be confessed they do flatter each other a little bit.

The strongest-minded woman shrinks from being caught in her night-cap.

The one thing in a household that all persons, servants included, take a common interest in is—the Postman's Knock.

The Hen-Pecked Husband is happy enough if he were only left alone, but he generally has some kind friend, who is perpetually urging him "not to stand it."

The man who hesitates between mutton and venison is lost to all sense of the Beautiful.

Ask all the lodging-house keepers—there never was such a thing known in a lodging-house as a Flea!

If you meet an Exeter

He ate his victuals and drank his beer in Richmond Park, by the side of a cool and rippling brook, which sufficed to allay the thirst of his companion, who is a teetotaler,—as, indeed, all but drunken dogs are. His bread and cheese were somewhat dry, to be sure; his ale had become flat, and considerably warmer than was desirable; but hunger is a good sauce, and thirst is not particular. He therefore drained his keg by means of his pocket-horn; and every time he emptied that little vessel he drank the health of the People, and enlightenment to legislators who discourage the recreation which is necessary to it, by depriving us of useful accommodation on our Sunday excursions.

THE RICKETY CABINET.

Shaky and shatter'd 'twas,
Worm-holed and batter'd 'twas,—
Never a trustworthy panel or slab in it;
All sorts of wood it had,
Ne'er a leg good it had,—
Oh! 'twas the fustiest, mustiest Cabinet,—
The craziest, shatter'dest,
Ramshacklest, batter'dest,
Varnishedst, slackest-pegg'd,
Tarnishedst, blackest-legg'd,
Closest-patch'd, crossst-hatch'd Cabinet!
All had a pull at it;
JOHN BRIGHT went skull at it;
Dizzy each knot-hole and crack tried to nab in it;
Now a leg dropp'd away,
Now one was lopp'd away,—
Till the wonder was how it continued a Cabinet.
The weakest, yet longest-lived,
Slackest, yet strongest-lived;
Making resistance most,
Lacking persistence most,
Never-die, ever-die Cabinet!

Winds whistled through its boards,
Damps warp'd askew its boards,—
There was dry-rot, and mildew, and fungus and scab in it;
Many tongues swore at it,
Many hands tore at it,—
All own'd 'twas shameful to keep such a Cabinet
So wormy and moth-eaten,
Sluttish and sloth-eaten,
Strange and unshapenly,
Twopenny-halfpenn'ly,
Vamp'd-up and cramp'd-up a Cabinet!

None had a doubt of it,
Foul things crept out of it,
Bred there like moths in a folded-up tabinet;
From the work to the wood in it,
Scarce aught was good in it.
So every one said—yet it served for a Cabinet!
All sighing and squeaking still,
Groaning and creaking still,
Threatening to fall to bits,
Yet shaking all to bits,
Who measured their strength gainst this Cabinet.

Sure its upholsterer
Was a rare bolsterer—
Used to Wardour Street work, and a regular dab in it,
Who, 'gainst wind and weather,
Still made hang together
Such a set of materials in shape of a Cabinet;
But ours are King Log days;
Else, spite of the dog-days,
And the length of the session
And war-times' depression—
Surely some one could turn out a decenter Cabinet.

NOBLE SACRIFICE.—We know a benevolent old lady, who, ever since she has been told of the great scarcity of paper, has discontinued wearing curlpapers!

JEREMIAH SMITH AND WILLIAM STAGGERS.

(From our own Reporter.)

By a singular coincidence, on the very day that JEREMIAH SMITH, late Mayor of Rye, was welcomed home, on his release from the gaol to which he had been sentenced for perjury, and out of which LORD PALMERSTON mercifully let him, on the ground of SMITH's bad health, the procession, rejoicings, speeches, and other demonstrations of delight at this honourable and triumphant acquittal were paralleled in Whitechapel.

BILL STAGGERS, *alias* JONES, *alias* BROWN, *alias* the VARMINT DODGER, was that morning discharged from the CHESTERTON Hotel, better known to honest folks as the House of Correction. The Varmint had been convicted, at the Clerkenwell Sessions, of knocking down an elderly lady and plundering her of her watch and purse. The compassionate old soul, grateful to MR. STAGGERS for not actually putting a period to her existence, and thankful that she got back her fat old watch, recommended him so earnestly to mercy (such is the indulgent but illogical manner of women), that he escaped with a sentence of a year's imprisonment; and on its being medically certified to the authorities that the Varmint exhibited tokens of incipient dyspepsia, which might be aggravated by diet he did not like, he was set at liberty, after enduring a portion only of his sentence. His numerous friends and admirers determined to receive him on his extrusion from gaol, and to escort him in triumph to his lodgings, Nine-Eyed-Cat Lane, Garbage Gardens, Whitechapel End.

At least an hour before COLONEL CHESTERTON could make up his mind to part with his interesting guest, two cabs and a cart drew up before the prison, and about a dozen of the culprit's friends alighted. We did not observe any Member of Parliament among them. They disposed of the tedious interval by smoking short pipes, occasionally refreshing themselves with liquids which they had providently brought with them, and otherwise beguiling the time with playful gibes at passers-by, and with sportive announcements, through the little grating of the door, that breakfast was a waitin and the muffins a gittin cold. At length MR. STAGGERS was shoved out, and was received with a wild hooray from his enthusiastic friends. He looked exceedingly well, and even clean; but he seemed by no means in a good temper, stared at the surrounding objects rather vacantly, and then intimated that his audience had better stow all nonsense, and cut it. MR. STAGGERS was promptly thrust into a cab, into which five companions followed him, and their united consolations, and those of a bottle of the Ancient Thomas Vintage, which was speedily produced, restored the Varmint to something of his habitual placidity. The bewildered cabman, under a storm of emphatic exhortations from each window, drove frantically to Whitechapel, dashingily followed by the cart. MR. STAGGERS and his friends partook, largely, of a substantial breakfast (furnished by MR. ATCHBONE, of the Harp and Warmingpan, with all his accustomed liberality and taste), and the utmost cordiality and good feeling—relieved from sentimentality by a couple of fights—were the order of the morning.

Breakfast being over, and beer introduced,

MR. JAMES CROWBAR desired to say a few words; and the company promptly requested that they might be very few. He said that their friend STAGGERS had got out of quod, and how and why was nobody's business. There he sat, and there was his good health, and confusion to all Peelers.

MR. STAGGERS did not appear to see any reason for taking further notice of their remarks than by a grunt of satisfaction with the concluding sentiment. But in answer to the general call, he rose and said he was much obliged, and that if anybody thought that locking him up and talking spooney to him was likely to alter him, anybody was not a wise party. (It is possible that our reporter, who was disadvantageously seated on a spike of the area railings, may have done inadequate justice to the force of MR. STAGGERS's eloquence.) He added that he had certainly been led into an error, which he hoped his friends would pardon. An extra touch on the head would have rendered his prosecutrix unable to say much about him; but he admitted that he had been weak. We was all asses at times, but such a mistake should not occur again. He drank all their jolly good healths, and wished that they would be off, for he was uncommon sleepy.

On this hint the party, and a band of Anglo-Ethiopians who had been performing various tunes before the house, in honour of the occasion, received a good many more kicks than halfpence from the dispersing guests. MR. STAGGERS intends, at the earliest vacancy, to offer himself as one of the Churchwardens of Whitechapel.

The Fate of Umbrellas.

WHEN a person is carrying a cotton umbrella, it is, curiously enough, never his own property—he "has just borrowed it from a friend." If our own experience did not tell us a very different story, it would seem as if it fell to the fate of only cotton umbrellas to be borrowed!

TEMPERATE ADVICE.

ACCORDING to the latest accounts we have audited, the KING OF PRUSSIA just at present seems behaving like a weathercock. One day he points clearly to the side of England, and the next is found suddenly veering round to Russia.

It is difficult to say what has caused this vacillation, although thanks to the industry and invention of "Our own Correspondents," there have, of course, been many most "authentic" reasons assigned for it. That however which apparently has gained chief credit seems, in our opinion, anything but creditable: for it has been broadly hinted by some narrow-minded *gobemouche*, that His Majesty's unsteadiness is attributable to champagne, through the influence of which the royal mind has gradually become as shaky as his hand.

It is but natural, perhaps, that so exalted a personage should show himself at times a little elevated; but the Sovereign who can so habitually forget himself cannot be regarded but with sovereign contempt. At a juncture like the present, it behoves every Monarch to assume an attitude of firmness, to which champagne is certainly but little conducive: and it must in truth be owned, that by his present course the KING OF PRUSSIA runs the risk of losing his crown—in England he certainly would run the chance of being fined one. In sober seriousness, then, we would advise His Majesty to take the pledge at once, for we cannot but regard his now frequent elevation as the height of imprudence.



Uniform of the Forty-Sixth.

SOME mistake appears to exist about the Guards—a name applied by many people to troops not so calling themselves. Among these may be included the gallant 46th. This now famous corps does not profess to be a regiment of the Guards, but certainly ranks as such in popular estimation. If not disbanded, it will probably obtain the appellation of the Royal 46th Guards (Jet).

AN ILLUMINATED CHURCH.

THE Puseyites have quite a Cossack's love for tallow-candles, and one of the reasons why they use so many of them in their churches—decorating the altar and other places with candles of all sizes—may be, that they hope by so doing to bring the Protestant religion into a state of what is popularly called "sixes and sevens."

WHERE BAD SONS ARE SENT TO.

FORMERLY the Scamp of the Family used to be sent into the Navy; but we should say the system of family transportation was altered now, for, judging from recent Court Martials, all the Scamps must have been sent into the Army.

HAS WOMAN NO CONSCIENCE?

HAS Lovely Woman no conscience? or is it that she never goes wrong in money matters? At all events, let the strange cause be what it may, you never see the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER acknowledging "Conscience Money" from a woman!



ON THE MOORS.

Mr. Puff. "MY BIRD, I THINK."

Mr. Muff. "BELONGS TO ME, I FANCY," &c. &c. &c.

THE MAN AT THE WHEEL.

With halyard and rattlin the wild wind is battling,
The canvass is flapping from yard and from boom;
The hail and the sleet on the sky-lights are brattling,
In the teeth of the gale comes the thunder-cloud's gloom:
On our course as we're bounding, the breakers are sounding,
The water is shoaling beneath the ship's keel;
Ten to one we may touch on the reef we are rounding—
What matter? "Don't speak to the man at the wheel!"

The rising and falling of the wind mocks the bawling
Of the hoarse master's call, through the trumpet conveyed:—
For basins and brandy the passengers calling—
There are orders enough, so they were but obeyed.
Her bows wildly yawing—and madly see-sawing,
Now to starboard, now larboard, haphazard we reel:
To the fatal lee-shore near and nearer we're drawing—
What matter? "Don't speak to the man at the wheel!"

There are sailors aboard her who *could* bring to order
The chaos that reigns both above and below,
But ne'er fash your thumbs: soon the strait will get broader,
And sooner or later the sea down will go:
The helmsman is hoary, well up in his NORIE,*
And all other authors of maritime "skeel,"
But ere we're all sent, by his guidance, to glory—
Mr. Punch begs to "speak to the man at the wheel:"—

"From your dreams, *douce* and dozy, your pilot-coat cozy,
Wake up, ancient mariner—wake while you may;
'Tis a time for brave deeds, not for talk pert and prosy;
There are breakers to baffle and shoals in the way.

* NORIE'S Navigation Sailor's Text-book.

Yet we've strong gales to blow us, a good ship below us,
With a true British crew, hearts of oak, thews of steel;
Only one thing we lack—and that one who will show us?—
Give him space, in your place—'tis "a man at the wheel!"

"Our sires have recorded what a helmsman before did—
They call him 'the pilot who weathered the storm';
Be his faults what they might, he was bold and unsordid;
Defied Revolution, and longed for Reform:
The seas you are braving are summer-tides laving
Calm shores, to the waves with which he had to deal;
Catch a strain of his courage, and change your behaving,
Or England will soon change "the man at the wheel."

THE WOMEN AND THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.

THE Electric Telegraph Company has organised a band of female Clerks to work the Electric Telegraph. It is a happy idea to turn the gentler sex to account by employing the ladies in a task which will give full scope to their love of rapid talking. We have known and (unhappily) heard tongues that can go at a tremendous rate, but to talk as quick as lightning is a luxury that the women have not yet been able to enjoy, and we doubt not that there will be a rush of gratuitous Clerks, when it is generally known that females may have the opportunity of talking by Electric Telegraph. We may expect a great increase of speed from the new arrangement; for if a man can talk at the rate of a thousand miles a minute, it is impossible to say what will be the velocity attained by a woman, who can always run on far beyond the speed of the most rapid male orator.

A SHOT AT THE EAST.—It is, or was till the other day, somewhat absurd to speak of the "Seat of War;" for the War can hardly be said to have a seat while it is at a stand-still.



"YOU ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SPEAK TO THE MAN AT
THE WHEEL."

AUGUST 26, 1854.]

[PUNCH, No. 685.]

THE FINE YOUNG ENGLISH OFFICER.



Now I'll sing a brand new song made by a practised pate,
Of a fine old English regiment that's in a pretty state;
With a fine old English Colonel who sits up rather late
And drinks his grog, while at the door bullied lieutenants wait,
Like fine young English officers all of the modern time.

The mess-room was a precious mess with bickerings and rows,

And frequently the officers would come to sudden blows;
And one would have a broken head, and one a broken nose,
While now and then a candlestick at somebody there goes:
Mid those fine young English officers all of the modern time.

When off to bed they seem to go they on each other call,
And burst into each other's rooms, and raise a midnight brawl;
Pull'd from his couch a subaltern upon the floor may sprawl,
And out of window goes his bed, sheets, blankets, quilt, and all;
Thrown by these fine young officers all of the modern time.

But fun so fast must have an end, and words may get so high,
That blows will follow, and may leave a mark upon the eye;
Which e'en the Colonel cannot pass wholly unnoticed by,
And a Court Martial must be held, and people will say "Fie!"
On these young English officers all of the modern time.

Now surely when such precious scamps appeared upon parade
As "officers and gentlemen" they were in masquerade;
For such extremely blackguard pranks they never could have played,
If anything like gentlemen they'd been by nature made:
These fine young English officers all of the modern time.

A WORD FOR MR. WALKER.

"*Sic vos non vobis mellificatis apes.*"—MR. VIRGIL.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Daily News* complains that MR. WALKER, the famous author of "Gatherings from Graveyards," has been left out in the arrangement of the new Board of Health. As the existence of any Board of Health at all is probably owing to the researches and publications of MR. WALKER, this omission is certainly rather like that of the PRINCE OF DENMARK in the performance of *Hamlet*.

It is true that at the head of the Board we have a very proper man; a man of eminent scientific, as well as administrative ability. For SIR BENJAMIN HALL is something more than a shrewd, and active, and intelligent reformer. He is a man of science, too. Of course he is. Sanitary Reform requires a knowledge of the laws of health and disease; of the relations of the human organisation to surrounding circumstances, and of their agencies upon it: physiology, nosology, chemistry; in all which matters, doubtless SIR BENJAMIN HALL is well versed. The President of the Board of Health must, at least, know as much about the subject of his administration as the President of the Board of Control knows about India. Still, two heads are better than one, and perhaps the sanitary knowledge of SIR BENJAMIN HALL is not quite so perfect as to be incapable of being augmented by any suggestion which he might possibly derive from MR. WALKER.

It is, of course, quite right that the chief of the Board of Health should not be a Physician. The medical faculty is not the faculty of common sense. Therapeutics have nothing to do with hygienics, and the Art of Cure is a different thing from the Science of Prevention. You would not consult the parish Doctor as to the means of keeping well; on that subject you would rather ask the advice of the district Surveyor. Still, MR. WALKER is a man who knows as much about sanitary matters as anybody in London—perhaps not even excepting that eminent man of science, SIR BENJAMIN HALL. He is a gentleman whose public services are vast and unacknowledged, and there is every reason why he should be a member of the Board of Health, except that

he is a Surgeon, and is therefore voted ineligible for "office" by the gentlemen of red tape. It is not wonderful, to be sure, that a prejudice against the medical profession should be entertained by political quacks. Nevertheless, it is carrying this prejudice rather too far to exclude MR. WALKER from the constitution of a Sanitary Board. He is a surgeon—but he is a very able one. Is there no room at the festive Board of Health for MR. WALKER?

SITUATIONS FOR "SOCIETY."

At a highly genteel meeting, numerously attended, and including many distinguished members of the aristocracy, which was held yesterday at JENKINS'S Rooms, to consider the steps which it will be incumbent on society to take in consequence of the system of examinations which not only prevails in the learned professions, but in the Army and Navy, and has now been adopted in the Civil Service, the following resolutions were put and carried:—

Moved by ALGERNON SPRIGGE, and seconded by JESSAMIE PHIPPS, Esqrs.,

That the examinations which it is now necessary to undergo in order to enter any profession, or to obtain any office or situation regarded as suitable to a gentleman, constitute a serious obstacle to the acquisition of that employment which the junior and other less opulent members of society are unfortunately under the necessity of procuring.

Moved by the DUKE OF DUNSMANE, and seconded by the MARQUIS OF GOTHAM,

That the intellectual exertion required to enable a candidate for office, military or civil, to pass the least difficult ordeal to which he could be subjected, is much too severe to be endured by the majority of young gentlemen moving in society who have been educated to fill an employment suitable to their position.

Moved by SIR CHARLES DAWDLE, and seconded by the HON. MR. LOLLINGTON,

That the occupations which have heretofore been considered gentlemanly by Society, must now, on account of the study exacted by them, be regarded as laborious.

Moved by VISCOUNT SIMPER, and seconded by DUDLEY SMIRKE, Esq.,

That the anxiety attendant on the intellectual application involved in preparing for examinations is productive of an uneasy and careworn look, and sometimes of a tendency to frown and stoop, and other ungainly peculiarities, in place of that serenity of aspect and elegance of deportment which have hitherto characterised the majority of those who constitute Society, and are denominated the Superior Classes.

Moved by LORD DRAWLEY, and seconded by CAPTAIN LISB,

That in the opinion of this Meeting it has become necessary for Society to reconsider its estimate of the dignity of avocations and employments, in order to the maintenance and preservation of the principle which ranks as the most honourable those which demand the least industry. And Society is accordingly recommended by this Meeting to stamp with the seal of gentility the situations of shopman, and clerk in a mercantile or lawyer's office; and to brand with the stigma of snobbishness and vulgarity all places at the Treasury and Somerset-House.

Moved by EARL PLUSHINGTON, and seconded by MR. BUCKLES,

That this Meeting esteems the situation of an official Secretary as decidedly inferior in dignity to that of a valet-de-chambre.

The Lads of the Forty-Sixth.

OF all the Corps in HER MAJESTY'S Service, the 46th is that which may, with the greatest propriety, be called an infantry regiment, as the pranks which its junior officers are accustomed to play upon each other, are of a description so puerile. But we hope the 46th is not the Nursery of the British Army.

NAPIER NAPPING IT.

WE have often been puzzled to find out why NAPIER is so familiarly spoken of as "OLD CHARLEY." We think we have at last discovered the appropriateness of the *sobriquet*, for the *Old Charleys* had a shocking character for going to sleep on their posts.

A STORY WITHOUT FOUNDATION.

THE GARRET story is the uppermost story; but if we add to GARRET another T, we must regard the story as a base story—as base as any story can be that has no basis.

THE HIGH PRICE OF PAPER.

We must confess we are astonished beyond description, either in prose or poetry, at the high price of paper being still maintained. We should have thought that the numberless despatches and interminable autograph letters, which have been flying backwards and forwards between St. Petersburg and Berlin, and the endless diplomatic notes that have been exchanged between Austria and those States, would have lowered the value of waste paper so considerably as to have lessened the value of paper at least one half. There can have been no want of materials for making paper, when we think of the extensive correspondence that has been going on for months in relation to this still-unanswered "Eastern Question." What has become of all this correspondence? As for its value, it cannot be of the slightest worth to any one, excepting to buttermen and trunk-makers, and it is high time that the notes and letters, being completely such dead letters, were sold. What has become, also, of all the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA'S "Ultimatums?" In waste-paper alone, they would be a small fortune to the holder of them. Whoever is the lucky proprietor should come forward and throw them into the scales of public competition.

PUNCH'S HANDBOOKS TO THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

THE GREEK COURT (CONTINUED.)

THE principal objects of interest in the Greek Court are the pieces of sculpture, some of which are so well known and have been so frequently described, that we might as well attempt to get blood out of the stone of which they are composed, as to extract anything new from them.

First on the list is VENUS VICTRIX, from the Louvre, representing that rather coarse creature, familiarly known as a fine woman. Such a VENUS would conquer rather by her muscle than by her beauty, and though the latter might, vulgarly speaking, strike one all of a heap, the former might knock one over in a still more decisive manner.

No. 4 is the celebrated Quoit-thrower, or Discobolos, of which there are many copies. The figure is in the rather difficult position of throwing the quoit, which the sculptor has caught rather happily.

No. 5 is a Warrior from the Louvre, who is generally known in England as the Fighting Gladiator, and who has probably been seen by many of our readers in the person of some suburban Signor, who "does the statues."



at a minor theatre in a suit of white fleshings, a wig of wool, and a countenance thickly embedded in chalk—a style of getting-up which is supposed to qualify the worn-out Harlequin for the embodiment of all or any of the "classical heroes of antiquity."

No. 16 brings us to LAOCOON and his Sons, from the Vatican. A group which has come down to the very humblest on the heads of half the Italian image boys, who offer us "SIGNOR MILTONE" for eighteen pence, or will throw in "SIGNOR SHAKSPERI" for an extra shilling, if we will take the pair of them. LAOCOON was the son of PRIAM, who attempted to keep out of Troy the wooden horse by setting up a pike, but he had no sooner raised his lance than he found himself encircled, with his two sons, by a brace of serpents in one of the most affecting instances of a family tie that has ever been witnessed. This magnificent

work of art is too noble to be idly touched by the fingers of innovation, and we therefore can hardly excuse the officiousness which has lent a hand to the elder son, who had lost one of his arms—the right—and helped him to a set of new tips for his toes, out of pity to the extremities which he had been reduced to.

No. 25 is a copy of the JASON in the Louvre, which has been usually called "CINCINNATUS tying on his Sandal," as if CINCINNATUS had been rather slovenly about the feet, or was in the habit of slipping out of his own shoes, instead of adhering to the walk of life to which he was accustomed. The mistake has, no doubt, arisen from the propinquity of the ploughshare, which was the only share of the gifts of fortune that CINCINNATUS wished to appropriate.

No. 30 brings us to SOMNUS, who almost sends us to sleep when we look at him. So drowsy is the aspect of the figure that we are almost compelled to pay the highest tribute to the sculptor's talent by shutting our eyes to it.



No. 34 is the sleeping ENDYMION in relief, from the Capitol at Rome, a figure in which repose and grace are so blended as to present in this alto-relief one of the finest specimens of out-door relief that can be afforded by the artistic union already mentioned.

No. 51 represents THALIA, who has been much misrepresented by the modern writers of comedy. She is seen at the Crystal Palace with a mask in one hand and a roll in the other—the roll probably containing some of that fancy bred in her brain, though the mask does not present any very agreeable features.

No. 65 is a diminutive philosopher from Munich, who from the smallness of his size, was probably one of those philosophers who are not destined to make a very great figure. The head does not belong to the body, but this is natural enough, for many a philosopher has lost his head, which, under such circumstances, is of no use to any one—not even to the owner.

Nos. 69 and 71 are horses' heads, the former being peculiar for the arrangement of its mane, and the latter for the absence of its eyes, which leave us in the dark as to its origin. If we might indulge in speculation without the aid of the eyes, we would hazard the conjecture that the head is that of some blind horse of the dark ages, which may have worked in some cart employed in the removal of the dust of antiquity.

No. 78 will be easily recognised as "CUPID and PSYCHE;" a very familiar subject, though this is the only specimen in which the figures are without the wings which usually mark their flightiness. The Cupid is a very "old love," and has undergone a good deal of restoration about the nose and chin—the points upon which age is likely to tell,—and has also been supplied with a new foot, which many an old Cupid who is a martyr to the gout would be glad to be provided with.

In No. 79 we have another THALIA, from the Louvre, with her head very much worn by the action of the atmosphere. One would suppose that the Muse had been accustomed to exhibit in booths and shows in the open air, which may have subjected her to such an amount of fair wear and tear as to have seriously affected her head, and deprived her of that genuine mirth which in these days she fails to manifest.

No. 119 furnishes us with some portions of the bas-relief of TRAJAN'S celebrated column at Rome, with which no column of the Times can compete in interest. It is a record of the deeds of the Emperor whose name it bears, and it is very creditable to APOLLONORUS, its author, to have condensed so much history into a single column.

At No. 178 B, we come to the renowned marbles, which have given a sort of monumental fame to the name of ELGIN. This fortunate nobleman came over to England with a magnificent collection of marbles in 1801, but it was not till 1816 that the British nation, after a considerable amount of fawning, was induced to knuckle down to the extent of £35,000, which was the sum paid for the purchase of these treasures. The Annual Register (Vol. 58) contains the report of a Select Committee of the House of Commons which sat upon those marbles for a considerable time, and did justice to the labours with which LORD



ELGIN had left no stone unturned, and had consequently obtained a right to turn an honest penny.

The Government of that day, like the Government of almost every other day, refused to contribute anything to the advancement of art as a national object—a matter in which Governments seldom interfere, except to be alternately penny wise and pound foolish. LORD ELGIN was therefore left to prosecute his task at his own cost, and to save these marbles from the Turks, who were in the habit of amusing themselves by taking shots at the figures, which would probably have ended in macadamising the streets of Athens, if they had not been preserved to pave the way to a new and improved standard of taste in England.

These marbles tell their own story so well, that we shall not insult the sculptor PHIDIAS by pointing to the procession on the frieze, and saying, "those figures are men on horseback," or "that article is intended for a helmet,"—a style of description which is justified by nothing but the failure of the artist to express his own meaning.

No. 187 represents NIOBE, whose boast, like that of a witness in a police court, was to be "the mother of a large family." This reiteration of the rather doubtful merit of extensive maternity, rendered NIOBE such a nuisance, that one day when bursting out in her favourite character of the "mother of fourteen children," she insulted LATONA, who happened to come in her way, by throwing in the face of the latter the whole of their aggregate families. LATONA'S irritation induced her

to complain to her own offspring, APOLLO and DIANA, who at once abated the NIOBE nuisance by destroying the NIOBE children. One only was spared, a daughter, named CHLORIS, who is represented in the Crystal Palace as attending on NIOBE herself, who having been formerly all fire and fury, became all water and slop, for she took to perpetual tears, and after having been nearly all her life a roaring termagant, she ended her days as a crying evil. The group has been assigned to PRAXITELES, though in some parts the critics pretend to trace an inferior chisel.

No. 198 will be easily recognised as the renowned VENUS DE MEDICIS, of which the original may be seen at Florence. This statue has been more written on perhaps than any statue in the world, though after all that has been said, it tells its own story best in a few lines of beauty. The moderns have had a hand—indeed two hands—in this work of art, for the arms are both of them "restorations."

Without descending from the pedestal of the writer to the rostrum of the auctioneer, it would be impossible to enumerate all the objects of interest in the Greek Court of the Crystal Palace. In a mere Catalogue they number 217 Lots, scarcely one of which can be said to fall under the common lot, for genius has given to nearly every one a sort of immortality. Were we to attempt to do justice to each and all of the numerous objects that claim our admiration, we should be compelled to anticipate a very important addition to the Greek Court, for we should be occupied till the arrival of the Greek Kalends.

JOLLY COMPANIONS.



WE do not object to the moderate use of generous liquor; we only condemn the abuse of it. Drunkenness is bad enough in a man, but in a multitude it is terrible. What, then, will the readers of *Punch* think of the conduct described in the following extracts taken from a contemporary, without any alteration or addition in as far as the narrative relates to acts and deeds?—

"GREAT BACCHANALIAN DEMONSTRATION.—Several thousands of toppers congregated yesterday morning in Russell Square, for the purpose of paying their fourth annual visit to the Surrey Zoological Gardens."

A very suitable place of resort, you would say, for those who make beasts of themselves.

"Every part of London and its suburbs contributed its quota to the general mass; and by the time the procession was ready to start, it was found that Russell Square, capacious as it is, would not hold it, and large bodies of persons had to move down the adjoining streets in order to give the leaders an opportunity of making a dignified exit. Every description of vehicle which could be begged or borrowed was brought into requisition to convey the enthusiastic votaries of BACCHUS, and the procession was made of omnibuses, cabs, clarences, broughams, gigs, &c., headed by bands of music, the vigour of which must have taken the aristocratic residents of Russell Square and its neighbourhood not a little by surprise."

This must have been a slight nuisance—particularly to any inhabitant of the vicinity troubled with a headache. Those who ought to know what that suffering is might have been more considerate. Besides, how could they tell that they were not disturbing somebody's last moments, or the first moments of somebody else—and the repose of somebody else's mamma?

"Shortly after 11 o'clock the procession made a start, amid the deafening cheers of the persons who composed it, some hundreds of whom were children, designated the 'Band of Hops,' who are bound by a solemn league and covenant never to drink water themselves, and to discourage the practice in others."

As if children were capable of being bound—except by their sponsors—to any league or covenant whatever; whether solemn or absurd: whether to drink water or brandy. Such children must be very precocious; but an unhealthy precocity is one of the results of gin: and children who vow to discourage any practice on the part of others, but that of doing mischief or of eating trash, must have been previously seduced into an extreme state of liquor.

"Mr. HOUGH, the well known Bacchanalian singer, whose sudden and remarkable transition from teetotalism to habitual inebriety is well known, headed the procession which moved along Tottenham Court Road, Oxford Street, Regent Street, Pall Mall, Whitehall, Parliament Street, over Westminster Bridge, down the York Road to Blackfriars Road, and thence through Walworth to the Surrey Gardens, where a grand *fête* took place."

What an intolerable obstruction in the streets they must have created!

"On entering the Gardens, there was a gathering by the Band of Hops, when each member was presented by Mr. HOUGH with his 'Address to the Young.' Afterwards there was a meeting on the lawn, at which Mr. HOUGH,

Mr. GORMOND, and other gentlemen spoke on the subject of drinking. Later in the day there were salutes of cannon, and musical performances by various professionals. In the evening there was a display of fireworks, and other representations for which the Surrey Gardens are so remarkable. The whole of the proceedings, which were very well managed, were under the direction of the London Bacchanalian League."

Here were rare orgies! Here was a jolly row! A mob choking the thoroughfares, parading the streets with bands of music, shouting, bellowing, vociferating, for no reason whatever, and uttering "deafening cheers" to the annoyance, if not injury, of everybody except the aurists, and MESSRS. SOLOMONS—what are we to think of such a concourse but that it was a most tipsy rabble? What is such outrageous conduct as this indicative of but of being half-seas-over, three sheets in the wind, bosky, beery, screwed, the worse for liquor—much the worse—so much the worse as to be literally roaring drunk. We naturally ask what these roysterers had been having, and what they had been giving the unhappy infants whom they encouraged to imitate their own noisy and riotous behaviour?

But we are going too fast—like the people whose extravagances are above related. There are a few corrections to be made in the foregoing quotations from the *Times*. For "Bacchanalian" read "Temperance," and carry out the same principle of emendation to the end. Substitute "Band of Hope" for "Band of Hops," and alter "Bacchanalian singer" into "Temperance orator," call the gentleman alluded to Gough, instead of Hough, and reverse the statement made respecting his change of habits. With such exceptions as these, however, we have faithfully transcribed our contemporary's report of the "Great Temperance Demonstration." The uproar, the obstruction, the wild excitement, the tumultuous disorderly behaviour on which we have commented, are facts. Only they were not, at least they professedly were not, the results of intoxicating drink. They were meant for manifestations of total abstinence; on behalf of which system they afford just this argument, that the great mass of teetotalers can make as great fools of themselves on water as other people can be made by alcoholic fluids, and get as tipsy on tea, or on nothing, as ordinary individuals can on wine and grog. Thus a teetotaler might be considered to be a person who abstains from fermented liquors because he can be sufficiently drunk without them.

ABERDEEN'S SYSTEM OF WARFARE.

THROWING away the sword, and keeping the scabbard.



PRIVATE OPINION.

Lieutenant Whobble (who has just been embodied). "HAB! THIS IS SOMETHING LIKE! INFINITELY BETTER THAN THE RIDICULOUS OLD COAT!!!"

THE ROMANCE OF THE SECOND COLUMN.

ACCORDING to the dismal inuendoes darkly shadowed forth in the second column of the *Times*, everybody seems to be abandoning everybody else, and the column in question ought to be regarded as a species of monumental column, sacred to the memory of those dear departed who seem to be continually running away from their wives and families. One day last week there was a fearful catalogue of absconded husbands and miscellaneous runaways.

The following appeal is rather deficient in that romantic interest which usually pervades the second column of the *Times*; and indeed it will be difficult for the most morbidly melancholy imagination to invest the advertisement with much ideality:—

A. W. (if this should be seen) is earnestly requested to COMMUNICATE immediately with J. H. M., late of R—fus C—ttage, at Golden Cross Hotel, Charing Cross.

The only really mysterious part of this advertisement is the omission of the *w* that is clearly necessary to complete the word "*Rufus*," and the still more unaccountable gap which is left between the *C* and the *t* in the word "*Cottage*." If the parties have no greater secret than how to spell *Rufus* and *Cottage*, they have no right to take up a position amongst the crushed, the broken-hearted, the desolate, and the deserted, for whom the second column of the *Times* ought to be kept sacred.

The next article we have the pleasure of showing, as the linendrapers' shopboys say, is replete with—a—with—a—with—a—all that sort of thing which we—but the reader, after drawing his own conclusion, may supply ours.

J. is the spirit of kindness, but proud, and knew not what was revealed; if K. is the real quantity he wants to proceed, direction required. Post Office, Dorking, Surrey. Address to real name.

We should like an introduction to J., for if he is really the legitimate "spirit of kindness" we should like to have an opportunity of mixing a le of this spirit with the current of the rather turbid stream of our

MEMORANDUM FOR YOUNG OFFICERS.

It is particularly recommended that every Officer who joins a regiment shall have an independent income besides his pay, sufficient not only to live upon, but to support a life of that fast description that becomes an officer and a gentleman.

In cases where it may not be possible to comply with this recommendation, the young officer is advised to incur debt rather than odium, for the latter is calculated to bring him into disgrace, but the former will extend his credit.

Officers should make it their invariable rule to do everything like a gentleman; and this particularly applies to spending money. Prudence is not a quality the cultivation of which is desirable on the part of those whose profession it is to risk their lives. It invariably exposes all who act on its principles to obloquy and contempt, because by abstinence from gratifications in which others indulge, officers set their comrades a disagreeable example.

An officer who does not spend the whole of his income will be naturally required to lend the remainder. Every officer of experience well knows that money lent should be regarded as money lost. The probability is that the officer who borrows will, however honourable may be his intention, be unable to repay what he has borrowed, for the same reason as that for which he borrowed it in the first instance. Officers therefore had better spend all they have, so that they may not have anything left to lend, or to get stigmatized as mean and shabby for not lending. Thus they will at least secure their money's worth in pleasure, besides acquiring the name of fine fellows. It may even be expedient that they should notoriously exceed their means, to preclude all troublesome applications on the part of their comrades: and every officer should remember that it is his duty, on any emergency, to sacrifice his tailor.

By carefully attending to the above suggestions, and acting otherwise in their spirit, the young officer may hope to insure himself against being pulled out of bed, beaten with an umbrella, set on a table in his night-shirt, made to go through the sword exercise naked, and ducked in his tub.

"ADVICE GRATIS."—What a chemist, or a friend, generally dispenses previous to dosing you with a quantity of physic!

own existence. We are sorry to hear he is "proud;" but we can only say that we are not proud, and shall be happy to make his acquaintance. It is natural enough that he should "know not what is revealed," for "the spirit of kindness" is not particularly knowing.

A key to the next advertisement on our list would be very acceptable. TO A. W. CIN. O.—ALL'S WELL; a lovely Baby. Advise, on seeing this, to the old address, No. 11, or No. 173.

Who can "CIN" be?—and is the "lovely baby" the child of "CIN"?—and is it desirable at any time to follow the counsel of "CIN"?—and is not the "old address" of "CIN" a locality to which no respectable person would think of making an application?

Betwixt me, you, the Ambassador, and his Post.

WE read in the papers that a serenade was given at Madrid to LORD HOWDEN. Now this is a slight mistake—it was not a serenade, but a *charivari*; a regular, good, continental derisive *charivari*, given to the English Ambassador in honour of his absence from Madrid, as long as the revolution was going on, and in celebration of his heroic return directly the danger was over. This was the reason of the *charivari*, to which we have no doubt the Spanish pots and pans and marrow-bones and cleavers did every justice. But we suppose that LORD HOWDEN is no worse than our other Ambassadors. For ourselves, we always know when something of importance is going on in a foreign capital by the fact of the absence of the English Ambassador.

Free Trade at the Tap.

THE closure of the public-houses on Sunday is treated by the Licensed Victuallers too much as if it were their question. We consider it as a matter that chiefly concerns the public, and in regard to the sale of food and liquor, we are advocates of the principle, which we wish to see applied universally, of Liberty without License



THE ATTITUDE OF PRUSSIA IN THE PRESENT CRISIS.

Mr. Policeman Punch. "NOW THEN, SIR, YOU MUST MOVE—
ONE WAY OR THE OTHER."

FLOWERS FROM THE WEST.

Culled from the "New York Scourge," the "New York Spy," the "New York Eaves-Dropper," and other respected publications. (Forwarded by an American contributor.)

GENERAL PIERCE.

GENERAL PIERCE watches with more than the vigilance of HAROUN AL RASCHID over the population committed to his charge. Even the benighted negroes are not deemed beneath the care of the President. In order fully to understand their wants and feelings, the General is in the habit, about once a week, of blacking himself all over with best Japan blacking, and, in a check shirt and white trowsers, mingling among the negroes' festivities after dark. His own features, being of an African contour, aid in the disguise. Some merriment was excited by his presenting himself one evening in this costume at a brilliant party given by one of our Upper Ten Thousand, but any risibility was speedily suppressed in admiration at the truly manly and republican bearing of the President, which no disguise could hide, and one of the fairest of America's daughters, quoting from our celebrated bard, exclaimed, "She saw Old PIERCE's visage in his mind." When will a fastidious, bloated, crowned despot of Europe do the like?

MR. MARCY.

Our eminent Secretary of State, MR. MARCY, is a pleasing instance of the superiority of native talent over acquired learning. Up to the age of forty-seven he could neither read nor write, yet he invariably dictated to his secretaries the most forcible and the most eloquent despatches, which shame the puling and twaddling diplomatic "notes" of the old world. At the age of which we speak, MR. MARCY, then on a visit to the Saratoga Springs, succumbed to the fire of those weapons to which only a true American yields, the eyes of lovely woman. Unwilling to entrust his *billets doux* to a second hand, MR. MARCY addressed himself to reading and writing, and with such success that in two days he was able to read fluently. At the end of the week he wrote his now celebrated and beautiful hand, unequalled throughout the Union—except by that of the marvellous writing-master, our friend JEREMIAH DOWNSTROKE, 35, Forty-Ninth Street, right hand side, second bell, whose advertisement will be found in another part of our paper, but who is quite unaware that we indite these lines.

MR. BUCHANAN.

Our despatch containing VICTORIA's speech on dissolving her Congress (which seems to have done about as much as our own), mentions that our envoy, MR. BUCHANAN, appeared among the ambassadors "unadorned but adorned the most." One of the corrupt English journals sneers at the "austere republicans who adopt and exaggerate French fashions before they are heard of in England." That we go ahead in dress, as elsewhere, there can be no doubt, and if we had chosen to deck BUCHANAN in a fool's uniform, we might have managed to gild it pretty handsome out of California. But the aristocratic English journals should know this, that MR. BUCHANAN was ordered not only to refuse to attend the Parliament, except in plain black, but to insist on his right of attendance in any costume he pleased, or none at all, and if the haughty lord who had the arranging of the ceremony made any difficulty, MR. BUCHANAN was expressly commanded to be present in the clothes he wore when he was born. We wonder what the old world would have said to that.

CAPTAIN HOLLINS.

Our American hero, who has just signalized himself by the destruction of Greytown, need not be afraid that the gallant deed will really injure his prospects with the government, although it may be necessary, by a show of displeasure, to warn other energetic spirits to wait for orders before burning down undefended towns. We have heard that when the news first reached the President, he exclaimed, "Bravo, HOLLINS!" and though GENERAL PIERCE's advisers have meanly sought to explain this spontaneous outbreak into a censure, and to allege that the President said that HOLLINS had acted like a bravo, in destroying the unarmed and unsuspecting, we can say, confidently, to HOLLINS, "Heads up, HOLLY!"

MR. N. P. WILLIS.

This slavish sycophant of European aristocrats, whose few free and glowing sentiments were washed out of him by the essences besprinkled over him by the haughty dames of the Court of St. James's, has actually refused to lend the aid of a single puff to the books of a female relation of his, a true democrat, whose talents as far transcend his own as the mighty Niagara exceeds the Windsor waterfalls of which he is so fond. Such it is to become the *concive* of Countesses and the darling of Duchesses. If the Order of the Garter were offered us to-morrow at the price of our independence, we would kick the noble who proffered it, and tie up our washing with the ribbon. Not so N. P. WILLIS, who doubtless looks forward to that honour (?) the next time he prostrates himself before the throne at Kensington Palace. Let him show himself in it here, that is all. In the mean time we would call attention to the cheap and excellent edition of the works of the authoress in question, published by BEN SQUOBLES next door to our own office.

A RIVAL EDITOR.

JACKSON was the b'hoy. Yes, Siree, JACKSON *was* some in a bar fight. But what was JACKSON to JOHNSON, the elephantine JOHNSON, of the *Sloppisticator*? Nothing, Siree, 'pon our veracity. Why, the animal waddles past our door like one of the Rocky Mountains going to have a julep with Chimborazo. What a pity that with all that flesh there should be so little brains. Read his article on the Nebraska compromise! Jerusalem! Snakes! We'll tell you how much it is. If the smallest *gamin* that sells our paper did not, at one kick's notice, swarm up our editorial stool, and knock off a brighter bit than JOHNSON's on Nebraska, we'd instantly put him under glass and send him to BARNUM's Museum, as the specimen of the greatest ass in the Union. At present that honourable title belongs to the Editor of the *Sloppisticator*. He is a bright b'hoy, and a ring-tailed roarer.

THE MILITARY MARCH OF INTELLECT.

In consequence of the practices revealed by a recent court-martial, we should not be surprised seeing in the *Times* some morning an advertisement to the following effect:—

MILITARY EDUCATION.—A Gentleman, who has several vacancies in his Establishment, will be happy to receive a few young Gentlemen and Noblemen's sons, and fit them in all the accomplishments requisite for entering the Army. He is well versed in all the practical jokes that are practised in most regiments, and has flattering Testimonials of his ability from several officers, who have attained a high rank in the 46th. The art of drawing a Subaltern out of bed made free and easy in three lessons. Pumping taught from the living model, a tradesman's son being kept expressly on the premises. A Mess-table on the Military principle regularly at Six o'clock, where Military Conversation is encouraged in all its original purity and suavity. The Way of Sending a Brother Officer to Coventry shown by the aid of maps and diagrams, so as to be within the reach of the meanest capacity. Gambling, so indispensable to every gentleman of fortune, a trifle extra—the pupil for the first three months paying his own losses. A Professor from HEX CAUST's attends twice a week, to give lessons in Slang and the Use of the Gloves. For terms, &c., Address to "NOMMY RICORDO," Barrack Yard, Windsor. N.B. None but perfect gentlemen need apply.

THE CZAR'S TWO FLEAS.

THE CZAR OF RUSSIA sitteth alone,
And maketh a sad and grievous moan,
And with his two hands doth his two ears squeeze,
And crieth "Alas these dreadful fleas!"

As soon as his knaves from the Danube fled,
A whizzing he felt in his crazy head,
And when the villains recrossed the Pruth,
"I've a flea in my ear," he cried, "in sooth."

When Bomarsund in the Baltic fell,
'Twas a flea in the other ear as well,
So he belloweth now, with groans and tears,
"I have got a flea in both my ears."

THE BRITISH ARCHÆOLOGICAL SOCIETY.



THOSE "odd fellows" the Archæologists have been enjoying their annual "out" at Chepstow, where the river Wye has suggested a number of wherefores, to which the stream has we hope given a wise answer. The savants have visited among other places a spot "supposed to be the remains of an ancient priory, and now the site of premises occupied by a wine merchant." The visit to the wine merchant was natural and perhaps excusable after a long morning's

prowl among the old walls of Chepstow Castle, which was probably very dry work, but we disapprove of the paltry attempt to mix up a thirst for information with a thirst for something else, by the assumption that the wine merchant's establishment had been "formerly an ancient priory."

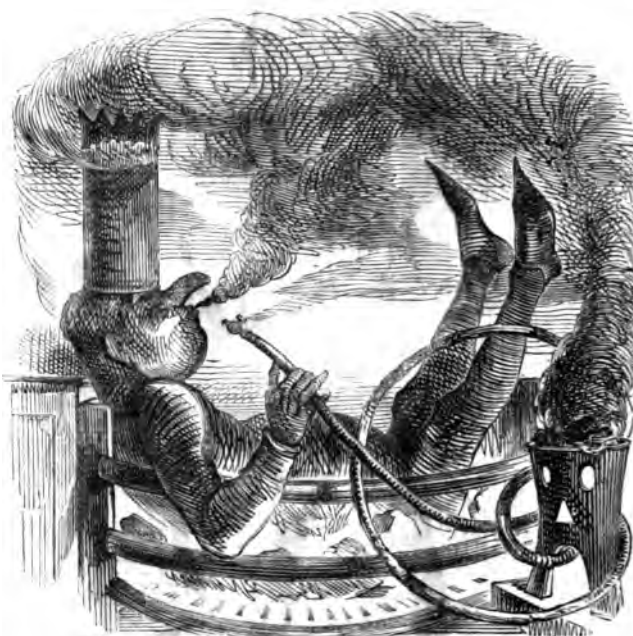
The report states that there was nothing to warrant the conclusion, "except some very dubious pieces of work in the cellarage;" but a dubious piece of work in a wine cellar, is not such an extraordinary thing after all, that it should be made the ground for attributing to the spot an extreme degree of antiquity. We believe that we are justified in stating that the Archæologists discovered a remarkably fine old brick in the person of the wine merchant.

In the evening there was a meeting at the public rooms, "for the purpose of reading and discussing papers," but there was a difficulty in getting papers to discuss, for the gentlemen who had kindly undertaken to read on the lively subjects of "the Architecture of the Castle," and "the Earls of Chepstow," had probably gone to sleep themselves over the labours that were to have been the cause of sleep in others.

The intended readers were too ill to make their appearance, and a MR. WAKEMAN—rather an inappropriate name by the way—kindly came forward with a few rough notes, to deliver a rough and ready dissertation on the walls of Chepstow. He commenced by remarking that having tumbled over some bricks, he concluded there had been a Roman road, and having seen some more bricks he thought there must have been a Roman wall, because there was no probability of there having been a Norman castle. He then proceeded to smash STRONGBOW'S reputation as a famous archer—however adroit he might have been at drawing the long bow—and wound up in the usual way with apologising for what he had been saying.

The Archæologists dine together every day, and the DUKE OF BEAUFORT kindly sends them game—a rather superfluous piece of generosity, considering how easy it would be for them to make game of each other.

KING SMOKE.



KING SMOKE was a vile old fellow,
He suffered no sun to shine,
As he spread out his veil so yellow,
The woof of the coal-black mine.
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! for the coal-black mine,
For the coal-black mine!

There railed on him many a maiden,
With "blacks" in her weeping eye,
And her toilet with soot o'erladen
From the reek of the coal-black mine.
Hurrah! &c.

The chemist applied all his learning,
And the poet bewailed these woes,
But their fuel men kept half-burning,
Whence still the dark fumes arose.
Hurrah! &c.

They railed on the vile old fellow,
Who smirched all our buildings fine,
As he spread out his veil so yellow,
The woof of the coal-black mine.
Hurrah! &c.

MORE MUSICAL QUACKERY.

We read in the *Athenæum* (advertisement column, mind), that—

MR. W. VINCENT WALLACE, the eminent and popular composer of *Maritana*, &c., has just arrived in this country from New York. He returns teeming with freshness, overflowing with genius, as when he left our shores.

We are exceedingly glad to hear this, and especially that MR. WALLACE is teeming with freshness, although we do not profess to understand either what this means, or what are the symptoms of the process. But as the gratifying announcement heralds another, to the effect that certain music publishers are to issue to the public the freshness with which MR. W. is teeming, we suppose that further particulars may be procured at their shop. Lucky that MR. WALLACE is really a man of talent robust enough to survive the sickening quackery of the musical puff system.

Earth and Water.

A TEETOTALLER, who goes the whole hog, proposes to change the name, applied to a portion of the globe, of Temperate Zone, into that of Zone of Total Abstinence. But another, who swallows bristles and all, would extend the territory of Total Abstinence over the whole world.

LATEST FROM PRUSSIA.

(From our own Detective.)



As a sample of the stuff which the "constant readers" lately have been called upon to swallow, it was the other morning stated, "on the most reliable authority" (an authority which we usually have found the most liable), that the KING OF PRUSSIA had at length "given a convincing proof of his adhesion to the English." Being of course extremely suspicious of this "fact," we considered it our duty as Reviser-General of the Press to dispatch at once a Special Hoax-Detective to the Court of that (frequently) elevated Monarch, with instructions to sift out the truth of the matter through the sieve of his experience. Thanks to the Post Office his despatch has been characterised by the very reverse of that quality, but the explanation we have been so long in receiving we will in brief communicate. It appears then that his Majesty has lately, in his more sober moments, been trying to cultivate an acquaintance with our language, and his "adhesion to the English" is, therefore, only a politer phrase to express his recent sticking to the study of that tongue. The "proof" which was spoken of is discovered to have been merely the printer's "proof" of some lines which his Majesty did lately by way of an exercise, and which, although printed "for private circulation only," we do not scruple in the least to make as fully public as a place in *Punch* is certain to ensure:—

ALB—*"A Bumper of Burgundy fill, fill for me."*

A bumper of Clicquot come fill, fill for me,
There's no drink can compare with Champagne;
With the head that is empty 'twill ne'er disagree,
Since it only affecteth the brain.
When war puts the people of peace in a funk,
And friendly states claim our assistance,
We'll show that a king may get royally drunk,
And keep sober sense at a distance!
Then a bumper of Clicquot, &c.

CRITICISM ALL HOT.

No person expresses himself with more real strength than *Mr. Punch*, and although he is not absurd enough to expect that the writings of anybody else should exhibit that exquisite mixture of intensity and elegance which renders his teaching at once the instruction and the delight of mankind, he is never displeased, in a superficial age, to see energetic sentiments put forth. But there is a limit to all things, and he cannot but think that the editor of the Shropshire newspaper, out of which *Mr. Punch* extracts the following declaration, is inclined to infuse almost too much fire into his diction. The writer in question is complaining that a certain MR. HAY's Musical Entertainments were not sufficiently patronised in Shrewsbury. Whether HAY did not make himself when the sun shone, or whether those who took the LIND-fever are proof against all other complaints, including the HAY fever, we are not aware, but MR. HAY was not successful, and thus the delinquents are castigated:—

"The proud Salopians must be very poor, or very shabby, to hold back under these circumstances, or there is an absence of all spirit in Shropshire, except where eating and drinking are concerned. The mind appears to be quite a secondary consideration, and the belly the all-absorbing object of the affections. These are plain words, but not one whit the less true. Were we MR. HAY, we would see the town of Shrewsbury, and the county, d—, before we would toll, and sustain loss, for such an illiberal-minded set."

Now, we are not, of course, so well informed as the Salopian journalist, as to what kind of remonstrance is most effective with readers in the proximity of the Wrekin, but brief sojourns in the county of Salop have left upon our minds the impression that somewhat more gracious words might be appropriately used upon such an occasion. The proud Salopians seemed to us to be, generally

speaking, affable, courteous to strangers, and as intelligent as provincials are likely to be; and really, even though one of their own body chastises them with scorpions after this fashion, we feel inclined to protest against such merciless treatment. The punishment proposed certainly exceeds the offence, which we take to be the staying away from some concert. Now our friend the indignant "Man from Shropshire" may take it from us, that any entertainment which the public does not patronise is not worth the patronage of the public. The business of the contriver of an entertainment is to entertain, and people know quite well whether they are likely to be entertained or not. And so, if we are not taking too great a liberty, we would respectfully hint that the Shropshire critic would better serve MR. HAY, by pointing out to him the most likely mode to please the Shrewsburians, than by suggesting to him to obtain a previous sight which we trust is not in store for him. It is just possible that the character of provincial journalism might be improved by a little more general adoption of the amenities cultivated by the metropolitan press. Imagine the *Times*, or the *Chronicle*, some morning, making such a recommendation as the above to an unlucky *bénéficiaire* at the Hanover Square Rooms. And are not provincials our fellow-creatures, and entitled to be treated with as much humanity as we demand for ourselves? Echo answers in the affirmative, and we beg to transmit her answer for the consideration of our Shropshire contemporary.

A PLEA FOR THE PEWTER.

SOME folks have a skin that's marvellous thin,
And BAREBONES they revere;
And it's sinful they say to moisten one's clay
With a drop of Sunday beer.
For my part I ain't so severe,
And at this hot time of the year,
On my Sundays out, I can't do without
My modest allowance of beer.

Some folks, it's true, prefer to look blue
When a joke or a laugh they hear;
Their house of call is Exeter Hall,
And their tippie is tea, not beer.
Now I'm no teetotallere,
Though a temperance course I'd steer,
And down I'll cough Mr. Orator Gough,
Whenever he talks against beer.

Some folks at their feasts will make themselves beasts,
And home zig-zag will steer;
Bands of Hope let them follow, and pledges swallow,
And Orator Gough go hear;
But as I can enjoy good cheer,
And yet keep my noddle clear,
I can't understand why you thrust your hand
Betwixt me and my Sunday beer.

All the week at my work I stand like a Turk
From beginning to end of the year;
And on Sundays I rest, and put on my best,
And at church I always appear.
But the parson I go to hear
Don't feel called to interfere
With my afternoon walk, and tea-garden talk
With a friend or two over our beer.

Heaven gave malt and hops, as well as slops,
And to me it's perfectly clear,
As the rich have their wine, so the poor, when they dine
Were meant to enjoy their beer.
The Vine Rhenish folks may cheer,
And Hollands is good for Mynbeer;
And the Briton bold shall never be told
There's sin in a drop of good beer!

For my part I think both in meat and drink,
'Tis abuse, not use, we should fear;
Enjoying of each what's within our reach,
With thankfulness sincere.
So as I don't mean to come near
Your cordials and compounds queer;
Live and let live, pray; and go your own way,
But don't come between me and my beer.



THE MOUSTACHE MOVEMENT.

MASTER SMITH, AS HE APPEARED TRYING TO FORCE HIS MOUSTACHES FOR THE BROWNS' PARTY.

THE CAPTURE OF BOMARSUND.

From the Invalide Russe.

BOMARSUND is a pig-sty, which, by order of the EMPEROR, whose provident care extends over the meanest of his subjects, was fortified with a forty-eight pounder. Foreseeing that the combined French and English fleets would carry out the tactics they have all along pursued, by endeavouring to destroy this little piece of private property, the Commander of the troops at Cronstadt sent a force of ten men, under the command of CORPORAL KICKEMOFF, to defend it from invasion.

The approach of the Allied Fleets speedily demonstrated the wisdom of these measures of precaution. As soon as they came within range, the Corporal opened fire upon them, and quickly sank several of their largest vessels with his single gun. For many hours KICKEMOFF and his gallant soldiers sustained an unequal combat with the French and English under a tremendous but ill-directed shower of shot and shells. One of the latter at last set fire to the thatch of the fortress; and under the cover of their guns the enemy succeeded in effecting a landing, not however without the loss of several hundred men who were shot by three riflemen of KICKEMOFF's force. As the fort had no outworks, its only intrenchment lying in the hog-trough, our little troop was ultimately overpowered by superior numbers, and made an honourable surrender, with the loss of one man killed, and two wounded, including the brave KICKEMOFF, who lost his little finger. As the savage Britons were loading him with chains, the gallant captive exclaimed, "Oh England, England, I hardly expected this from you!"

The loss to the EMPEROR's service of the brave KICKEMOFF and his intrepid band is ill compensated for by the destruction of nine of the enemy's ships; but his Imperial Majesty consoles himself with the reflection that he has a hundred million subjects in Russia as good as they, and has ordered a *Te Deum* to be sung on account of the damage they inflicted on the enemy. The ten ships lost by the Anglo-French were first class men-of-war, all of them having the peculiarity of being rigged with sails of buckram.

WHO SHALL DECIDE WHEN DOCTORS DISAGREE?

It is really nauseating to witness the quantity of doctor's stuff that is allowed to run down the columns of the newspapers. It will be necessary at last to proceed against the public press as a public nuisance if we have much more of the "foul and offensive matter" circulating under our noses every day at our breakfast tables to an extent highly dangerous to the health, the patience, and the nerves of the reading community. If the doctors who write to the papers would agree in their prescriptions for cholera, the public might feel grateful for the trouble taken, but when one medical man's "infallible medicine" is another medical man's "deadly poison," and the specific of to-day is denounced as the fatal drug of to-morrow, we are puzzled and alarmed at the risk we run in following the doctors' contradictory directions. The conclusion at which we have arrived is, that however valuable the recommendation to "let well alone," it is still more desirable to "let ill alone," if a sick man is subject to be poisoned by one or more of the numerous concoctions suggested in the newspapers by the medical practitioner. According to Monday's paper, such and such a dose is a sure safeguard against cholera, until Tuesday's print denounces the same mixture as death to all who take it. "I have tried so and so with success," says M.R.C.S., and "it stands to reason so and so must prove fatal in a few hours," rejoins an "M.D. of thirty years' standing." When doctors disagree their want of unanimity is indeed most wonderful.

Jolly Companions Every One.

A SUBSCRIPTION has been set on foot to pay the expenses of LIEUT. PERRY's defence against his recent persecution. One of his friends goes a little further than the rest, and says, "I would purchase for him his company." We doubt whether LIEUT. PERRY would consent to this arrangement, for after reading the account of the insults and intrusions to which he has been exposed, we have come to the conclusion that he cannot have found either his room or his company very agreeable.



A WATER PARTY.

Austria. "COME ON PRUSSIA! IT'S SO JOLLY, AND THERE'S NO DANGER."

SOME VERY PETTY SESSIONS.



OME of the Sessions held in the country are generally termed Petty, and after perusing the annexed extract from a Shropshire paper, the reader will admit that the Sessions sometimes fully deserve their name for Pettiness.

"AN EXPENSIVE TURNIP.—SHARP PRACTICE.—THOMAS PYE, a respectable young man, in the employ of Mr. SAMUEL CORDETT, Blacksmith, of Park Street, Wellington, was charged (before the REV. H. BURTON alone) with stealing a turnip, of the value of one halfpenny, the property of ST. J. C. CHARLTON, Esq. Defendant was taking a walk on the footpath through the field, with others, on Sunday evening last, when he pulled up the turnip in question. He was observed by JOHN LLOYD, shepherd to Mr. CHARLTON, and for this grave offence, defendant was taken into custody and locked up the same evening. The turnip being grubby he threw it down again, without eating it. Defendant expressed his contrition for the offence. The REV. MR. BURTON, after lecturing

the prisoner upon the serious character of the offence, and the consequent disgrace on his employer, fined him 10s. with 3s. expenses, and a halfpenny the value of the turnip, making a total of 13s. 6d. Mr. CHARLTON stated that he had lost a great number of turnips, and was determined to make an example of the first he caught. The money was paid. During the hearing of this case Mr. CHARLTON withdrew from the bench."

In the first place the offence—such as it was—may be termed petty enough, though the reverend magistrate, putting on the magisterial magnifying glasses, was able to descant on its enormity. With the enlarged sympathies of respectability, the reverend lecturer felt less for the culprit himself, who had to endure the punishment due to the guilty act, than for the respectable employer, who was doomed to suffer the disgrace of having in his employment a wretch that could pull up a grubby turnip, and throw it down again. We commenced by saying that the whole affair was truly petty, but we must be allowed to withdraw the expression as far as the penalty is concerned, for the amount of the fine, when compared with the offence, may be considered as the very reverse of pettiness.

THE CZAR AND HIS COUSIN JONATHAN.

SCENE FROM THE RUSSIAN GENTLEMAN.

An Unfinished Drama.

SCENE.—*St. Petersburg. A Room in the Palace. The EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, the GRAND DUKE CONSTANTINE, and Dr. THOMAS COTTMAN, seated. At the elbow of each, on a malachite table, sherry cobbler. COTTMAN smoking a cigar with his heels elevated on the back of a chair.*

Emp. Yes, Doctor, in this world there are two forms Of Government, and but two possible, Your own, and ours. You, an enlightened people, Are capable of self-rule; each of you A Sovereign is whose subjects are himself.

Cottm. And Niggers.

Emp. Yes; and Niggers. But our Russians, Unripe for institutions such as yours, As yet do need a master.

Cottm. I expect There just this difference is 'tween you and we, Yourn is white Niggers, Emperor, ourn is black. You owns more slaves than we do.

Emp. Even so.

Cottm. And you and we are near about as like, As cowhide is to knout.

Emp. And both combined—

Cottm. Will flog creation—

Grand D. And the Britishers.

Cottm. Grand Duke, you're right. I tell you what, Grand Duke, You talk exactly like a reg'lar Yankee, Though in your silks you stand but five feet five, You'd pass for one on Broadway—that's a fact; Now, Emperor, hand us a cigar.

Emp. Try these. (*Passes cigar case.*) They're Cubas; and although the question may Appear superfluous—Do you smoke?

Cottm. Wal, yes,

Emperor, I rather speculate I do.

Emp. Well, Doctor, now's your time to take your Cuba; You shall do so; and I, in the meanwhile, Will help myself to Turkey.

Cottm. Here's a light!

Emp. Thanks, Doctor, for the candle you propose To hold to NICHOLAS.

Grand D. Those Britishers Would NICHOLAS corrupt to a nickname, Whereby the miscreants do miscal my sire. Consume the dastards!

Cottm. Dastards, cowards, curs, Rascals and scoundrels, loafers, possums, 'coons! Grand D. Nation of hucksters, pedlars!

Emp. Shopkeepers!

Cottm. The mighty Russian Eagle, I compute, At Cronstadt and Sebastopol, right slick, Will chaw the mangy British Lion up.

Enter the GRAND DUCHESS MARIE.

Wal, Emperor, wal, Grand Duke, I call that there The finest gal in Europe.

Grand Duch. Doctor, pray How are your patients? And have you prescribed This physic for Papa and CONSTANTINE? The Doctor his own medicine takes, I see; So I suppose it must be rather nice.

Cottm. Taste it, Grand Duchess.

[*Offers his glass and straw. She takes a suck.*]

Grand Duch. Oh how very good!

[*Returns glass and straw.*]

Cottm. I'll keep that straw. I'll never part with it: BARNUM would give me something for the straw Which the Grand Duchess sucked her cobbler through, But he shan't have it.

Grand Duch. Go along with you! I will not stay and let you make me vain, Farewell, you flattering doctor.

[*Exit.*]

Cottm. Wal, time flies, The hour has come for me, likewise, to say The word of parting, and absquotulate. So, about Sitka?

Emp. Tell your Government That they shall have it cheap; at their own price, I'll sell it at a loss, so that I may The Yankee thorn plant in the British side.

Cottm. Wal, good bye, Emperor, and good bye, Grand Duke; Your message I will take to GENERAL PIERCE. And may we strike a bargain. You, meanwhile, Will lick them cursed Britishers, I hope, Into a tarnal and immortal smash, Whittle down all their greatness to a pint, Scuttle their island, 'nihilate JOHN BULL, And of his catawampous carcase leave No more than an invisible grease-spot.

Emp. Farewell!

[*Exit.*]

Grand D. Adieu, most rich American. Emp. There goes a gull of Anglo-Saxon brood; The dirty bird befouls his own old nest, Would he befouled that only! Ho, there! Put The windows up and fetch a mop or broom— In what a mess the wretch has made the room!

[*Scene closes.*]

A REVIEWER REVIEWED.

THE *Quarterly Review*, in an article on the Drama, which seems to have been written from some room in the neighbourhood of Wych Street, commanding a view of nothing but the Olympic, says that "with less than a cubit added to his stature Mr. ROBSON would be the first Shakesperian actor of his day." We do not quite agree with the *Quarterly* critic, who measures genius by the foot rule, and believes that an actor may stamp himself as first-rate by the aid of high heels to his boots. If Mr. ROBSON requires nothing to make him a first-rate Shakesperian performer but a cubit added to his stature, he had better apply to CUBITT, the builder, who would obligingly build up his fame by providing him with a pair of stilts. For ourselves, we are no admirers of the stilted style which the *Quarterly* reviewer appears to patronise, and we are quite satisfied to take Mr. ROBSON as he is without the "magnificent addition," as the showman would call it, of a few inches to his stature.

AN "INDEX EXPURGATORIUS" FOR ENGLAND.

BY CARDINAL WISEMAN.

ALL the Daily Papers.
All the Periodical Press, weekly or otherwise.
All newspapers, excepting the *Tablet*.
All books, excepting DEN's *Theology*.

In short, all newspapers, papers, pamphlets, books, &c., excepting such as have been previously submitted to CARDINAL WISEMAN, and approved of by him.



"NEVER HURRY A PIKE, CHARLES; OLD WALTON SAYS, 'GIVE HIM TEN MINUTES TO GORGE HIS BAIT.' HE HAS HAD FIVE ALREADY."

LOOK OUT FOR YOUR LIBERTY.

SAID JOHN BULL's man of measures, or Tailor, to JOHN, "Sir, your sleeves are too short—let me put these cuffs on," "Cuffs?" quoth JOHN, "yes, they seem just like handcuffs to me, For instead of a button they're closed with a key: Well; they're not locked together—my hands are still free."

TO JOHN BULL said his Tailor, another fine day, Sir, your ankles want bracing—they're like to give way. Pray now, let me advise you these Gaiters to wear. Said JOHN BULL, "Gaiters, eh? Pair of fetters I swear, But they've no bolts or shackles—and so I don't care."

JOHN BULL danced in his fetters and dined in his cuffs, Meeting all observations thereon with rebuffs, Such as—"Don't talk to me about being confined, I am full and am lazy, I've danced and I've dined, Let me now go to sleep—for a nap I'm inclined."

JOHN BULL slept, and was plunged in a slumber most sweet, Whilst his Tailor the gaiters and cuffs did complete; JOHN BULL woke hand and foot irretrievably bound, And unable to stir, being chained to the ground, While his cries for release with stern laughter were drowned.

Sunday Bills are the handcuffs with which we begin, On pretence of preventing the evils of gin; To keep sots from their swill we are liquorless made, And we suffer the Government thus to invade Both our freedom of action and freedom of trade.

And the fetters are trammels, which soon will, unless We look out very sharp, be imposed on the Press. The first step its liberty destined to cramp May be taken by some Jesuitical scamp With a little more rigour by pressing the Stamp.

BRACKISH THOUGHTS.

By our Man on the Shingles (waiting in wrath for a Bathing-Machine).

THAT snob who keeps me waiting so long, while he is dressing after his bath, should not be judged harshly. He is probably some counterjumper, who is usually obliged to dress in five minutes. Perhaps, too, the machine is more commodious than such a wretched lodging as he can afford to hire.

Those women have left the water three quarters of an hour, and are still in their machine. They are romping. How vulgarly they laugh. Doubtless, too, they are dowdies, and after bungling over their toilette for an age, will come forth, blowzed and looking as if their lady's maid had been a pitchfork. I hope they will, and thus revenge me for being kept here.

The ass who swims worst is always the one who bawls in the water, waddles about, splashes idiotically, and keeps his betters out of the machine. A gentleman plunges in, takes his swim in silence, and dresses rapidly.

Women are all cheats. Those women have cheated me out of my turn, and the woman who keeps the machine pretends to think it is all right. I hope, for her sake, that the season will be short; and very cold.

Those ugly women who went in last would make more haste, but they think the two pretty girls near me are waiting, and so in sheer spite they are doing their hair here instead of going home like ladies, and doing it in their bed rooms. I hope they will catch colds.

How that child shrieks in fear of the sea! But I hear the mother slapping it, and thrusting it in. And yet they say women are tender-hearted. I would see the little beast at Jericho before I would expose myself to hear such noises. There it screeches again. People have no right to annoy others by causing such yells—if they must torture the brat, why don't they have a tub at home.

[Here the Bathing mistress beckons him.]

I don't think it is my turn, *(aside)* but I'll have it. And as I have been kept so long, I see no reason for treating others better, and so—

[Enters the machine, leaving his successors to think similar thoughts for the next half hour.]

For the Press may be easily chained by degrees. The rat has already his tusks at the cheese. At St. Martin's Hall, lately, was heard such a rat, All so stealthily, covertly, nibbling at that, Underneath the broad brim of a Cardinal's hat.

To be earnest in any way—care to bestow, Save on stomach and skin may be dreadfully slow. 'Twould be slower if we like our neighbours behaved, With their lips all unshorn—of their liberties shaved— And became, like the nations around us, enslaved.

OFFICERS' WITNESS DRILL, OR FORTY-SIXTH EXERCISE.

THIS drill is practised in a room, which, in military phraseology, is called the Mess Room, but to which, perhaps, with greater propriety, might be applied the collegiate term of Combination Room. The fellows, that is to say the officers of the regiment, having met therein, ostensibly for the purpose of auditing the mess accounts, but really for that of being drilled to give evidence, are put, by a Serjeant at Martial Law, through the following exercise:—

Handle Book!	Lies Right!
Kiss Book!	Lies Left!
Return Book!	Lose Memory!
Stand at Ease!	Recover Memory!
Attention to Question!	Charge Memory!
Weigh Question!	Ground Oath!
Parry Question!	Shoulder Oath!
Right Shirk!	Make Ready Oath!
Left Sneak!	Present Oath!
Right-about Wheel!	Swear!!
Left-about Face!	

THE PRIVATE OPINION OF THE EMPEROR NICHOLAS.—"If I were not the Czar of all the Russias, I would be the President of the United States."—According to DR. COTTMAN.

VAUXHALL IN THE SULK.



HE proprietor of Vauxhall has shut up his gardens in a huff, extinguished every one of his twenty-five thousand additional lamps, turned out his hermit to grass, put away all the cocked hats of the band, stowed away Cronstadt into the shed at the back of the Waterloo Ground, finished the ham that used to make the celebrated Vauxhall slices, dismissed the Signor who makes fearful ascents amid showers of fireworks by night, and is employed at the gas works by day—in fact from Vauxhall Gardens

"The lights are fled,
The waiters dead,
And all the band departed."

The reason for this abrupt closing of the establishment in a hot week of fine weather, is set forth in a letter that appeared in the *Times* of Monday the 21st of August. It seems that the proprietor in his extreme eagerness to meet the wishes and suit the tastes of an enlightened British public

—more than usually enlightened during the season by twenty-five thousand additional lamps—had secured the Italian Brothers, who had bound themselves by the ties of a stringent engagement to bind themselves to the car of a certain balloon by the stringent ties of certain bandages fastened to their feet, by which they were to hang suspended in the air with their heads downwards. These sons of the south had it seems made a profession and a practice of this upside down or topsy-turvy proceeding, and they had frequently delighted a generous British public with this imminent risk of their lives, and by permitting their existence to hang upon a thread at a surprising altitude. It is true that there have been a few deaths from experiments in ballooning, but this fact, it must be admitted, so far from depriving the affair of the features of a public amusement, had tended rather to heighten the zest with which the display was looked for by an enlightened English assembly. The police, however, having other duties besides those of encouraging a refined taste for what certainly may be called in one sense the highest style of art, and remembering that several deaths had occurred for the amusement of the British public by ballooning experiments, felt called on to step in and interdict what we may be justified in calling this "brilliant display of assmanship." The proprietor of the gardens became so indignant at this interference with an earnest desire to "cater for the public amusement," that he in a fit of the sulks has cut short his season, and written a letter of indignant remonstrance to the *Times* newspaper. The Italian Brothers are so shocked by the denial of their right to risk their lives, that they have appealed to the Secretary of State, and if there were any Italian nationality, we might possibly be involved in a war with Italy. These remarkable specimens of suspended animation had it seems recently purchased a balloon for the more complete enjoyment of the luxury of hanging by their heels to the bottom of the car, and their disgust is extreme at finding that the words of the poet—

"I, surely, in a country that is free,
May kill myself if it so pleases me,"

are but the idle dreams of the rhapsodist, and not the calm declaration of a right admitted by the British Government. We must however be content to dispense with our evenings at Vauxhall for the rest of the season, and the London public must learn to bear as it best can the deprivation of not being allowed the risk of a brace of brothers tumbling down from a height of some thousands of feet into the middle of some public thoroughfare. Perhaps the brothers may in their calmer moments reflect that however anxious they may be to run the risk of pitching on their own skulls, there may be other skulls—not quite so thick—underneath the balloon, which are not so eager to be pitched upon.

THE SUNDAY TRAVELLERS' CLUB.

To temper the New Beer Bill to Sunday excursionists, it is proposed to establish an adequate number of Travellers' Clubs; since clubs are exempt from the restrictions of that enactment, and it allows beer to be served to travellers.

Each Club will consist of from four to six persons who, however, will have power to add anybody who chooses to be added, to their number. They will besides, individually possess the privilege of introducing a friend, or as many friends as they please, whether gentlemen or ladies, into the Club, to enjoy a temporary participation, for an indefinite period, in the advantages of its membership, which will include the use of any of the Club apartments, and the right to be supplied with any species of refreshment provided by the Club, at the usual Club prices.

A member of the Club will be in constant attendance in the Hall, or where there is no Hall, in the Passage, to admit visitors. The ceremony of admission will be simply that of putting the visitor's name and address, under the denomination of Traveller, without any particular

inquiry as to authenticity, down on a slate, which will be suspended for that purpose against the wall.

Buildings to serve for Club Houses have been already erected, comprising the various premises hitherto called and known by the name and sign of the Crown, the King's Arms, the Goose and Gridiron, the Cat and Fiddle, and other the like appellations.

The Club will consist of the Landlord, the Boots, the Head Waiter, and the Ostler of the establishment; to whom will be added other waiters, the Stable-boy, and the Landlady and Chambermaid if necessary. The terms of subscription will be One Farthing per Annum: no entrance Fee. Visitors will not be called upon for any subscription whatever. A smoking room will offer its attractions in every room in the house except the apartments reserved for private parties.

Should any legal difficulty be thrown in the way of the above arrangements, the Club will constitute itself a regular Club, by appointing a Committee, consisting of the Boots and the Ostler, with the Landlord for Chairman, who will be responsible for all the Club's liabilities. Anybody will be eligible to become a member at a moment's notice, by being balloted for by the already existing members, and the requisite facilities for prompt election will be afforded by two or more of them attending without blackballs, at the Club entrance. The Club will be kept open during such hours as the convenience of the Public may require; and to preclude the possibility of any mistake, the words "ALL TRAVELLERS' CLUB" will be painted in large letters over the door.

A BALTIC BROADSIDE.

Look to breaching-tackles, lads,
Trunnion, sponge, and rammer:
With round and grape and canister
To the muzzle cram her!
Run her smartly out, my lads!
Captain!—lay her level!
Soon we'll blow, no doubt, my lads,
OLD NICK to the Devil.
Fire away!

'Tis an honest gun, my lads,—
Gallant hearts to man it!
'Bout their ears, like fun, my lads,
Topple down the granite.
Russian guns are quakers, lads,—
Russian walls are rubble;
Russian troops are shakers, lads,—
Russian strength a bubble!
Fire away!

Spite of rock and reef, my lads,—
Spite of shoal and shallow,—
Show the odds on British beef
Match'd with Russian tallow.
For chance of NAPIER's bullets, lads,
They're too glad to risk it,
If it give their gullets, lads,
Lots of pork and biscuit.
Fire away!

If a messmate fall, my lads,
By shot or shell or splinter,
Greenwich finds for all, my lads,
A snug berth for life's winter.
If a man, by death, my lads,
Lose his mess's number,
In cheers he yields his breath, my lads,
And Glory guards his slumber.
Fire away!

While your steady fire, my lads,
Through his forts is digging,
Let him, till he tire, my lads,
Spoil our upper rigging.
Hurrah!—From their towers, my lads,
Signal of surrender!
God bless QUEEN VICTORIA,—
And more victories send her.
Hip!—Hurrah!



John Thomas. "I TELL YOU WHAT, WILLIAM—THE PRESS MUST BE PUT DOWN; THEY'VE BIN AND GOT THE SOLDIERS' UNIFORM ALTERED, AND I SHOULDN'T WONDER IF THEY CALLED OURS RIDIKLUS NEXT!"

PUNCH'S OWN RAILWAY.

THIS snug little suburban line occasionally makes a mild demand on public attention, by a sort of popgun-like proceeding known as the issuing of its annual report, which is usually accompanied with a very little smoke, and somewhat less fire. Everything is on the smallest possible scale; and the rolling stock includes a garden roller, which is kept for the purpose of rolling the gravel walks by the side of those cabbage beds which form the vegetable wealth of the Company. The property of the railway is understood to have somewhat increased; but there has been a loss of one engine and two buffers,—the former being the moral engine which the Company once possessed in the support of a now apathetic press; and the latter consisting of two old buffers who have got better places, after having been for some years in the service of the line as gardeners.

The balance at the bankers' has been augmented by a few pounds, and the goods traffic is nearly eight ounces more this year than it was last—an increase which, considering the level of former times, may be considered feverish. Of coals there is a scuttle more in the Company's cellars than there was in 1853; and the Directors purpose that this surplus shall not be disturbed, but that it shall be added to the "rest," and carried over to the credit—the very great credit—of the Company.

The engineer of the line has inspected the boilers, and reports that "the concern is not yet out of hot water, nor likely to be for some time to come;" nor have the law proceedings been brought to a termination. Thanks were voted to the chairman, who had lent a Bath chair for a visit of the resident director to the terminus.

A NOBLE SACRIFICE.

In order to ensure fine weather for the Harvest, MR. WARDELL has closed Vauxhall.

SANCTIFIED SLANDER UPON PUNCH.

A WRITER, who appears to be an adept in the pseudosophy of Cant, has been perpetrating an article, whence the following is an extract, in the *English Journal of Education* :—

"There are two very clear dangers to which boys are liable to be exposed on a Sunday. The first is the very palpable and glaring one of temptation to forget that it is a holy day as well as a holiday. It is very sad and grievous to think of the shock that a young boy's moral system must receive when he emerges from the too tightly laced apron-strings of a religious home into the atmosphere which hails the day on which our Lord overmastered Death with the broadsheet of *Bell's Life*, *Punch*, the loose morals of *Reynolds*, and other worse than worthless literature."

The Journal that admitted the foregoing remarks may call itself the *English Journal of Education*; but, as far at least as they go, it is, in the strongest sense, un-English. The unhappy Scribe, and Pharisee, who penned those illiterate and absurd observations, represents a boy as emerging from apron-strings, as if apron-strings were the ocean, or a river, or pond, or other receptacle containing fluid in which it was possible for the youth to have been plunged. We should like to see him emerge, himself, from the sink of folly and impertinence, at the bottom of which he now flounders. In the meantime he may contribute to the public amusement by explaining how a home, religious or profane, can wear an apron, and how the strings of any apron, whether worn by a home or a housemaid, or even a bishop, can be laced, unless by being adorned with lace. Also by stating the composition of that atmosphere which is capable of hailing a day otherwise than by hailing for twenty-four hours, and which must consist of other and very different elements than oxygen and nitrogen, with an admixture of aqueous vapour and carbonic acid. Further, given an atmosphere that can hail a day without a hailstorm, by showing how the atmosphere desecrates the day by hailing it with *Punch*; a work which shocks no moral system but a weak one, and, like electricity, shocks only to invigorate that.

So far from containing aught calculated to shock the moral system of a boy, these pages are characterised by a scrupulous reverence for childhood, as this person, who abuses them, would know if he had ever

read them. One would think that the "atmosphere" which he is in the habit of breathing is one of very strong tobacco-smoke and fumes of beer, whereof the effect has been to muddle his understanding and confuse his style. A man must be in a very extreme state of pipes and ale to commit such a wretched attempt at a pun as that involved in the antithesis of holy day and holiday—a pun betraying a peculiar disregard of DR. JOHNSON. If the punster is not capable of picking a pocket, he is evidently quite capable of robbing others of their good name.

We will not "shock" the feelings of our readers by more than alluding to the equivocal construction consequent on the misplacement of the preposition "with" in the concluding sentence of the paragraph above quoted. We advise the professor of education to educate himself before he puts any more of his discourses into print, and should recommend him, for the present, to deliver them only from his pulpit, which we would suggest might consist of a cinder-heap in a low neighbourhood, if the man were fit to preach anywhere.

BOMARSUND TO BEGIN WITH.

SING of the gallant Baltic Fleet,
Which, with our French allies, did beat,
Thrash, whack, whop, wallop, and contund
The enemy at Bomarsund.

With speedy news of the downfal
Of Cronstadt and Sebastopol,
May NICHOLAS's ears be stunned:
And I wish he had been at Bomarsund!

Prussia's Last.

THE KING OF PRUSSIA, in a moment of hilarity, was heard to say that "he'd join any campaign if they put a / in it."

A FINALE TO AN OPERA.



HAT the annexed finale may be understood, it will be necessary that the following explanatory argument should be perused with some attention.

The action of the First Act passes in Drury Lane, and opens with a grand flourish of trumpets. The Theatre having just been taken by a bold and enterprising chief, at the head of a very gallant band, who had consented to become instrumental—and vocal—to the views of their leader, the populace are seen rushing forward with eager curiosity, and they recognise in *Caradori*—the heroine—an Italian lady, whose talents had already excited admiration and interest.

Everything proceeds merrily for some time, and large masses of people are seen advancing with contributions of gold and silver, till a slight murmur of discontent arises in consequence of a mysterious demand from the director—a dark figure in the back-ground—of an increase of twelvepence a head from a certain section of the contributors. This throws a gloom over the scene, which is scarcely dispelled by the appearance of *Pavesi*, a young Italian tenor, who is destined to become the hero of what is to follow. We have omitted to allude to the part taken by a German of imposing aspect, and considerable power, who, under the well known name of *Formes*, had entered on the scene, and by the influence of his voice and character—or characters, for he could assume several—had partly reconciled the people to pay the increased tax which the director—the dark figure in the back-ground—had imposed.

The Second Act opens rather cheerlessly in a sort of desert with a large thermometer standing at 80 in the shade, and a number of liveried box-keepers opening the doors of vacant boxes for the admission of what little air may be wafted through every gaping aperture. A burning heat gives languor to the whole band, and throws a damp—in the shape of perspiration—on the countenances of all concerned. The Second Act soon comes to a close, the curtain itself dropping from mere exhaustion.

The Third Act opens in a Jew Attorney's Office, with a sort of *Marche diabolique*, which conducts to the scene of the Judges' Chambers, where a concerted piece ensues, introducing the taking of the oath and the issuing of the writ; concluding with a Chorus of Tipstaves, who proceed to the abodes of *Caradori* and *Pavesi*. In the next Scene we find the heroine and the hero locked—not in each other's arms—but in the *Maison d'éponge*, or Sponging House, to which they have been consigned, by certain machinations, in which a regular machinist is supposed to have taken part. After some rather mysterious action in what is called a carpenter's scene, the stage represents the Police Court at Bow Street, and the finale begins. *Enrico*, a *Podesta*, is seated on the Bench of Justice, surrounded by his officers, and at the Bar stands *Il Falegname*, who had taken the oath in the previous scene. In the foreground are two lawyers, both bearing the name of *Luigi*, but belonging to different houses; one representing the much-respected *Casa Luigi Piazza d'Eli*, near the celebrated *Giardino d'Hatstone*, and the other being *Luigi della Piazza d'Oro*, or Golden Square.

The Finale commences with a striking piece of Recitative by *Luigi della Casa*, who informs *Enrico*, the *Podesta*, that *Caradori*, the heroine, has been placed in captivity on the oath of *Il Falegname*, who swore that she was about to depart for Germany in *Il Falegname's* debt. The following is the text of a portion of this grand Recitative:—

'Twas at dread midnight's sad and awful hour
She fell within the Sheriff's deadly power,
The victim of an oath—which had averred
She owed a debt of which she'd never heard
Ah me! oh horror! how shall I reveal
The truth that justice bids me not conceal.
Semiramis, great *Nino's* widowed spouse,
Was led ignobly to a sponging house.

CHORUS.

Oh us! Oh horror! How shall we reveal
The truth that justice bids us not conceal
And was *Semiramis*, great *Nino's* spouse,
Hurried ignobly to a sponging house?

LUIGI DELLA PIAZZA D'ORO.

Though to condemn the act all may incline,
Ye Powers! it wasn't any fault of mine.

THE PODESTA.

Thy views I cannot share—the Sheriff's slave
Will always guidance from the lawyer crave,
But let me hear the gentle lady's story.

UN UFFICIALE.

Silence in Court for MADAME CARADORI!

CARADORI (advancing to the witness box).

RECITATIVE.

I came across the seas—my only views
Have been the British public to amuse;
I ne'er had come at all if I had known
Into a jailor's hands I should be thrown.

AIR (con molto espressione).

Oh, hear me, Justice, while I swear,
As here alone I stand,
I never said I did prepare
To quit this pleasant land.
They led me forth, I knew not why,
Took me, I knew not where,
Deprived me of my liberty,
Regardless of my prayer.
Yes, thus they treated me, although
I nothing owed, and told them so

THE PODESTA.

Oh, can it be? I did not understand
This was the practice of my native land;
To drag to jail before you make a claim.

LUIGI DELLA PIAZZA D'ORO.

'Tis often done, Sir.

THE PODESTA.

Is it?—more's the shame.
But now 'tis getting late. The day doth wane,
The evening shadows fall on Drury Lane;
The Covent Garden columns in a row
Stand darkly out beneath the portico.

LUIGI DELLA CASA.

Yes! Night advances! On the startled ear
Fall cries of "waiter!" from the cookshop near,
The ham-and-beef shop now begins to feel
The public pressure for the evening meal;
The clubs begin to serve the second joint—

LUIGI DELLA PIAZZA D'ORO.

Those observations to adjournment point.

GRAND CHORUS.

Though with ardour we burn
For justice and right,
It were best to adjourn
The proceedings to night.

THE PODESTA.

And if my advice the defendant will take,
Some fit compensation he'll rapidly make.

GRAND CHORUS.

Though with ardour we burn, &c.

The Curtain falls.

A Scotch Monster.

A STARTLING paragraph appeared the other day in the *North British Mail*. It was headed MONSTER BEAN. The only Monster BEAN that we had ever before heard of as being produced by North Britain was the Monster SAWNEY BEAN. We were relieved to find that this was a cultivated instead of a savage bean; a regular bean: a bean of quite a different kidney from SAWNEY.

THE FASHION AT THE SEASIDE.

THE Blackguard Donkey Boys at Ramsgate, if stopped by a lady with a huge green blind over her bonnet, attract her notice by screaming out, "Now then, Ugly!"

KEPT IN TOWN.



COMRADES—you are off on pleasure—I must linger here forlorn; Not a house where I can dine at—nothing open but Cremorne.

All my friends have gone and left me; all I know are far away: Some are yachting, some are sporting, some at country houses stay.

And I see the grouse at GROVES's, and I think upon the moors;

They have shut up all the clubs, and they have opened all the sewers.

Gone from Rotten Row the dandies—gone the neatly got-up grooms; Gone the pretty riding-habits; gone the quiet little broughams.

Hot and hard the length of gravel, for the water-carts are done; What am I that I should murmur, being but a younger son?

Being but a Treasury Clerk, to whom existence is a bore; Working for a wretched pittance, every day from ten to four.

In the season, there's the paper kills time for an hour or two; Now the *Times* itself is empty—at a glance one skims it through.

I am sick of the Crimea—sick of Bomarsund—and all: And the very name of PERRY's nauseous, in large type or small.

've read all about the Cholera, till I think I could impart, From chalk-mixture up to camphor, every remedy by heart.

After office hours I wander, in a sort of moody maze, Up Pall-Mall, and through Belgravia—all the haunts of happier days.

At the houses, where to dinner oft I've driven at half-past eight, Pint pots—token of board-wages—hang upon the area-gate.

There where GUNTER's stately foremen went the supper carts to stop, Butcher-boys to lean charwomen hand the solitary chop.

Balconies, where ball-room-roses bloomed 'neath EDGINGTON's marquises, Show a range of dusty bow-pots for the cats to take their ease.

'Tis the square, where she would meet me—meet me, between four and five, When the governess was busy, and Mamma was on her drive.

Where she brought the new French novel to the very shadiest spot, Which she always meant to get through, but through which she never got.

Oh my MABEL—shallow-hearted!—was it well to let me down, And go off to Baden-Baden, when you might have staid in town?

For your father is in office—a pretext you might have had: Staid to mind the old boy's comforts: he'd have only been too glad!

Darkling comes the night and dreary; and the gas they're lighting up: But for me—where can I go to? I've no place to dine or sup.

At the club they cook no dinners: and the smoking-room is bare: All the house, in fact, is under what the steward calls "repair."

Even PRATT's is sad and seedy: oh, this is not to be borne—I will rush to the Casino: I will drive to far Cremorne.

What is there that I should care for? From what madness should I shrink?

I will eat September oysters: sherry-cobblers I will drink.

I will take a snobbish female: I will join the platform dance: There indulge in gentish antics, and unseemly *pas* from France.

What to me is indigestion? What to me is head-ache now? I will chaff the stern policeman, though I get into a row.

Though he take me to the station—bring me up before the beak—Let them send me to the tread-mill—'tis excitement that I seek.

Let it come in any form: policeman—station—beak or mill, Aught but this bare, blank existence—'tis a horse enough to kill!

Let it come and sweep me with it: though the governor should frown; Serves him right for thus deserting his poor son—the last in town!

CORONERS AND RAILWAY COMPANIES.

(Specially Reported.)

AN investigation into the causes of the last accident (but eleven) which took place on the Grand Indirect East and West Junction Railway, was held before MR. CORONER CRINGE and a select jury, at the Buffalo's Arms, Wapshot, on Tuesday last. It will be remembered that upon the occasion in question an express train ran into an excursion train, and that four carriage-fuls of passengers were either destroyed or mutilated. The interests of the sufferers or their executors were represented by MR. POUNCE, a solicitor; while MR. BLUSTER, Q.C., and MR. SNARL, of the common-law bar, attended on the part of the railway company. The public was unrepresented, the law officers of the Crown having special retainers in private cases, which made their attendance, for which the country pays them only a general retainer, impossible upon the present occasion.

The CORONER opened the proceedings by addressing the jury. He must begin by stating that the conduct of the Grand Indirect East and West Junction Railway Company did them the highest credit. They were disposed to court the very fullest investigation, and, although it might not be strictly within his judicial knowledge, he must add that the first-class carriages on the line were most comfortable, and the station-masters were among the most genteel and polite young men he had ever seen. That, however, did not exactly bear upon the present inquiry, which was, how this unlucky accident had occurred to vary the usual regularity and safety of the excellent and admirable line in question.

MR. BLUSTER begged to remind the Coroner that he, M.R.B., and not the CORONER, was the advocate of the Company.

The CORONER was aware of that, and was quite sure that the usual sound discretion exercised by the Company had dictated their choice of counsel.

The first witness, HENRY BATTER, was called. He said that on Tuesday last he was a passenger by the excursion train from Diddeton. At 6.30 they passed the Hangmansleigh Station, and were going at a wretched pace—

The CORONER cautioned the witness not to use injurious expressions. The train might be going more slowly than the witness liked, but surely a noble Company like that of the Grand Indirect knew better than the witness what pace to keep.

The Witness, in continuation, said that they were going not more than thirteen miles an hour.

The CORONER said that this showed the prudence and caution of the Company. As it was, the pace was faster than that of the best stage coach of former days. How much had the witness paid?

WITNESS.—Thirteen-and-sixpence.

The CORONER (with indignation).—What! To come ninety miles! And with such generous liberality on the part of the Company, the witness had the baseness to complain of the pace! He thought, after such a display of character, it would be for the jury to consider what weight to attach to the witness's evidence.

The Witness said that he paid what was asked, and believed that by law the Company undertook to convey him speedily and safely. He certainly did not accept the contract on the understanding that he was to take the chances of a smash.

The CORONER immediately ordered him into custody for speaking so flippantly of a great public body, and expressed a conviction that the jury would be as much disgusted as he was.

LAURA MOULD was then called. She deposed to the fact that she had been travelling by the excursion train, and as they came crawling up to the Hangmansleigh Station—

The CORONER.—Don't say crawling, woman. Beetles crawl. As the train was proceeding at a comparatively slow pace—well?

Witness adhered to the word crawling, and despite all the remonstrances of the Coroner, who entreated her to consider what a splendid institution the railway was, and how much the public were indebted to the spirited and wealthy gentlemen who managed it, she would use no other word. The Coroner was obliged, therefore, to record his protest, and to take her evidence, that while the excursion train was lagging, three quarters of an hour late, the express ran into it, and caused terrible damage.

Seventeen other witnesses deposed to the same fact, and despite the Coroner's cautions, inveighed bitterly against the mismanagement of the railway.

The signal man of the Hangmansleigh Station gave evidence that he was underpaid and overworked, and admitted that he was too tired and too sleepy to make the danger signal. He had no doubt that, had it been made, the express train would have stopped.

The CORONER, after reading him a severe lecture upon his ingratitude in speaking in that brutal manner of the Company which gave him bread, directed that he should be taken into custody.

Several witnesses, conversant with railway matters, desired to be examined, but the CORONER said that he did not see what good they could do. The last witness had shown how the accident occurred.

The Jury said that the evidence was insufficient. The signal man was in fault, but why was the train so late?

The CORONER was sorry to see that the vulgar prejudice against railway management extended to that box. They ought to be above such nonsense. He would close the inquiry, unless the learned gentlemen had anything to say.

MR. POUNCE said that the Railway Company had been proved guilty of two unpardonable offences, and he hoped that the verdict of the jury would convince them that no Railway Directors, any more than any other tradesmen, could be allowed to cheat their customers. They offered good and swift conveyance, for money; they sold bad and slow conveyance, and when compensation was demanded, they began to bully.

The CORONER, who had several times interrupted the solicitor, now ordered him out of Court.

The hired representatives of the company said that they had intended to speak, but were quite content to leave the advocacy of their clients in the hands of the judge.

The CORONER summed up. Railways were a glorious invention, and this line was one of the best specimens we possessed. It scarcely ever killed anybody. Why, the population of Great Britain at the census of 1851 was 20,936,468 persons; and how few of those the Grand Indirect East and West Junction had destroyed! The number was a trifle, compared to that of those who travelled, or might, if they liked, travel on the line. Moreover he was quite sure that the directors were most sorry when any casualty occurred. Most of the witnesses had given their evidence in a very unbecoming manner, and therefore it was valueless. On the whole, therefore, he thought—of course the jury would judge for themselves—that the company were quite free from blame in the matter.

The Jury, without retiring, returned a verdict of "Manslaughter" against the Directors of the Company, adding a strong expression of disgust at the system they had sanctioned.

The CORONER said that they must be mad. He should record no such cruel and oppressive verdict.

The Jury insisting, he was compelled to yield, but appended a written apology to the Company for being the unwilling agent in insulting them so shamefully.

MR. BLUSTER was quite sure that the Company were aware of the CORONER's feelings. The inquiry then terminated.

ALDERMAN IN THE WATER.

DEAR GEORGE, this white jug, mixed with ADAM's mild ale,
(That's the stingo for toasting your NAN of the Vale)
Holds what once was GOBBLE, a greedy old soul,
Who mopped up the turtle-soup, bowl after bowl,
In guzzling 'twas also his wont to excel,
And at all civic dinners he'd feed till he fell.

It chanced as in Guildhall he gorged by degrees,
Eating all sorts of messes, as rich as you please,
At the custards and pastry whilst pegging away,
And with brandied brown sherry well soaking his clay,
His steam-valves of life on a sudden were shut,
And he went, blowing up like an engine—all but.

In ground intramural when long he had lain,
Resolved into salts, earths, and gases again,
Ammonia leaked into a well near him dug,
And so part of old GOBBLE got into this jug;
Now held in solution by ADAM's mild ale,
Drink GOBBLE in drinking sweet NAN of the Vale.

Theatrical Note and Query.

(By a Playgoer of weak Intellect.)

Note.—There is a little book recently published, called "The Buxton Guide."

Query.—Now, what Buxton? Is this not, pray, an indirect method of announcing the *Spanish Dancers*, for we know of no other Guide just at present that is taking all the people to BUCKSTONE?

MAINE MODEL LAW.

THE frequent occurrence of accidents from fire-arms at this season of the year suggests the question whether it would not be possible, at the cost of a little self-denial to a portion of the public, to prevent these deplorable casualties altogether.

The means by which this desirable purpose might, there is every reason to believe, be fully accomplished, would be the prohibition of the manufacture and sale of gunpowder for any purposes but those of Government.

It is true that we are not as yet in possession of any statistical facts tending to show that abridgement of the facilities for the purchase of this dangerous substance in any locality has been attended by a proportionate decrease of the deaths, mutilations, and other bodily injuries arising from its incautious use on an average during a given period in that locality. Official and other returns, however, have clearly established that a decided diminution of cases of drunkenness on Sundays has attended the partial restrictions which have been imposed on the supply of intoxicating liquors; and it is not perhaps jumping too hastily to a conclusion to infer that, if no such drinks were allowed to be sold at all, the result would be a very general, if not a total, cessation of inebriety. If this inference be allowed, it must also be admitted that the analogous measure of putting a stop to the trade in an explosive compound would at least greatly limit the frequency of explosions.

The Maine Liquor Law is said to answer well; and many persons are of opinion that a similar law would answer equally well here. Unquestionably. So would a Gunpowder Law; a law forbidding all dealings in Gunpowder. Let us have such a law then; the sooner the better. Why not put that "villanous saltpetre" under a ban, as well as that pernicious alcohol? How many an existence has been embittered for life; how many a family has been bereaved of its only support; how many wives, sisters, children, have had to mourn the frightful and fatal consequences which legislation, by intercepting their cause, might have rendered impossible!

What valid reason can be assigned for the practice of shooting? It is notorious that partridges, pheasants, hares, nay woodcocks, and snipe, may be easily procured, for the purposes of the table, by catching them in nets and snares, or simply knocking them on the head as they lie. As to the plea that the sport affords healthful exercise, surely the same amount and kind of exercise might be taken by walking through heath, turnips, and stubble, or over ploughed fields, with a large stick instead of a gun. The mere exhilaration attendant on the act of striking down a bird on the wing, or a quadruped running, doubtless will be cheerfully resigned when it is considered how great a preservation of human life and limb will be the reward of the sacrifice.

As the principle gains ground of legislating to prevent the misuse or the abuse of a thing by interdicting its use, it will perhaps come to be considered whether we had not better abolish penknives, because they sometimes cut fingers, and are no longer necessary now that we have steel pens. The moustache movement also will be rendered imperative on the part of every man, since it is possible to get on well enough without shaving, but that operation cannot be performed without razors, and everybody will be precluded from obtaining those instruments because some persons, if they got them, would commit suicide with them. Laws will ultimately be passed for depriving us of the ability to gratify any inclination which can be gratified improperly—in which case shall we any longer be men to thrash the Russians, or even to render the sort of service which we are now rendering to the Turks?



THE FIRST OF SEPTEMBER.

[From an Original Drawing by our Little Boy.]



Lady. "YOU DON'T MEAN TO TELL ME, MARY, THAT MY NEW CRYSTAL MILK JUG IS BRO ———!"

Mary. "YES, 'M, IT'S THE ORKERDIST JUG AS HEVER I SEE—IT JEST TOOK AND TUMBLED RIGHT OFF ITS 'ANDLE!! WHICH IT'S LEFT ITS 'ANDLE IN MY 'AND, 'M."

EVIL EYES ON NICHOLAS.

"As melts this effigy away,
And as I thrust this image through,
So may my enemy decay
And Death's sharp arrows pierce him too."

Thus Malice mumbled o'er her spell
And, as the wax was pricked and ran,
So, Witchcraft's ghastly legends tell,
Transfixed with pains, declined the man.

DE MOLAY, writhing in the flame,
Called Pope and Sovereign to appear
With him at judgment—and they came—
Both died, at least, within the year.

The laws of Sympathy are dark.
'Tis said that Human Will hath fire
Which flashes farther than the spark
Can fly upon the speaking wire.

Without a charm, or magic verse,
The rays of Hate may dart so far,
That some one's bitter, deadly curse
A Tyrant may have strength to mar.

The death-look of a wounded hare
It is not pleasant to abide,
Conceive, then, CZAR, the dying glare
Of victims crushed to glut thy pride.

'Mongst all those rays of horrid light
Aloft in fearful torment cast,
Will Heaven reflect not one to smite
Thee, NICHOLAS, old wretch, at last?

Q. WHAT four persons would be worth Eighteenpence?

A. One Joey, two Browns, and a Bob.

THREATENED ANNIHILATION OF THE BRITISH ARMY.

WE hope MISS FREDRIKA BREMER will abandon her design of getting up a Ladies' Peace Society. An association composed of such elements might exert a most dangerous influence. Suppose MISS BREMER could succeed in inducing the generality of the young ladies of England to form a confederacy devoted to the prevention of war. Imagine one of its rules to be that every member should take a pledge, or enter into a solemn engagement, never to accept an invitation to dance at an evening party with an officer. The consequence would be that we should want chiefs to lead our troops to battle. Thus deprived of national defences, we should fall an easy prey to Russia, or any other invader.

For what inducement has anybody to enter the Army who can get a decent living without risking his life and limbs? Patriotism? We are afraid that a very small minority of young gentlemen of the present day are actuated by a motive so serious and slow as that. Glory? This is no object to the generality of Englishmen; moreover the chance of winning it is too slight to operate, in any considerable degree, as an incentive. Gain? Now that clothing colonels are abolished, an officer has no opportunity of thriving, and if he has only his pay to depend upon, he is poorly off indeed. In short, to any individual of common sense, and ordinary ideas, there is no temptation to accept a commission, much less to purchase one, except the preference given by the fair sex to military men over civilians. But for the predilection evinced by the female taste for a man in a red coat, hardly anybody but a clown would put on a garment of that colour, unless for the chase, or in the capacity of general postman. If MISS BREMER could contrive to persuade British Beauty to refuse its hand in the *thé dansant* and the *soirée* to British valour, we should very soon be hard up for Ensigns and Lieutenants, next for Captains and Majors, in no long time for Colonels, and should ultimately be destitute of every single General and Field Marshal.

The Great Problem of the Day

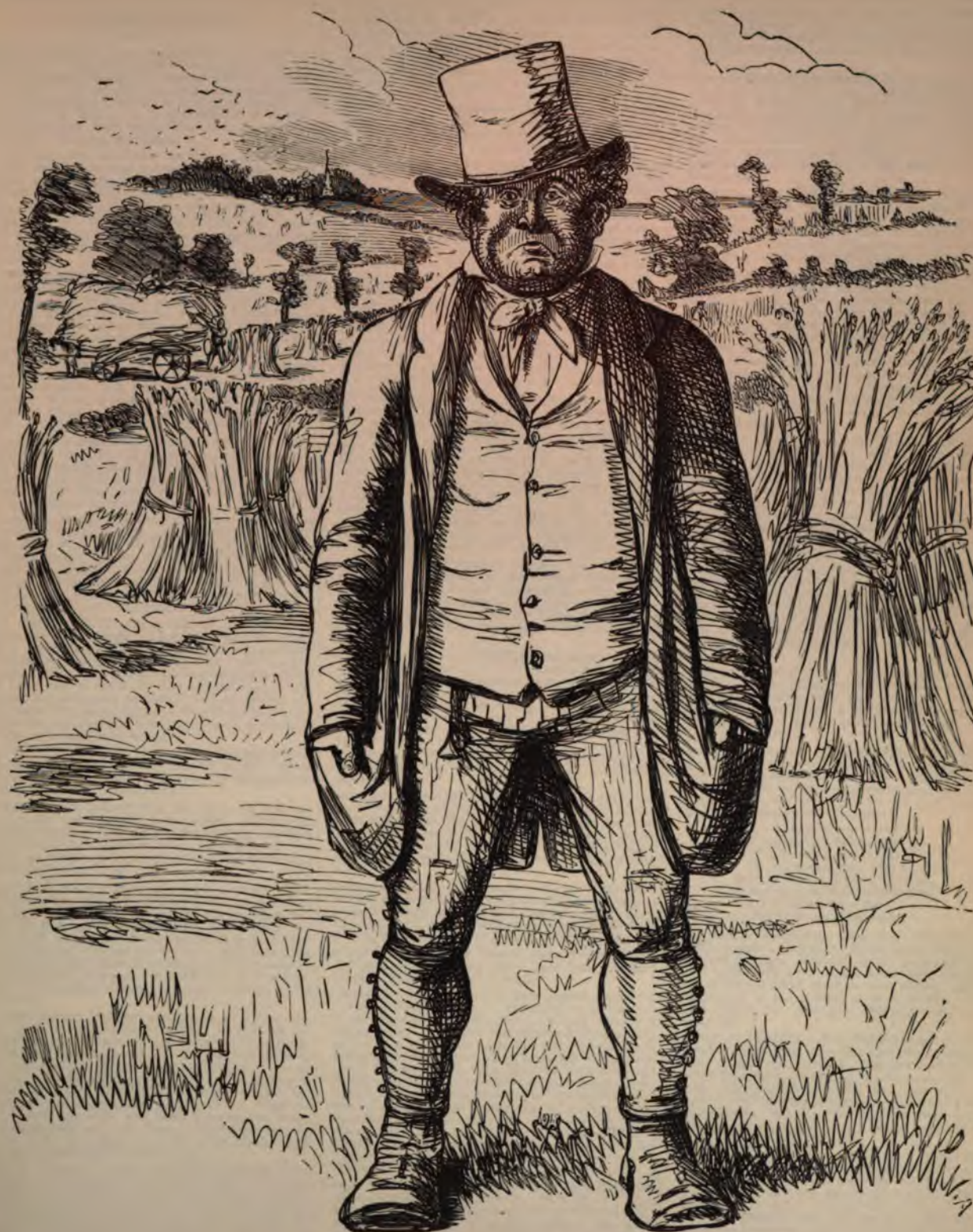
Is,—Given *Bradshaw*, to find the way from any place to any place on any line. So highly does the solution of this problem exercise the intellect, that it is proposed to add *Bradshaw* to those books of *Euclid*, in which proficiency is required of candidates for honours at Cambridge.



"THERE, MY BOY! IT ISN'T EVERYBODY WHO COULD DO THAT!!"

A Vacuum that wants Filling up.

SINCE the Surrey Zoological Gardens are to be in the hands of the Teetotallers next year, it is rather difficult to imagine what they will get to supply the place of the volcanos that have generally done firework duty at that popular place of amusement. It is as clear as a drop of filtered water that they will have nothing to do with Vesuvius, or Etna, or Hecla, or any other disreputable mountain that is known principally by the violent eruptions that take place on its brow, and the fearful explosions that issue at times from its flaming mouth—for such exhibitions would only be colouring a wrong moral, for we are well aware they are but the aggregate result of repeated drops of the "crater."



AGRICULTURAL DISTRESS.

British Farmer. "WELL! HERE'S A PRETTY BUSINESS! I'VE GOT SO MUCH CORN, THAT I DON'T KNOW WHERE TO PUT IT."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

JABOSH.—In reply to your inquiries as to the period of the siege of Troy, the weight of the Elephant that was shot in Exeter Change, the amount of the imports and exports in 1703, and other interesting historical queries, we must refer you to one of our Sunday contemporaries, who, in his Notices to Correspondents, is steadily reprinting (we trust under Mr. Moxon's sanction) HAYDN'S "Dictionary of Dates."

A FIANCÉE.—We think that he had a right to look sulky, and had we been in his place, and you had said so to us, we should have refused to stay to supper, unless you had asked us very prettily indeed.

AMANS OPERE inquires whether "music" be really "the food of love."—We do not know, but it always inspires us with the love of food, as our correspondent shall see if he will invite us to oysters after a *Huguenots* night.

A DOUBTER.—The Hebrew word means, in its primitive signification, a carpet-bag, and is so used by the Talmudists. But by gradual deduction, it has now come to mean Spanish liquorice, and you can interpret it in whichever sense is least inconvenient to your feelings. The Bishop of London and the Puseyites take the first meaning, and therefore travel with portmanteaus only. The Independents and the Irvingites take the second, and, when they have coughs, will eat only horehound and alicampagne. But, after all, what does anything mean? Words, if spoken, are but air, and what is the air? Oxygen, nitrogen, and a little carbonic acid gas. Will you be slave to a chemist's bottle?

JOCULAR.—We must decline "dressing up" your "funny anecdote" about the old bachelor who was so averse to making a declaration, that when he became a bankrupt he would not declare a dividend. We receive tons of such "jokes" every week, to the great advancement of our credit at the cheesemonger's.

PHILIDOR JUVENIS.—The white king may not castle at chess, the black only having that privilege, by the new rule of the Paris club. While the white knight is on a black square, a pawn must not take him, and the same rule applies with the black knight on a white square. At the Palace, and in the highest circles, it is not etiquette for a bishop to give check to the queen, but this rule is not of universal adoption.

MISS ANGELICA S. N. puts a difficult question. Her elder sister is engaged, but ANGELICA, on calm reflection, thinks that the young man would suit her better than the present object of his affections. She is solely guided by a view to her sister's happiness, and wishes to know how to break off the proposed match, and secure the gentleman for herself, without causing any unpleasantness in the family.—We will think over it—meantime, as ANGELICA is invited to spend a month in Paris, by all means let her go.

V. L. P.'s obliging offer to give us some "smart satirical shows-up" of the "would-be genteel people" among the lawyers and tradesfolk of his town (in Montgomeryshire) is declined without thanks.

A WHITE LILY.—Indeed, Miss, we shall not tell you where the best rouge is to be bought. But we will tell you where it is to be got for nothing, and that is in Kensington Gardens, from 8 to 10 A.M., but you must go every morning, walk briskly, and think over passages in your *Punch*.

GRACCHUS wishes to serve his country in some way which will bring him into notoriety, but he has conscientious objections to fighting. We respect his ambition and his scruples, and will endeavour to meet both. Let him make his way into Russia, penetrate to St. Petersburg, and paste the last twenty of our large cuts along the front of the Palace on the Neva, with explanations in the Russian language. We undertake to give, from the *St. Petersburg Gazette*, a faithful account of his execution.

WILLIAM CRANKY inquires whether, as we are at war, the Postmaster General is obliged to read all the letters that are put into the post-offices before he allows them to be forwarded.—Such is the rule, but there is, we regret to say, an aristocratic evasion of it. LORD CANNING reads only the sealed letters, Mr. ROWLAND HILL peruses all with adhesive envelopes, while the wafered ones are examined by Mr. TILLY. Copies of all letters are made, and LORD PALMERSTON keeps them under his seat in the House of Commons, in order to be ready to answer questions about them. The number is about 300 millions a year.

A YOUNG WIFE has got into a scrape through taking the advice of a female pretended friend, who is now discovered to be deceitful, and who persuaded her to run in debt at a milliner's, unknown to her husband, who has always been very kind. The milliner presses for money. The friend advises her being kept quiet out of the next cheque for housekeeping, and offers to manage the casting-up the bills.—We advise the wife to tell her husband what she has told us, and to add that we command him not to be angry with her, and we also advise that "not at home" be the answer for the future whenever the "friend" calls.

HOBARTUS (Southend) inquires whether there is any companion work to the Whole Duty of Man, entitled the Whole Duty of Woman. We are not aware of it, but the latter might be described in a single word—Buttons.

A LOVER OF AVON'S SWAN wishes to know whether we can tell him the name of the sailor's wife who had chesnuts in her cap, and ate them in such an unlady-like manner. We have written to SIR JAMES GRAHAM, the First Lord of the Admiralty, and he has made Mr. BERNAL OSBORNE search the records of the Navy for us. The woman's husband was Master of the *Tiger*, and he went to Aleppo, in the year 972, that of DEX-CAN'S murder. He was much distressed on the voyage for want of sleep. His name was THOMAS JONES, and his wife's Christian name, as appears by her signature to the receipt for his pay, was SARAH.

MATILDA is in service, and complains that because one of the daughters of the house is named MATILDA, the mistress insists on the domestic being called ANNE. A young attorney's clerk, who lodges in the attic, says she can bring an action against the lady for taking away her good name.—We recommend a compromise: let our fair correspondent withdraw her MATILDA, and the lady her ANNE, and let the daughter and the clerk be joint referees and settle on a third name for her—say ARABELLA, or SAL.

LORD FREDERIC B.—It is informed that we do not settle sporting queries, but that we believe the length of the course on which the Derby is run, is eighteen miles and a half, and that no competing horse must be over fifteen years of age. When it is said a horse "loses a plate," it means that he has not won the cup, vase, or whatever the prize piece of plate may be. A handicap is so called from its being easy to put on and take off.

A STUNNER sends us some sketches which he calls "suggestions for sea-side shirts." We have an objection, ourselves, to wearing pictorial linen, but, for the benefit of enterprising manufacturers, we will mention that our correspondent desires the Brighton shirt to bear a large view of the Pavilion; the Margate garment a neat representation of the old jetty with the new one crawling over it; while the article for use at Herne Bay is to show a pier about three miles long, with a single phreatic policeman at the end of the vista. The effect would certainly be very amiable, but not more so than the horses, foul anchors, dancers, sculls, and cricket tools, still admired by gents.

A PROUD YOUNG MOTHER is informed that Mr. *Punch* never stands godfather to any darling whatever, no matter how angelic and unparalleled. The Royal children are the exception to this rule, and are so, because in standing sponsor at the Palace, he is simply discharging one of his functions as an institution of the country.

SOPHIA'S handwriting is about the worst we ever saw, not even excepting that of our own contributors. We do not profess to judge characters from autographs, but since SOPHIA insists, we should say that she was cross, idle, selfwilled, and uninformed, had red hair, wore her dresses badly made, slapped her little brothers and sisters, and came down to breakfast with her red hair in curl papers. To her inquiry whether we think she would make a happy wife, we reply that we don't know, but we think she would decidedly make an unhappy husband.

PARTICIPS CRIMINIS helped to steal a sausage-roll from a pastrycook's shop in the year 1837, when he, P. C., was a little boy. He has been haunted by remorse ever since, and desires us to suggest some penance for his crime. We submit that with his present advanced views of what is nasty, he had better steal another, and eat it.

INDEFATIGABLE.—It is not ungrammatical to say "him and me see them as they was a coming," but it is more elegant to frame the sentence differently, and we doubt the accuracy of your assertion that the phrase as above is to be found in Mr. MACAULAY'S History of England.

JOCULUS ESQUIRE.—We believe there is such a book, but its more proper title would have been "Jokes I Ought to have put a Pen Through."

A MISERABLE WIFE had better have signed herself "A justly punished Offender." She deserves to lose her husband's affection if she gives him such dinners as she describes. He allows her plenty of housekeeping money, and yet she is weak and criminal enough to expect that he will come home to mutton chops, alternated by steaks. The plea that she lives in a large house, and that the servants have quite enough to do without their time being taken up in "finkin' cooking" (as the coarse-minded woman puts it), is almost worse than the offence. We hope that her husband will continue to accept every invitation he receives, besides dining at his club when not asked elsewhere, until the woman buys a cookery book and condescends to mind the business to which she bound herself at the altar.

NABOB.—We are not sure that we quite understand the legal question as you state it. Is it this? Your grandfather, having no right to a house, devised it to his uncle-in-law, in trust for the direct heirs of his cousin, with remainder over to the collateral representatives of his father, who died without issue. So far all is clear. But levying the fine and suing out the super-negit would not have barred the outstanding term, and given the certificate in bankruptcy the force of an escheat in tall male, unless you or your father, had ejected the rightful owner, and caused his tenants to attorn. The fact that you tried to do this, and were kicked out of the house, is not a material fact in the case. Consult a notary public.

COLONEL SIBTHORP.—The joke about a pear (pair) being two pears has been made before.

A BEGINNER had better leave off while he is safe. He asks us a poetical conundrum founded upon an Irish Melody: "Why is a retired doctor like hearts that once beat high for praise? Because he feels the pulse no more."

JESUITICUS DRAMATICUS says that he is convinced that the Stage is a mischievous institution, and that to encourage it with money would be wrong. But he thinks there can be no harm in going to the theatre with an order, and therefore asks us to forward him one. If he will come to the corner of Bride Court, on Monday morning next, at ten o'clock, he can wait there until we send the order out to him, unless the police remove him.

DENTIFRICK.—We believe that diamond dust makes very good tooth-powder. Any respectable Jeweller will give you a pint or so on your applying civilly, or you may get it from the Keeper of the Crown Jewels, at the Tower, for a small fee. Saturating the powder with cod liver oil (pale), makes the friction more pleasant.

A.S.S. writes on behalf of himself and some friends who have had a dispute as to the ceremony of presentation at Court.—It is simple. After rising from your knee, you stand out in the circle, and PRINCE ALBERT (whose good taste is celebrated) notices any portion of the dress of the presented party, lady or gentleman, which he sees pleases HER MAJESTY. H.R.H. inquires where it was bought. It is etiquette to be prepared with cards of all the tradesmen who have furnished your attire, and you hand in the proper one to the Mistress of the Robes, mentioning the price. Then you pass on. The cards not used are the perquisite of the Bishop of London.

TWO LITTLE PERIWINKLES.—Not ladylike, but not deserving the harsh censure and chastisement you describe. On another occasion, when you see a young respectable nobleman walking past your window, and you desire to make his acquaintance, throw something more graceful than a coal at him to attract his attention. Your mamma and papa may be too exacting, but remember your duty, and if you make faces in reply to their strictures, never do so while the servant is in the room. It is small matters that make the lady.

J. FLAMARE (Penzance).—You are perfectly right in saying that the bolting of any one out prevents his bolting in—that the purchasing on tick is frequently the downfall—that there is nothing so touchy as touch-paper—and that NICHOLAS makes his nobles "bleed" to provide the "sinews" of war, and the observations do honour to your head and heart. Could you oblige us again?

ADELINÉ.—You must return either his affection or his presents, but we cannot advise you as to which you should do, unless we know what the latter are worth. Do not be in a hurry. A marriage licence costs two pounds fifteen, a divorce a thousand pounds. Draw your own inference.

WILLIAM SAWUNCLE.—With practice and study we have no doubt that you will become the first poet of the day. But you have not yet attained that distinction, although your verses are very sweet and pretty. The following—all we have room for—breathe a natural spirit of chastened affectionateness:

*"Did me quaff the cup of p(o)ison,
Did me seek the deadly Cupas,
But I still must keep my eyes on
You, my radiant fair, when you pass!
Hurl me from the height of Snowden,
Dash me from Pinnymmon's brow,
Still I'll follow as I go down,
That I love you then as now."*

MARY MARIA MARGARET.—Despair of being married? Don't be such a little silly. Thirty-seven last December, and no offers. What of that? Perhaps you may have thirty-seven offers before next December. What are you like? Send us your picture, and particulars as to the amount of your fortune. We'll take care of you. Bless you. Not be married! Bosh! Bah! Bo!

QUESTIONER (Margate).—The Buddhists are a sect of Oriental religionists who offer the buds of roses, and other flowers, as sacrifices. The Anabaptists are so called from their founder, ANNA BAPTE, who died 1729. The Pædobaptists, take their name from *pædes* (Lat.) "feet," because they stamp with their feet during service time. We never heard of the other sect you mention, the Humguffs, but no doubt truth and error are mingled in their teaching.

OTHER COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED.—X. V. Y. (we should think he was, "rather").—MODEST JANE (hit him again).—QUIES (you may play the trumpet all night if you like).—UNHAPPY SELINA (if you don't like fat, why eat it?).—LORD MALMESBURY (Tudis is not in Mexico).—BIFBONS (wear the grey front when he is at home, the brown one when he is gone to business).—TELESCOPE (Uranus is of a bluish white colour, and its diameter is 35,965 miles—if you are going there, give our love).—ANGELICA (in sticking the hook through the worm beware of pricking your fingers).—ALEXANDER BEAN LEAN (a bathing machine, No. 7, is hardly an address to give).—LARS FORSENKA (the Nine Gods—the *Di Majores*—were HERCULES, PLUTARCH, JUPITER, HALCARNASSUS, APOLLO, PHOEBUS, FORBIDON, NEPTUNE, and CORNELIUS NEPOS).—PATER (some people would give anything for a set of *Punch* from the beginning).—ARIS (get out with you).



SCENE—PALAIS ROYAL.

Garçon (to London Gent). "VOILA! M'SIEU! LE CHARIVARI—FRENCH—A PUNCH. GOOD MORNING, SARR! OH, I SPEAK INGLEES VERRA WELL—I LIVE INGLEES COFFEE TREE MUNSE. OH YAS—ALL RIGHT!—NEVARE MIND!"

[Jumps over three chairs, and vanishes, to the great astonishment of TOMKINS.]

A MOCK JENKINS AT THE PALACE.

JENKINS is weak enough—even though his be sometimes an "amiable weakness" and means no harm—but a mock JENKINS is in literature what mockery would be to mock-turtle in the world of soups, or imitation Walker in the region of sham champagnes. We regret to perceive that there are several imitation JENKINSSES, whom we can only compare to a species of mocking bird flitting about the columns of the newspaper press. They are seen perching sometimes on the window-sills of the palace, and sometimes on the area railings of the houses of the nobility, and after picking up what they can they hop off to the offices of some of the would-be fashionable journals. This feathered tribe will often indulge in such hoaxes as would entitle them to rank as "humming-birds," and we are disposed to believe that the qualities of the "humming-bird" are displayed in a recent account of some alleged festivities at Osborne on PRINCE ALBERT's birthday.

We are told, that on the occasion spoken of, there were "jumping in sacks, wheeling barrows blindfolded," and other fooleries, to which the name of "Rural old English Sports" is usually given. "Among the rest," we are told there were several candidates for a prize, "who had their hands fastened behind them, and the task was to bring forth, from tube of meal, money thrown therein, with their mouths." The report adds, that "as they raised their heads covered with flour, their ludicrous appearance created roars of laughter." Now, as the regular *Cour. Newsmen* says nothing of all this, and as the great original JENKINS is silent on the subject, we must regard the whole affair as a weak invention of the Mock JENKINS, who has lately got possession of the penny-a-liner's "flimsy." We cannot believe that "jumping in sacks," the fun of which consists in the probability that the jumpers may fall and receive some personal damage, can have been provided as "a dainty dish to set before the QUEEN" on PRINCE ALBERT's birthday, nor do we think that HER MAJESTY would have looked on with delight at the disgusting exhibition of a number of degraded beings

SING A TE DEUM!

I've killed far above half a million of men,
And more of them subjects, I reckon, than foes;
And expect to destroy full as many again,
Ere my blessed existence shall come to a close.
Sing a *Te Deum*; sing tol-de-rol-lol.
I don't care if they batter Sebastopol!

As long as I've legions to lay down their lives,
And throw themselves under the Juggernaut Car,
Which my pride o'er their grovelling carcases drives,
I'm determined that I will continue the war.
Sing a *Te Deum*, &c.

It little will vex me if Cronstadt should fall,
I've a plan that will make the invaders retire,
For the fiddle I'll play as I sit on a wall,
While St. Petersburg blazes—by me set on fire.
Sing a *Te Deum*, &c.

Whilst I have a hangman, a knout, and a stick,
To drive my battalions, like beasts, to the field;
Or the point of a sword, the retreating to prick,
Regardless of carnage, I never will yield.
Sing a *Te Deum*, &c.

I'll pillage and burn as the champion of pure
Christianity; playing the gentle and meek;
And I'll quote from the Psalms with a visage demure,
And I'll shoulder the Cross with my tongue in my cheek.
Sing a *Te Deum*, &c.

Let ruin and beggary stalk o'er my land,
My peasants may starve and my merchants may smash;
Go on to the Deuce! is my word of command:
I have not got a conscience, and don't care a dash.
Sing a *Te Deum*, &c.

I know I'm a great inconvenience to some,
And should in my person dislike to be hurt;
So, perpending the grief to which tyrants oft come,
I shall take the precaution to wear a mail shirt.
Sing a *Te Deum*, &c.

To partake of my meals, ere a morsel I taste,
I'll have a dog, when I sup, breakfast, or dine,
And a slave at the back of my chair shall be placed,
And the fellow shall drink first the half of my wine.
Sing a *Te Deum*, &c.

trying to lick up filthy lucre by the still more filthy process of digging their tongues into sacks of flour.

We have no doubt there are always about the court a sufficient number of mealy-mouthed people, without adding to the quantity by the nasty process of plunging a variety of mouths into a sack of meal in the very presence of the Sovereign and her family. We can only say that if such "sports" were really provided on the occasion, the Master of the Revels seems to be as much behind the taste of the age as he is, no doubt, behind that of the Royal lady whose favour he hoped to propitiate.

NEW NAMES FOR THE NAVY.

WITH considerable pleasure we see from the *Times* that—

"The greatest activity prevails in our dockyards. Several line-of-battle ships have lately been laid down, and are already in an advanced stage of forwardness."

When these ships are launched, we suppose it will be the duty of the Government to officiate as godfather, and as we are decidedly of those who think there's something in a name, notwithstanding SHAKSPERE's purely nominal objection, we would suggest that the style of naval nomenclature in use hitherto should be discarded as being now completely out of date and inappropriate. It is proverbially advised that we should "call a spade a spade," and such bellicose titles as the *Bulldog*, the *Terrible*, the *Vengeance*, or the *Fury*, sound to us imposing only in the sense of make-pretence. The peaceful war policy of our present Government would, we think, be indicated far more correctly by such names as the *Lamb*, the *Reluctant*, the *Forbearance*, the *Harmless*, and our ships would thus no longer be sailing under false titles, as seems to be the case, especially in the Black Sea, just at present.

OUR SANITARY REPORT.—*The best Chalk Mixture: London Milk.*

THE EMPEROR NICHOLAS.

(AS PAINTED BY DR. COTTMAN.)



His simple pure-minded man has been most shamefully libelled. From a long intercourse with his Imperial Majesty—from having eaten, smoked, and played at scratch—cradle with him for many a year—I am fortunately enabled to give some interesting particulars of his life, which have never before been published.

To give a notion of his extreme simplicity, I will endeavour to sketch the programme of his occupations for one day, and really his habits vary so little, that the description of one day may fairly do duty for all.

The EMPEROR rises at six—never a minute later—he takes but one cup of cocoa for his breakfast, and he boils it himself with a “Bachelor’s

kettle.” If it is raining, he makes up his accounts of the previous day, but if it is fine, he goes into the garden, and pulls the garden roller about for an hour. At a quarter past eight he rings the bell for the servants, never disturbing them before that time. His moustache generally takes him till nine. His mornings are mostly passed in his dressing-room. He sees that his razors are in good trim, gives his diamond boxes a rub or two, or else looks over his shirts and collars, for the EMPEROR mends all his own linen. After that he waters his flowers, of which he is passionately fond, or amuses himself by whistling “the Russian Hymn” to a piping bullfinch that he has educated himself. His private room, in fact, is crowded with objects of natural history. It is a small menagerie. There is scarcely a square inch of space that is not occupied by a glass globe, or a cage, or a kennel of some sort. It is difficult to pick your way across the room without treading on a rabbit, or a squirrel, or a guinea-pig, or knocking down a canary cage with your hat. Parrots threaten to bite you on all sides—little puppies and kittens crawl up your legs at every step. The EMPEROR will pass hours among these favourites, playing with them, feeding them out of his own hand, scratching their “pretty polls,” or teaching them some curious trick. In this way he has brought up a pet spider that answers to its name—he has taught a French poodle to strike a lucifer, light a pipe, put it into its mouth, and begin smoking it—and still more wonderful, he has succeeded in training an oyster, (an English native) that follows him all over the house.

These amusements occupy the EMPEROR till luncheon, which is just as simple as his other meals. A small cup of tapioca with a dash of sherry in it, or else a small slice of toast and caviare, washed down with a glass of goat’s milk. He then receives his ministers, and if a death-warrant is brought to him to sign, he is intensely happy. It is immediately torn up into a thousand pieces! he will listen to no more business that day—but, without a hat, will rush into the garden and fly kites, or play at coach and horses with his grandchildren. His heart is so full that it must vent itself in play—and he will jump over a gardener’s back as he is bending down—he will throw an officer’s cap up in a tree that he may have the scampish delight of climbing up after it—he will send the ball springing through a large window of beautiful plate-glass, simply that he may enjoy the surprise of the servants and fine ladies, who instantly rush out to inquire who is the author of the guilty fracture. It is most charming to observe the EMPEROR on such joyful occasions—you would imagine he was some simple country gentleman, and not the Czar of all the Russias.

Then for three hours of uninterrupted application follow despatches, and letters, proclamations, and ukases. The pay of some favoured regiment is increased—some poor political prisoner, exiled to Siberia quite unknown to the EMPEROR, is liberated—some young Russian nobleman

has his passport honoured with the signature of the EMPEROR, thus receiving the Imperial permission to travel out of Russia. NICHOLAS writes every one of his letters—and like a wise sovereign will insist upon his signature always proceeding from his own pen.

These matters of state occupy his mind till dinner, which indeed is very quickly discussed. As the EMPEROR is a vegetarian—(and a vegetarian not so much from choice as from principle, as he objects to taking the life of a single living being)—the table is not occupied by large joints of meat, nor the time taken up in consuming them. A fried potato, a stewed pea or two, a boiled cauliflower, a mouthful of roasted onion, with perhaps a small plate of cherry pie, and a custard to follow, complete his repast; which his Majesty will enjoy better than the grandest dinner you could give him at the Astor Hotel. He will rise joyfully from the Imperial mahogany, and, with the smack of an epicure, exclaim, “I have dined to day—like a Prince!”

His favourite beverage is orangeade; but with his cheese, he will indulge occasionally by taking a glass of ginger-beer.

In the evening he plays a round game, but never for money. Sometimes he will read out a fairy or nursery tale to the ladies, as they are assembled round the table, busy with their needles. His great enjoyment is to make tea. Cribbage, too, is another of his amusements, and, if he wins two or three games, his merriment knows no bounds. One of his favourite pursuits is to stick pictures and engravings in an album. At ten his gruel is brought in with lighted candles, and many seconds do not elapse before he walks up to bed carrying one in each hand.

The acquirements of the EMPEROR are very considerable. He can build a house of cards at least six stories high before they begin to fall, and he is very clever, also, in inventing riddles. When no one is nigh, he has been known to try them on the servants, and has often interrupted a Cabinet Council to ask NESSELRODE some laughable conundrum that has just struck him. His voice is beautifully clear and soft, and he employs it to great advantage in singing hymns. He is, however, not above singing a comic song occasionally, and he does it with such rare humour, that the chamberlains always laugh. His ability in cutting out likenesses in black paper is the marvel of all those who have witnessed it.

Such are the tastes and habits of the great man, who has been so disgracefully vilified by all Europe, but by England especially! It will be America’s proud glory (through me) to vindicate the character of this calumniated Hero! All Honour to NICHOLAS!—*The New York Hatchet-Thrower.*

MRS. DURDEN ON THE BLOCKADE.

Is fat, and grease,
There’s some increase;
But yet we haven’t ile, and tallur,
And candles, rose
As you’d suppose,
All Rooshan goods, through British valour.

The price of ‘ides
Still middlin’ bides;
There’s no sich scarcity of leather:
Our troops and crews
Ain’t made our shoes
Come so outrageous altogether.

And this here war
Of pitch and tar
Makes little difference in the walley:
So your blockade
Of Roosha’s trade
Is all what I call dilly-dally.

The Astronomical March of Intellect.

MR. PEPPER, the able and indefatigable Managing Director of the Polytechnic, is giving a series of interesting lectures on the Precession of the Equinoxes. We understand that the manager of a minor theatre has written to know at what expense this procession might be introduced into a Grand Eastern Spectacle. The Manager supposing that the Great Bear and the Little Bear will be introduced in the procession, proposes that these interesting characters should be represented by living animals. He has also undertaken to get the composer of the establishment to “arrange” some entirely new music to the procession, to be played by the Band of Orion—if the members of that famous orchestra should be open to an engagement.

FORGIVE AND FORGET.—This maxim is admirable when applied to others, and to others alone should it be applied, for it will never do for you (unless you’re an Officer) to Forgive and Forget yourself.



Railway Porter. "ANY LUGGAGE, SIR?"
Traveller. "YAS—CARPET BAG AND CIGAR CASE."

THE ONE POWER.

In every street is a yawning sewer;
In every court is a gutter impure;
The river runs stinking, and all its brink
Is a fringe of every delectable stink:
Bone-boilers and gas-works and gut-makers there
Are poisoning earth and polluting air.
But touch them who dares; prevent them who can;
What is the Health to the Wealth of man?

The potent spirit of Vested Right
Laughs lungs to scorn, and smell and sight;
Mocks Boards of Health, with their idle commands;
Lames Commissioners' feet, and ties Guardians' hands.
Come what may to husband, or child, or wife;
Work havoc at will on limb and life;
The evil shall flourish this many a day—
For Vested Right still stops the way!

The fever-fiend may come to the door,
And level at will both rich and poor;
The child's fresh life may wither up;
To manhood's lip set his poison-cup;
Steal age's last few years away,
And swing his scythe like a mower at play;
Only Vested Rights are sacred from death,
And none has a vested right in his breath.

Oh, England's a favoured land, no doubt,
And wide her power is spread about.
Under Indian suns her might is known,
And she shakes the Czar on his frost-locked throne;
But there is a Power that's mightier still,
That mocks her efforts, and spurns her will—
A Power none can or none wills to fight,
The omnipotent power of Vested Right!

Oh, when is the DAVID to arise
That shall smite this GOLIATH betwixt the eyes?
That shall take his own sword from his side,
And hew off his head from his shoulders wide?
By force of *Right* slaying that which long
With the name of *Right* hath sanctified *Wrong*?
We die—we cry—for one to fight
With this Giant usurper—*Vested Right*!

MR. BRIEFLESS AND THE COUNCIL ON LEGAL EDUCATION.

WE are authorised to state that in consequence of the recommendation of the Council of Legal Education respecting the public examination of law students, MR. BRIEFLESS is ready to take pupils and give them his best consideration in return for the best pecuniary consideration they may be prepared to offer. His plan will be very comprehensive, and embrace all the subjects recommended by the Council. He will commence with RAPIN, and will particularly elucidate those chapters relating to the law of rapine and robbery. The law of Real Property will be richly illustrated with specimens of the thing itself, and a theatrical property man has been engaged to make all the properties as real as possible. The "liability of purchasers" will be familiarly shown by MR. BRIEFLESS himself, who will give the student the run of his papers, and allow him the perusal of the innumerable dunning letters to which purchasers—who don't pay for what they purchase—are incessantly liable. The theory of "verbal contracts" will be exemplified in a pleasant way by ordering a dinner at the Rainbow, where the contract, though verbally made, will hold good, and the student in return for this valuable illustration will be called upon to pay merely the cost of the dinner. The important science of the "natural obligations," arising from ownership, will be shown by the aid of several pawn tickets, on which the owner is "naturally obliged" to pay the interest.—N.B. The pupil will be expected to furnish the funds for this highly useful practical lesson. As a sequel to the "liability of purchasers," a few examples will be given of the "liability of vendors," who are very liable to lose their money if they happen to give credit.

In common law the student will have an opportunity of watching, from experience, the effect of every step from the service of the writ of summons at MR. BRIEFLESS's own outer-door, by pushing it through the letter-box, to the final adjudication. The above sketch, though incomplete, will it is believed, enable those young gentlemen who are entering on the study of the law, to calculate on the advantages they will gain by being the pupils of MR. BRIEFLESS.



HOW OUR ARTIST WAS TORMENTED BY THE FLIES, AND THE MEANS HE EMPLOYED TO OBTAIN RELIEF.

A TRAVELLER.—Anybody who wants anything to drink.—Walker.



AWFUL APPEARANCE OF OUR FRIEND JONES AFTER HAVING ENJOYED (!) A DAY'S CRICKETING, WITH THE ADVANTAGE OF PLAYING AGAINST A FAST "PROFESSIONAL" BOWLER. (Mrs. J.'s first suspicion is that her Husband has been acting as Umpire at a Prize-fight.)

WHAT IS A TRAVELLER?

WE know a jovial old gentleman, who has answered this question very cleverly:—He knocks at the door of an hotel, or public-house, and demands admission on the plea of his being a traveller. Upon his being questioned or detained, he produces one of MURRAY'S *Handbooks*. This is as good as an "Open Sesame" at once, for how can a gentleman's word be doubted that he is a *bond fide* traveller, when he has a crimson Guide to Switzerland, or Sweden, or Turkey in his hand? The Gentleman we are alluding to always makes a point of carrying one of these useful "Handbooks" with him when he travels on a Sunday—even if his travels do not exceed a sixpenny cab-fare from his own door. He says he does not know an instance of its having failed to open the door once. In fact, for ourselves, we have always heard that a MURRAY'S *Handbook* was universally looked upon as an undeniable proof of an English Traveller all over the world.

THE QUEEN'S LETTER.

IT is said that PRINCE ALBERT, after taking his seat in the carriage of the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH, handed to his Majesty a sealed letter, supposed to be an autograph from QUEEN VICTORIA. If this was really the case his Royal Highness must have infringed the rules of the French Post Office, and subjected himself to a rather heavy penalty. It is against the law to carry a sealed letter from England to France, though it may perhaps be urged on behalf of the Prince, that the letter was in fact stamped, for the QUEEN had given her head to it. Should the letter have been a private one from any other hand, we may expect to find that an item of tennepence, the charge on a letter between England and France, has been sent as "conscience money" to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER for "unpaid postage."

HARVEST HOME.

MISFORTUNES may never come single; but still
Some good, perhaps, always attends upon ill;
Although, such a poor blinking buzzard is man,
We can't always see it, yet sometimes we can.

We've been forced into war in defence of the Right,
By a brutal big bully six feet odd in height,
The greatest of thieves who may well be defined,
In every respect but in greatness of mind.

This villain attempts to cause famine and dearth,
Destroying and burning the fruits of the earth,
But above the foul fiend are the sun and the skies,
Overruled to thwart NICHOLAS, monarch of Lies.

That the incense of thanks should ascend it is meet,
For the Harvest that brings us such plenty to eat:
May the good food give strength to our hearts and our
hands,
To win peace from the CZAR and his villainous bands!

Very Close Husbandry.

It was stated last week in the papers that many farmers had given their labourers notice of a reduction of wages, in consequence of the bountiful harvest. Is this the way to show gratitude for such a blessing? Those grinding agriculturists, who are capable of reducing the wages of their labourers for such a reason, deserve to be reduced themselves, so as ultimately to be set to work at macadamizing the roads in the capacity of reduced farmers.

THE RACK.—The place where men who are in the habit of drinking generally keep their minds and their bottles.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS OF ROYALTY.



LL the Boulogne correspondents of the London papers have been professing to give the exact words, addressed by certain imperial and royal personages to each other, on the occasion of their recent meeting. Not having had the happiness to secure a reserved seat on the railings, or a stall—we mean a fruit stall—under the immediate nose, eyes, and mouth of royalty, we are unable to say precisely what dropped from the last of the features we have specified. According to one of the accounts we have read, LOUIS NAPOLEON and LEOPOLD approached each other like a couple of tragedy heroes, and the Emperor commenced a long speech beginning with the word "Sire," just as "the walking gentleman" apostrophises the "heavy man" in a Surrey drama. Our own impression, from our acquaintance—which is rather select than otherwise—with crowned heads, is, that kings and emperors do not speak in blank verse, though they do not talk in the slang of excessive familiarity; there is, however, a considerable margin in styles of address between the "old cook" of modern farce, and the "sire" of ancient tragedy. We believe that the royal personages lately assembled at Boulogne met and talked like gentlemen, without either the courtier-like fooleries of NOODLE and DOODLE on the one hand, or the utter unceremoniousness of Box and Cox on the other.

HOW ACTS ARE WALKED INTO!—It must be confessed that Parliament, in failing to give the definition of "A Traveller," in the New Beer Act, has left the door rather stupidly open for its evasion.

PHYSICIANS IN MUSLIN.



VERYBODY knows that the Doctors' gowns are not worn in this country trimmed with skirts or flounces, although it seems to be the fashion to wear them so in America, if we may credit the subjoined extract from the *New York Tribune* :—

"FEMALE PHYSICIANS.—The Massachusetts Legislature, at its last session, appropriated funds to the New England Female Medical Colleges located in Boston, to pay for the tuition of 40 students annually."

Can none of our illustrated contemporaries give us an idea of the costume adopted in America by the female medical profession? That of the physician of the old school, tastefully adapted, would be becoming. The hair might be powdered, and gathered at the poll in a *queue*. Where the dress sets off behind, the place of the little rapier might be supplied by a Cupid's dart, in an elegant case or quiver, stuck diagonally across the prominence. The gold-headed cane could be matched by the gold-handled parasol. It would be necessary that the costume should be of the *BLOOMER* species, in order that the idea of it might be carried out by shorts (elongated to a suitable extent) of black velvet, with their accompaniments and continuations of silk stockings of the same colour, and gold or silver buckles.

Perhaps, after all, there is no great absurdity in the notion of female physicians. All physicians, except those who practise gratuitously, may be designated by the word female spelt with another *e*; and there are not a few of whom that is all that can be said. If the head of a woman is not calculated for the formation of a diagnosis, she can at least shake it, in a difficult case, as effectually as a man can; and, having a softer and more musical voice than the masculine, she is better qualified than most men are for that large part of medical practice which consists in whispering comfort to invalids.

The Ladies' College in London does not, we believe, grant medical degrees; but there appears to be no reason why it should not, if it chooses, confer on its students the distinctions of Spinster and Doctress of Medicine. Nor is there any law, that we know of, to prevent a lady from serving an apprenticeship to a general practitioner, attending lectures, walking the hospitals, drinking beer, and smoking cigars if she likes, and passing an examination at Apothecaries' Hall or the College of Surgeons. It is quite possible that in a short time Savile Row may exhibit a succession of brass plates, engraven with the names of medical ladies who have brass enough to place them on their doors.

GIVE US THE PAPER.—WHO'S DIVORCED?

We have received a file of papers from California, and we learn that the go-ahead population of that region have caused a new feature to be introduced into their newspapers. In the announcements of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, the Californians imitate our own press,—except that they frequently give the weight of the new baby, that they eschew the humbug which supposes that one parson cannot unite a lady and gentleman without "assistance," and that they occasionally launch out into franker and more specific laudations of a deceased party than is usual here—indicating, if he were a tradesman, what article he was celebrated for selling in perfection and cheap, and not hesitating to record that he was a "witty chap and a crack shot." But they have added a fourth estate to the list, and between the Marriages and the last announcements they insert Divorces. And as divorce is cheap and easy in America, the papers are seldom without some notification of the kind, and of the reasons for the step which has been taken.

Shall we ever come to this in England? Will divorce ever cease to be the exclusive right of the rich man? And shall we ever read anything of this kind in the first column of the *Times*?—

DIVORCES.

"On the 18th ultimo, at the office of the Separator-General, FREDERICK MONTAGUE DE JONES, Esq., from ARABELLA his wife, formerly ARABELLA BROWN, spinster, daughter of BARMARAS BROWN, of Old Partington Street, M.D. She wasn't going to

stand his staying out after twelve o'clock every night, and then coming home in a state of mops and brooms and tumbling up stairs, she could tell him, and did tell him before the Separator-General.

"On the 19th inst., by special licence, at Messrs. RABBIT AND BURROW'S offices, HENRY LUCIUS TOMKINSON, Esq., from MARGARET his wife, formerly MARGARET DODDS, widow. Her tongue.

"On the 20th inst., at the District Separator's, May Fair, TIMOTHY, EARL OF CARDAMUMS AND REDPEPPER, K.G., from LUCRETIA, his Countess, formerly the HONOURABLE LUCRETIA JELLID, Maid of Honour. He did not mind HOWELL AND JAMES'S, of HUNT AND ROSKELL'S, but when she came to *couche* at three in the morning, it was time to draw a line.

"On the 21st, at the District Separator's, St. Pancras, JOHN PETER FAWES, Attorney-at-Law, from ELLEN ADALGISA, his wife, formerly Miss MOONSHINE. He thought she had money; she thought he was romantic. Both were deceived.

"On the 23rd, at the chapel, Kensal Green, FRANCIS CHARLES TOBES, M.D., from EMMA MATILDA, his wife, formerly EMMA MATILDA VERNON. Her old flame, CAPTAIN HORACE B—, has just become a rich widower. Besides, TOBES smokes, and sometimes swears."

Mr. Punch sincerely hopes never to read anything of the kind. But who knows?

SPIRITUAL PERFORMANCES.

We are informed by the *Spiritual Telegraph*, a new American paper, that acts as a kind of Telegraph between the Present and the Past, delivering messages from the other world at so much a line, that—

"The latest reports speak of a new drama dictated by the Spirit of SHAKESPEARE, and superior to any of his former works. It has been read to the manager of the Broadway Theatre, and is now about to be brought out as one of the greatest curiosities."

Here is Novelty, that promises to be an effectual cure for the Decline in which our Drama is said to be in! Could not our managers,—our BUCKSTONES, our SMITHS, our CHARLES KEANS, and CONQUESTS—engage the same "Spirit" to write them a few dramas?—dramas that should be superior to *Macbeth*, or the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, or any of the same Dramatist's former works; though by the by, if they were only as good, we should be perfectly content. We foresee but one difficulty to this very original plan—and that is the scarcity of Shakespearean actors. If our managers engaged the Spirit of SHAKESPEARE to write them a tragedy, they would also have to engage the Spirits of other actors to act it, for we are sure we have but very few performers of the present day who could do justice to it. However, this double plan would only enhance the attraction, and we can imagine the excitement produced by an announcement like the following :—

On Monday next will Positively be Produced

A NEW FIVE-ACT PLAY,

CALLED

NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE;

WRITTEN BY THE SPIRIT OF THE CELEBRATED WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

And in which the Spirits of Messrs. Edmund Kean, John Kemble, Charles Kemble, Bannister, Orberry, Incedon, Abbott, Egerton, Warde, Mrs. Siddons, Miss O'Neill, Mrs. Billington, &c. &c. will perform.

Assisted by various other Spirits of Minor reputation.

The Scenery by the Spirits of Vandyke, Hogarth, and Sir Joshua Reynolds; and the Dresses and Decorations by the Spirits of Brummel, David, Gros, and Stultz; all of whom have been engaged at an enormous expense. The Incidental Dances will be presided over by the Spirit of Vestris (the acknowledged "*Dieu de la Danse*,")

A Subordinate part will be played by the Spirit of the "IMMORTAL BARD" himself, who has kindly consented (through a talented Spirit-Medium) to return to the Stage on this occasion only.

*. N.B. No increase in the prices.

The above would be something like a Bill!—a Bill that would be instantly honoured by thousands "at sight," even if it were only "second sight." We have but one fear that there would not be a Spirit Vault in the kingdom large enough to contain the thousands who would rush to hear the Spirited performances. We have, also, another fear, that this new scheme (which would not be in the least sacrilegious) of calling "Spirits from the vasty deep," and getting them to answer to the "call" (by the way, who would be the Spiritual Call-boy to this modern theatre *des Beaux Esprits*?) is far too Spiritual ever to be carried out.

BLACK-BALL PRACTICE.—A man was never black-balled at a Club yet, but it turned out afterwards that somehow "his name had been put up without his consent."

DEFINITION, à la TALLEYRAND.—Ingratitude is only a painful feeling of consciousness that there are no more favours to be received from the same person.

EXCUSE FOR HORSE GUARDS.



contains much—very much—in addition to the spirit of pure morality which it breathes, that will palliate the iniquity of the award in question. For instance, take the very first paragraph: in which it is stated that the GENERAL COMMANDING-IN-CHIEF had apprehended that certain “inconsiderate officers”

“Might bring their regiments into disrepute unless, in their social conduct towards each other at their mess-table and in their barrack-rooms, their behaviour should be regulated by a higher standard of what is due to the honourable position in which they stand as holders of commissions in HER MAJESTY’S ARMY.”

Regulated, that means, by a higher standard of moral and gentleman-like feeling. If the author of the above-quoted clumsy piece of circumlocution hesitated to express his meaning in plain terms, he should of course have said “estimate,” not “standard.” “Standard of what is due!” What corporal’s grammar you would call this, if you did not see that the document is signed with the name of a Deputy-Adjutant General!

Here is a similar specimen of composition:—

“The case originated in a disgraceful scene of deep gambling in a barrack room at Windsor, between LIEUTENANT GREER and LIEUTENANT PERRY, terminating in a violent assault, in the course of which the most disgusting language was applied by LIEUTENANT GREER to LIEUTENANT PERRY.”

In the course of the assault, or in the course of the “scene of deep gambling?” Why “scene,” when there were no spectators? “Affair” is the word that would have been used by any decent clerk.

One more example will perhaps be just tolerable:—

“The language and behaviour which formerly were held to justify a challenge must now, therefore, be visited by the removal of the offender from the society of which he has shown himself to be an unworthy member. Every assistance and support are given to the young officer in his endeavours to avoid rendering himself liable to those consequences.”

What this last sentence is intended to express is quite inconceivable. What consequences are those of which it declares that the young officer, in his endeavours to avoid liability to them, receives support and assistance? Those mentioned in the preceding paragraph are the removal of an offender from a society of which he has shown himself to be an unworthy member by language and behaviour which were formerly held to justify a challenge. Does then DEPUTY ADJUTANT-GENERAL WETHERALL, whose name is appended to the memorandum, wish to be understood as stating that young officers are assisted and supported in their endeavours not to be insolent? If not, what does BOTHERALL—we beg pardon, WETHERALL—mean? And if he does mean that, is it his wish to imply that a young officer finds it so difficult to abstain from insolence as to stand in need of support and assistance in making the necessary effort?

Great allowance must be made for the errors in judgment of those who have manifestly not enjoyed the advantage of the simplest English education. Minds untrained to express their ideas in common language are not likely to understand the plainest rules of evidence. An illiterate jury may, once in the way, return a virtually just verdict of “Serve us right,” but is much more likely to decide against testimony in the face of both law and justice. When heads at Head Quarters are so badly furnished as they are shown to be by the foregoing examples of grammar and logic, what must be the vacuity of those which are subordinate? But, if a Court-Martial and Commander-in-Chief have committed brutal injustice, have they not the excuse of equally brutal ignorance?

THE CZAR’S TREMENDOUS SACRIFICE.

In reference to the four conditions for the restoration of peace, tendered by Austria to the Czar, we are informed by Submarine and European Telegraph that—

“The EMPEROR NICHOLAS would rather sacrifice his last soldier than accept such propositions.”

As self-constituted Head of the Russo-Greek Church, NICHOLAS is Pontiff as well as Czar. In the character of High Priest he offers sacrifices, in that of Autoerat he provides victims. The Russian Gentleman is quite a patriarchal sort of personage, combining, in himself, the capacities of Priest, King, and Shepherd. The mutton, however, which he devotes to his gods, is a two-legged species, and may perhaps have some little voice in the question of its own immolation. It is well that he has published his intention of sacrificing his last soldier rather than his pride. His slaves will now have some leisure to consider how they like, and whether or not they can help, being sacrificed by their master to MOLOCH.



A BRILLIANT BLACK JOB.

We are happy to hear that the Society of Shoe-blacks is progressing with a most satisfactory rapidity. Those who are employed in giving a polish to the understandings of others must be gaining some enlightenment on their own account; and they are, at all events, learning to regard dirt as a thing to be got rid of.

A good deal of money has been earned; but, although we dare say it is all right, we were somewhat startled by the expenditure of £203 for “carrying out the society.” We do not see what occasion there can be to “carry out the society” at such a cost as this; and, indeed, a society may be carried a long way, in these days of rapid progress, for a very little money. We should be perfectly satisfied to see less money devoted to “carrying out the society,” and more to carrying out the blacking.

People who “Haven’t always been used to that Sort of Thing.”

LODGING-HOUSE keepers, billiard-markers, charwomen, betting-house keepers, check-takers, pew-openers, pianoforte-tuners, commission agents in the wine and coal trade, wet-nurses, the “walking gentleman” at a large theatre and the “frightful example” at a temperance lecture.

A JEW WHO SEES FURTHER THAN HIS NOSE.

A LONG-SIGHTED Jew, of Holywell Street, has sent his card to COLONEL GARRETT and all the Officers of the 46th, with the intimation that he gives “the best price for uniforms that military gentlemen have no further use for.”



THE FRENCH CENT GUARDS AND THE BRITISH LIFE GUARDS;
OR, SIX OF ONE, AND HALF-A-DOZEN OF THE OTHER.

A WORD TO ALARMISTS.

STRINGENT measures should be taken for stopping the mouths of all old women, of either sex, who go about gaping and staring and spreading exaggerated rumours respecting the partially prevalent epidemic; and it would become some of our contemporaries to treat the subject otherwise than in the spirit of anile consternation. Let the old ladies be got to confine their attention to scrubbing and washing their abodes, and employ themselves in useful precaution, instead of creating terror and alarm.

The influence of fear in producing those morbid phenomena which, if unchecked, may terminate in the disease alluded to, is matter of popular and even puerile notoriety. For this reason those who are concerned in spreading a panic do a great deal of mischief; and they ought to be smothered.

For the same reason it is but just to say that the greatest credit is due to SIR BENJAMIN HALL for going into the Python's mouth, personally inspecting the infected districts, and encouraging and assuring the inhabitants by his official presence as President of the Board of Health.

Who is not ashamed of giving way to fright, that thinks of our soldiers and sailors who are braving wounds and death! At the same time they do all they can to defend themselves. We should imitate their courage and their caution.

A Card.

MADAME TUSSAUD has sent her compliments to the DEAN AND CHAPTER OF WESTMINSTER, begging to say that, far from charging £200 for the statue of CAMPBELL, she shall be very happy to exhibit it, in her collection of poets and celebrities, for nothing!

A BLOW, AND GREAT ENCOURAGEMENT.

THE new Smoke Abolition Act was intended to annihilate smoke, and yet indirectly it encourages it, for does it not profess to indict all chimneys that do not smoke *consumedly*?

THREE EPOCHS OF HALF-A-CENTURY.

1804.

I WONDER what his thoughts were—that sallow, silent man—
As athwart the lines of bayonets the dancing sunlight ran,
Steeping in golden glory the white tents on the down,
And the old gray Roman watch-tower that looms o'er Boulogne town.

Along the heights above the sea, along the beach below,
The cannon and the mortars showed their muzzles all a-row.
There were twice a hundred thousand men, that waited but a breath
From those firm lips, to fling themselves, rejoicingly, on death.

Ribbing the sky with masts and yards, like a wood on a winter day,
Within the land-locked basin three hundred transports lay.
And the soldiers swarm'd aboard them, and swarm'd ashore again,
As in and out their galleries the ants swarm after rain.

Did he think of all that he had done—or of what was yet to do?—
Of nations he had conquer'd, or of *one* still to subdue?
Was he prouder that he stood there, acknowledged Europe's lord,
Or angrier one small island should yet defy his sword?

For from that tower by daylight, if seaward turn'd his gaze,
NELSON's blockading squadron show'd its white sails through the haze;
If after dark he paced the cliff—on the verge, but full in sight,
There were England's beacons blazing, like red eyes, through the night.

And he knew those ships were waiting, if his dared put to sea;
And he knew those fires were lighted by men who still were free.
And though his soldiers, ships, and guns were as twenty unto one,
He knew what Englishmen could do—what Englishmen had done.

Like an unquiet tiger, that chafes, and champs, and cries
Before a couchant lion, that stirs not where he lies,
So chafed fierce France upon the cliff which looks on Boulogne town—
So still—so stern—lay England, upon the Kentish down.

1840.

I wonder what his thoughts were—that shabby, silent man—
As thirty-six years later to shore a pinnace ran,
Bearing a homeless penniless adventurer, with his train,
A draggled pinioned Eagle, and some cases of champagne.

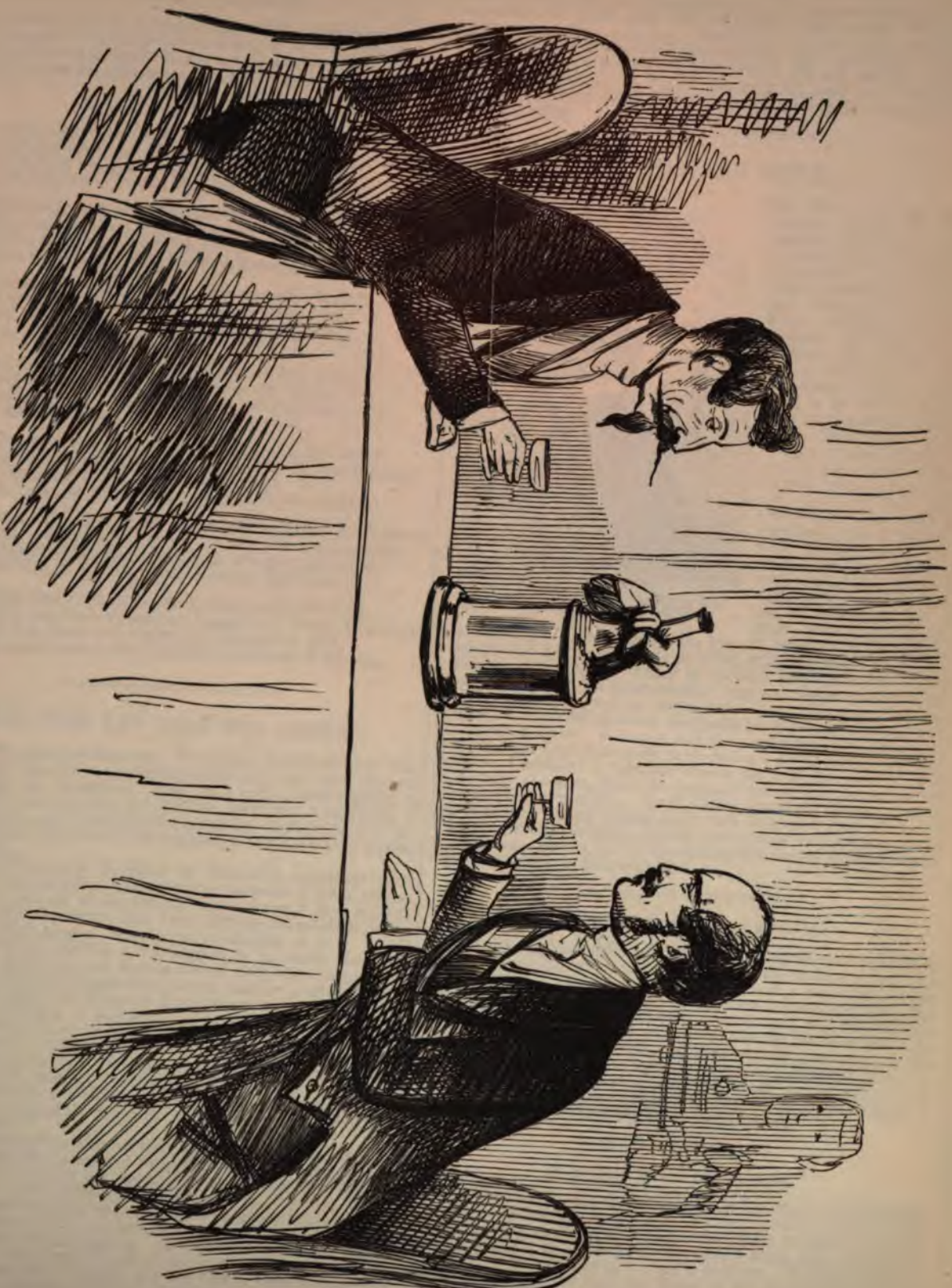
Was it trusting to the magic of his great uncle's name,
That on a desperate venture thus recklessly he came?
Or deemed he, like that uncle, he was following a star,
That beckoned him still forwards, on a road no force could bar?

Had he well read the people, when thus he came unto
Their sympathy with hardihood, their love of *l'imprévu*;
Deem'd he the attendant eagle would guarantee the JOVE?
Or was 't trust in five-franc pieces—like to his with whom he strove?

Did he foresee the downfall of that throne that seemed so sure?
Deem'd he that desperate evils would hail a desperate cure?
Was it Debt, or was it Destiny that drove him on his way
To the maddest act that madman did ever yet essay?

How lured he on the scanty band that made his cause their own?
Saw he or they the shadow of Revolution thrown
From the dim Future forwards?—saw he the prison-cell
Opening upon the palace? His thoughts—what man can tell?

Enough that to this shore he came—landed and fought and failed:
Nor in that madman's enterprise—nor ever after—quailed:



THE ENTENTE CORDIALE.

Emperor. "WELL, NOW YOU HAVE FOUND YOUR WAY HERE, WE HOPE WE SHALL SEE YOU OFTEN."
Prince. "OH YES, AND THE NEXT TIME WE HAVE A HOLIDAY, I HOPE OUR WIVES MAY BE PRESENT!"

SEPTEMBER 16, 1894.]

A pleader for his forfeit life—a prisoner—but still
Silent and stern and saturnine, and of an iron will.

We cite the first NAPOLEON, when a banned and banished man,
With his handful of old grenadiers he sprang to shore at Cannes,
As one who threw a desperate throw, and thereby won a throne—
What was he unto his nephew—in *that* landing at Boulogne?

1854.

I wonder what his thoughts were—that sad-eyed, silent man,
As alongside Boulogne's jetty England's royal steamer ran;
While with a King beside him, that adventurer was seen
Greeting, as Emperor of France, the Consort of our QUEEN?

The ships around are gay with flags, the streets are green with boughs;
The people press about him, with cheers and prayers and vows;
The court, the camp, the church, its best, its bravest, holiest things;
There stands the madman of Boulogne—a Kaiser among kings!

What memories are sweeping through that impassive brain?
Thinks he of that first landing—of his out-at-elbows train?
Of the oath—or of the ballot—or of June's red barricades?
Or thinks he of December's yet bloodier fusillades?

Or turns he from the past—with its head-roll of dark deeds,—
Its desperate encounters with yet more desperate needs,
To the present with its trials, its triumphs, and its tasks,
Or is 't of the veiled future, her secret that he asks?

Is he thinking how what shall he may wipe out what has been?
How the blood-stains may be hid from sight under the laurels green?
How long Prestige of Power may into silence awe
The still small voice of NEMESIS, the claims of Right and Law?

Why question thus? Heaven sends the scourge; but in that guiding hand,
What chastens still to blessing turns. So doth this man's command.
Own we in him an instrument, through sin, and pain, and blood,
That worketh still, as all things work together, unto good.

'Tis due to him that France's flag floats side by side with ours,
'Tis due to him that France's hosts are leagued with England's powers;
Thankful for this, 'twere out of place too curiously to scan,
Through the good deeds of the monarch, the ill deeds of the man.

"YOU JUST LET THAT TUB ALONE."

THE Wilters must not blame us. We always told them that their Organ played flat—flat as yesterday-drawn beer—and now they are finding it out for themselves. They have held a large meeting to proclaim their discovery that the *Morning Advertiser* is unworthy of them. Cremorne, and Hampton Court, and the Coalhole all open fire upon the unlucky Tub, which rolls helplessly about like a buoy smitten by cannon-balls.

"The victuallers must in justice to themselves encourage other papers," says one victualler. "It rested with the trade, if not to give up the organ, to get rid of the present organ-blowers," says another. A third speaker announces that "the *Morning Advertiser* is barely tolerated in many houses. As a literary production it is far behind the age; in point of intellect, it is a disgrace to the trade, and far inferior to the articles in the *Family Herald* and other penny publications." A fourth complains that PRINCE ALBERT is abused by the poor Tub, and that "SIR WILLIAM MOLESWORTH had been held up to the public as a demon of darkness in its pages." A fifth is "obliged by rules to take in the paper, but hopes to get rid of it;" while a sixth goes savagely at our unlucky friend JENKINS ON THE BEER BARREL:—"It was the management that was reducing the *Morning Advertiser* to its present wretched, canting, drivelling condition. Why, they actually offered a gentleman five shillings per week for undertaking to supply the fashionable news of the paper, but afterwards consented to make it three half-crowns!"

We deeply sympathise with our contemporary, who is thus assaulted on all points, and who is declared to understand neither the interests of his clients the wilters, nor the politics and fashion for which he sacrifices them. We hardly know what advice to give him. He has abused the Roman Catholics with every injurious epithet in the language, thundering at them in a way to turn sour all the beer of all his patrons, and yet he cannot give satisfaction. He has even published Random Records of the most wonderful and adventurous tour that perhaps was ever accomplished since Hogarth and his friends went to Gravesend, but the startling narrative, brilliant sketching, and deep philosophy of the work failed to tell. He has printed and praised the jerks and spasms of that convulsive vituperator the "Englishman Out of Bedlam," but people, touching their foreheads, said with MISS FITZ, "A little M. you know." He has lauded MR. URQUHART, and even proclaimed

LORD DUDLEY STUART's fitness for office. He has committed ludicrous typographical errors, and, that everybody might notice them, has apologised for them next day. What more, we ask in all earnestness of pleading for an oppressed contemporary, can a poor party do who wishes to make a journal famous? *Punch* will not see the Tub ill-treated; we fought for PERRY, and certainly shall not "forget the humbler creature, Small Beer." We will trouble the wilters to let that Tub alone.

SLEEVES AND SAUCE.



THE most stupid and ugly fashions always last the longest. How many years the long dresses have swept the streets! For the last twelve months bonnets have been flying off the head, and so, probably, they will continue for twelve more. However, the bonnets are simply ridiculous. As to long dresses, there is something to be said for them. They are convenient to aged ladies. They enable them to enjoy, without attracting remark, the comfort of list slippers and laced stockings and rollers for their poor old ankles. They render it possible for young ladies to wear bluchers and high-lows, thereby avoiding damp feet, and to save washing, by making one pair of stockings last a week. So they will doubt-

less continue to be worn whilst the laws of Fashion are dictated by a splayfooted beauty, or a lady troubled with bunions.

But this kind of apology cannot be made for hanging sleeves. They are not only absurd but inconvenient. They are always getting in the way, and the sauce, and the butter-boat. Your wife cannot help you to a potato across the table but she upsets her glass, and breaks it with her dangling sleeve. It may be said that your wife has no business to help potatoes—that there ought to be footmen in attendance for that purpose. Certainly: or else, she should not wear the sleeves. But ladies must, of course, follow the height of fashion, whether suitable to their circumstances or not. Could not the leaders of fashion, then, in pity to the less opulent classes, devise and sanction a kind of sleeves adapted to life in a cottage—whether near a wood or elsewhere—to be called cottage sleeves, and to be worn by the genteel cottager-classes without prejudice to their gentility?

Putting too fine a Point upon it.

AMONG the improvements to be adopted in the costume of the British soldier, we hear that those who wear helmets are to have a spike on the top of them. This spike, which has often been a subject of amusing contemplation to us on the head of the Prussian sentinel, has often perplexed us as to the use to which it could be put, and we think the British soldier will be puzzled what to do with it; for he cannot make it an instrument of attack unless he does what he is not at all in the habit of doing, and bows his head to the enemy. Perhaps indeed he may sometimes go full butt at a foe; but really we can ascertain no value in the spike, unless it be—as some fiend of mischief whispers in our ear—to make the British soldiers con-spike-nous!

A British Flora for Russia.

THE papers tell us that the Victoria Regia has commenced flowering in a hot-house at St. Petersburg. The fact is rather curious under present circumstances, for we should scarcely have expected to find our Royal Victoria in St. Petersburg, where every house, and *a fortiori* a hot-house, would probably be too hot to hold her. We hope, however, to see VICTORIA, or at least the flower of her army, in full blow at Sebastopol before the season is over.

IS IT SO?—The greatest rake, it is said, makes the best husband—on the principle, we suppose, that the greatest drunkard makes the best temperance-lecturer.

GOOD NEWS FOR COCKNEY TRAVELLERS.

We are happy to learn that the repeated complaints of the Cockney tourists, who so feelingly depict, in letters to the *Times*, the dangers and hardships of travelling, are likely to receive attention. The suggestion of the gentleman who desired that iron railings might be carried up Helvellyn and placed along the side of the precipices, in order to save him the expense of a conductor, and the requirement of the other old woman who demanded a Bath chair in which she might be wheeled up the mountain, have attracted the notice of the authorities, and arrangements are being made, both at home and abroad, in the spirit of those requisitions. The ascent of Snowdon will now be easy, the road having been paved with flagstones, and comfortable benches having been placed at every twenty-fifth yard. In the more steep parts, cranes have been fixed, by which, for a trifling fee, in proportion to his weight, the traveller can be lifted from height to height without trouble. Similar precautions have been taken with Ben Nevis, and a capital *restaurant*, with all the English, French, and Scotch papers, has been erected on its summit, and an electric telegraph from thence to the nearest hotel will insure a traveller any luxury beyond what is mentioned in the *carte*. The whole of the water in the Cumberland lakes has been warmed, in order to adapt them to the wants of the class who chiefly complain, and who naturally miss, in travelling, the tepid baths in which they disport when their employers have allowed them to shut up shop. Arthur's Seat has had cushions fitted to it, and Macgillivuddy's Reeks have been expressly interdicted from smoking.

A similar system has been pursued on the continent. Mont Blanc has been carpeted as high as the Grands Mulets, Mr. ALBERT SMITH having been requested to bring out with him, to Chamouni, carpets of the same pattern as those of the *tapis* in the Council-Room at Osborne, where he recently gave his entertainment, and he is also to make another ascent, for the purpose of indicating the best place for lamp-posts, the government having determined to light Mont Blanc with gas, to the very top. We are glad to hear that the new VICEROY OF EGYPT is equally alive to the advantages of making travellers comfortable, and that he has caused an awning to be erected from SHEPHERD'S Hotel, at Cairo, across the desert, to the base of the Great Pyramid at Gizeh, and all the sand is to be wetted with otto of roses, by the Arabs, three times a day. The Governor-General of India, LORD DALHOUSIE, has sanctioned a plan for a railway from Calcutta to the summits of the Himalayas, and the Dhawalagiri and Jewahir stations

are already in course of construction. The caves of Elephanta will be ventilated, and commodious seats fixed round them in the course of the season. In the present ticklish state of transatlantic politics, we are rejoiced to add that PRESIDENT PIERCE has signified to our representative, that he means to have gauze screens placed all along the American side of Niagara, to keep the spray of the cataract from splashing. On the whole, therefore, we hope speedily to be able to assure the cowardliest and feeblest Cockney, that he may see the world in tolerable safety and comfort.



A FISH OUT OF WATER.

MR. PUNCH TO AN EMINENT PERSONAGE.



OST EMINENT LORD,—I HAVE scarcely congratulated our mutual friend the British Public, on your return from Rome to Golden Square. It is an honour and pleasure to possess amongst us a Prince so illustrious—to find him busy for our welfare, and devising kind schemes for our good.

Knowing how excellent many of the customs are of the foreign cities in which it has been your good fortune to be bred, you naturally wish to benefit your province of England and your archdiocese of Westminster, with importations from abroad; and as my wife comes home with a bonnet from Paris, my son with a pair of moustaches from Germany, your Eminence brings an Index Expurgatorius from

the Vatican and a little plan of an Inquisition from Spain. Often as I pass that modest house in that modest Golden Square I think, with a respectful wonder, that the greatest man of all the Empire lives within. *Principibus prestat et regibus*, &c. I will not continue the quotation. But so the fact is. You are the equal of the QUEEN herself, what my friend MULLIGAN calls the "Shuparior" of Princes. Poor DR. SUMNER is not fit to kiss your honour's shoestrings, or DR. WHATELY to hold your red hat. Say that the LORD CHANCELLOR, HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS FIELD MARSHAL PRINCE ALBERT, and your Eminent Lordship were to visit my humble abode, I should be obliged to give you the *pas* before H. R. H. the FIELD MARSHAL—upon my word I should—you would have to lead Mrs. Punch into dinner: the other illustrious guest, of course, would be appropriated by my mother-in-law; and as for the Chancellor, his Lordship and I would be obliged to walk in the dining-room arm-in-arm. We should not be expected to kneel I suppose? I could hardly get my old knee-bones

down so low; not but that this very winter at Rome I saw scores of folks doing so, and kissing your Eminent Lordship's hand as if it were a young beauty's.

What a fine thing it is to think that a man of this Prodigious Rank (for such yours is) should be an Englishman after all, and care for us, our laws and our people! In the late little affair of *BOYLE v. WISEMAN* you came into Court like any other Briton: and after writing a libel against this poor BOYLE who vexed you (holy JOE was vexed with 'em too) how affably you took advantage of the law which nonsuited him. It is the greatest compliment which has been paid to our Courts, since PRINCE HENRY'S behaviour in that notorious affair with Chief Justice GASCOYNE. A Cardinal by the Divine pity, a Prince of Rome, you came into an English Court to take your chance there: you stood by the laws of your country: that is to say, you did not exactly stand—you bolted as the law gave you full permission to do—I can fancy the confusion of poor BOYLE losing you when he thought he had got you; and the calm good-humour of your Eminence's face, seeming to say, "Don't you wish you may?"

The law business, although noble and edifying, is not however that which occasions these brief and respectful remarks. It is on your Eminent Lordship's appearance as an educator of all England that the Nation ought to be congratulated. It's kind of you. The very thing we like is the Roman system. What we want is a good Index Expurgatorius: a parental board of Inquisition to look over the books for our people: and prevent them from being poisoned by bad literature. Most pestilent lies are told by fellows who write books: most wicked doctrines promulgated: and it is uncommonly good-natured in a man occupied as your Eminence is, in the affairs of your own church: rows and squabbles

with refractory priests: affairs of your newly-created province: regulations of suffragans and minor clergy: writing articles for the *Dublin Review*: and reports to that august foreign Court and Sovereign, greatest of all Courts, Sovereign of all Sovereigns, of which, and under whom you are yourself a most distinguished and ornamental Prince and Dignitary—I say it is exceedingly kind of one so illustrious and so busy to think about us outside Britons at all, and offer to help us in our emergency.

I had read in my favourite Journal, *The Record*, a brief report of "CARDINAL WISEMAN'S Lecture on the Home Education of the Poor," but waited until Sunday and my still greater favourite, the *Tablet*, arrived, with the authentic report of the Lecture. Here is the journal before me which speaks out like a man for its own part, and saying, "We have often thought that even to a limited philosophical point of view the Index of Prohibited Books, of all other Catholic Institutions the one scorned and hated by Protestants, is one that commends itself most highly to the calm view of Reason." Here is the *Tablet* and the report of the Cardinal's Lectures. May I venture to make a respectful tensure in the columns?—

"His Eminence confined himself chiefly to the general topic of the want of a suitable popular literature, reserving for his next lecture the consideration of the modes by which it might be supplied. It seems most important, said His Eminence, that the public, especially those interested in the education of the people, should know what is at present the literature which awaits the rural population on leaving school. In France this has been done, and it may be useful to know the results of the inquiry. For several hundred years the population of France was supplied with a cheap literature by the well-known system of *Colportage*, by means of which some eight or nine millions of small volumes and pamphlets were circulated amongst the people. But in 1852 a decree was issued by the Minister of the Police appointing a commission to examine all books sold by licensed hawkers, who were in future not to be allowed to circulate any without the Government Stamp of approbation. This very interesting report of the Commission has this year been published, from which it appears that of the books that had been examined three-fourths had been condemned. . . . If I were in a position of political influence (said His Eminence) I should most strongly urge upon the legislature the importance of appointing a Committee of Inquiry into this matter."

Of course you would. You would do as they do at Rome. We have read about expugnandos, comburendos, expurgandos, and the old processes; which commend themselves, as our friend the *Tablet* says, "most highly to the calm view of reason." And if you were in a position of political influence, we know, dear Eminence, that you would keep your promise.

But you see you are not in a position of political influence. We don't want to go down on our knees, as they do at Rome. To kiss your hand is not to us the source of the slightest comfort. Gentlemen who choose to do so are welcome; but it appears from the Census church returns that you and your followers are but as two hundred thousand, to the ten millions of the unroman English. CHADBAND has as large a flock as you have; who, had he his will, would no doubt smash the windows of your mass-houses, break your images, and bonnet your Eminence on your big hat. We give hospitality to CHADBAND and WISEMAN. Why not to other religionists? Our exemplary ally, who has stopped the *Colporteurs*, has stopped *Punch* too in his dominions. Can it be that if your Eminence were in a position of political influence you would go so far? Heaven help us! I fear yes. We should have a certain shop in St. Bride's shut up if that "political influence" could but be managed: and "calm reason" could but get its own way. You would no more let us in than in Rome, where you have political influence, you let the Thirty-nine Articles pass the Porta del Popolo! Fancy your Eminence's faith and practice restored among us, and we should see, not only FRANCIS MOORE, Physician, against whose poor old almanacs you are wrath, but CHARLES JAMES (now JAMES of London), and Mr. *Punch* walking out of the city, and across the *fines patrie*, like TITRUS and MELIBEUS!



Considering that your religion is not ours, but exists here on toleration; that your journals take their fill in abusing our Church and

political establishments (I have heard of DR. NEWMAN in the pulpit making admirable fun of the former); that you are free to publish your tracts, apologues, homilies, and sell them where and at what price you please, is it not a little premature in your eminent Lordship to quarrel with other folks for doing exactly what you do? Were you in a station of "political influence" I do not say, of course you would gag every man of us according to the Roman mode; but meanwhile, why should we have a censorship for our press? on account of the hostility to our received institutions of any writer or party of writers living among us? Upon my honour and conscience I do not believe there is any party in England so opposed to our views of right, morals, politics, as the party of which you are the head. And you are let to speak, to sneer, insinuate, deny, assert exactly what you please. Say a Mormonite Gospel is an absurd and monstrous dupey in my eyes: so I believe is a winking statue. But the man who advocates either is welcome to publish his belief in this country, where the mischief is met not by persecution, but by free discussion, and where JOE SMITH'S disciples (decently attired) have as good a right to a sea-baptism as DR. NEWMAN to wear a hair-shirt or FATHER IGNATIUS to shave his head. How did you win those two gentlemen over to your side? By free discussion. How is the conversion of all England to come about, and the day when we shall all be down on our marrowbones in the street when your Eminence walks it? By more free discussion, more books, more preaching, more pamphlets, more cuts at the Established Church, and what not. We can't have that commission of inquiry as yet in your own particular interest; otherwise your shop would be shut as well as other peoples', and your preachers would be as mum as the MADIAL. In our field the wholesome literature and the bad, the tares and the wheat, must grow up together, and, saving your Eminent presence, that is very likely the reason why some of the rubbish, stamped with the tiara and cross keys, and guaranteed with a "permissu Superiorum," is allowed to pass current in the country. Mischievous works forsooth! pernicious literature! degraded superstitions! absurd Almanacs! O most eminent Lord! Don't you think for absurdity, for superstition, for mischief and folly, there are books published by your own people that can equal FRANCIS MOORE, the Radical press, the Penny Novelist, or your obedient humble servant,

PUNCH.

PURSUIT OF KNOWLEDGE UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

THE *Morning Post*, describing a recent fire in Sackville Street, says "The conflagration was caused by a candlestick setting fire to the furniture while reading in bed." We cannot quite make out, from this statement, whether it was the candlestick or the furniture that was reading in bed, but in either case great imprudence was manifested. If the candlestick was the offender, it ought to have known better, having had so much experience of fire, but for the furniture to be reading in bed was most unpardonable. What was the particular article of furniture that was thus unseasonably devoting itself to literature we are not told. Perhaps it was the Sofa, studying its own history in COWPER'S Task; or the Old Arm-chair, reading its praises by MISS COOK; or it might have been an earnest-minded dining table desirous to turn over other leaves than its own. But be the culprit what it may, we hope the example will not be followed, as we are sure it is as painful to the *Morning Post* to describe such things as to us to read of them.

THE TYRANNY OF FURNITURE.

It is a folly to suppose, when a man amasses a quantity of furniture, that it belongs to him. On the contrary, it is he who belongs to his furniture! He is bound hand and foot by it—he is tied by the leg to his own mahogany! He cannot move anywhere without dragging his furniture after him—he cannot go abroad without previously finding a home for his furniture; he cannot be absent for any time without first taking every precaution that his furniture will be properly provided for in his absence. If he projects any little trip, the thought that always stops him at the door, is, "Whatever shall I do with my furniture?"

Many a man who boasts of his freedom is the secret slave of his furniture. No man can call himself perfectly free who, whatever he does, and wherever he goes, has always to carry in his mind so many chairs and tables!

Conscience Money for Intemperance.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER has to acknowledge the receipt of 5s. from "D. D., for amount of penalty due by reason of excess in port." Also of £91 5s. from "BIBO, money owing to Government for the state in which he has gone to bed every night for the last year." Likewise of 15s. from "THREE JOLLY POSTBOYS DRINKING AT THE CARLTON, for fine incurred after dinner at their Club on Sunday."



THE LIFE-GUARDS AT BOULOGNE.

AFTER THE FATIGUES OF THE REVIEW, A GALLANT FELLOW IS SHOWN HIS BED.

A VILLAGE HAMPDEN IN THE CHURCH.

A VILLAGE, or at least a pastoral HAMPDEN is not always doomed to neglect, and it is probable that he will be more than appreciated if he happens to be the son of a Bishop. The following paragraph, extracted from the *Times* of one day last week, will quite justify our statement:—

"RAPID ECCLESIASTICAL PROMOTION.—The REV. EDWARD RENN HAMPDEN, a son of the BISHOP OF HEREFORD, has made rapid progress in Church preferment in the course of the present year. Early in the year the incumbency of Breinton, in the diocese of Hereford, became vacant, and the Bishop conferred it upon his son. He had held this living but a few weeks, when CANON MUSGRAVE, Rector of Eaton Bishops, was preferred to a living in Yorkshire. The rectory of Eaton Bishops, being worth about £500 a year, and in the gift of the BISHOP OF HEREFORD, was conferred upon Mr. HAMPDEN. He had not long been installed into the rectory of Eaton Bishops, when the death of the DEAN OF ST. ASAPH rendered vacant, among many other benefices, the rectory of Cradley, worth £1,000 a year. This, being one of the Bishop's livings, was conferred upon Mr. HAMPDEN, and he has been duly collated to it by his father. The Reverend gentleman has thus been preferred to three benefices in the course of a few months."

The "fortunate youth" mentioned in the above extract seems to have risen with a celerity and success that entitle him to be considered as a sort of ecclesiastical aeronaut, and his ascent may be regarded as a piece of church ballooning that throws into the shade by its excessive

boldness, the comparatively commonplace exhibitions of aerostation at Cremorne and Vauxhall Gardens. The Reverend gentleman, starting from rather low ground, suddenly shoots up to the parsonage of Breinton, and ascending rapidly, he reaches the adjacent heights of the rectory of Eaton Bishops. Here he scarcely pauses, but continuing his upward career, he touches the rectory of Cradley (worth £1,000 per annum), having thus reached within a very brief space of time three different points of elevation, all within the diocese of his excellent father, the good BISHOP OF HEREFORD.

It will be admitted that there is nothing in the annals of ordinary ballooning that beats this achievement in audacity, and we think the lessee of Vauxhall may now complain with reason, that while he was not permitted to make money by sending up the Italian Brothers hanging by their heels, and risking two lives, the ecclesiastical aeronauts have been suffered to experimentalise on three livings. We presume the reverend gentleman has not been overloaded with ballast, nor could he have much occasion for grapnels—as there has been really nothing for him to grapple with. The name of HAMPDEN is illustrious, and "the cause for which HAMPDEN fell in the field" is never spoken of without respect by Englishmen, but "the cause for which HAMPDEN rose in the Church" will, we fear, give rise to a feeling of a very different character.

PRINCE ALBERT AND THE BRITISH CONSULATE AT BOULOGNE.

WE are authorised to state—or in other words we are justified in stating—that PRINCE ALBERT, as he passed from the Port of Boulogne along the *Rue de Boston*, must have felt extreme mortification at the sight of the old tin pot shop, over which the British Consulate hangs out for the purpose of selling passports. The whole concern is derogatory to the dignity of the British throne, of which the crazy old chair in the one pair back is the temporary representative. The rather irritable individual who rushes out from an inner room when the bell rings, to confer aid and protection on the part of *Sa Majesté Britannique*, was of course not presentable as the representative of the English Government in Boulogne, on the arrival of PRINCE ALBERT.

Had His Royal Highness been desirous of visiting the consular establishment on the Port, he might have hauled himself up the dark and narrow stairs by a rope which loosely does the duty of banisters. By pushing open a door, he would have rung a bell, which might probably have brought an old woman or a young child into his illustrious presence.

It may perhaps be convenient that the Consulate should have a passport shop in the lower town, and that the public should be spared the trouble of going to the distance at which the Consul resides, but surely, considering the profit on the passports, a more decent *boutique* might be engaged than a lodging over the tin pot establishment.

How the World is Ruled!

(By an old Schoolmaster.)

THE World, to my eyes, is divided into two classes—those whose province it is to dictate to others, and those (the more numerous class) who are bound to receive their dictation. It would do a great deal of good, if the two classes could occasionally change places, so that those who dictate might know that it is not always so agreeable to be dictated to.

UPON THEM—CHARGE!

THE Forty-Sixth will, it is said, immediately leave for the East. We are rather surprised to hear that the Commander-in-Chief has altered the proper destination of this regiment, which it was supposed would be immediately sent to Coventry.

A SECOND LETTER TO AN EMINENT PERSONAGE.



ABSURDITY and superstition, mischief and folly, a friend cries to me on perusing my letter to your Eminence in the last number as ever was of this Miscellany. "My good Mr. Punch, what expressions are these to use concerning a great body of Christians, and to their chief in this country! What is the use of hard words? What call have you to be putting your old nose into the quarrel, and is it (the quarrel I mean) not much better carried on without your interference?"

What right have his Eminence, NICHOLAS CARDINAL WISEMAN and the *Tablet* newspaper to tell the public that they would like to appoint a censorship over our literature? My good Sir, I pay taxes in Fleet Street as well as his Eminence in Golden Square—I am *Civis Romanus* as well as the Prince of the Flaminian Gate, and have as good a right to say my say as MR. LUCAS. Nor, upon common occasions, can there be any earthly use in using such naughty words as superstition, absurdity, folly, &c. to any body of brother Englishmen.

Your Eminence does not use a hard word—you are as mild as milk—you would just like to have a little censorship over us, for the sake of the poor benighted peasantry and mechanics in these islands—just to see that lies are not told to them, and they are kept out of harm's way. Were you in a situation of political influence you would strongly urge the importance of an inquiry—that's all. What on earth is the good of being angry?

Potztausend Donnerwetter! Corpo di Bacco! Mille tonnerres d'un petit bon homme! When you propose, ever so politely, to gag the press of this country, we intend to be in a rage. Sing, chant, shave, wear hats as broad as you like, gloves as crimson, stockings or no stockings. No man wants to meddle with you. But leave us and our liberty alone. We will not have it gagged or shorn in the Roman fashion, and at the slightest hint of your desires that way, we shall do our best to awaken the wrath of our Sovereign Master the British Lion: in the den of whose magnanimity your Eminence and followers are welcome to rest in peace; but from whose mane, please the Fates, you shall not shear a single hair. Poor decrepit toothless Old FRANCIS MOORE! Why should he not be let on to mumble his old humbugs? The old gentleman has nearly lied himself out; and quakes his old prophecies to but a very few old women. Need we send for familiars of the Inquisition to clap a handkerchief over his face, and drag him away to the Holy Office? To let him talk on is best:—to let everybody speak. He has as good a right to preach and to frighten his congregations, and to conjure the stars, and to bawl out his abracadabra, as any other professor. And it is because you would persecute him, that I am moved, yea, feel constrained to say, "O Sir, Have you not also got a *grimoire*, and a wonder-book, that seems to us unbelievers no better than friend FRANCIS'S *hocuspocus*?"

I said "absurd," I said "mischievous." I beg my son, *Master Punch*, to take down from the bookshelf some amusing volumes which I keep there, to wit, the *Essay on Development*, and the *Lives of the English Saints*, written by several clerical gentlemen who, no doubt, have knelt long ere this at your Eminence's feet. I declare, on my conscience, that the credulity which FRANCIS MOORE, Physician, would have of us is a trifle compared to that demanded by your Doctors. Read, my son, from the *Essay on Development*, the proper way in which the faithful should receive the stories regarding the Church.

Master Punch reads—

"Mythical representations, at least in their better form, may be considered facts, or narratives untrue, but like the truth. . . . The same remark may be made upon certain narratives of martyrdom or of the details of such narratives, or of certain alleged miracles, or heroic acts or speeches, all of which are the spontaneous produce of religious feeling under imperfect knowledge. If the alleged facts did not occur, they ought to have occurred (if I may so speak); they are such as might have occurred, and would have occurred under circumstances: and they belong to the parties to whom they are attributed potentially, if not actually."—*Development*, 345.

Now is a doctrine like that absurd or not? mischievous or not? Would you have country village-folks instructed in history after this fashion, your reverences providing the details? Would our friend the Astrologer ask for better laws of evidence, and upon such, might he not call upon the people to believe in his friars, FRIAR BACON and FRIAR BUNGAY? Given this, and HER MAJESTY'S Inspectors of Schools ought to examine boys in the *Seven Champions of Christendom*, and put

King Arthur and Jack the Giant Killer in their place in English history. Read me my favourite little bit about SAINT GERMANUS, my dear, from the *Lives of the English Saints*. *Master Punch* reads—

"While SAINT GERMANUS was in this country (449), the Saxons made one of their annual forays into Britain. SAINT GERMANUS (an old soldier), upon information that the combined armies of the Saxons and Picts were approaching, at once resolved on putting himself at the head of the British forces. Having led the troops into a narrow defile he gave orders to them what to do. When the Saxons drew near with all the confidence of men secure of victory, the holy Bishop pronounced, three successive times, the word ALLELUIA, which was immediately taken up by the whole British army and chanted in chorus. The sound was repeated and reverberated by the echo from the mountains, and with such violence that the rocks and even the very heavens themselves seemed to tremble. The barbarians supposing so loud a shout must issue from an immense body of men, threw down their arms, and ran away in all directions."

Now, I can beat this with a hundred extracts out of the *Golden Legend* (which is in the book-case yonder), but I will trouble your Eminence to match it out of FRANCIS MOORE. Suppose the country restored to the faith of our Fathers, suppose an army under NICHOLAS of Westminster advantageously posted along Oxford Street; Holborn in possession of the enemy; and an army of Greek schismatics under NICHOLAS of Petersburg, and his son, with a battery of guns before the marble arch. NICHOLAS (the Czar) is about to open his fire. NICHOLAS the Cardinal orders three volleys of Alleluia along his whole line, and away goes the Calmuck horse, foot, and dragoons, leaving guns, standards, muskets, lances, knouts, &c., behind them! Would you, on your conscience as an Englishman, and "supposing you were in an influential military position," handle the British army in that way? Is that story not in your books? Do you believe in it or any part of it. Ought it to have occurred—Did SAINT GERMANUS so defeat the Picts and Danes potentially? Pooh!

Now, my dear child, read me that bit about my darling Saint, SAINT GUNDLE.

"SAINT GUNDLE was a king in Glamorganshire about 500; his wife was GLADUEA, one of the ten daughters of KING BRACAN. One night a supernatural voice broke in on the slumbers of GUNDLE and GLADUEA, and said, 'The King of Heaven hath called me hither. . . . I will show you the straight path which you must keep, unto the inheritance of God—Lift up your minds, and for what is perishable, elight not your souls. On the river's bank is a rising ground; and where a white steed is grazing there is thy habitation.'"

"The king arose in the morning; he gave up his sovereignty to his son CADOC; he left his house, he proceeded to the hill, and found the animal described. There he built a church, and there he began an abstinent and saintly life; his dress a hair cloth, his drink water, his bread of barley mixed with wood-ashes. He rose at midnight and plunged into cold water, and by day he laboured for his livelihood."—*St. Gundeleus*, 7.

There's a king in Glamorganshire for you! "The King of Heaven" sent a messenger to him to leave his wife, live on a rising hill, dress in hair-cloth, mix wood ashes with his barley-bread, and jump into cold water at midnight! In another charming passage, in the life of sweet SAINT EBBA, we are told regarding SAINT CUTHBERT that—

"It is well known that SAINT CUTHBERT carried the jealousy of intercourse with women, characteristic of all Saints, to a very extraordinary pitch. . . . Yet such was the reputation of EBBA'S sanctity and the spiritual wisdom of her discourse, that SAINT BENE informs us that when she sent messengers to the man of God, he went and stopped several days in conversation with her, going out of the gates at night-fall, and spending the hours of darkness in prayer, either up to his neck in the water, or in the chilly air."—*St. Ebba*, 114.

And we may be sure the Chronicler speaks in terms, poetic and respectful, of "the hair shirts and the iron girdles, and the secret spikes corroding the flesh, and the long weals of the heavy discipline, and the craving thirst, and the stone pillow and the cold vigil," which these good souls applied to one another, and would recommend to posterity.

If Absurdity and Superstition, mischief and folly are hard words, as hard I own they are, are they too hard? But I think with all this in *your* calendar, your Eminence is harder still upon poor old FRANCIS MOORE'S.

Put up the precious volumes, little *Punch*, my son! I have done. I am going to call no more hard names: and would live in peace with every gentleman, and have him say his prayers as best likes him. Good SAINT EDMUND, as I read "would so spend the whole night, beating his breast, and falling with his bare knees on the floor, in such a way as to disturb the sleep of his clerks who were lodged beneath." I know not if your present Eminence bumps up and down in this manner, or if you sleep over your secretaries, MONSIGNOR SEARLE and MR. GATTHORN—in that case, it is them I would pity: not with your Lordship I would

interfere. May you have a quiet life, and give us one! May all mollahs, priests, rabbis, have peace! May bishops in our native shovel-hats, or pontiffs in those more extensive tiles which roof the heads of the Roman clergy, have the respect of their flocks, and preach and practise to their edification! But prythee, my good Lord Cardinal, leave us alone, standing on our ancient Anglo-Saxon ways. Bring no Roman Shirri to guide us. We wish to be allied with our friends in France; but we desire to keep our free press too. The *Tablet* says rightly, that "the Index of Prohibited Books is of all things the most scorned and hated of Protestants;" Yes. And we won't have it, however much, as one of the Indicators, your Eminence may recommend it: We won't have it: by SAINT GUTHLAC and SAINT GUNDLE!

PUNCH.

DRAT THE FLIES! OR, THE PEST OF THE SEASON.

THE sun was hotly shining on a fine September day,
When I heard an angry matron so bitterly inveigh
Against the tribes of insects that in Autumn's time arise;
She clenched her fists and stamped her feet, and cried, "Ah—drat them flies!

"There ain't no rest, nor quiet, nor comfort to be had
For them nasty filthy creatures; they're enough to drive one mad;
They settle on our noses; they whizzes in our eyes;
And they buzwuzwuzzes in our ears: ah—drat them plaguy flies!



"There's not a safe that's safe from 'em; no apple-room without,
And them vexatious wapses, which also is about,
And one can sting almost as bad as t'other when they tries,
Ay, through a cotton stocking too: ah—drat them vicious flies!

"Them hojus big blue-bottles blows over all the meat,
To that degree that mutton can't be kep' a day to eat;
They swarms in every pantry; and them of smaller size
Bespos and spatters everythink: ah—drat them horrid flies!

"They sticks in treacle, jellies, preserves, and sweets, and jams,
And they breeds their nits, and hoppers, and choppers in our hams,
They infestes every cupboard; not a hole but where they pries,
No crink or crank but they creeps through: ah—drat them crawly flies!

"They drownds theirselves in milk-jugs and gets into the tea,
In every sugarbasin there's always two or three,
We finds 'em in our puddings, we finds em in our pies,
I've no patience with the rebels: ah—drat them tiresome flies!

"They ferrets into wardrobes; and there they spiles the cloth,
For 'tis my firm opinion 'tis they that breeds the moth,—
And tell me what you will, you won't persuade me otherwise,
No, get along with you: I say, ah—drat them noxious flies!

"I lays about fly-papers in every room in vain,
Catch hundreds and kill thousands, as many comes again,
Just like them Rooshian locusts, which also I despise;
I can't abear no insect: ah—drat all them nasty flies!

WHAT IS THE NEXT ARTICLE?

OR, THE PLAGUE OF THE SHOP.

IN some remarks which we lately had occasion to make on the subject of Early Closing, we adverted to a habit, common among shopmen, particularly those of linendrapers, of attacking the purchaser of any commodity with the question—"Any other article to-day, Sir?" If a mild answer is returned in the negative, the query is followed up with suggestions of "other articles;" so that a man cannot enter a shop to get a pair of gloves without the fear of being bored by a series of importunities. In case the customer is a lady, the annoyance thus given has generally the effect of driving her to purchase a quantity of goods that she has no occasion for—and the trick succeeds.

But the consequence of this practice is, that no man will go into a linendraper's shop if he can help it, or trust his wife or daughter shopping, except in case of absolute necessity. It is therefore for the trade to consider whether they do not lose more than they gain in the long run by causing their customers to be worried in this manner. If haberdashers wish to be truly polite, they will relinquish their system of forcing sales by practising on the delicate feelings of ladies. A lady cannot utter those brief exclamations by which an individual of the sterner sex is permitted to stop the mouths of the troublesome.

Over-eagerness to sell frequently defeats its own end. We have often bolted from a book-stall in disgust because we were disturbed in turning over the volumes by the proprietor darting out upon us and pestering us with the enumeration of works which he seemed to think we were looking for; instead of quietly placing his catalogue within our reach. Only the other day, a boot salesman prevented us from further considering a contemplated investment of capital in a pair of "men's strong walking," by making a dead set of this kind at us with, "Now then, Sir! what can we serve you with, Sir?—prime Oxonians—best Bluchers—superior Alberts," &c. Of course any man of refined feelings who is thus interrupted in reconnoitring the assortment of a stall or a shop window, instantly vanishes. He has not made up his mind to buy; it is possible that he may not buy, and he feels that in entering into a negotiation which will perhaps turn out abortive, he may excite hopes destined never to be realized, and trifle with the feelings of his fellow-creature in an apron. His impulse to decamp is, moreover, accelerated by the consideration that the bargain into which it is attempted to hurry him would be very likely to prove a take-in.

Should the foregoing remarks not occasion the instant abatement of the plague and nuisance against which they are directed, its victims will be obliged to put a stop to it themselves. Solicitation might be met with banter, and when teased by being pressed to declare "What is the next article?" the customer might ask for certain lengths of the *Quarterly*, or, perhaps, inquire if the establishment kept the present article in *Punch*.

HONOUR IN STORE FOR NICHOLAS.

CHRISTINA—says the Lisbon correspondent of the *Times*—travels under the title of the *COUNTESSE D'IRAMENDE*. LOUIS PHILIPPE, after his expulsion from France, assumed the title of *COUNT DE NEUILLY*. The exiled claimant of the crown of that country is the *COUNT DE CHAMBORD*; the gentleman who holds the same relation to Spain, calls himself the *COUNT DE MONTEMOLIN*. May the happy day arrive, and arrive speedily, when the *EMPEROR OF RUSSIA* shall be also reduced to a Count: and a light let-off that will be for the murderer of more than half-a-million! What Countship will he rejoice in? Shall his title be the *COUNT OF SINOPE*? Or the *COUNT OF ODESSA*, which he has doomed to be burnt, if peradventure the flaming ruins of his subjects' homes may serve to arrest the march of the Allies to his chastisement? Or would the Knouter of the Nuns rather prefer to travel adorned with the dignity of the *COUNT OF MINSK*? For the blessed hour at which he may have to take his choice may come. Recent as well as remote history proves that evil rulers are sometimes called to a Count—even here.

Little War Problems.

1stly. GIVEN:—An Army of Occupation.

REQUIRED:—To Find, if you can, what it has occupied, and what has been the particular nature of its occupation.

2ndly. GIVEN:—An Army of Expedition.

REQUIRED:—To Find out, if possible, the amount of expedition it has shown, and whether PICKFORD, or any common carrier, would not have expedited matters much more quickly in infinitely less time.

UNFOUNDED RUMOUR.—There is no truth in the report that the next edition of MR. TENNYSON'S "In Memoriam," is to be dedicated to the officers of the 46th.

THE ATTACK ON BOULOGNE.



the windows as flags of the Emperor, and begged that if it should be thought necessary to sack the city, his Majesty would not sack the coals. All idea of opposition to the advance of the Emperor was abandoned, but the British consular passport office seemed to be fortified by a tremendous weight of metal, in the shape of the tin pots and saucepans in the window of the shop below. This, however, was merely by way of demonstration, for there was no intention on the part of the consular authority to offer any opposition to the plans of the Emperor. The whole city, in fact, seemed prepared to place itself in the hands of the invaders, and there was scarcely an apartment that might not have been taken by the first who approached.

The hotels and pastrycooks, expecting to be besieged, laid in an extra supply of provisions for the besiegers, so that the surrender was complete.

PUNCH AGAINST MAWWORM.

THE Sabbatarians pretend to retort upon *Mr. Punch* the charge of wishing to take away the Sunday of the people. Their morning journal represents him as having "required" that "a poor cab-driver, after toiling through six days in the week, should be obliged to rise on Sunday, like all the other days in the week, to clean his cab and his horse, and to place himself on the stand, ready to convey *Mr. Punch* to the Richmond Railway."

Mr. Punch begs to say that he "requires" that no cab-driver, whether poor or prosperous, should be "obliged" to do anything of the kind. He extends this disavowal to the case of the "hundreds of railway servants" whom he is supposed by the same journal to have "calculated on finding at Waterloo station," of the vehicles which it alleges that he "demanded to find at the local station," and the taverns which it avers he "expected" would be open for him all day and all night.

All that *Mr. Punch* "requires" and "demands" is that if he wants a cab, a railway trip, or tavern accommodation on a Sunday, nobody, if willing, shall be forbidden to supply his wants. *Punch* would be the last person in the world to wish to compel a Sabbatarian cabman, a stoker, an engine-driver, a waiter, a chambermaid, or any body else, to labour upon his account on their day of rest. Far be from him the idea of forcing conscientious publicans of Sabbatarian principles to keep their houses open on that day. *Mr. Punch* respects the sincere conviction of everybody—even that of a convict. It is notorious that *Mr. Punch* would no more scruple to eat a salmon-cutlet than a mutton-chop on Friday. Yet if *Mr. Lucas* were to resign his papal trumpetership, and to set up the Wiseman's Hat Hotel, Tavern, and House of Call for Jesuits, *Mr. Punch* would, with all his might, defend *MR. LUCAS* from being bound to provide animal food in general on a day when he might think it his duty to let none of his guests have any but fish. *Mr. Punch* only asks that those who choose shall be permitted to do him reasonable service on Sundays. He holds that to be reasonable service which is necessary to his enjoyment of healthful recreation. Surely he has as great a right to hire a cabman, if he can get one, to take him to the station, as a Duke has to be driven out by variegated retainers, or a Bishop to be conveyed to Church by a mazarine domestic.

Let Sunday be a day of rest—but rest is not inaction. Cricket is rest to a journeyman tailor. To rest one set of muscles most effectually

we must move others. Overworked faculties are best relaxed by employing other faculties. The eye that is fatigued with brick-walls should rest on green fields. But the rest—the salutary and effectual rest—of the generality necessitates the labour of some. Suffer those to perform that labour who think proper. To say, Make those do so who think it improper, is quite another thing; and it is a thing not said by *Mr. Punch*.

FORTUNATE ESCAPE.



Y a report in a theatrical contemporary, we learn that an audience which might have assembled at Drury Lane, a few nights since, were fortunate enough to escape unvictimized. A *MR. BARRY SULLIVAN* had been announced for the leading character in the play of the night; but, fortunately, before the hour of performance, it occurred to this individual—Irish, we presume him to be, from his names and his modesty—that his name had not been printed on the play-bills in characters sufficiently gigantic. So he writes to the person for whose benefit he had promised to act—

"SIR,—I cannot suffer my name to be slighted in the Drury Lane play-bills.

"Yours, &c.,
"BARRY SULLIVAN."

and—to the deliverance of the public—this bright and very particular star does not shine. No more is heard of him, and the doors do not even open. We congratulate those who escaped. But what sort of actors are those who rely upon huge posting-bills to do for them what is achieved for real artists by public recognition? We do not remember ever seeing *MR. ROBSON*'s name in larger letters than those of the ordinary *affiche*; yet that performer did, night after night, crowd a London theatre. But *MR. SULLIVAN*, content "to be slighted," by the public, will not be slighted in the play-bill. *Chacun à son goût*. We believe that unlucky box book-keepers have learned, by this time, that, generally speaking, the larger the letters the smaller the "let," though we imagine that the converse of the proposition was not proved true in *MR. SULLIVAN*'s case.

THE GENDARMES OF EUROPE.

THE brave French, with our steady British host,
Embattled, march; their heads are high and light,
Yet break not out in any brag or boast;
And in the army camped on yonder coast
The name of glory seems forgotten quite.
And why? Because full well they feel and know
They are not mustered, with a generous foe,
By battle, to decide a doubtful right;
That they are going forth unto the fight
Not with swords only, but as if with staves,
Against a Robber; to destroy his den,
And rout his legionary gang of slaves,
As a police-force, unexcited, braves
A Brigand and his troop of highwaymen.

A Prize Infant Show.

AMONG other American "notions" that have lately prevailed, is the novel idea of getting up shows of fat children. Massachusetts has already had an exhibition of the kind, at which there was a very large collection of adipose infancy. Prizes have also been given to the parents who could show the fattest child, and a system of oil-cake feeding has been adopted to produce large oleaginous masses of fatty deposits in the shape of offspring. We cannot say that we approve of this new plan of cramming the young, for we cannot bear to see anybody's children made too much of.

UNIVERSAL FITNESS OF THINGS.—There never was a young man yet who did not think himself specially qualified for a Secretary, or a young woman who had not the same strong belief in her qualifications to go out to-morrow as a Governess!



"NOW, CHARLEY! HERE'S THAT PRETTY ROUND HAT AGAIN—WE WILL HAVE A LOOK AT HER THIS TIME."

MUCH ADO ABOUT DIPLOMATIC NOTHING.

THE KING OF PRUSSIA has earned a name for himself, and so has the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA, by the line of behaviour which they have pursued towards the CZAR. The names which they have respectively earned are *Dogberry* and *Verges*. As Peace Officers of Europe, they call upon NICHOLAS to submit to certain conditions. NICHOLAS laughs at them; and they determine to—let him alone. They charge themselves, as *Dogberry* did his watch, to "comprehend" a "vagrom" man; to wit, the CZAR. Unfortunately, "a will not stand," and accordingly, as *Dogberry* advises in such case, they "take no note of him." Instead of that, as further recommended by the same authority, they "presently call the rest of the watch" (the Bund) "together," and in their hearts, doubtless, "thank God" they "are rid of a knave."

The parallel seems perfect. The only difficulty is to settle which shall be *Dogberry* and which *Verges*. *Dogberry*, to be sure, when called an ass, answers, "Dost thou not suspect my years?" but then he represents his colleague as "an old man, Sir," adding, "and his wits are not so blunt, as, God help, I would desire they were:" whence it appears that *Verges* is the elder fool. Both, to be sure, are dotards; but a young actor often plays old men: and on the stage of Europe FRANCIS JOSEPH, at present, personates feebleness and imbecility to the life. To him, therefore, we must assign the character of *Dogberry*; and "suspecting his years" less than those of FREDERICK WILLIAM, allot to the Prussian monarch that of *Verges*.

Dogberry describes himself as "a fellow that hath had losses." FRANCIS JOSEPH may soon be able to say the same. What does he think of Hungary and Italy?

A Lawyer off his Feed.

THOUGH the penny roll is still sold at a penny, it has become "small by degrees" until it is "beautifully less" than enough for a moderate man's breakfast. In consequence of this state of things an attorney of our acquaintance, who used to treat himself to one of the above-mentioned articles every morning, has deliberately struck himself off the roll.

DONALD IN THE EAST.

OUR northern friends will be delighted to hear that the Highlanders have achieved a great triumph in Turkey. In an extract from a letter from the Black Sea, published by the *Morning Post*, it is related of those gallant Scots, that

"When they were reviewed before the Sultan he seemed quite confounded with their strange appearance, but when, to complete it, they suddenly struck up the bagpipes, he quite lost all his gravity, and burst out in the most violent fits of laughing in spite of himself, for it is contrary to all notions of Turkish etiquette to laugh, much more to do so in public."

Glory to the Gaël! They have conquered the gravity of a Turk, and will doubtless achieve as easy a victory over any number of Russians. The same letter states that the Turks "follow them about the streets, and seem both amazed and delighted with their strange dress." It may be expected that they will astonish the forces of Russia even more effectually, though less agreeably, than they have astonished the natives of Turkey, and that the former will run away from them faster than the latter follow them. This happy result will probably be much expedited by their favouring their enemies with some of that music with which they obliged the Sultan. In aid of a charge of bayonets, the best imaginable means to disconcert an enemy must be a concert of bagpipes.

An Honest Clergyman.

THE newspapers say that the REV. MR., late ARCHDEACON, WILBERFORCE, having arrived at certain conclusions at variance with the articles of the Church of England, has placed the resignation of his preferments in the hands of his Bishop. Such being the fact it is to be hoped that so eminent an act of honour and honesty will prove a beneficial example in that truly humble station—that station of the deepest theoretical humility—which this good man occupies.

A SIGN OF THE TIMES.—Such is the mercantile spirit, and at the same time the intellectual poverty of the present day, that a number of gentlemen in the city have put their heads together to see whether they cannot get up amongst them a JOINT STOCK ASSOCIATION OF IDEAS.



THE RETURN FROM THE BALTIC!!

British Lion. "OH YES, I'LL COME BACK—BUT I MUST JUST LEAVE A CARD AT CRONSTADT FIRST!!!"

PUNCH'S PROVINCIAL LETTERS.

To Mr. Punch.



EVERED SIR,—I am the regular London Correspondent of that well-known and largely circulated provincial newspaper, the *Squashborough Gazette*. I flatter myself that no set of country readers is more constantly and faithfully supplied with an account of the sayings and doings of the London world, political, literary, and fashionable, than by your humble servant. But having more time on my hands than I quite know what to do with, I am desirous of becoming one of your contributors. I do not, of course, expect you to purchase what I facetiously call an animal of the porcine species enveloped in a wrapper, and therefore I send you a specimen of my usual style. The enclosed letter, I ought to say, was intended for the *Squashborough Gazette*, but I happened to miss the post, and therefore it became useless for that week's publication. Should it appear in your paper, I shall conclude that further communications will be acceptable, and in that hope,

"I am, Dear Sir, Yours very faithfully,

"BRASSEY GOBE MOUSH."

"2nd Floor back, No. 11, Buggy's Rents,
"Squalority Court, Drury Lane."

FROM OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

"*Athenæum Club, Wednesday.*"

"I have just looked in here to be out of the way, for the Duke's house (that was) in Pall Mall is insufferable from the noise of the workmen at my other shop, the Carlton, and I was driven from the Reform Club by seeing PALMERSTON pop in, evidently to catch me. I dodged the Judicious, and came here, and if the Bishops will but let me alone, I shall be able to send you a few lines, though really, at this flat period of the year, with all one's aristocratic friends on the moors, it is difficult to hear anything. And I am, in fact, so *blasé* with the fatigues of the season that I am more than usually fastidious. I was rude enough just now to stop the Bishop of Oxford in a very good French story, which really has not been in town more than a week, and to ask his lordship whether he knew that QUEEN ANNE was dead. But Saponaceous SAMUEL is very good-natured—to me at least—and took it well enough.

"There are no politics now, of course. But I happen to know that there has been a good deal of uncomfortableness in the Cabinet, and there will be a split before long. LORD JOHN is now most eager for a peerage, but the PRINCE CONSORT (and perhaps a higher personage) thinks that a peerage ought not to be conceded to him before the PRINCE OF WALES comes of age, and the proper allowance is obtained from Parliament. LORD PALMERSTON, who is very much attached to LORD JOHN RUSSELL, offered to pledge himself to get this done in the most liberal manner, if the latter were ennobled at once, and the affair was deemed so nearly arranged, that LORD JOHN RUSSELL and his lady went to HUNT AND ROSKELL'S to look at some new gold forks, which they ordered to be marked with an Earl's coronet, and the cipher *AR* (Earl of Runnymede being the title selected by the admirer of *Magna Charta*), but the Court was inexorable, and I can assure you, upon the best authority, that the Leader of the House of Commons will be in his place next session under the same name he now bears. I have too often been right in my predictions (as when I told you there was no truth in the report that the Monument was coming down, and on other occasions) to make it necessary for me to say more.

"The young KING OF PORTUGAL went away deeply smitten with the charms of one of the royal Princesses. I shall not say which, as I have no desire to trench upon such delicate ground as a lady's affections, but it was not the Princess to whom rumour would naturally point. A very distinguished lady, filling a high office at court, assured me, in confidence, that the young King tried hard to enlist the sympathies of the Princess's father in his favour, but that upon his growing more than usually urgent, the Prince, with a good-natured, but firm expression of countenance, led him into the picture gallery, and planted the young *Catholic* before a fine picture, (by RAPHAEL) of MARTIN LUTHER. The hint was taken, and the subject dropped. But if Three per Cents. can be *converted*, why not Portuguese? as I said, with some *éclat*, at the Travellers' yesterday.

"Talking of pictures, I heard a capital story of SIR EDWIN L. the great animal painter. He had been out in the Highlands, with the DUKE OF WELLINGTON, GENERAL ESPARTERO, and a distinguished

party, one of whom was a wealthy individual of the Hebrew persuasion. Ascending a green hill, the last-named individual slipped and fell, luckily without hurting himself, and no one joined more loudly in the shout of laughter which arose when SIR E. began to sing the celebrated air "*When the Jew (dew) is on the grass.*"

"MR. MACAULAY has just looked in to lunch. Seeing that he had some papers under his arm, I naturally asked him what they were. It appeared that they were the proof sheets (just received from MESSRS. LONGMAN) of the next volume of his *History*. He was good enough to let me glance over them; and though of course I should not pretend to criticise his magnificent style, I was able to point out a few grammatical and historical mistakes, which he instantly corrected. The fifteenth chapter, in which he describes a fight that took place in one of the bed-rooms at Hampton Court, between OLIVER CROMWELL and PRINCE EUGENE, then young men, and both attached to the celebrated MOLLY LEPEL, is as fine a bit of sarcastic writing as there exists in the language. But *verbum sap.*; and I must not abuse the confidence of a brother *littérateur*. In accordance, however, with the custom of some of my colleagues, let me mention that MR. M.'s lunch consisted of a *côtelette à la soubise*, a biscuit (with carraways) and half-a-pint of madeira. It is a curious trait in the great historian's character that he always uses his own toothpick (ivory), instead of taking a quill *cure-dent* from the club wine-glass. Perhaps he respects the material of pens too much to apply it to a meaner duty than writing.

"I have mentioned, more than once, that the *Record*, the organ of the Evangelical party, was about to be sold. The negotiation is at last complete; and some sporting gentlemen, represented by MR. JIM BURN, as agent, have purchased it. There will be no change in the editorship, and the theological principles of the paper will remain the same; but the editor has undertaken to advocate dog-fights, and the column to be devoted to that amusement will, I believe, be headed with the quotation, 'Let dogs delight to bark and bite,' which implies a justification of the sport. It is supposed that the influence of the paper will enable the new proprietors to obtain Exeter Hall, for sparring matches, except during the May meetings.

"My lady readers will be interested in knowing that the reign of long dresses is at an end. The PRINCE-CONSORT, during his recent visit to Boulogne, was so charmed with the effect of the abbreviated costume of the *poissardes*, that he made some sketches from his window at the Hôtel Brighton, and sent them to Osborne by the DUKE OF NEWCASTLE. They were approved, and have been handed by the Mistress of the Robes to the Court milliner, who will of course have to invent an artistic method of embodying the style in question, and nothing has yet transpired; but I think I may venture to say, from a hint I have received, that white silk *bas*, with blue clocks, will be among the earliest novelties of the season. The street-sweepers, who will now be obliged to do their own work, threaten an *émeute*.

"The marriage between a young Marquis in your county, and a fair charmer whose ancestral seat is not a hundred miles from Birmingham, will take place, despite the foul and ignorant contradiction by that wretched rag, your contemporary the *Squashborough Herald*. If it were worth my while to bandy terms of abuse with the miserable donkey who supplies that newspaper (?) with news (?) from London, I should fail in Billingsgate, because the *fashionable* (!) correspondent of the *S. Herald* has the advantage of living in a garret near that ichthyophagic *locale*. But when I tell you that parchment is parchment, and that solicitors live in Lincoln's Inn Fields, I fancy I have said enough.

"THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER is at Broadstairs, diligently occupied in working at his new budget. What would those who believe in the pretended conflicts in the House of Commons say, if they knew that MR. GLADSTONE and MR. DISRAELI are in continual and jocular correspondence on the financial measures for Easter, and that they even met at the Lord Warden Hotel, Dover, and had a jolly evening, under pretext of discussing a tax on fish. MR. DISRAELI is writing a new novel, called *Bolingbroke*, some of which he read to MR. GLADSTONE on that occasion, and the latter helped him to some Latin mottoes for his chapters. Yet these two men will, in February next, assail one another with all the skill and ferocity of gladiators. Such is life! Besides the tax I have hinted at, I am told, by the SECRETARY-AT-WAR, that we are to have an impost on shirts, on balloons, and on second editions of books. Playbills are to bear a penny stamp, and oysters, other than natives, will be taxed two-pence a dozen. The newspaper stamp will be taken off, but an *ad valorem* duty will be imposed on the articles contributed to journals. If writings are to be taxed in proportion to their value, I doubt whether you will be able to afford to keep your present London Correspondent, from whom no more at present."

The World's Estimate.

ESTIMATES generally have one half knocked off when they come to be revised, and it is mostly the same with moral as with commercial estimates. No one is taken at his own estimate; so if you wish to be considered clever, you must pretend to be twice as clever as you are, and then the world will give you credit for one half of it.



HOW TO GET A CONNECTION.

Shopman (to Ancient Party). "YES MISS—THANK YOU MISS—IS THERE ANY OTHER ARTICLE MISS!—CAN WE SEND IT FOR YOU MISS?"

[Old Lady thinks it such a nice shop, and such well-behaved young men.]

CORNISH WRESTLERS WITH FAMINE.

MAY the effects of the late abundant harvest be felt to the Land's End; may they at least be felt at Helstone, Cornwall! At that place there exist institutions, the printed dietary of which is now under our nose: and we may say that it suggests but little of the fragrance of osmazome, or the savoury principle of animal food. It allows the inmates of those institutions, men and women, just three ounces of cooked meat a-piece once a week. The establishments in question might hence be supposed to be monasteries conducted upon almost purely vegetarian principles: and when we add, on the authority of the document already mentioned, that the weekly cost of each individual resident in them, for food, clothing, and necessaries, per head, is one shilling and tenpence, it will be inferred that fasting, even in respect of split peas, is practised with rigour, and luxury in apparel mortified almost to the length of nudity. However, these abodes of privation are British Protestant workhouses: and certainly there is less reason for us to laugh at the friars for macerating themselves, than there is for them to laugh at us for macerating the aged and infirm poor.

Put a Poor Law Commissioner for one week under the regimen and discipline of the Helstone Workhouses, and how much would he lose in weight at the end of it? It is a pity this experiment is not tried, for the Commissioners of the Poor Law have sanctioned the above arrangements, and might as well learn, by experience, the effect of them on the human frame. This would, anyhow, be doing something for their money, namely, for an ample yearly salary, which they receive for the not very laborious, nor perhaps to them disagreeable, employment of paring down the comforts of those who are unable to earn any wages at all. They would then be in a position to commiserate the Helstone Paupers if not to help them. For perhaps these are Paupers of Paupers; the whole district poverty stricken: and those inhabitants of it who can maintain themselves subsisting chiefly on potatoes. In that case, let us hope that the harvest will at least give them all bread enough, if it will not afford those who are in the workhouses another weekly toothful of meat.

PUZZLING QUESTION FOR THE ROYAL TOPOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.—Whether it is easier for a person, who is on the High Road to Ruin, to pass a Note, or to meet a Bill?

BELLA, HORRIDA BELLA!

WE perceive that at the recent meeting of the Archæological Society in Wiltshire, "the REVEREND MR. LUKES read a paper on Bells." We have seen no report of this amusing production, but we can fancy the rich scope the subject must have afforded. We can imagine the Reverend Gentleman commencing with a plunge into the diving bell, then seizing the street door bell, and suddenly running off to take the dustman's bell for a few moments in hand. We can conceive his taking a passing hold of the night bell, and then darting off abruptly in the direction of the muffin bell with which he might hold a sort of sportive dalliance. His next step would probably be in the direction of the bell-fry, where he would wind up with a hearty pull at the bell-ropes, and leave us with the subject still ringing in our ears. We understand the whole company consented to act as clappers, for the paper was received with much applause.

BIRDS—NOT OF A FEATHER.

THE following advertisements recently appeared on the same day, and in the order in which we have given them. We hate to use strong expressions, but we are inclined to fear that the second advertiser is a Brute.

GREY PARROT LOST.—Flew away from a villa in St. John's Wood, on Tuesday afternoon, a lovely Grey Parrot. Is full of playfulness, and though its articulation is indistinct, it will scream and screech in the most enthusiastic manner for hours together. Any one who has found it is earnestly prayed to treat the dear thing kindly, and not to resent its biting, and, on bringing it to its disconsolate mistress, the reward of Three Guineas shall be thankfully paid. Address Mrs. DE PORRETTS, Acrocerania Cottage, St. John's Wood.

GREY PARROT LOST.—Flew away from a villa in St. John's Wood, on Tuesday afternoon, a Grey Parrot. May be known by its viciousness, its not speaking a word, and its habit of screeching in the most abominable manner, without any reason whatever. Any one who has found it, and will bring it—stuffed—to the undermentioned address, shall receive Four Guineas, and thanks. Address Mrs. DE PORRETTS, Acrocerania Cottage, St. John's Wood.

THE FLOWERS OF THE ARMY.



SOME Regiments, we believe, are called, *par excellence*, "the Flower of the Army;" and we certainly can see no reason why this floral style of nomenclature should not be applied to our troops more particularly; thus we cannot see why the younger branches of the service should not in future assume the title of the Greens; while all the more than ordinarily dissipated regiments might with equal

propriety be talked of as the Seeds. In allusion to their trowers, the Hussars should henceforth rank as the Pinks (of perfection); and the red-coated Light Infantry, who are accoutred so heavily that they can barely walk, might in playful irony be called the Scarlet Runners; whilst the popular "Guards" should be described as the Dandy Lions. On the same principle (or want of it) the oblivious 45th should henceforth, in this military "Language of Flowers" be *lucius-à-nonnulla* known as the Forget-Me-Nots.

MARTIAL JUSTICE FOR THE MILLION.



E understand that the following important observations were addressed by MAJOR SHORT of the 146th Buffs to a select civil and military Circle:—

"I tell you what, Sir. The result of that PERRY's trial is a deuced good thing. I don't care whether the sentence was right or wrong; it has been confirmed: and there's an end of it. The good thing is, it has shown we may do what we think proper," [by "we," the gallant MAJOR is supposed to have meant the British Army as represented by its ruling spirits] "and set public opinion at defiance. It has shown, Sir, that we need not care a dash for that dashed Press. The merits of the case were not the question. The question was, whether

the officers of a Court Martial and a Commander-in-Chief would allow themselves to be dictated to by a set of newspaper men; a parcel of dashed fellows, a set of rascals and vagabonds, by Jove, Sir, who get their living by their wits. Perhaps PERRY was an ill-used lad. I dare say he was. By Jove, Sir, so much the better. The dashed public will now know that we are not to be controlled by clamour, even if there is ground for it. This is the case, Sir:—The members of the Court Martial say to one another, 'This is a bad business. But we've begun it, and by Jove we must go through with it. Between ourselves, we've made a mistake; but we musn't be intimidated into owning we're in the wrong. That will never do.' So they deliver their sentence, and when it comes before LORD HARDINGE, he says the same thing. 'By Jove,' he says, 'these fellows have been in an awkward position. But there was only one course for them to take, and they took it, and I must support them in that course, by Jove.' So his Lordship goes to the QUEEN and advises HER MAJESTY to confirm the sentence. If HER MAJESTY objects, the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF says—with all the proper and necessary respect—'Ma'am, by Jove, you must.' So the sentence is confirmed, and the fellow is sent about his business. By Jove, I think it's a pity he was allowed to sell his commission. The example, to the Press I mean, and the Public would have been better if he had been cashiered outright. Now, Sir, another thing. The success that authority has been asserted with in this affair shows that we might have a deuced deal better Government than we have at present. Any fellow that is troublesome, don't stand on ceremony with him—don't be particular about forms of trial—get a jury that will find him guilty without boggling; and then tie him up and well lick him: or hang him on the next tree. There would be a great outcry, perhaps, and hullabaloo, but what would that signify? Or if it did, you might soon stop it by shooting half-a-dozen of those dashed Editors, or stringing them up over their own office doors. Show public opinion that you've got force on your side, and are determined to use it, and by Jove, Sir, public opinion will knock under. Look around you, Sir, and see what has been done in foreign countries. The same thing might be done here; and a deuced good thing too. You've crammed this Court Martial down their throats, Sir: so much for a beginning. As to the treatment of PERRY, just or unjust, there's an end of the matter."

These remarks, listened to attentively throughout, were greeted at the conclusion with approving laughter, and cries of "Bravo Major!" though a doubt was whispered among some of the civilians, whether the gallant officer was not, and would not be till after the meeting of Parliament, a little too hasty in saying that the matter had ended.

Lines by Frederick William.

THE War is good for Prussian trade,
Then wherefore should I interfere,
While Russian exports, thank blockade,
Can only find an outlet here?

EXCLAMATION AFTER READING MR. PATMORE'S DELIGHTFUL BOOK
—"Save us from being either your friend or your enemy; but especially the former."

WHAT ON EARTH HAS HE DONE

THE following paragraph from one of the daily papers has rather startled us. It is headed DR. PEITHMAN!

"DR. PEITHMAN, whose intrusion into the Chapel of Buckingham Palace was reported in the journals a few weeks since, was sent to Hanwell, after examination before the Police Magistrate. By the active interference of MR. PERCEVAL, son of the late Prime Minister, and the REV. DR. EMBERTON, principal of Hanwell College, aided by the good feeling of some of the Middlesex Magistrates, he has been liberated; but only upon the condition of his leaving the country. This he did on Saturday week with MR. PERCEVAL, who will accompany him to Germany."

Several of what the authorities might call very impertinent questions crowd upon us after reading this paragraph:—First, What has DR. PEITHMAN done? Secondly, Why send him to a lunatic asylum? and Thirdly, If it was proper to send him there, why take him out again? Fourthly, If it was proper to release him, why transport him by ordering him out of the country? Fifthly, Why has MR. PERCEVAL expatriated himself with DR. PEITHMAN? But we might go on asking questions to all eternity on this very questionable paragraph, which discloses no other offence on the part of the Doctor than his having attended divine service uninvited in the chapel of Buckingham Palace.

FRIENDLY ADVICE.

To the EMPEROR OF ALL THE RUSSIAS, greeting, *Punch* would say That for cruel and despotic Czars full long has set the day: The world with years has wiser grown, and now will tolerate No government but that which in its laws is moderate.

That tyranny is suicidal history will show: A nation's vengeance, once aroused, is sure, however slow; From furthest age the darkest page in clearest proofs is strong That the monarchy called absolute is absolutely wrong.

'Tis true that many an instance the good old times afford Of nations trampled underfoot, and Might o'er Right the lord; Yet many a proof of nation's wrath might even then have shown That power bought with others' blood is paid for with its own.

Small pains to tell how NERO fell, of cruel tyrants worst, Or how they slew CALIGULA, by every Roman cursed; Or how the vile DOMITIAN, who profaned the name of lord, Yet found his mock divinity no shield against the sword.

Nor were it hard to bring the proof a little nearer home, For tyrants fall in Russia, e'en as tyrants fell in Rome; Bear witness, PAUL, beneath whose thrall a nation suffered long, Yet proved at length a nation's strength could expiate its wrong.

Then NICHOLAS, be warned in time, learn prudence from the past, Be sure the worm, long undetrotten, yet will turn at last; Though one may rule o'er many, and believe their spirit gone, Yet, in the end, the many prove too many for the one.

THE CHARACTER OF DANDO, THE GREAT OYSTER EATER:—AN ELEGANT EXTRACT.

"Thus great man died unknown, his greatness almost unacknowledged. And yet he was a genius in his line, if ever there was one. He discovered an opening, where no one else did. The world to him was literally an oyster, and he opened it with his sword in the shape of a clasp-knife. He devoured oysters as easily as other men breathed. His fame filled England as his exploits filled the newspapers. Not a police office where he was not as well known as the magistrate. He was a CÆSAR, before whose conquering sword thousands and thousands of natives fell; and will it be believed, it was the fashion to despise, to sneer at this bivalvian conqueror, because it was his proud custom not to pay for the natives that every day he sacrificed to his insatiable hunger and ambition? This mighty HANNIBAL—for he was as mighty as HANNIBAL, cutting himself a path through Fame with a vinegar bottle—was subjected to every contumely. He was cuffed, collared, locked up, imprisoned, fined, sent to the treadmill! And all because he would not pay for the paltry bread and butter he had consumed! How many persons, I should like to know, are in the habit of paying for their pats and loaves—their quarters and pounds of Dorset? Is it not well known that, in this miserable 'nation of shopkeepers,' there are hundreds of noblemen who owe hundreds of pounds to their bakers, and hundreds more to their buttermongers? How many men are there in this haughty England that are not in the debt of their fishmonger, if not for oysters, at all events for salmon, for red mullet, turbot, prawns, or whitebait. Oysters were a want, a craving, a fated necessity of DANDO's nature. It is wrong to say he did an injury to the shops where he loved most to eat them. Granted—that he did not pay for the many dozens he could comfortably stow away at one sitting—still was the fame of his having been to that shop to be considered nothing? Was his patronage nothing? was not the name of DANDO more than sufficient compensation for any paltry little bill that might be brought up against him? In any other country but England, where shopkeepers make the laws, and where characters are nailed to the counter as relentlessly as bad shillings, DANDO would have been made a great man. But the day will come when a monument will be erected to his memory higher than any grotto, and the very oyster-shells that in his lifetime he threw carelessly away will be collected carefully together for the purpose of raising it. Then, when full justice is rendered to the injured character of the Great DANDO, will this poor eulogy of mine shine, like the votive offering of a tallow-candle, brightly inside it!"—From a private copy of "PATMORE'S Friends and Acquaintances."



THE SEA-SIDE HAT.

WHAT IS ENOUGH FOR ONE IS ENOUGH FOR TWO

RUSSIAN TROPHIES OF VICTORY.

By a paragraph with this heading, which has recently been going the contemporary circuit, or, in vulgar phrase, "going the round of the papers," we observe that

"An immense number of snuffboxes, warranted to be made of the wood of the English man of war, *Tiger*, taken by the Russians, are exposed for sale in the shops of Odessa."

As the *Tiger* is the only prize the Russians have as yet succeeded in capturing, it is but natural perhaps that they should try to make the most of it; and by cutting it up into snuffboxes they will certainly succeed in bringing it under the nose of a great number of people. Much as we were once disposed to quarrel with it, we must certainly begin to put some faith in Mr. COBDEN's opinion, that the Russians are an eminently trading community, when we find them turning their prizes to account in this way. Regarded simply in a commercial light, this capture of the *Tiger* must have proved quite a godsend to the shopkeepers of Odessa; indeed we should not be surprised if that invalid authority the *Invalide Russe* is found in a day or two warmly congratulating the Russian nation generally on the immensely lucrative and important branch of trade which has thus been opened up.

With people who have any knowledge of mechanics, there cannot be much difficulty in turning a helpless stranded vessel into snuffboxes. But we rather fancy that ere long, the Russians will have found our ships in general, afloat, are anything but things to be sneezed at.

How to be an Early Bird.

JUMP out of bed the moment you hear the knock at the door. The man who hesitates when called is lost. The mind should be made up in a minute, for early rising is one of those subjects that admit of no turning over.

THE MANSION HOUSE IN BAD ODOUR.

A FEW days ago, the LORD MAYOR created a fearful sensation by walking on to the Bench in the Mansion House, and declaring that such a horrible smell proceeded from the justice-room as to render it impossible for the LADY MAYORESS to enjoy a dance in the ball-room above, without the fear of suffering from the vapours. In consequence of the excessively disagreeable smell proceeding from the administration of justice down stairs, nobody can tolerate the atmosphere of the room above; and the LORD MAYOR has therefore decided on turning his tribunal into a closed court, trapping it, as Mr. NICHOLS recommends we should trap our drains.

We can only regret that this measure should be necessary, for we think justice should not be administered with closed skylights any more than with closed doors. If there is no other object in view than to enable the LADY MAYORESS to dance in comfort in the ball-room above, we would suggest that her ladyship's dancing days must be pretty well over—at least for the present season—as we hear of no balls at the Mansion House; and we cannot suppose that the Queen of the City is so infatuated with the amusement, that she remains in London, executing an occasional *pas seul*, while all the rest of the world is out of town.

The much-injured 46th are about to start for the East to seek "the bubble reputation in the cannon's mouth," and we only hope they will find it.

THE HIDE AND SEEK MARKET.



LEVY and SLOMAN relaxed for one moment in their efforts to seek them. Amongst the papers that Mr. DUNUP left behind him was one pasted up outside his office door, and which contained an intimation to the following effect:—

Gone on the CIRCUIT of my acquaintance.
Shan't be back till they are tired of me.

Several noblemen and gentlemen, who left town without settling their bills are supposed to be hiding abroad, or in the country. Their unfortunate tradesmen, perfectly used to such treatment, are not putting themselves much out of the way in seeking for them.

THE three yachts, that started as an escort to the *Victoria and Albert* arrived at Boulogne only three days after it. As His Royal Highness has already reached Osborne several days, it is expected that the three yachts, which were to have escorted him home, will very shortly arrive at their destination.

The Allied Army has left Varna to go and look for Sebastopol. They have taken several of DORLAND's strongest telescopes with them.

SIR CHARLES NAPIER, who went out to the Baltic to give the Russians a good hiding, is rapidly seeking, it is said, his way home.

The Crown and Jewels of Hungary still remain where they were.

MESSRS. BRIEFLESS and DUNUP have not ceased for one minute to hide, neither have MESSRS.

A DIG WITH A LADY'S PARASOL.



seen young gentlemen wear neck handkerchiefs no thicker than the ribbon we should think of putting round the neck of a little kitten. They are not half so broad as watch-ribbons. I declare in size they are no broader than the white satin favours we tie up wedding-cake with. You will be wearing your shoestrings for a necktie next. I will tell you what they put me in mind of—whenever I see one of these pretty dears, I imagine he is the favourite lap-dog belonging to some lady, and has slipt his string. The next morning I expect to read in the papers an advertisement, describing his hair, ears, and eyes, and offering a reward of ten shillings if any one will return him to his disconsolate mistress. Mind, these are not shop-boys—they are not lawyers' clerks, or medical students, but elegant young men who part their hair down the middle, indulge in the most extraordinary shirt-collars, sport black stripes down their legs, and altogether pretend to some degree of taste. Then the shirt-collars!—No military stock ever strangled a poor unfortunate soldier half so cruelly as one of these 'all-round collars' cut and torture the unfortunate physiognomy that is locked up in it. What! if I were to direct public attention to those stupid stripes down your trowsers? What do they mean? Are they useful? Are they even ornamental? Is it not an affectation of the military style, which argues that those who adopt it are anything but military men? Must you be marked all over like a giraffe?—need you be scored about with broad gashes like a leg of pork? You only see those black lines on the body of a mule, and we all know that the mule is the nearest approach to the donkey. I will not say anything more—but will simply conclude by asking you, *cher Punchey*, if you think it is fair to attack us for anything ridiculous—the ridicule with us sinning only on the side of beauty—whilst you, gentlemen, if you do sin in matters of dress, are sure to sin on the ugly side. I wonder you are not ashamed of yourselves. And you, Mr. P., as an admirer of our sex, as a lover of everything that is beautiful, I'm sure you ought to know better. Nevertheless, my Dear *Polichinelle*, I remain,

"Yours, not angry, only indignant,
"EMMA JANE MARIA SOPHIA," &c.

COMMON SENSE IN REGIMENTALS.

THANKS to the war, common sense has lately had unusual influence with our military authorities, and "ease before elegance" is to be henceforth the order of the day. In their race for glory, our soldiers will no longer be so heavily weighted, and their arms in future will be rather more reasonably proportioned to their legs. Troops on active service will have a better chance allowed them of displaying their activity, and the feat of "standing at ease" in their regimentals will cease to be viewed as an impossible attainment. Time and the *Times* have happily exploded the old martinet theory, that to make a useful soldier you must begin by half strangling him; nor will our men, in order to look smart on parade, be any more prevented by tight clothes from being "smart" on service.

But while reforming our soldiers' clothing, the authorities, it appears, have not exactly acted upon *Hamlet's* principle, and "reformed it altogether." A recent paragraph informs us that—

"Sealed patterns of new uniforms have been received at the Horse Guards, and are now under consideration. In all of them, we understand, there is very considerable alteration as to cut; but as far as we can learn there will be little, if any, change in point of colour."

We suppose it is from mere force of habit that the British army so persists in sticking to its colours, else we should fancy there are not many in the service but would be glad to have the brickdust shaken from their coats. In trowsers, too, we are not ourselves particular to a shade, but we cannot think that exactly a becoming one, which makes

the bearer look as though he literally had been walking into cherry tart. Such pantaloons we think are only fit for a pantomime, and must elsewhere be regarded as breaches of good sense.

For soldiers who have sometimes to lie in ambuscade, any clothing is absurd which tends to make them conspicuous; and we cannot help thinking that our military authorities would be puzzled to adduce a colourable pretext for putting their men in such a coloured dress as only renders them the better mark for the ridicule of their friends, and the rifles of their enemies.

A PRE-SCIENTIFIC PEER.

POOR LORD DERBY appeared at the Association for the Advancement of Science at Liverpool, and there—before the wise ones of the earth—lamented his ignorance with a fund of humour. He had been born in dark times, before the lights of science had dawned. He presented himself as a specimen of nobleman ignorance, and was received as a remarkable addition to the large stock already on hand. PROFESSOR OWEN pointed out to the company the peculiar characteristics presented in the noble Earl; and called upon his audience to mark and reflect upon the development of the moral qualities that, when put forth under a coronet, may exert an extraordinary fascination upon mankind in general; when, in fact, without the coronet, the influence of the animal might, even to the most sagacious of men, have remained altogether unacknowledged. The learned Professor next called the attention of the assembly to the pouch, or pocket, of the specimen before him; observing that, if time permitted, he could show the extraordinary powers of the specimen, latent in their strength, and existing in auriferous secretions, that, with such organisations, must continue to have a most noble influence upon all surrounding bodies. The Professor was continuing these profound speculations, when the noble specimen of a pre-scientific age, broke from his hands; and struck up a comic song. We have only room for the last stanza; which was sung in jig time, the members of the Association all joining in chorus:

"Here stands with head of coroneted earth,
An Earl to quartz and mastodons unknown;
A golden spoon did feed him at his birth—
And Whig and Tory marked him for their own."

The noble Earl made such an impression upon the audience in general, that more than one of the Liverpool council was heard to remark that "after all, the real, condescending, hearty ignorance of a true nobleman was worth all the bothering knowledge of a bundle of professors." A very melancholy opinion for the philosopher to reflect on! But then, how very brilliant ignorance must be when it is embedded in fifty thousand a-year!

INCREASE OF ALDERMEN.

IN describing the livery of MR. ALDERMAN MUGGERIDGE, one of the Sheriffs elect, the *Morning Post* says:

"Pendant from the left shoulder, from a chastely-executed shoulder-badge, is a plaited *egleottaire*, the badge representing, in exquisite embroidery work, the arms of the worthy alderman, with the motto—*Dat Deus incrementum*."

As a text looks rather out of place on a shoulder-badge, would it not be as well to make a slight alteration in this motto, which would secularise it, and at the same time render it more appropriate; namely, by the change of a single word; thus: "*Dat testudo incrementum*,"—"The turtle gives the increase?" We are not acquainted with the dimensions of MR. MUGGERIDGE; but surely his motto would derive, from the substitution proposed, a peculiar fitness for the livery of an Alderman.

SCHOOLING FOR SOVEREIGN BRUTES.



E wish His HOLINESS THE POPE would read the discourse, lately published in the *Times*, of the EASTERN PRINCE, addressed to his elder brother the CELESTIAL KING, leader of the Chinese insurgents. Like the POPE, the EASTERN PRINCE pretends to inspiration, and in some respects he gives rather more evidence of it than Pius does. Really, the following gentle admonition might serve as a model to the holy father, the next time he has occasion to reprove anybody:—

"When the ladies wait upon you, my elder brother, it is of course their duty; but sometimes they may be apt to excite your righteous displeasure, in which case you must treat them gently, and not kick them with your poor, old, —for, if you kick them with your boot on, it may be that some of the ladies are in such a state as to call for the congratulations of their friends, and thus you interfere with the kind intentions of your Heavenly Father, who loves to foster human life . . . and if still any of the ladies should commit any trifling fault, so as to give offence to my lord, it would be as well to excuse them from being beaten with the bamboo. You may, however, scold them severely, and tell them not to offend any more."

Another potentate who might be edified by the perusal of this exhortation is the CZAR. Whether NICHOLAS is in the habit of kicking ladies with his boot on,

or whether he mercifully condescends to take it off first, at least if the offending lady is in an interesting situation, we are not able to say. It is notorious, however, that women are flogged under his paternal Government; and perhaps, when any more Nuns like those of Minsk persist in saying their prayers their own way, the AUTOCRAT, imitating the clemency of the CELESTIAL KING, (who, we are happy to state, has promised to adopt his brother's suggestion) will at least excuse them from being beaten with the Knout, and content himself with scolding them severely, and telling them not to offend any more.

DIPLOMATIC MOVEMENTS.

THE PRINCESS LIEVEN has returned to her old quarters in Brussels, having sojourned awhile in certain of the Rhenish provinces, where, it is understood, she has proved of the greatest assistance and consolation to the KING of PRUSSIA. "The women are the best judges, after all," says SIR FRETFUL; and there can be no doubt that women make the best war ministers. No coats like petticoats. The KING of PRUSSIA is a philosopher, and therefore open, as a housebreaker, to conviction. Thus counselled by the PRINCESS LIEVEN, Prussia's Monarch has presented to the world that inflexible countenance for doing nothing that for nothing will, to all posterity, make him especially remarkable. His Majesty has been right royally grateful; and, in a confidential letter, written in zebra's milk, has presented PRINCESS LIEVEN with the Colonelcy of the Prussian Blues. For obvious reasons, the PRINCESS will not appear at the head of her regiment until the conclusion of the present unhappy war. In the meantime she will live near Brussels. A charming country house has been taken for her, with an extensive garden attached. It is said that the PRINCESS intends to give her best energies to the cultivation of Brussels sprouts, with a view to acclimating that very green and marrowy vegetable in Russia.

PUNCH'S PROVINCIAL LETTERS.

To Mr. Punch.

"SIR, "You did me proud last week. The *Squashborough Gazette* by this time knows what it lost by not receiving the letter you were so obliging as to print. I beg upon the present occasion to send you another instalment of literary, political, and fashionable information. I have, of course, forwarded it also to *Squashborough* (thanks to a manifold writer), but as you and the *Gazette* appear on the same day, no harm is done. Receive, Sir, another despatch from a "London Correspondent," and receive, also, the assurance of his profound esteem.

Yours faithfully,

"BRASSEY GOBE MOUSH."

"2nd Floor back, No. 11, Buggy's Rents,
"Squalority Court, Drury Lane."

FROM OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

"Athenæum Club, Wednesday.

"Political news this week. ABERDEEN is going out, and a good thing too, I suppose you will say. Did you read the leading article in the leading journal, about the Baltic expedition? That showed in what direction the household mouser intended to become saltatory, eh? Who do you think wrote that article? You will not easily guess, nor do I make any pretence to especial discernment, but it so happened that calling to tell the Editor something it was as well he should know, my eye fell upon the MS. of the article, and I recognised the hand-writing. It is SIR CHARLES NAPIER's, and it was sent home from the Baltic in a red envelope, by the *Colombo* transport, now at Woolwich. As soon as it appeared, LORD ABERDEEN drove off in a rage to Printing-House Square, and demanded that every word of it should be retracted. This was refused. He then required the author's name, and by way of mystification was told that the remarks were from the pen of MR. CHARLES KEAN. His lordship then declared that MR. KEAN should never again perform at Windsor, and that he himself would resign the Premiership. If the public is half as pleased with the latter resolution as the junior branches of the Royal Family are with the former, we shall have an illumination.

"You have heard something of the story about the BISHOP of OXFORD (WILBERFORCE) leaving a religious meeting to go to a ball at Sutherland House, and HER MAJESTY telling one of her maids of honour to go and dance with him. The papers have got the anecdote rather incorrectly. The BISHOP did go, but he was rather entrapped

into the ball-room. He was standing by the balcony, looking down into the grand hall, where VIARDOT GARCIA was singing 'Una voce,' and having previously been into the card-room to speak to the ARCH-BISHOP of YORK (who was being scolded by LORD SHAFTESBURY for twice revoking), the BISHOP did not know that the QUEEN had arrived. LADY ERNESTINE MALTRAVERS was near him, and both were enchanted with VIARDOT. 'Oh, my dear BISHOP,' said the lovely LADY E. M., 'I positively must give the dear thing my bouquet. Would you fetch it?' —it is on the couch opposite the Murillo.' What could SAMUEL do? He went smilingly to the ball-room, and making his way to the place, confronted the astonished look of his Royal Mistress. 'Well, DOCTOR WILBERFORCE,' said the Head of the Church; but in the mild words was conveyed the essence of a whole judgment of Convocation. The humbled Lord of Oxford took up the flowers, and backed out of the presence. 'Going to decorate an altar?' said LORD JOHN RUSSELL, as the Puseyite prelate passed him. He made no reply, but presented the bouquet to its charming owner, who protested that she had changed her mind about giving it up. While they were speaking, pretty LADY MARGUERITE VYMBLYTON tripped up, and begged to engage the BISHOP for the next *deux temps*. The WILBERFORCE wit came to the aid of the once-caught, twice-shy prelate: '*Pas deux temps!*' (Not twice!) he said, bowing, and evaporating.

"HER MAJESTY sent over an autograph letter by PRINCE ALBERT to LOUIS NAPOLEON, with which the latter was much pleased. I did not see it, but I have reason to think that I am pretty well aware of the contents. They were not political, nor were they complimentary, but they were simply to say that HER MAJESTY had no hesitation in entrusting the Prince to the care of a steady man like the EMPEROR, but she hoped they would not smoke too many cigars, or feel it necessary to baptise the *entente cordiale* in too much claret. It was observed that in accordance with this hint the royal personages retired early each evening, but an officer in the Cent Guards writes me word that the Emperor had a meerschaum at his bed-room window.

"You do not care much about theatrical intelligence, and indeed I seldom go into the front of a theatre, though I occasionally lounge into the green-rooms to have a gossip with the actresses, and to give them a hint as to costume and other matters. I hear, however, that they are going to revive *Hamlet* at the Adelphi, with a cast which I should think would be attractive. *Hamlet* will be played by MISS WOOLGAR; *Ophelia*, by MR. KEELEY; *Ghost*, MR. PAUL BEDFORD; (with 'I believe you, my boy,' when his son names his uncle as the murderer); *Oerik* by MR. RYDER (from the Princess's); and *Gertrude* by MR. O. SMITH. A great tank, which the late MR. YATES made below the Adelphi stage (for an aquatic spectacle) is being restored, and will be filled with real water, in which the drowning of *Ophelia* will be seen, and MR. KEELEY is

practising swimming every day in order to avoid an accident. The catastrophe of the play will be altered, from a recently discovered folio edition, and *Hamlet*, after killing *Laertes*, will fight a terrific combat with the invading *Fortinbras*, expiring at the moment of victory. Some passages *à-propos* to the Turkish resistance of Russia have been introduced, and I have no doubt the affair will be a hit.

"There will be some new peerages created before the meeting of Parliament. LORD JOHN is still unable to get his. But MR. DISRAELI goes up to the Lords as VISCOUNT PALESTINE, at MR. GLADSTONE's especial instance. LORD DUDLEY STUART, who is understood to be indignant that he was not made President of the Board of Health, instead of his more able colleague, is to be consoled by the title of BARON PLATITUDE; and I think, but am not sure, that MR. ROEBUCK becomes LORD BUCKRAM. COLONEL SIBTHORP applied for a peerage, but his request is under consideration, several members of the House of Lords having earnestly protested against his being sent up there. The next vacant Garter has been promised to a friend of my own, whose name it would be premature to mention.

"That Acrobat affair at Doncaster has made a noise. Why the horse should on Wednesday lose disgracefully, and on Friday win triumphantly, may be a sort of mystery to some folks, but I can assure you—and I am pretty well acquainted with stable secrets—that all was fair, that LORD DERBY's conduct was strictly honourable, and that SCOTT was as innocent as a baby. The fact was that Acrobat would have been beaten on Friday, but for his extreme terror. One of the horses behind him—I think Orlando—got into Acrobat's stall some nights before, and viciously bit a piece out of the root of his tail. Seeing the same horse on the ground on Friday, and dreading a repetition of the outrage, Acrobat set off like the wind and beat everything. LORD DERBY knew this quite well, and made a good joke about "tailing off," which I should spoil by endeavouring to repeat.

"SLOMAN has been acquitted of the charge of perjurying himself, in order to arrest MADAME CARADORI. When I heard of the case I said that though the defendant might be a slow man (SLOMAN), he had made the prosecutrix fast. This is the only *jeu de mot* I have heard this week, but as the Editor of the *Morning Advertiser* has returned from his travels, I hope ere long to have some specimens of wit and wisdom to send you."

A SCOLDING FROM PAPA PIUS.

"You well know," says the POPE, addressing his subordinate hierarchs,

"How the Christian nations are afflicted and scourged with the most cruel wars, or with intestine disturbances, or pestilential disease, or mighty earthquakes, or other great evils."

The venerable gentlemen appealed to by his HOLINESS know much more than we do—and might yet know little enough, says your Eminence, perhaps—and is welcome to the joke. What is the matter with Belgium?—with Portugal? In what way are Austria and Prussia suffering, except from the expense of a standing army, and some ridicule? The Dutch too, the Switzers, what have they to vex them at this particular time? The Yankees—a Christian nation, surely, as much as ourselves or the Russians, or the French, are they not going a-head—and that in spite of Know Nothing demonstrations against the holy Roman Church and the holy Irish? And where are the "mighty earthquakes" happening, except perhaps in those regions of South America where those convulsions of Nature are usual? The POPE should have named the "earthquakes."

But now comes a statement in the POPE's "Encyclical Letter," wherefrom we are quoting, which is really unkind.

"And this is even especially to be lamented, that among so many evils and misfortunes, which can never be sufficiently deplored, the children of darkness, who are wiser in their generation than the children of light, struggle more and more every day with all kinds of diabolical frauds, artifices, and efforts, to wage a most bitter war against the Catholic Church and its salutary doctrine, to pull down and destroy the authority of all legitimate power, to corrupt and deprave the minds and intellect of all, to propagate on all sides the deadly poison of *indifferentism* and *incredulity*, to confuse all rights, Divine and human, to stir up dissensions, discords, and the commotions of impious rebellion, to encourage all kinds of depravity, and the most cruel crimes, and to leave nothing untried, so that, if it were possible, our most holy religion might be obliterated from the midst of us, and human society overturned from its foundation."

Now this, we repeat, is unkind. Not unkind to us. No. We have laughed at winking statues and we have repudiated CARDINAL WISEMAN; let the POPE, therefore, call us impious, and apply to us all the opprobrious epithets that he thinks in his conscience and charity that we deserve. Not to us, not to QUEEN VICTORIA, do we charge his HOLINESS with unkindness; not to the British Public and its SOVEREIGN, but to the French and their EMPEROR. Are not LOUIS NAPOLEON and his subjects in the same scrape as we are; chastised with the same Russian scourge? And has this evil come upon them because they are waging "a bitter war against the Catholic church and its salutary doctrine," and because the ruler encourages, and the people embrace, the principles of Socialism and Communism? Who sent the Socialists

to Cayenne? Whose are the bayonets that now uphold the so-called chair of ST. PETER?—they should prick its occupant's sense of gratitude through the cushion—at least that sentiment is clearly not in its right place. These are the thanks that LOUIS NAPOLEON gets for having restored the PONTIFF to his See. Perhaps the POPE would like to get back to BOMBA; the only monarch in Europe, probably, of whom his HOLINESS now approves, and him, we rather think he has to anathematise, or something very like it, on account of some obsolete grudge, annually, *pro forma*. But this denunciation is a mere ceremony, and possibly BOMBA is not included among the "children of darkness." The papal invective, however, makes no exceptions. Clergymen of the POPE's persuasion generally sprinkle their holy water judiciously, by means of a delicate species of besom, but Prus appears to scatter his aspersions with a mop, which he trundles in such a violent indiscriminate manner as to fling his slops into the face of everybody.

A GLUT OF GREAT TRAGEDIANS.



Though the Shakspearean market is at a low ebb in town, it appears to be well supplied, if not absolutely overstocked, in the provinces. Though London has scarcely an actor that may be called a tragic performer, the country seems to be overflowing with "eminent tragedians." It is true that we should remain in blissful ignorance of the existence of most of these "great creatures," if it were not for their own advertisements in the *Times*, whose

columns teem daily with the self-assertions of histrionic genius. It is rather tantalising to the London lover of the high drama to find that the representatives of the high heroic school of acting can get no nearer to the metropolis than some little Pedlington or other, where they are, however, "open to further engagements." We had only just recovered from the perusal of the recent advertisements of the "eminent DILLON" and the "renowned PITT," when an entirely new star shines forth with the startling announcement that

"MR. BUTLER WENTWORTH is about to return to the stage. He will perform at the Theatre Royal, Whitehaven, in the characters of, &c. &c., to the 20th of October, after which he will be open to further engagements."

Now we have nothing to say against the merits of any or all of these gentlemen, who may be wandering GARRICKS as far as we know, but as we never saw any one of them, while of some we actually never heard, we are somewhat surprised at their coming suddenly down upon us as "eminent tragedians." If those gentlemen who favour us from time to time with advertisements of their "eminence" and their "greatness," will only persuade the London managers to exhibit those much-wanted qualities on the London stage, we shall be among the first to hail their advent as a new era in theatrical history.

ROMANCE AND REALITY OF THE VIVANDIERE.

THE Cockney tourists at Boulogne have been much disappointed at the sight of the real vivandière, who is more like an old gentleman in blue petticoats and red trousers than those smart young ladies who figure on the title-pages of quadrilles and polkas in the music-shops. The principal vivandière at the French camp looks as if she had seen, not only some twenty summers, but at least forty autumns, and, to judge by her frosty hair, an equal number of winters. Instead of resembling *La Figlia*, the old lady in question is more like *La Madre del Reggimento*. JENNY LIND has created such a *belle idéale* of the *Vivandière*, that our sentimentality receives a frightful smash when the real object makes her appearance, with a face full of wrinkles, highlows full of nails, and a mouth full of French slang of the least *recherché* character.

A CONSCIENTIOUS TEETOTALER.—The teetotal martyr, who will rather risk a writ than pay his wine-bill.



THE PLUNGER IN TURKEY.

"I SAY, OLD FELLAH!—DO YOU THINK IT PROBABLE THE INFANTWY WILL ACCOMPANY US TO SEBASTOPOL?"

VERY DRY LEAVES FROM OLD EGYPT.

At this season of the year, such of *Mr. Punch's* contemporaries as cannot find food for discourse above ground, are wont to do a little business as excavators, and rummage out enough of buried antiquities to stock Strawberry Hill anew. At this season we may reasonably expect that "a vase of the red Samian ware, lettered SMI. FB. (SMITH fecit), or OFFICI PUSC. (BROWN'S FACTORY), and containing a strigil, several fibulae, and a quantity of coins in third brass," will be found by the workmen engaged in making a sewer in Lewkenor's Rents.

It is not impossible, again, but that a fine specimen of tessellated pavement (in size 18 inches by 20 inches), representing the lower portion of the hind legs of a horse (reasonably considered by one of our most eminent antiquaries to be Pegasus), may be found thirty feet below the old Excise Office. And should such a discovery be made, we may predicate with certainty that "that indefatigable virtuoso MR. ROACH SMITH" will hasten to secure the treasure for the civic museum; but will find, on arriving at the spot, that the discoverer, an honest navigator of the name of SYKES, after in vain endeavouring to sell the priceless relic for eighteenpence, has, in extreme disgust, chopped it up with his pickaxe.

"Now barrows yawn, and cairns give up their" torques, or other conventional contents. Now, too, the happy possessor of the house in Aldgate, beneath which stands an Early English chapel, makes the seventy-eighth annual discovery of that recondite fact. For the seventy-eighth time it is communicated to the daily papers; and once more an accurate drawing of the chapel, taken (on the spot) from the *Gentleman's Magazine* of December, 1772, appears in an illustrated journal.

This year, however, our archaeological penny-a-liners have gone further afield, and, in company with CAPTAIN NEWENHAND, "our Admiralty agent," have discovered the "ruins of that Alexandrian Library which was burnt by the CALIPH OMAR." They are confident of the fact, because the Captain discovered the "remains of a building," and

"masses of double columns;" which, to be sure, must have been the columns of the *Memphis Gazette*, or *Thebes Intelligencer*. They go on to say: "An immense block of blue granite was also dug out, weighing several tons, and covered with, apparently, Coptic letters. The Captain was unable to obtain a tracing of these letters."

It was at once evident to *Mr. Punch* that a mass, of the described colour and density, could only be vitrified Blue-books; and he immediately applied to SAID PASHA for permission to make that transcript which the Captain had been unable to effect,—and it is unnecessary to say that the SAID PASHA readily gave the said permission to the said *Punch*. At present the eminent scholars whom *Mr. Punch* has employed have only been able to translate a portion of a "Report from the Commissioners appointed to convey the god APIS from Nubia" (where they had purchased him) "to Memphis."

He appears to have been of the short-horned breed, and it is very interesting to know that he had been brought up "on 12,000 lb. of oil-cake, 10 tons of turnips, and 40 fodder of hay," and that ere he reached the place of exhibition he travelled eight hundred miles on foot (during which journey the commissioners whopped him unmercifully), and two hundred and thirty in a car decorated with flowers, and drawn by relays of fellahs—i. e. of any fellahs whom the commissioners could press into the service.

Doings in the Hop Markets.

An immense deal of business has been done lately at the new Hop Markets, or cheap dancing shops, of which there are several in every quarter of the town. These hop markets are chiefly frequented by the growers, who have not yet done growing, and who are still quite green. The produce is considerable, and indeed there are in low neighbourhoods some Hop Markets where pockets are at all times being picked by those who may be said to have their hand in, whenever an opportunity occurs.



SEBASTOPOL—A PRAYER FOR THE BRAVE.

"A BOOK IN A BUSTLE."—A TRUE TALE OF THE WARWICK ASSIZES.*

(BY THE GHOST OF CRABBE.)

THE partial power that to the female race
Is charged to apportion gifts of form and grace,
With liberal hand moulds beauty's curves in
one,

And to another gives as good as none:
But woman still for nature proves a match,
And grace by her denied, from art will snatch.
Hence, great ELIZA, grew thy farthingales;
Hence, later ANNA, swelled thy hoops' wide
pales;
To this we must refer the use of stays;
Nor less the bustle of more modern days.

Artful device! whose imitative pad
Into good figures roundeth off the bad—
Whether of simple sawdust thou art seen,
Or tak'st the guise of costlier crinoline—
How oft to thee the female form doth owe
A grace rotund, a line of ampler flow,
Than flesh and blood thought fit to clothe it
with below!

There dwelt in Liverpool a worthy dame,
Who had a friend—JAMES TAYLOR was his
name.
He dealt in glass, and drove a thriving trade,
And still saved up the profits that he made,
Till when a daughter blest his marriage bed,
The father in the savings-bank was led
In his child's name a small sum to invest,
From which he drew the legal interest.

Years went and came; JAMES TAYLOR came
and went;
Paid in, and drew, his modest three per cent,
Till, by the time his child reach'd girlhood's
bounds,
The sum had ris'n to two-and-twenty pounds.

Our cautious legislature—well 'tis known—
Round savings-banks a guardian fence has
thrown:

'Tis easy to pay into them, no doubt,
Though anything but easy to draw out.
And so JAMES TAYLOR found; for on a day
He wanted twenty pounds a bill to pay,
And, short of cash, unto the bank applied;
Failing some form of law, he was denied!

JAMES TAYLOR humm'd and haw'd—look'd
blank and blue;—
In short, JAMES TAYLOR knew not what to do:
His creditor was stern—the bill was overdue.

As to a friend he did his plight deplore—
The worthy dame of whom I spoke before—
(It might cause pain to give the name she owns,
So let me use the pseudonym of JONES);
"TAYLOR," said MRS. JONES, "as I'm a friend,
I do not care if I the money lend.
But even friends security should hold:
Give me security—I'll lend the gold."
"This savings-bank deposit-book!" he cries.
"See—in my daughter's name the sum that
lies!"

She saw—and, satisfied, the money lent;
Wherewith JAMES TAYLOR went away content.

But now what cares seize MRS. JONES's breast!
What terrors throng her once unbroken rest!
Cash she could keep, in many a secret nook—
But where to stow away JAMES TAYLOR's book?
Money is heavy: where 'tis put 'twill stay;
Paper—as WILLIAM COBBETT used to say—
Will make wings to itself, and fly away!

Long she devised: new plans the old ones chase
Until at last she hit upon a place.
Was't VENUS that the strange concealment
planned,
Or rather PLUTUS's irreverent hand?

Good MRS. JONES was of a scraggy make;
But when did woman vanity forsake?
What nature sternly to her form denied,
A Bustle's ample aid had well supplied,
Within whose vasty depths the book might
safely hide!

'Twas thought—'twas done: by help of ready
pin,
The sawdust was let out, the book put in.
Henceforth—at home—abroad—where'er she
moved,
Behind her lurked the volume that she loved.
She laughed to scorn the cut-purse and his
sleight;
No fear of burglars scared her through the
night;

But ah, what shrine is safe from greed of gold,
What fort against cupidity can hold?
Can stoutest buckram's triple fold keep in,
The odor *lucris*—the strong scent of tin?
For which CHUBB's locks are weak, and MIL-
NER's safes are thin.

Some time elapsed—the time required by law,
Which past, JAMES TAYLOR might the money
draw,

His kind but cautious creditor to pay,
So to the savings-bank they took their way.
There MRS. JONES with modesty withdrew,—
To do what no rude eye might see her do,—
And soon returning—with a blushing look,
Unmarked by TAYLOR, she produced the book.
Which he, presenting, did the sum demand
Of MR. TOMKINS, the cashier so bland.

What ean there be upon the red-lined page
That TOMKINS's quick eye should so engage?
What means his invitation to J. T.,
To "walk in for a moment"—"he would see"—
"Only a moment"—"twas all right, no doubt,"
"It could not be"—"and yet"—here he
slipped out,
Leaving JAMES TAYLOR grievously perplexed,
And MRS. JONES by his behaviour vexed.
"What means the man by treating people so?"
Said TAYLOR, "I am at a loss to know."

Too soon, alas, the secret cause they knew!
TOMKINS return'd, and, with him, one in blue—
POLICEMAN X, a stern man and a strong,
Who told JAMES TAYLOR he must "come
along"—

* Vide Spectator, for September 16.

And TOMKINS, seeing MRS. JONES aghast,
Revealed the book was forged—from first to
last!

Who can describe the wrath of MRS. JONES?
The chill of fear that crept through TAYLOR's
bones?

The van—the hand-cuffs—and the prison-cell
Where pined JAMES TAYLOR—wherefore pause
to tell?

Soon came the Assizes—and the legal train;
In form the clerk JAMES TAYLOR did arraign;
And though his council mustered tears at will,
And made black white with true Old Bailey
skill,

TAYLOR, though MRS. JONES for mercy sued,
Was doomed to five years' penal servitude;
And in a yellow suit turned up with gray,
To Portland prison was conveyed away!

Time passed: forgot JAMES TAYLOR and his
shame—

When lo—one day unto the bank there came
A new JAMES TAYLOR—a new MRS. JONES—
And a new book, which TOMKINS genuine
owns!

"Two TAYLORS and two JONESSES and two
books"—

Thought wary TOMKINS, "this suspicious
looks—

"The former TAYLOR, former JONES I knew—
These are impostors—yet the book is true!"
When like a flash upon his mind it burst—
Who brought the second book had forged the
first!

Again was summon'd X, the stern, the strong—
Again that pair were bid to "Come along!"
The truth before the justices appear'd,
And wrong'd JAMES TAYLOR's character was
clear'd.

In evil hour—by what chance ne'er was known,
Whether the bustle's seam had come unsewn,
Or MRS. JONES by chance had laid aside
The artificial charms that decked her side—
But so it was, how or when e'er assailed—
That treacherous hiding-place was tried—and
failed!

The book was ta'en—a forged one fill'd its
place;—
And MRS. JONES was robb'd—not to her face—
And poor JAMES TAYLOR doom'd to trial and
disgrace!

Who shall describe her anguish—her remorse?
JAMES TAYLOR was at once released, of course;
And MRS. JONES, repentant, inly swore
Henceforth to carry, what she'd keep, before.

My tale is told—and, what is more, 'tis true:
I read it in the papers—so may you.
And this it's moral: MRS. JONESSES all—
Though reticules may drop, and purses fall,
Though thieves may unprotected females hustle,
Never invest your money in a bustle.

Objects of the Bluecoat School.

ON Thursday last week, being St. Matthew's day, the annual orations were—according to the newspapers—delivered at the Bluecoat School. Unfortunately, we were not present on this interesting occasion, and are therefore not in a position to give the particulars of those discourses. As, however, the benefits of the Hospital constituted their subject, the clothing of the scholars was probably alluded to for one thing; and we suppose the youthful speakers amused their auditors with panegyrics on blue cassocks, and pewter buttons, praises of flannel petticoats, encomiums on yellow stockings, and apologies for caps into which it is impossible to get the head.

Questionable Taste in Literature.

SOMEBODY has written a book bearing the somewhat affected title of *What am I? Where am I? Why am I?* These are just the sort of questions we can fancy might occur to the rather bewildered mind of a gentleman waking up after a night's lodging in the station house. We protest against the assumption of objectionable titles by authors and publishers, just as much as we protest against the said assumption by Archbishops and Cardinals. There is rather a tendency to this kind of affectation among writers of a particular class, and we therefore feel called upon to quash *What am I?* &c. &c. as an impertinence, to which *Who are you?* would form an appropriate supplement.

THE CZAR'S WORST FEAR.



Consider the occupation of the Crimea is nothing to another invasion of Russia which must take place—and that when the war is over. We may pitch shot and shell into Sebastopol, and throw French and English troops upon the town and fortress: but what is that to turning loose some thousands of heads, primed and loaded with liberal notions, on Russian soil? This we shall do in sending back the prisoners whom we have taken from the enemy, instructed and educated by their sojourn in England—imbued with the ideas of free men. What will NICHOLAS do to avert this blow? No quarantine will purify men from liberalism:

will he order the vessel that shall convey them to their native country to be scuttled and sunk, or command that they shall all be hanged or shot? Really, in the event of a peace, the best thing for the Russian prisoners to do will be to remain where they are: they will have learned too much to be suffered to exist among their countrymen by the CZAR.

MONKEY'S ALLOWANCE.

A Boa Constrictor has, it seems, arrived lately at Liverpool, in good health and tolerable spirits. After having eaten nothing for nearly five months it suddenly made a mouthful of a live monkey. If this was only a preliminary snack, we recommend all monkeys to keep out of the way, and we congratulate the powder monkey on his fortunate escape, for the boa constrictor luckily had no appetite on the voyage. We are told that the animal was "at large among the cargo" for fifty-eight days, but we have not heard that he bolted any of the luggage. Supposing the beast to have spared the limbs, we wonder he did not swallow the trunk of a passenger.

A Political Shawl.

We are told that, when the EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH visits England, she will appear in a shawl, worth forty thousand francs, with the arms of England and France woven in lace. This to be typical of the coming free trade in thread and cotton. *Punch's* own correspondent observes, in addition, that the EMPEROR's dress waistcoat will be ornamented with a border of corkscrews and grape-vines; as emblematic of his intention of throwing open France to English steel, that England may, in return, take cheap French wine. *This is authentic.*

WATER-DRINKING SONGS.—We observe that "Temperance Melodies" are advertised. Are the tunes selected from *HANDEL'S Water Music*?

AN ACT

For the Abolition of a certain Nuisance, now being largely practised by Performers, Amateurs, Singers (Professional as well as Private), and young Gentlemen generally of a facetious and persecuting turn.

WHEREAS it has lately become the habit of many hundreds of YOUR MAJESTY's subjects—authors, reporters, guardsmen, performers, officers, singers at the Cider Cellars and evening Parties, apprentices, shopboys, "Old Boys," and other boys, and young gentlemen of all ranks and grades and degrados of life—to indulge in a certain imitation of MR. CHARLES KEAN, which is excessively unpleasant when it is not exact, and is still more so when it is:

And WHEREAS it has also been the habit for several months past, of the above-mentioned individuals, and many more equally infatuated, or perversely inclined, to indulge in those same imitations at all times and places, when they are neither wanted, expected, called for, or agreeable—so much so, that it has lately become positively dangerous and unpleasant to go to the Theatre, or to make any allusion in Society to the Stage, for fear of having that eternal imitation dinned into your ears:

And WHEREAS such a habit must, if illiberally pursued, necessarily tend, in point of time, to bring into disrepute a great actor who enjoys the patronage of the Court, and has done so much to improve and elevate the Drama, and may also, if not stopped, have the further unhappy effect of throwing an undeserved slur upon his universally-admitted talent, to say nothing of his genius:

May it therefore please YOUR MAJESTY that it be enacted: **And be it Enacted** that henceforth each actor in burlesque or otherwise, so offending against good taste, be considered unpardonably guilty of a great breach of manners, and for each such offence his salary be stopped for the evening; and, moreover, if he be convicted of more than three such offences then that no mercy be shown to him, but that his engagement be, *ipso facto*, forfeited, and the stage doors of all other theatres be closed in his face, without benefit, even, of any Saloon, Tavern, or the Princess's:

And be it further Enacted that each individual so offending in private, and not having even the common excuse of a poor actor, of getting his livelihood by the atrocity, be, the moment he begins with "Now is't the winter of our discontent," &c. &c., instantly ejected from the room, and thenceforth without further ado, sent to Coventry by all his friends and acquaintances, as being a man of perverted tastes and vulgar propensities, with whom it be lowering to one's self-respect to associate, and, moreover, if such misguided individual will persist in the same line of general annoyance, that anyone be at liberty to give him into custody for endeavouring to incite HER MAJESTY's subjects to commit a violation of the peace:

And be it further Enacted that for each such offence, fully proved before a Magistrate, the lowest penalty be a fine of five pounds, or a month's imprisonment in one of HER MAJESTY's Houses of Correction.



SKETCH ON THE BEACH, NOT A HUNDRED MILES FROM BROADSTAIRS.

HOW SMITH APPEARED IN HIS NEW BOOTS AFTER BATHING.

Thanksgiving in Spain.

It is said that a form of public thanksgiving for the expulsion of QUEEN CHRISTINA, and other blessings to the Spanish people, is about to be ordered, and that with a quick and honourable sense of what is due to the foreign creditor, ESPARTERO has commanded the thanksgiving to begin with these words—"Let us pay."

A QUEER GUIDE TO GOVERNMENT SITUATIONS.

It has been dimly evident to the British Public for some months past, that the "Civil Servants of the Crown," (with which mouth-filling title Government clerks eke out their scanty emoluments,) have acquired an "organ" of their own—an organ, too, with a trumpet stop of such peculiar power as to tempt the performers to a frequent use of it. Of this organ, however, the British public would probably not be cognisant were it not that certain hebdomadal paragraphs, purporting to contain the latest intelligence of vacancies and appointments in Government offices, are rather greedily appropriated by its contemporaries.

From these paragraphs the public may learn how T. PERCY JONES, Deputy Assistant Tidewater, has at length been overtaken by "that tide in the affairs of men" for which he has so long been waiting, and which has now taken him on the flood and borne him on to be an Assistant Tidewater. Thence we learn too (under the head of Customs) that there are as many "classes of clerks for general business in London," as there were circles in DANTE'S *Inferno*—and we may trace the progress, painful and slow, of many BROWNS and GREENS towards the giddy heights of first class and £300 per annum.

It is not generally known, and Mr. *Punch* rather prides himself upon the discovery, that the hebdomadal announcements of vacant appointments are concocted by contumacious "Civil Servants," who well know what trouble will thence ensue to the chiefs of their several departments. But though not generally known, this will be generally understood, when it is stated that on the last intimation that there was a vacancy for a third class probationary clerk in the Subsorting department of the General Post Office, no less than 394 country curates (whose united families comprised 4855 persons), 478 widows (whose united incomes amounted to £8567 13s. 4½d.), and 832 lieutenants in the Navy (who had served in the aggregate 4296 years, and had seen 13,676 juniors go over them), wrote urgently to entreat LORD CANNING to bestow the appointment "on one who would never give him reason to repent of the kindness he had shown to a distressed," &c. &c. Some idea of the labours of his Lordship's private secretary may be gleaned from the fact that he was occupied for three months, eight days, and nine hours, in reading these applications, and that he wrote 1714 polite notes setting forth that,

"Unfortunately the appointment had been filled up six days before the notice of the vacancy had appeared in the public prints, and that indeed, as a rule, such valuable appointments were not given away to the Public, but were reserved exclusively for the eldest sons of such meritorious Civil servants as had been more than 50 years in their respective posts."

Now Mr. *Punch*, who has designs of his own upon the Civil service, peruses these weekly announcements with the greatest attention, and very much surprised was he to read a few days since the following startling notice:

"The appointment of Postmaster of Bath is vacant, caused by the death of Mr. MUSGRAVE; £400 per annum, vice SMITH, in the gift of the Postmaster General."

As far as the word "MUSGRAVE" the sentence was sufficiently clear, but after that word, the master of sentences himself could not fathom its mystery. Does slavery then exist in England? Has the Postmaster General a serf named SMITH, whom he can devise at pleasure like any other chattel? Who of all the SMITHS? But, No! that way madness lay. Mr. *Punch* could not pursue that inquiry. Still, however, there were the tempting words "£400 per annum vice SMITH, in the gift of the Postmaster General." Of course if he were free to choose, Mr. *Punch* would take £400 per annum vice SMITH, but how the Postmaster General could be so mad as to retain SMITH vice £400 per annum, Mr. *Punch* could not tell. Racked by conflicting thoughts he passed a sleepless night, and on the morrow in his extreme wrath with the paragraph, which had so perplexed him, he reverted to the words "caused by the death of Mr. MUSGRAVE," and exclaimed:

"I'd give the lands of Deloraine
Dark MUSGRAVE were alive again!"

Not Bad, Hay?

A GALLANT and discontented ornament of HER MAJESTY'S naval service transmits to us the following recipe for preventing burglary. Inscribe on your door plate, and under your name, the words "Naval Half-pay Lieutenant." The severity of the satire is, so far as we are concerned, slightly alleviated by our not in the least understanding what it means, but we trust that the First Lord of the Admiralty will feel himself duly scarified.

THE CZAR'S COUSINS GERMAN.

It appears that the CZAR has no end of German cousins. Every day brings forth some fresh proof of the enormity of his cozenage.

THE WAR IN PARIS.



in the field, as well as for their manoeuvres behind the footlights. If MONS. ROQUEPLAN had been sent out to the East with a sufficient staff of *maîtres de ballet*, and directors of the *mise en scène*, we should by this time have seen the curtain ready to drop on a brilliant tableau, in which Russia would have been represented as effectually quashed by the spurs of the Gallic Game Cock and the claws of the British Lion.

The *Siege of Silistria* is got up at the Hippodrome with such splendour and effect that we doubt if the real thing could have been half so good as the imitation; and it is quite certain that we have nothing in the British army that can compare with the Scotch regiment of little men with long black beards, which strikes terror into the Russians at the Hippodrome.

In order to give as much reality as possible to the siege, the troops are commanded by real French officers, who do not think it beneath their dignity to take part in the "scenes in the circle," under the guidance of some Parisian WIDDICOMB. We understand that several gallant soldiers of high rank take part in the mimic *Siege of Silistria*—an arrangement which could not be copied among ourselves, for we can hardly imagine LORD RAGLAN galloping backwards and forwards on Astley's stage, or H. R. H. the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE dashing up a platform on his richly caparisoned steed, and inviting six mounted supernumeraries to follow him through the upper entrance O. P. side to death or victory.

We think our French neighbours are a little premature in converting Silistria already into a stage spectacle; and although the events now passing will hereafter be read in those great pages of history—the Astley's playbills—we think the War with Russia is not yet quite ripe for the pen of the dramatist or the riding whip of WIDDICOMB, the undying one.

CARDINAL VIRTUES IN A HAT.

IN an account recently of the death of CARDINAL MAI, we are told that "the Cardinal owed his hat to the high position which he had acquired in the learned world." Considering that a Cardinal is almost as conspicuous for his red legs as his head-dress, we do not see why any particular reference should be made to his hat, and why are we not informed to what he owes his stockings? We object to all affectations in phraseology, and we therefore enter our protest against the expression above quoted. If poor old BRIEFLESS were to die, we should be greatly irritated if his biographer were to tell us that "he owed his wig to the Benchers who called him to the Bar," or that "he owed his gown to the liberality of his robe-maker, who had never received—or sued him for—a farthing of the money." The fact is that CARDINAL MAI did not owe his hat, or the price of his hat, to anybody but his hatter. His elevation to the rank of Cardinal may have been owing to his "position in the learned world," but to confound his hat with his rank is to allow the former to get a-head of the latter in a manner we cannot approve.

A Wishy-washy Joke.

THE Australian steamer *Cressus* having been laid up at Sydney with a leak, we beg leave to suggest that her name should be forthwith changed to the *Water Cressus*.

HINT TO RUSSIAN SERFS.

THE TRUE CAP OF LIBERTY.—The Percussion Cap.



"YOUTH AT THE PROW, AND PLEASURE AT THE HELM."

"THE HAPPY PAIR THEN STARTED FOR THE CONTINENT, VIA FOLKESTONE, TO SPEND THE HONEYMOON."

THE BROOKE TESTIMONIAL.

A CIRCULAR, signed "JOHN FUNKS," or some such name, has been forwarded to *Mr. Punch*. It is dated from New Street, Birmingham, and it "earnestly solicits" the recipient's "subscription and influence, made payable by cross check or otherwise," to a fund for the purpose of presenting "the above Eminent Actor with an appropriate memento of the high sense entertained for him as a Man and an Actor."

To a printed circular, *Mr. Punch* begs to answer in print, as follows:—

1st. That he does not know how to make his influence payable by cross check or otherwise.

2ndly. That he has a general contempt for the whole Testimonial system, and a special contempt for the system of canvassing in order to get up a Testimonial.

3rdly. That he has never enjoyed an opportunity of entertaining any sense "for" MR. G. V. BROOKE "as a Man," except that having viewed MR. BROOKE from the front of several theatres, *Mr. Punch* considers him a reasonably good-looking "Man," and one who makes up extremely well for the stage.

4thly. That he does not entertain a high sense "for" MR. BROOKE as an Actor.

5thly. That from the above premises, MR. JOHN FUNKS may draw his own conclusion, which is about all that, in his capacity of canvasser for "the BROOKE Testimonial," he is likely to draw out of *Mr. Punch*.

Down on Disraeli.

THE Orangemen of Down have requested MR. DISRAELI to be their leader; and further, at the shortest notice begged him to act for them the part of MOSES. MR. DISRAELI has returned a very benign answer, but it is plain from his response, that he is not at present prepared to double the character of MOSES, seeing there is just now such uncertainty about the Prophets.

THE ULTRAMONTANE CRAB.

(Lines for an Inscription on a Tablet.)

LET us go back; renounce the senses quite:
And altogether cease to place reliance
On reason, save as guided by the light
Of faith: let us abjure all human science,
And set all facts, but Rome, at mere defiance.

The earth stands still; it is the sun that moves;
Astronomy is only a delusion;
We therefore will not credit what it proves,
For both the premises, and the conclusion,
Are forged by demons, for our souls' confusion.

The powers of steam and electricity,
So-called, are diabolic emanations;
And all the curious arts of chemistry
Are, in effect, so many incantations,
Of sorcery the modern applications.

The stars are lamps suspended from the sky,
To light this world, placed there for that alone;
A solid is the blue expanse on high,
Flat is this earth which we exist upon,
Antipodes beneath us there are none.

None, but the Prince of Darkness, and his crew,
NEWTON and GALILEO who include,
PRIESTLEY, and WOLLASTON, and DAVY too,
Who will be joined by all the wicked brood
Of your philosophers, that men delude.

Let us go back; consistent let us be:
All their discoveries outright deny,
As magic frauds: and what we plainly see,
Flatly maintain to be an utter lie:
And—when we're able—all gainsayers fry.

THE "ENTENTE CORDIALE" IN A CIGAR-BOX.

LOUIS NAPOLEON and PRINCE ALBERT are said to have smoked cigars together. If the honourable plain-dealing of our noble Prince were not known so well, he might almost be suspected of going over to France purposely "to smoke an Emperor."

LEFT-OFF CLOTHES FOR AUSTRALIA!!



VERY day advertisements may be seen in the papers, commencing with the words at the head of this article. Australia would seem to be in want of a sort of Rag Fair, at which worn-out wearing apparel may be obtainable. This is perhaps on account of the new Constitution, which proposes to adopt an aristocracy, and some other of our old habits. The advertisements to which we allude make special mention of "Regimentals and Court Suits," as if it were in contemplation to establish in the Colonies second-hand Court costumes, to be followed by second-hand Courtiers in second-hand Court dresses, and other seedy finery. It does not say much for the cause of progress in Australia that there should be a large demand for the left-off liveries of our Courtiers,

who are offered the "best price" for their trappings, by the MESSRS. ISAACS and MR. and MRS. LEVY. We had hoped better for the colonies than the attempted establishment of a Holywell Street Court at Sydney or Melbourne, supplied with dresses by the ordinary costumers of Drury Lane Masked Balls and Vauxhall Fancy Fête Galas.

ESPOUSE IN HASTE, AND REPENT AT LEISURE.—The worst kind of espousal, is when you espouse another person's quarrel—and still worse, when it is the quarrel of a married couple you are espousing. To get divorced from an espousal of the latter nature, it is decidedly two to one but you will have to pay most dearly for it.

A TALE OF THE DOG DAYS.



"It is not perhaps generally known"—as the penny-aliners say, when they are about to furnish a shilling's worth of the very stalest news—that there exists in London a regular body of professional dog-stealers. The members of the fraternity are understood to keep a Secretary to conduct their correspondence, as well as a large tanning establishment, to prepare for the leather market the hides of such animals as are not ransomed by their owners. The dog stealers recently took a savage way to work on the fears of an old lady whose pet had fallen into the hands of "the trade," and who had shown some

reluctance to lay down the sum of eight pounds, which had been demanded as the price for the restoration of the favourite.

The owner of the delicate animal received one morning by post the tips of her dog's ears, with an intimation that the entire animal would be forwarded to her by post in the same minute instalments unless the money was forthcoming, and that on the next day the parties who sent the letter proposed to drink each other's health in a cup of dog's nose. Rather than submit to the infliction of these homœopathic doses of anguish composed of infinitesimal morsels of her lost favourite, the lady at once sent the sum demanded, and received her dog, minus the tips of his ears on the day following.

A BROADSIDE FROM THE BLACK SEA.

I. THE EMBARKATION.

We know what hopes went with them, from either side the sea—
The flower of France and England—our Western chivalry—
Into their hands we gave our strength—believing that the trust
Was destined soon to be redeemed—with sword and bayonet thrust.

They sailed—our prayers rose after them—a fair wind sped them on;
Day by day we looked for tidings of battles fought and won;
We heard of halts—of landings—of camps—reviews—and all
Save only news of battle, till our high hopes 'gan to fall—

And we murmured—and they murmured—for they across the foam,
Knew well what was expected by the good folks here at home;
And under summer canvass high hearts did fret and fume,
Till defiance grew disquiet, and glee gave place to gloom.

And all the more for that while they lay idle by the shore,
The Turk all singlehanded plucked the laurels of the war;
And Silistria's bloody leaguer, on earth-work and in foss,
Showed the conquering Crescent gleaming, where we looked to see
the Cross.

At last came news of battle—but not of man with man;
The Plague it was the enemy—that smote them rear and van;
Who can resist the Pestilence that rides upon the air?
And chooseth, at its will, whom to smite and whom to spare?

Death was busy in the daytime, was busy through the dark;
They that lay down hale and healthy, by the dawn were stiff and stark,
And France and England in dismay looked on and could not save;
And glory brought no laurels to deck the soldiers' grave.

Like a grim, gaunt lion in his lair by sickness stricken low,
That feels his strength pass from him—and his leaping blood wax slow,
So lay the French and English on Aladyn's green plain,
While the fierce sun blazed above their heads—and rose and set again.

When sudden came the trumpet-call, and straightway like a charm,
Dull eyes grew bright, and strength was put in many a nerveless arm;
And life chased death from out the camp—and streaming to the shore,
The French and English legions stood to their arms once more.

Six hundred transports floated to bear them to the foe—
And the great ships, round about them, their iron teeth did show.
Sorrow and sickness were flung off, as a serpent casts his skin,—
There are sixty thousand soldiers—and Sebastopol to win!

II. THE LANDING.

'Neath the lee of Serpent's Island, they have mustered one and all—
Ships of the line and frigates and steamers great and small:
Near twice three hundred transports at their moorings fall and rise—
With sixty thousand gallant hearts—a fire for high emprise.

The flags fly out!—a rending shout!—and lo, upon its way,
That mighty mass is moving o'er Kalamita's bay.
As on they pass, both eye and glass are sweeping all the coast—
But all is still, on steppe and hill: where is the Russian host?

Shoal-water now—from every bow hark to the cable's clank!
Down from the davits swing the boats—still filling—rank on rank.
Then from each hull with even pull, three yards 'twixt oar and oar,
Silent and strong they surge along, till the stems grate on the shore.

And still they land—along the strand close forming as they come,
Close girt for strife: ne'er a scream of fife: ne'er a roll of the throb-
bing drum.

On shore or height no foe in sight! Behind his walls he cowers.
Now forward—France and England—and Sebastopol is ours!

THE NEW POLICE IN PARIS.

As our French neighbours intend introducing the new police in Paris, it will be desirable that we should supply a translation of a few of those terms to which the institution has given rise in this country. Of course there will be a new vocabulary daily growing up in Paris, just as there has grown up in London a complete dictionary of words which were never dreamed of in any other philosophy but that of the boys and blackguards—too often synonymous—of our great metropolis. We have only to suggest, however, a few words by way of commencement to those young beginners in the art of slang, who may be expected to "chaff" the Parisian policeman in the execution of his duty. That they will be called "Bobbies" is perhaps not unreasonable to expect, and the word "Robert" being the same in English and in French, the *sobriquet* is very likely to be adopted. The playfully disposed *gamin* will perhaps salute the ears of the new Paris policeman with the words "*Oh! Robert, toi qui j'aime!*" which will be equivalent to the cry from our own native street urchin, of "Oh, Bobby! don't I love you!" Some may apply to the new French constable the powerful term *Ecorseur* as an equivalent to our rather expressive "crusher," and the still stronger word *Ecorceur* may correspond to the denomination of Peeler, with which our street juveniles favour the ambulant preserver of public order. We congratulate our neighbours on this new institution, which could not have had a more appropriate founder than the present Emperor, who was a special constable in London in 1848, and has had the duties as well as the staff of a policeman at his fingers' ends, and has been ready to perform his appointed task, whether in capturing a burglar or taking charge of an old woman for being "drunk and incapable."

COPIOUS BLEEDING.

LAST week (according to an Irish contemporary) a CAPTAIN HELSHAM, of Kilkenny, wrote a letter of sympathy to COLONEL GARRETT, wherein he makes the following declaration:—

"As a descendant of those who fought and fell in olden times at Cressy and Fontenoy, and whose family blood saturated the plains of Waterloo and India, had I a son who would follow in the footsteps of his ancestors, I don't know any regiment in HER MAJESTY'S service I would more willingly confide the care of that child to, than I would to you and the officers under your command."



How very numerous as well as ancient must have been the HELSHAMS to have saturated not only the plain of Waterloo, but also the plains of India, with the contents of their arteries and veins! What oceans of blood must they have shed for their country, to impregnate all those extensive tracts of land with so much of that fluid that no more of it could be received or imbibed! Surely the exploits of CAPTAIN HELSHAM's ancestors will never be forgotten, even by his friend, CAPTAIN GARRETT, and the officers of the oblivious 46th.

Difference between Two Suits.

THERE is this difference between a Law- and a Love-Suit—that with a Law-Suit our fears are generally for the worst, whereas with a Love-Suit our hopes are always for the best.

THE IRON AGE OF THEATRICALS.



E see that an Iron Theatre is about to be exported to Australia. We suppose the appointments that accompany the building will be of a corresponding texture, and that the actors—or at least the principal tragedian—will be a gentleman with iron lungs, adapted to a hard style of acting. We would suggest that on the opening night the company should sing *All*

idea di quel metallo in addition to the National Anthem. The freight of the Theatre will, it is said, be very expensive; and if the company and the pieces are exported with it, the cost will be ruinous; for supposing the dramas to be estimated as dead weight they would be sufficient to sink the ship, while the actors, if taken as measurement goods, must be estimated at the very highest figure if they are allowed to rate their magnitude by their own standard.

PROGRESS OF WOMAN.

THE softness of the softer sex is sometimes excessive, not only in respect of heart and head, but also of general bodily constitution. The skin is so soft that it is affected by every impression; the chest, the digestive apparatus, are equally susceptible, and this feeble and sickly condition of system is termed, in genteel slang, "delicate." Delicacy in ideas, delicacy in complexion, delicacy in thought, word, and action, constitute the charm of woman; but there is nothing charming in a weak stomach, and a tendency to catarrh, and a disposition to faint on the least exertion. Infirmities like these can never render her an object of interest to any rational man but a medical one. We turn with pity and distaste from the poor creature afflicted with them to the contemplation of such a feminine phenomenon as that of which an idea is suggested by the following paragraph from the *Bristol Mirror* :—

"FEMALE PEDESTRIANISM.—MRS. DUNNE, the Bloomer Pedestrian, accomplished her task of walking 1,000 half-miles, in 1,000 successive half-hours, on Saturday morning; and so little distressed was she by the feat that she immediately commenced another task of walking 150 quarter-miles in 150 quarter-hours, which she completed in due time."

We do not mean to say that we should like the practice of walking for wagers to become fashionable amongst ladies; if they are to be Pets and Wonders, let them be such in virtue of their endearing and admirable qualities, and not by getting over so much ground in a stated time, and picking up a given number of pebbles with their mouths; which were not made for that purpose. The better half of humanity was meant for other matches than pedestrian. But neither is it desirable that all men should be athletic performers. Both in one sex and the other, however, a few professors of nimbleness, and muscular agility, are useful. They set an example to, and exert a wholesome influence on the rest. We don't want the wives and daughters of England to do pedestrian feats and to wear pantaloons. But MRS. DUNNE teaches them one fact; namely, that a woman can walk. This is denied by some, and with a show of reason.

Women do not in general walk; only amble along, or pace to and fro, with the sort of crawl called "promenade." Whatever may be the qualities of the female heart, that organ cannot possess the power to carry on the circulation properly, if its proprietress takes no more exercise than this. Hence the need of nurses, doctors, medicines, and changes of air without end, entailing embarrassment, distraction, and often ruin; at any rate causing the expenditure, to avert misery, of money that might have served to purchase pure enjoyment. In any case, an ailing wife is a torment to herself and her husband, and the greater torment to him the more he cares for her. Sighings, yawnings, moans, and groans, to say nothing of fits, are the accompaniments of indisposition; accompaniments not melodious, nor tending to increase domestic harmony. Then, how much more a husband might enjoy of his wife's society, if she had the adequate use of her legs! Why should man be doomed to take his constitutional alone? Why must every family excursion cost poor Paterfamilias more than it is worth by eversomuch, that would perhaps have bought new dresses?—simply because most womankind can go nowhere without being conveyed. MRS. DUNNE shows her sex what they might do; and without going her lengths as regards exercise, or her brevities as regards dress, they might so far take an example from the active Bloomer, as to derive a great accession of brilliancy, as well as increase of duration to their own bloom.

REPUBLICANISM.—A "Sovereign" contempt.

AGRICULTURAL REVELS.

THE *Northampton Herald* reports, that at the late meeting of the Northamptonshire Agricultural Association, MR. STAFFORD, in proposing the health of "The Agricultural Labourers of England," made the following candid remarks :—

"The labourer asked as much for his labour as he could get for it, and the employer engaged that labour for as small a sum as he could. That was a hard bargain in which there was no question of feeling cherished, but simply a transaction of commerce and barter; but undeterred by that severe bargain, the agriculturists still drank to the prosperity of the agricultural labourer."

According to the journal just quoted, the toast was received with loud cheers; the reporter, however, does not state that it was succeeded by a song, with the appropriate title of

DRINK THE LABOURER!

Drink the labourer; drink the swain,
Through whose toil we reap our grain,
Rear our oxen, sheep, and swine,
By whose means we've got this wine.

Drink him; and observe that he
Should be drunk with three times three,
Of the labourer's hire a sign,
Meaning weekly shillings nine.

Drink him; in a sense 'tis true
That we absolutely do;
That, whereby we cut him short,
Forms a portion of our port.

Claret too, champagne, and hock;
Drink the fellow in the smock!
Drink him; nay you must do so
If you drink his health or no.

Fill your glasses to the brim,
Like your garners, filled by him.
Drain your bumpers, every sup,
As you use the bumpkin up.

Drink him, farmers, in your wealth,
Shall we say we drink his health?
Yes; for toil and scanty fare
Do the labourer's health impair.

Drink his health; but, as we do,
Let him drink his own health too,
Health, imbibed with wholesome beer,
Lest we drink it all out here.



Extraordinary Reserve.

A PUSEYITE BISHOP, who fills up his leisure time with little dabs of literature, has put at the bottom of his last work "the Author reserves to himself the right of translation." A Bishop hesitating about being translated! There never was such reserve.

IN AMERICA HAS AN ENGLISHMAN PROPERTY IN HIS OWN NOSE?



might be Citizen CAREY's crest, even as the secretive genius of the bird seems to guide his quill. Weak, conscientious citizens have been moved by doubts of the honesty and fair-dealing shown to British authors by American booksellers who, without the outlay of a dollar, have annexed the author's works. Take good heart, ye timid ones, and rob at peace; authors have no rights. Citizen CAREY has proved the hollowness, the emptiness of the author's pretension, playing upon it like any drum. In fact the author has no claim to his book, because he never had any property in it; he has merely worked up common stock. Take the parallel case of a silk-worm. The worm, to be sure, produces silk; but by what means? The worm must first consume the green leaf. "Patience," says the Eastern apothegm, "and the mulberry leaf becometh satin." Now, what is your author but a mere worm, who feeds his brain upon the common things around him—human hearts and human doings, and such matters, in which there is no property whatever—and being fed his fill, sets himself to work and spins out his book? If a man could write a book in the exhausted receiver of an air-pump, he might have some small claim to a portion of the work; but writing with the view and enjoyment of all the world about him, he takes from everything, and so taking acquires no property. For instance, when Tasso—for want of the midnight taper—wrote his verses by the light of his cat's eyes, we should like to know—and perhaps Citizen CAREY will some day benevolently resolve the question—how much of the verse was due to the cat, and how much to Tasso's own Muse?

"The man who makes a book," writes Citizen CAREY, "uses the common property of mankind, and all he furnishes is the workmanship. Society permits him to use its property, but it is on condition that after a certain time, the whole shall become a part of the common stock." What is the *Iliad* but a certain apposition of all the letters of the alphabet; and Greek cowherds had as much right to the alphabet as HOMER, even after HOMER's use of it. The thing is plain as A B C.

SIR WALTER SCOTT had no property in his novels; because he had only filled his mind with facts preserved. He had eaten mulberry leaves, and it was his business to produce silk! "So again with MR. DICKENS. Read his *Bleak House*, and you will find that he has been a most careful observer of men and things, and has merely been enabled to collect a great number of facts that he has dressed up in different forms; but that is all he has done." *Dixit* CAREY! The Court of Chancery overrules the printed Chancery suit. The book is not allowed by the Great Seal. A man may have divinest brains in his head, but if they deal with legal horsehair, the wig is the original claimant of all accruing rights.

A stockbroker, guilelessly labouring on 'Change, does not meekly make a huge fortune by the intelligence and capacities of men, and the common pulsation of the electric wires; therefore, when BARABBAS lays out his half million or so on the fattest slice of a county, that slice remains to him and his heirs for ever; never, never becoming "a part of the common stock."

But it is logically otherwise with authors. There was a common stock of jealousy in the world before the birth of SHAKESPEARE. What copyright, then, has he in *Othello*? Men and women died for love from the beginning. What property, then, in *Romeo and Juliet*?

Can MILTON have any copyright in Sin and Death?

The Covenanters were known before the Scotch novels. And even before the days of *Fanny*, were there not American booksellers?

MR. CAREY has convinced us; but he strengthens his argument against the British author by the fact that he is held and treated as a ragamuffin and a pauper by his own beloved England. Thus, if England permits the author to go naked, for such nude reason America may take his skin. If England strips, surely America may flay?

The weight of MR. CAREY's name will, doubtless, for a time keep down all agitation of international copyright. At the same time that a British subject has no property in his own book, neither has he any property soever in his nose. For how has his nose been nurtured

and renewed? It is proved that by gradual waste and gradual renewal a man gets an entirely new nose every seven years. And how does he get it? Why from the common stock of elementary matter lying around him. His nose is not his private nose, but a nose gradually built up by the common influences incessantly at work. And, reflecting on the masterly logic of Citizen CAREY, we are finally comforted with this conviction, that an American bookseller has every right to take to himself an English author's book,—with this supplementary privilege; a further moral and physical right, should the author complain of the theft, there and then, and without the least mercy or remorse, to pull the author's nose.

A WITLER'S QUESTION.

THE great question now agitating many bars—convulsing many parlours—and all but confounding many tap-rooms, is this. It is well known to civilized Europe, that, for the last month, the gigantic, many-sided author of *The Great Taptubopolis* has been taking his yearly wanderings. He was last seen—his shadow flung upon the moonlight—ascending with his carpet-bag the side of Mount Ararat; and it is said has possessed himself of the fossil remains of a monkey, with a collar marked N. O. A., with the very imperfect remains of an H. as detected through speculative spectacles. Our author may be hourly expected at the Mermaid-and-Cork-Jacket. There was a thrill of hope that he might arrive on Sunday, between the hours of two and five, when the great question—still throbbing in witlers' bosoms—was, is he, the author of *The Great Taptubopolis*, even with a carpet-bag in his hand, and perspiring from Ararat, is even he to be considered a traveller? With the strong sense of impartiality that has ever animated the feelings and works of our author, it is believed that he will not hesitate to decide against himself in the negative.

A DRY SUBJECT.

WE were sorry to see a paragraph in the *Morning Herald*, stating that a stoppage had occurred in many of the canals throughout the country, partly from the growth of an obstructive water weed; partly from a deficiency in the supply of water. We trust some means will be found for removing the weed; but the only remedy for the deficient water-supply that we see, is at present in *nubibus*. Should it descend from the clouds in copious rain, the showers will have to be very heavy to afford the needful quantity of water, whereof the decrease has been doubtless occasioned by the spread of teetotal principles, which, if they go on extending, will ultimately occasion every well to be exhausted, and every river in the country (except the nasty Thames) to be drunk dry.

The Outraged 46th.

MAJOR BOMBHELL (for he enclosed his card) has written to the *Morning Herald* awakening indignant attention to the abuse of the *Times* of the 46th. Why is there not a Court-martial? Why should not Printing-House Square be given up to the outraged, gallant fellows, who would make the scribblers of the *Times* swallow their own envenomed iron quills, and wash down those hireling stilettos with their own leprous ink?

MRS. GAMP, however, does not advise strong measures; but rather counsels MAJOR BOMBHELL to raise himself above the slander; to which effect, she has kindly offered the Major the loan of her pattens.

The Military Harvest.

It will be a late autumnal harvest this year. However, wait awhile—when the harvest is gathered in, you will see that the crops will be most abundant. Glory does not shoot in a day—especially when it has walls like Sebastopol to shoot against.

LONDON UNDER LUNAR INFLUENCE.

THE approaching reign of the LORD MAYOR Elect is looked forward to with curiosity, not unmingled with apprehension. People wonder what will become of the Civic intellect under the dominion of the MOON.

WISEMAN'S CORRECTIONS OF THE BRITISH PRESS.

CARDINAL WISEMAN, from his desire to put a censorship on the English press, is only betraying a secret wish to change all our printers' cases into so many ecclesiastical founts of Roman type.

OFTEN WANTED, RARELY FOUND.—Next to a Policeman, there is nothing so absent as Presence of Mind.



THE ROUND HAT, LADEN WITH NOVELS, IN A STORM.

Ancient Mariner. "HOLD ON A BIT, MISS—I'LL TOW YOU OFF—YOU SHOULD NEVER CARRY SO MUCH SAIL IN A SOU-WESTER!"

RUSSIAN PRISONERS AND RUSSIAN JOURNALISTS.

ALEXIS OLDGLOVITCH, private in the Russian army, and prisoner at Sheerness, to the object of his affections at St. Petersburg.



wedding and mine, dear girl. It was all for the best. Next to being with thee, no better place on earth could have been found for me than this. Out of the way of all harm, and daily faring like a merchant of the First Guild, daily do I cry, 'Heaven preserve the EMPEROR,' and if he in his wisdom desires it, may the war last twenty years.

"Thy master has not a better table spread than that which these

English provide for us, that is, according to the knowledge they possess. Their meat is another thing from the foul, coarse mess of our barrack tubs, and their bread is as white as thy shoulders. Fruit and other things are given us in abundance, but they have no pumpkins, nor pickled cucumber, and their drinks—except brandy—are tasteless compared to ours. But a man can, with patience, get very drunk upon English beer and spirits, and thy ALEXIS is learning to like them, and must not complain.

"The officers are treated well, but the English have much to learn. They lack reverence. They do not understand that an officer is a being incalculably superior to the private soldier, inasmuch as he is nearer our Father the Emperor, and reflects his radiance. When we bow with abject humility, I see they pity us. And in their own army I find that there is strange condescension. When a common soldier salutes his officer, the salute is returned. There are other singular things. Some officers of England have newly been tried by court-martial. English civilians have presumed to be offended at the verdict, and have publicly sent large sums of money to a young officer, because they thought him wronged. Such insolent interference with one's superiors is unknown in our happy land. The knout would be the fitting reward of it, were it seen. Thy master is a rich merchant, and his house is full of golden furniture and pictures, and the wealthiest feed at his table. Yet fancy that worthy RACKAMOFF daring to send a kopeck to a soldier because he had been ill-used. Thou wouldst speedily comb MADAME RACKAMOFF's brown curls in Siberia, my TECKLA, if our Father left her any curls to comb.

"The people behave kindly to us, and as thy ALEXIS is a handsome man, with a smiling face, the women look at him, and present him with tokens of their admiration, as great pieces of cheese, apples, and cakes, which nevertheless they call nuts, and which stick mightily about the teeth. But be not jealous, my TECKLA. Many of the maidens have blue eyes, but none of them are so blue as thine, and if I gaze into them long and deeply, it is only that at last (when the owners are gone) I may say that there is a brighter pair sparkling for me on the quay of the Neva: if I hold their hands, it is but that I may think how much softer are thine; if we dance together it is but that I may compare their

movements with thine own. The same remark applies to any other attentions thine ALEXIS may pay these English girls.

"One thing, O TECKLA. That IVAN GOLOWNIN, valet to thy master, is a thief and a rascal. He is utterly unworthy of thee. I hope that thou dost give him no encouragement. I beat him on the evening we came away, that he might remember thou wert mine, but the beast is of a revengeful nature, and might pay court to thee out of malice. If IVAN dares do this, TECKLA, I command thee, by my authority, to thrust into his face the red-hot iron of the tea-urn, and if he complains, tell the steward to go to the Jew, REUBEN ASHKOFF, and demand where are the silver backs of certain hair brushes of thy master's. IVAN will trouble thee no more after the steward brings back the answer. Be faithful to me, O TECKLA, or when I return to Russia dread a husband's scourge. Meantime, I send thee a thousand kisses.

"To-morrow, our officers are to be taken out to sea, for upon a sand, where is a Light ship, built after the model of the ark, and called by the name of NOAH, is to be some sport for their amusement. I do not know what it is, but there is an insect that squeaks upon the hearths which bears its name. The stoves here are of a foolish and barbarous construction, and nearly all the heat goes up the chimney, instead of warming the chamber. The English are very bigoted about some of their customs, and under the doctor's order thy ALEXIS has washed himself twice this week, yet here is only Thursday, but I have not as yet suffered in health thereby.

"I offer my loving duty to thy excellent master, to the mistress, and to the household, and I pray that thy mistress will read this to thee, and write to me from thee, and also that thou wilt not fail to burn the face of IVAN GOLOWNIN, or to leave the red-hot iron in his chair, as may be most convenient.

"Thy loving

"ALEXIS OLDGLOVITCH,"

Sheerness, England.
Sept. 28, 1854.

From the Journal of St. Petersburg.

"We have been favoured by M. RACKAMOFF, an eminent merchant of this capital, with the sight of a letter written by a private soldier to a young female serf belonging to MADAME RACKAMOFF. The soldier is a prisoner to the English savages. His letter, which is written with true military naïveté, affords irrefragable evidence of the brutality with which these ferocious islanders treat the handful of gallant men who have fallen into their hands. They force upon the unfortunate soldier food of an utterly different character from that to which he has been accustomed, and insist on his washing it down with the most wretched and debasing liquors. The poor fellows are made spectacles to the population, who fling them cheese and apples, as if they were animals in a cage, and this poor ALEXIS, who seems a modest and virtuous, as well as spirited and loyal young fellow, especially complains that the English women, who have no delicacy whatever, stare him out of countenance, and mock his misery by invitations to him to dance. The treatment of the officers is still more disgraceful. We happen to know that they are allowed but two roubles a day (except when married, and then three are given) to provide themselves with everything. A man and his wife are expected to live on twelve 'shillings' a day! True, he would have but three in Russia, but then he would enjoy all those indirect but not unprofitable means of improving his income, which the paternal indulgence of the EMPEROR allows to all discreet officials. But this barbarous meanness is not the worst. In the hopes of saving even the paltry cost of maintaining these victims of treachery, the English are about to take them out to a sand, upon which, in other days, British KING CHARLES caused two thousand Jews to be exposed and drowned, in the hope that a similar fate may overtake these unhappy Russians. We are authorized to state, that if this be done, their deaths shall be terribly avenged at the approaching capture of the dastardly Baltic squadron."

Financial Logic.

The *Times* City article commenced the other day with the statement following:—

"The English funds have again been without the slightest animation to-day."

It follows that the fundholders for the time being were proprietors of dead stock.

England and France Afloat.

ENGLAND has built a three-decker, to be called *France*; and France, returning the compliment, launches a *Great Britain*! To make the compliment complete, nothing but the French language should circulate under the British flag, and pure English be spoken under the tricolor.

THE SILVER LIGHT OF THE CITY.—Some say that the splendour of the ensuing Mayoralty will be very great; but others express an opinion that it will be all Moonshine.

THE SIDEREAL DIRECTORY OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.



VERYBODY knows that the Council of the British Association have long been actively engaged in the preparation of a Sidereal Directory, and that they have managed to obtain the addresses of upwards of 8,000 stars.

It is obvious, that could implicit reliance be placed on such addresses, the British Association would have much better reasons, than VIRGIL ever possessed, for saying *sic itur ad astra*. The last report from the Council, however, compels us to conclude that no such certainty has been attained, for it states—

"Many of the Northern circumpolar stars have been observed at Oxford, and their positions have been fixed accordingly."

A manifest allusion to the gathering of contributors to *Blackwood's Magazine*, which took place at Oxford about a year ago. Now we all know that those circumpolar stars went *back again* immediately after they had taken their degrees, and it is absurd to suppose that their positions could in any way be fixed or determined by what took place on that memorable occasion. Penetrated with this truth the B. A. have determined to do their work anew, and have resolved to issue a circular to each star, calling upon him to furnish all the necessary information respecting himself under the following heads:—

Name and Titles in any Scientific or Learned Bodies.—Under this head each star will have the goodness to state the name by which he is known in his own sphere, and also his Arabian or Roman names. If he should not have been known to the Arabians or Romans the B. A. will require very precise explanations from him before his claim to be registered as a star can be admitted.

Address.—Here must be stated the star's right ascension at the time of his filling up the circular, and, to ensure uniformity, it is particularly requested that all the stars will observe Greenwich time.

Qualifications.—Under this head the star's magnitude must be stated. If a shooting star, his game license must be exhibited. Here, too, he may say if he be of a malignant or of a benign aspect, if he be a "bright particular star," if he be in the habit of "still quiring to the young-eyed cherubim."

Medical or Surgical Offices held by him.—The information to be given under this head is principally required by ZADKIEL, who has undertaken to bear part of the expense of postage for the B. A. Under this head the star must state whether, when he is above the horizon, PROFESSOR EISENBERG may once more extract a corn from my LORD STUART DE DECIES' foot by a painless operation, and if, when he is in apogee, it will be better for Mr. Punch ("whose hairs, old friend, now thinly grow") to purchase one of the inimitable DICKS's *toupées*, or to make himself a savoury mouthful for a Cossack by a copious use of PROFESSOR BROWN'S *Oleum jecoris camelopardalis*.

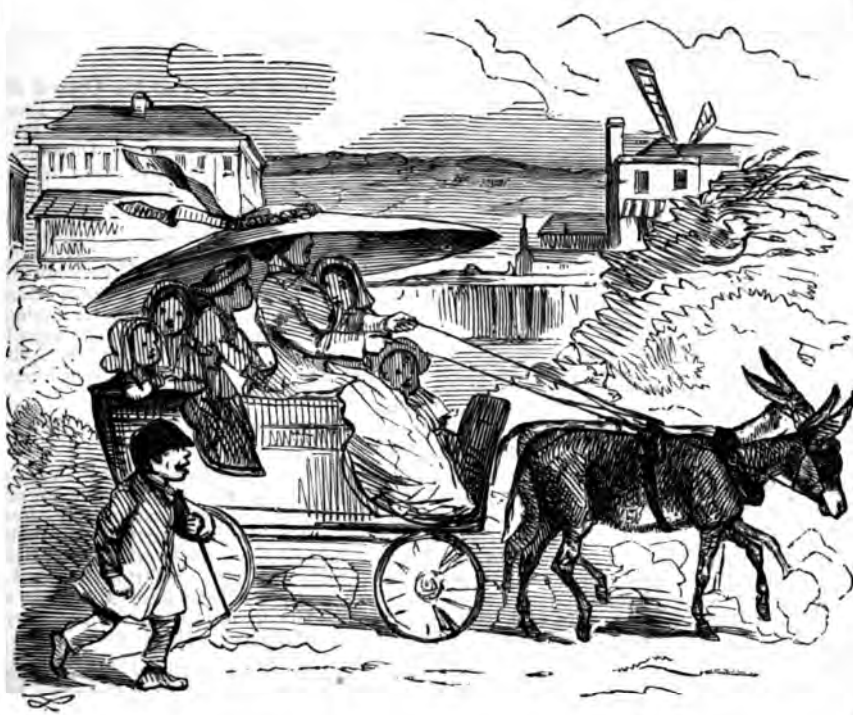
Honorary Appointments held by him.—Here the star will state over the concerns of what mortal he is supposed to preside—that presidency being a purely honorary appointment, and productive of no advantage to the star. The B. A. give notice, however, that it is an act of treason against common sense for any star to say that he has taken the concerns of NICHOLAS ROMANOFF under his charge.

As it is to be feared that stars of malignant aspect will, from the very malignancy of their nature, endeavour to conceal their real dispositions, every star is earnestly requested to give all the information in his power concerning his neighbours, and the natives of the galaxy are desired not to let the milk of human kindness, in which they so abound, prevent them from stating the truth boldly.

In the case of a double star, or of the nebulae, the circular need only be filled up by one of the firm, and it is hardly necessary to state that if the leading star (*Orion* for instance) be from home, *Alpha Orionis* may act for him.

Poetry in all Things.

A Good interpretation can be put upon almost everything. Even Newgate with all its chains and horrors can be eulogised by a poet of the Jack Sheppard school, as the grand battle-field of bold men who have died for their convictions!



THE SEA-SIDE HAT—A HINT TO MATERFAMILIAS.

FRAGRANCE VISIBLE.

A SCIENTIFIC correspondent of the *Times*, signing himself "INVESTIGATOR," declares that he can, with a great approach to truth, assert

"That a bad smell may be mapped, *i.e.*, the organic atoms in it laid down on paper, so as to show their very outline."

This assertion "Investigator" illustrates by an experiment, in which, by the use of the microscope, immense numbers of fungi and animalcules, existing in the exhalation of a cesspool, were found to mark it with characteristic forms. The further progress of discovery will no doubt show that every odour has its shape; and we shall be able to distinguish the perfume of a dead well from that of a pig-sty, by looking at it through a magnifying glass. It is to be apprehended that the celebrated dispute between the eyes and the nose in regard to the spectacles, will be revived, with a complication derived from the fact that glasses are now made use of by the former to make researches in the province of the latter. Perhaps optical instruments will in time be constructed of such power as to enable us to see a nasty smell at a distance, and give it a wide berth or get out of its way.

The Reign of War in Russia.

It has been stated by the newspapers that the *Amphion* and *Archer* have captured twenty Russian barges laden with corn and rags. Especially, we should think, with rags. Should the reign of NICHOLAS last much longer, the Russians will have nothing but rags to export—and little else to wear.

"ANTHROPOMORPHOUS APES."

SCENE—An Apartment, furnished for smoking. ACUTE and OBTUSE SWELLS.

Obtuse Swell. What a baw! (*Throwing aside newspaper.*)

Acute Swell. What's the matter?

Obt. Sw. Paypau full of Bwedish 'Sociation. P'FESSAW OWEN on Anthwopomawfus Apes. What's an Anthwopomawfus Ape?

Ac. Sw. An ape that's like a man.

Obt. Sw. Ape like man. Why, evvy ape's like man! The man's an ass.

Ac. Sw. No; not exactly an ass. Some apes more particularly resemble men—Chimpanzee—Oran-outang.

Obt. Sw. Aw!—yes. Wangatang—disgusting beast!

Ac. Sw. But I suspect he did not mean them.

Obt. Sw. Fellow with blue nose, pawhaps?

Ac. Sw. No; not with the blue nose. With the aquiline nose, rather, and moustache beneath it.

Obt. Sw. Eh?

Ac. Sw. Whiskers also, and exquisitely arranged: collar likewise, and tie, both faultless; and everything, downwards, irreproachable, to boots—inclusive.

Obt. Sw. A neva saw an ape got up like that. A've seen an ape in a wed jacket.

Ac. Sw. Ah!—in his regimentals; very likely one variety of the Ape that OWEN describes. This kind of ape is a splendid fellow—plays all manner of tricks. Smokes cigars.

Obt. Sw. 'Strawny queechaw!

Ac. Sw. Drinks claret—champagne.

Obt. Sw. Becaw?

Ac. Sw. Oh yes!—beer: and eats the best dinner that you could get at the best club, or anywhere.

Obt. Sw. What an expensive monkey! Shouldn't like to be his keepaw.

Ac. Sw. Or Governor?

Obt. Sw. Decide'ly not.

Ac. Sw. Well, then, this ape will gamble.

Obt. Sw. All monkeys a' fond o' fwolics.

Ac. Sw. Oh!—but I mean *lanaguet* and that style of fun.

Obt. Sw. Weally! It's astonishing what some bwutes may be brought to do.

Ac. Sw. Then he'll get behind the scenes of a theatre.

Obt. Sw. Ah!—when he has to perfwawm.

Ac. Sw. No; for his own amusement—if the Manager is fool enough to let him in. And then, Sir, this ape diverts himself by running about after the *coryphées*.

Obt. Sw. Like a dog?

Ac. Sw. Yes; like any puppy. But on two legs, you know.

Obt. Sw. Oh! of cawse. Bai Jove, the Anthwopomawfus Ape seems to enjoy himself!

Ac. Sw. He does nothing else; he laughs at the idea of doing anything else.

Obt. Sw. Laughs? Oh!—come, now! A've hawd of laughing hyana; but neva of laughing ape.

Ac. Sw. He chatters.

Obt. Sw. Ah!—theyaw I b'lievyaw. Apes do chattaw.

Ac. Sw. He chatters of nothing else but his luxuries and his pastimes his games, his sports, his amours, his dogs and horses.

Obt. Sw. Ah now I see y' a' joking. The Anthwopomawfus Ape is something maw than Mawphus—which means sleepy, doesn't it? (*yawns*). In short, the ape you mean is a human queechaw.

Ac. Sw. The ape that OWEN means; not I. Between you and me, my boy, I've little doubt that the beings he does mean are our noble selves.

Obt. Sw. You don't mean t' say you think he means me?

Ac. Sw. I'm afraid it's the fact.

Obt. Sw. Call me an Anthwopomawfus Ape! Confound the fella! Shouldn't I like to catch him!

Ac. Sw. You will be very likely to find him at the College of Surgeons, studying the gigantic bone of some extinct monster.

Obt. Sw. I'll go and extinguish P'FESS' OWEN himself. Wha'bouts 's the College a' Sawgeons? I'll go to the College a' Sawgeons and beat P'FESS' OWEN into sevawal pieces with his great bone!

Scene closes.

The Empire is—Police!

LOUIS NAPOLEON has resolved to introduce our English system of New Police into Paris. Several distinguished members of our force have been dispatched from Scotland Yard to instruct the French policemen in their duties. It is not true however, as reported, that they have been accompanied either by cooks or nursery-maids.

EXTREMES.—Many a fool has passed for a clever man, because he has known how to hold his tongue; and many a clever man has passed for a fool because he has not known how to make use of it.

ROYAL AND IMPERIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.



PUNCH has often thought that the varieties of human life are scarcely more wondrous than the various ways of getting a living. There used to be a man about town who got a daily meal by literally whistling for a dinner, and who in pursuit of a diurnal blow-out, eventually blew out the brief bellows of his own vapid existence. He flourished for a time on the wind which he was enabled to raise, but his flatulency became at length flat and stale, until it ended in being utterly unprofitable. Some men live by hanging out from the ear of a balloon, where they are so tied by the leg as to keep every one who sees them in a state of frightful suspense; and there was a poor fellow who lived—and died—by descending in a parachute until the aim of his life proved to be literally the end of his existence.

One of the last new expedients for putting bread into one's mouth, is the recently discovered art of walking with the head downwards. Two or three headstrong individuals have adopted this new walk of life, and among them is a certain Signor, who declares that his Antipodean exploit has been commanded by the KING OF PRUSSIA and the EMPEROR NAPOLEON. There are some courtiers who in the presence of Royalty can scarcely be said to know whether they stand on their head or their heels, and there are many persons who to win the favour of an Emperor, would lower the head to an extent that would degrade it even below the level which the heels would naturally occupy. Of course if the Signor asserts that he has been commanded by foreign potentates to walk with his head downwards, we are bound to believe him, but we do not think that either the KING OF PRUSSIA or the EMPEROR NAPOLEON would have desired any but one of their own subjects to stoop the head to the extent that is shown in the topsy-turvy proceeding to which we have alluded. Such a proceeding must compel the executant to look at the world in an upside-down point of view, and teach him to look up to everything low, and down on what is elevated. Such a feat may suit the humour of absolute monarchs, but we are not surprised that the trick—if such it may be called—has not become very popular with the British public.

POETRY OF PARISH CLERKS.

A QUESTION has arisen as to what hymn books shall be used in churches. Those at present in use are felt to be objectionable on many accounts, one of which, of some importance, is that the verses which they contain are about the worst in the language. Hymns are devotional songs, and songs are poems; but the lines in question are quite destitute of poetry. Most of them consist of mere tumid prose put into rhyme; and what can be more repulsive than doggerel applied to the expression of solemn ideas? There are certain compositions of the sort required—the work of a Royal Hebrew bard—one might think that they would serve till better could be had, without the alterations (not improvements) necessary to turn them into the form of ballads. Sacred songs are surely the only fit songs to be sung in churches; and at least none should be tolerated that have not ordinary poetical inspiration.

A Conversational Key.

MEN never talk amongst each other about their babies; women always do. With the former it is the Padlock of conversation, with the latter the Staple.

MOST FEARFUL WORK.

EVERY man, they say, is to be judged according to his works; but if MR. COVENTRY PATMORE is to be judged by his, we pity him.

MILITARY RIDDLE.—Why is the Army in the Crimea like an Ostrich? Because it has wings which are not formed for flying.

A NOTE FOR THE CITY ALMANACK.—Next Lord Mayor's Day. A Full Moon.

A TEMPERANCE DEFINITION.—Gin: The Drunkard's Snare.

OUR RUSSIAN PRISONERS.

THESE people increase upon our hands. A day or two since, a poor little baby war prisoner was born at Chatham; but, as we understand that the EARL OF ABERDEEN immediately telegraphed his intentions of becoming godfather to the infant Muscovite, the little stranger will doubtless be provided for. Still, the question remains to be answered, what is to be done with our Russian prisoners? Are they to be kept in idleness? The magnanimity of NICHOLAS stops the pay of his sailors and soldiers when made captive: they have then his imperial and paternal permission to starve; but, of course, JOHN BULL takes humane care that the Muscovite belly shall be filled, and that, doubtless to the said belly's astonishment, with good beef and wheaten flour. For once in their lives, the Russians have fared better than Russian dogs.

"—they on honey-dew have fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise!"

Nevertheless, we ought to have some return for our outlay on such very comfortable board and lodging. Be it understood, we are not desirous of making mere vulgar profit by our prisoners. Certainly not: all that we ask is, that the Russian captives should be put to some sort of occupation that, in due time, should present, symbolised to the eyes of men, a meaning and a memory of the present war. We would have a Russian monument built by Russian hands. There would be a fitness, a significance in such a tribute that should have, at once, a moral and historical value. We propose, then, that the Russian prisoners be placed at the benevolent disposal of MR. MITCHELL, Secretary of the Zoological Gardens; and that, under his direction, they shall by easy task-work construct anew a den for the Russian bear at the Gardens aforesaid; the bear's abiding-place being wholly constructed of the timbers of a prize Russian ship; and the bars forged from the iron of Russian cannon and Russian anchors.

A den, constructed of such materials and by such hands, would surely enshrine a continual lesson and a continual moral. With the bear—a real Russian bear, and the Gardens rejoice at the present time in a magnificent specimen of the brute—pacing to and fro, oak-bound and iron-barred in that den, what would he represent but NICHOLAS thrust into confined limits? And the Russian timber and Russian metal confining the brute, what would they represent but proper Russian barriers, newly made the Russian confines to Russian aggression?

LEAD LINES.

MR. PUNCH is so inexperienced in feminine wiles as to have read with the greatest astonishment an article headed thus:—"Leadens Combs for Darkening the Hair."

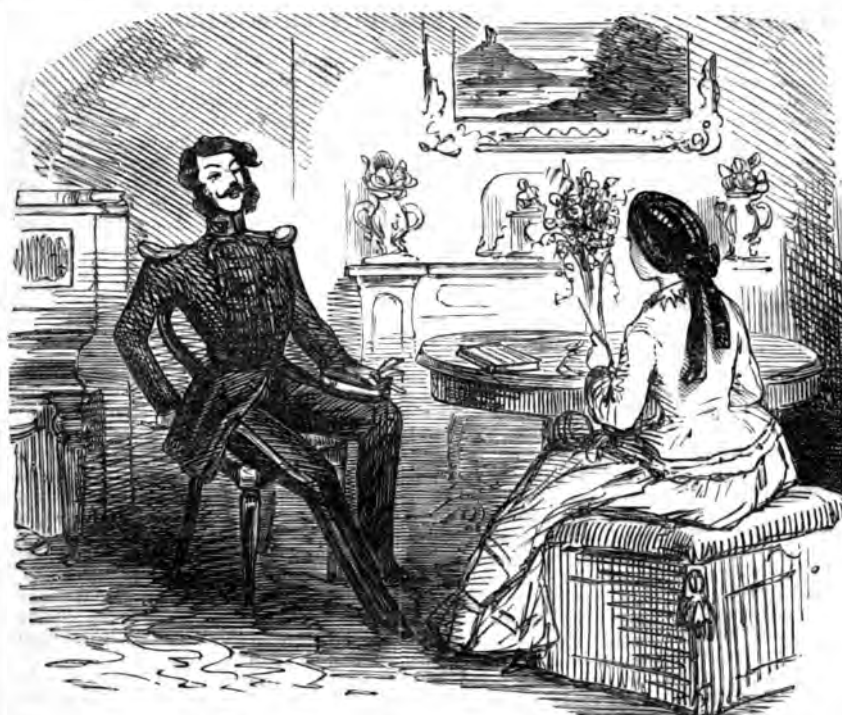
On the first perusal of these marvellous words he was led irresistibly to the conclusion that he had accounted for the hitherto mysterious circumstance that black lead always figured as an important item in the household accounts of *Mrs. Punch*. The remainder of the advertisement, however, dispelled this idea. "They are of everlasting wear," it stated, and *Mr. Punch*, knowing black lead to be of a crumbling and perishable nature, straightway abandoned his hypothesis. But on the supposition that the combs were really composed of the metal in its commonest form, it became evident that the advertisement had been drawn up by a person altogether ignorant of orthography, and that it should have run thus—"They are of everlasting ware," or rather "of everlasting hardware."

That the combs must answer the end for which they were constructed was evident to him when he considered that the *chevelures* which are secured by them can never be called light hair; whilst that they must operate beneficially on the wearer's might, to a certain extent, be inferred from the fact that those who wear them can never be light headed.

Punch would gladly "bear a hand to help a female in distress," and he begs to suggest that as these leaden combs cannot conveniently be worn during the hours of repose, it may be as well that ladies, whose tresses are what *Punch* is and always will be—universally red—should in lieu of the ordinary curl papers employ the lead with which the Chinese merchants line their tea chests. Then perhaps the salutary operation of a cup of bohea on the pineal gland of Matilda or Anna Maria would be considerably enhanced by the reflection that the wrapper which whilom enveloped that bohea was about to exercise as great an influence on the integuments with which that pineal gland was surrounded.

WHAT IS PIG IRON?—The mail of the Hog-in-Armour.

AN INFALLIBLE RULE.—There is but *one* rule without an exception—and, what is that pray?—why, that there is no rule without an exception!



AN UNFORTUNATE VICTIM OF CIRCUMSTANCES.

Lady. "AND SO CAPTAIN—THEY SAY YOU ARE GOING TO TURN BENEDICK!"

Adonis. "WHY YA-AS-AW—I DIDN'T WISH TO—BUT—AW—IN FACT LADY MARY'S ATTENTIONS BECAME SO MARKED—THAT—AW—THE THING—AW—WAS INEVITABLE—AW."

THE SANITARY TO-MORROW.

THE decline of the lately prevailing epidemic will no doubt allay those gloomy, or at least uncomfortable, apprehensions, which, during the period of its destructive existence, must have oppressed Boards of Guardians, and Parochial and Municipal authorities in general. The temperature is declining; and it may be hoped that the return of the pestilence may be postponed for several, perhaps as many as nine or ten months. The immediate necessity of making drains, repairing or covering in sewers, and executing suchlike sanitary works, may be considered to have abated, which will probably more than counterbalance the less gratifying consideration that the ensuing season is the proper time for abating nuisances. Ratepayers will naturally feel that it will be time enough for that another day, and of course will not believe that day to have come until it shall have passed, and the epidemic shall have become prevalent once more.

LOUIS NAPOLEON'S RUSSIAN CAMPAIGN.

THE Emperor attacked the Russian general, SKRAMM, in the defiles of Ambleteuse, turned his left with a considerable amount of imaginable slaughter, compelled the enemy to lay down his arms at the base of the column, and then made his triumphant way to his hotel, dining like a conqueror on jambon flavoured with bays—not that he is of those

"Qui ne pensent le laurier bon
Que pour la sauce et le jambon,"

and *cotelettes aux olives*. Boulogne was not sacked; but several young fishwomen (previously affianced) were put to the edge of the wedding-ring.

Political Chemistry.

A Paris correspondent of the *Morning Post* states that—

"There is a talk that PRINCE POMIATOWSKI, who has recently resigned his appointment as Minister of Tuscany at Paris, is about to become a neutralised French subject."

A neutralised French subject should be something like a living neutral salt. How is POMIATOWSKI to be neutralised? Probably, as he is to become a French subject, by being saturated with Gallic acid.

PARIS MOVING ON.

PARIS, rejoice, for lo! thy new Police
Will break all heads inclined to break thy peace,
On each street brawler with their truncheons
rush,
And thus will Crushers insurrection crush.

The cause of progress greatly will advance,
And if in Paris, then all over France,
When every person, who the way impedes,
On being ordered to move on, proceeds.

But fain Imagination would essay
The New Parisian Peeler to portray
Delineate his form, depict his mien,
And uniform—of azure? red? or green?

Will Berlin gloves adorn his ample fist?
And will a band, on duty, bind his wrist?
Will that be only coloured white and blue?
Or will a brilliant pink be joined thereto?

Will he be furnished with an oilskin cape?
And will his boots be made of any shape?
Or will his highlows, wonderful to see,
Like those of our own X., amorphous be?

And will the French Policeman be, like X.,
The cherished favourite of the softer sex?
And will the cooks and kitchen-maids delight
To cater to his hearty appetite?

Whate'er his dress may be, whate'er his looks,
Whate'er his fortune with admiring cooks,
Oh Paris, when the cry, "Police!" shall
sound,
May thy Policeman evermore be found!

HOPE (*by a Butcher*).—There is a Silver Side
to every Round of Beef.

A DYING BLACK SWAN IN THE CHURCH.

AMONG the literary advertisements of the day we have noticed the following:—

Just published, in Post 8vo, Price 5s.

DEATH-BED CANTICLES. By a Dying Clergyman of the Church of England.

We are obliged to put up with a good deal sometimes in the way of nausea, but we must say there is rather too strong a savour of cant in the idea of these death-bed canticles. A canticle is literally a little song, and if the clergyman is really dying we think it is rather too bad of anybody to speculate in a publication of his death-bed ditties. At all events we think the publication should be postponed until the fate of the author is known, when the work might either be advertised as the productions of a dead or a convalescent person, but there is something awful in issuing from "the Row" the musings of a moribund minister. If the reverend gentleman has life his friends ought to have hope, and it is really enough to finish him off at once to announce him publicly as a dying singer of death-bed canticles. If the work is published by his own authority, he may have assumed the title of a "dying clergyman" from a melancholy and morbid feeling that ought not to be encouraged, but if he is really too ill to attend to the matter himself, and his friends are preparing his work for the press, it is prematurely passing sentence of death upon the author, to advertise him as in the act of expiring while his work is in the hands of the printer. Suppose the reverend individual should get perfectly well, which we hope he will do, before a second edition is required, it will be absurd to go on calling him a "dying clergyman." We cannot wish him better than that he may survive the sale of the first impression of his book; for he will in all probability reach an almost fabulous age if he should live till a reprint is required.

Before and After.

Most French Ministers have in their time been farce-writers. Many English Ministers have also been known for their farces, but then with them the Farce has been the result of their having being made Ministers, and not the cause.

WANTED A GOOD STRONG ADHESIVE PLASTER, to make busybodies stick to their own business.

RUSSIAN VIEW OF ALMA.

PRINCE MENDAXCOFF, Commanding the Russian Forces in the Crimea, to the
EMPEROR, St. Petersburg.

"MAY IT PLEASE YOUR IMPERIAL MAJESTY,

"I have the gratification of announcing that the series of movements, originating in your Majesty's wonderful military invention, and executed, with humble but scrupulous fidelity, by myself, has been crowned with the most complete success, and that your Majesty's enemies are exactly where your Majesty foresaw and I agreed that they would speedily be.

"On inspecting, by the aid of a superb DOLLOND (one of the trophies gained when your Majesty's soldiers at Odessa so brilliantly cut out the English frigate *Tiger*) the manœuvres of the combined fleets in the bay of Kalamita, it became perfectly clear to me that the audacious purpose for which your Majesty gave the aggressors credit, but of which I confess I scarcely believed them capable, was to be carried into effect. In short, I perceived that it was their intention to land upon the soil of Russia. I must own to your Majesty that, having made up my mind on this subject, and having actually beheld hundreds of boats, filled with the ferocious soldiery of Albion and Gaul, and pulling for the shore, I felt so unspeakably disgusted at such a mixture of effrontery and sacrilege, that I was quite unable to witness the completion of the outrage. Nor would I expose my men to the demoralisation of a spectacle which might have had the effect of rendering them atheists, by showing them that the God of Russia (I need not name your Majesty) was unable to protect his own holy land from insult. I therefore withdrew with my whole force, and left the unprincipled invaders to accomplish their guilt, while I hastened to prepare the trap devised by your Majesty's prescience.



"I am happy, however, in being able to inform your Majesty that the elements themselves arose to chastise the aggressors. The most terrible rain began to descend the instant that the first keel touched the shore, and continued throughout the whole night, drenching the invaders, especially the English, to the skin. The mortality in their ranks, occasioned by the deluge of that night, has been enormous. At least 8000 have been carried off by colds caught upon that occasion, and the whole of the survivors cough, and roar, and sneeze to such an extent, as to excite the irrepressible laughter of your Majesty's brave soldiers. As your Majesty, in your great leniency, was pleased to order that the war should be carried on with humanity, I should have sent a supply of pocket-handkerchiefs to the afflicted enemy, but for the circumstance of there being but two in our whole army, and these I thought it well to retain in case we should need them for flags of truce.

"The enemy speedily commenced his advance, and I immediately proceeded to put in practice the system enjoined by your Majesty. I steadily retreated before the allies, until I had lured them as far as the River Alma, the banks of which, I need not remind your Majesty, are steep and admirably calculated for defence. Indeed, but for your Majesty's orders to the contrary, I could have held the position until the end of the campaign, for it is one from which no general of ordinary talent, and with a few thousand men, ought to be driven. The enemy commenced a fierce assault, and was received by your Majesty's soldiers with the calmest valour. We drove the English back eleven times, and the French twelve, sweeping away thousands at every discharge. About thirty-five of the enemy's generals were killed, and the lowest estimate at which I can place the carnage in their ranks is forty-thousand men. Great numbers of English flags and French eagles were captured, but in the ardour of the moment your soldiers were too eager to secure them, and the Alma happening to be full of water, they have all been washed down to the sea, or I should of course add them to the thousand similar trophies in your Majesty's possession.

"May I reckon upon your Majesty's goodness of heart, and your affability towards the lowest of your subjects, and venture to record a little *jeu de mot* which has become a by-word in your army. Nothing in itself, it demonstrates how cool, and even playful were your troops, while combating for you. The

vaunting LORD RAGLAN came galloping to the front, and urging on his reluctant troops to battle. A shot from a Minié rifle wounded the animal. It rushed away, plunging, and speedily dismounted his awkward rider, who fell head over heels. 'RAGLAN, thou callest thyself,' said the gallant fellow who had fired the shot, tranquilly reloading. 'Methinks thou hast again turned a SOMERSET!'

"I have the further honour to inform your Majesty, that, having inflicted this terrible chastisement, and finding, to my satisfaction, that the enemy was bent upon his doom, and continually renewed his charge, I ordered my troops to indulge him, and to fall back, giving the movement the semblance of flight. I need not add that I caused them, by precept and example, to keep so far in advance of the pursuer as to incur little peril. This system I have continued up to the present time; and I am happy to inform your Majesty that I have led the allies a wearisome march across the Crimea, making a show of resistance, but giving way when attacked, until I have brought them to Bala-klava Bay, within a few miles of the spot prepared for their annihilation. Having seen them here, I have withdrawn under cover, well assured that they will speedily rush upon their fate. They are, I rejoice to say, bringing all their artillery, ships, and stores together; so that the whole armament will be destroyed at a single effort, and your Majesty's soldiers be relieved from further toil and exertion. Sebastopol awaits the invaders.

"The loss in your Majesty's ranks has been trifling; and none of it is due to the fire or steel of the enemy. In repelling the English from the banks of the Alma, three privates and a corporal pressed too near to the crumbling edge, and fell into the waves. As they shouted to us not to mind them, but to beat their Father's (your Majesty's) foes, we felt obliged to comply, and they were drowned. This, and the loss of a recruit, who expired with joy at beholding the gallantry of his comrades, are the only casualties I have to record.

"In the meantime, I humbly recommend everybody, including myself, for stars and orders. Everybody achieved miracles of valour, and it would be invidious to select any one for especial mention, unless I make an exception in my own favour. When the allied army is annihilated, I shall do myself the honour of letting your Majesty know. Until then, and always,

"Your Majesty's faithful Servant,

"MENDAXCOFF."

"Sebastopol, Sept. 22."

THE ELECTRIC STORY-TELLER.

WHAT horrid fibs by that electric wire
Are flashed about! what falsehoods are its shocks!
So that, in fact, it is a shocking liar,
And why? That rogues may gamble in the stocks.

We thought that it was going to diffuse
Truth o'er the world; instead of which, behold,
It is employed by speculative Jews,
That speculative Christians may be sold.

Nations, we fancied, 'twas about to knit,
Linking in peace, those placed asunder far,
Whereas those nations are immensely bit
By its untrue reports about the war.

Oh! let us rather have the fact that creeps,
Comparatively, by the Post so slow,
Than the quick fudge which like the lightning leaps,
And makes us credit that which is not so.

The calm philosopher, the quiet sage,
Fair Science thus abused to see, provokes,
Especially it puts him in a rage,
To be, himself, deluded by the hoax.

EXTREME BACKWARDNESS OF THE DEAD SEASON.

THE Flat Season is nearly over, and the *Athenæum* hasn't had one letter yet upon the authorship of *Junius's Letters*!



THE NEW UNIFORM.

THE LIVES OF THE SHERIFFS.

We have had the Lives of the Chancellors, and the Lives of other public functionaries; but the Lives of the Sheriffs, though yet an unwritten book, is a work for which ample materials will be found in those brilliant biographical bursts which bubble up every Goose-day from the mouth of the Recorder to the ears of the Cursitor Baron. We have lately been favoured through this medium with a sketch of the careers of HENRY MUGGERIDGE, alderman and corn-dealer, and DECIMUS CROSSLEY, sheriff and poulterer.

MR. BANKS, the Cursitor Baron, having taken his seat on the bench in the Court of Exchequer, in his full scarlet robes (*Quare*, has he a scanty set for less important occasions?) commenced listening with solemn gravity to the life, adventures, and achievements of MR. ALDERMAN MUGGERIDGE. That distinguished man is, it seems, "sprung from that class," says the Recorder, "with which I have the honour of knowing that your lordship has a warm and hereditary sympathy—that class which, under the name of British yeomen, &c., support their families through the pleasant and fertile plains of England."

We then learn the important fact, that "he is one of a large family—one of eight sons I believe"—an announcement which no doubt impressed the Cursitor Baron, as it will the world, with due admiration for the multiplicity of the MUGGERIDGES. "At an early period," continues the learned Recorder, "at the age of 13, I understand, he was inducted into the mysteries of a merchant's counting-house." What these "mysteries" may be, which required the awful ceremony of an "induction," we cannot understand, but we know that some of the first of our City magnates have been "inducted" into these "mysteries" by no more formal process than an engagement as errand boy. Having "attracted the attention of his fellow citizens in the ward of Castle Baynard"—though what he did to attract their attention, except to follow the usual course of canvassing them for their votes, we are not informed,—he became a Common Councilman. In that character he hammered away very properly at one of the thousand abuses of the City. The result of his labours seems, however, to be almost, if not quite void for remoteness, inasmuch as the Recorder has no doubt that "the exertions of ALDERMAN MUGGERIDGE will have laid the foundation of some future arrangement, which, either by the internal powers of the Corporation itself, or by the assistance of the Legislature will be productive of some satisfactory result."

Having traced his hero to the dignity of an Alderman and Sheriff, the Recorder quits the subject of the MUGGERIDGE Memoirs, and introduces MR. CHARLES DECIMUS CROSSLEY, the Sheriff and Poulterer,

who seems to have brought his eggs on the whole to a very fair market. There is no particular distinction to be claimed for MR. CROSSLEY, except that he "enjoys the Freedom of the City"—what a pure source of enjoyment!—and is "connected with highly respectable families in York, with which county," adds the Recorder, favouring us with a delicious little bit of autobiography, for which we cannot be too grateful, "I MYSELF have the honour to be connected."

There is not much to be made of MR. CROSSLEY's biography, for a poulterer's life presents but few opportunities for distinction, and the Recorder therefore looks to the future as the field of future exploits. The Recorder thus proceeds—

"It is with the greatest confidence I present these gentlemen to your lordship, for confirmation on the part of the Crown. The past year has been a year of tranquillity and prosperity in our history. Of that which is to come no one can judge the importance, but of this I am sure, that the loyalty and determination of the gentlemen I now present to you will not be found wanting, should any unexpected difficulties arise."

It is certainly a new fact to us that the past year has been one of tranquillity, for we were under the rather general impression that it had been a year of war, but if any emergency should arise, if there should be "unexpected difficulties," for which the Government and the Legislature have failed to provide, there will be the "loyalty and determination" of MUGGERIDGE and of CROSSLEY, "citizen and poulterer," to fall back upon. It is gratifying to feel that the valiant poulterer is not likely to prove chicken-hearted, or to display the white feather.

After a speech from the Cursitor Baron, in which he augured "immense things" of the shrieval career of MESSRS. MUGGERIDGE and CROSSLEY, the ceremonies by which the city holds its lands were commenced, and ALDERMAN SALOMONS, who appears to be the Civic low comedian proceeded to go through some "ryghte pleasaunte" foolery in the fashion described in the following paragraph:—

"MR. ALDERMAN SALOMONS, as the senior alderman present, not having passed the chair, proceeded to the floor of the court, and created considerable laughter by the humorous and quaint manner in which he took up the mimic adms and billhook to cut in twain two small bundles of peeled willows, about six inches in length, supposed to be two bundles of faggots, and so adroitly was it done with the assistance of the grave and solemn usher, who looked upon the ceremony as one big with the fate of a great city, without which a sheriff could not perform his function, that not to have seen the faggots cut, the horse shoes and hobnails counted, was destruction to all his grandeur and official usefulness." [1]

We cannot help admiring the spirit of satire in which ALDERMAN SALOMONS, converted into a "screaming farce" the pompous absurdities that used to be performed with the most imbecile solemnity.

"ALDERMAN SALOMONS then proceeded to go through the ceremony of counting six horseshoes (which, by the by, are stated to have been used for the same purpose during the last four centuries) and 61 hobnails, and on the announcement of that number, "The Cursitor Baron declared the number a good number, and that suit and service had been well done."

Thus ended a piece of annual foolery, which takes place appropriately enough on the great goose festival of England. We cannot help pitying men of sense, such as the Recorder we are sure is, and the Cursitor Baron we hope is, who are compelled to go through a series of the most egregious fooleries that have survived the modern advance of intellect. We fancy we see in the inflated style of the Recorder a disguised air of satire which is intended to have the effect of a *reductio ad absurdum* on a custom the breach and ultimate annihilation of which we are all earnestly looking for.

APES OF THE BOUDOIR.

A PHRENOLOGIST presents his compliments to Mr. Punch, and begs that Mr. Punch would point out to young ladies, but more particularly to old ones, the absurdity of wearing their hair à l'Impératrice, indiscriminately, and without reference to the shape of the forehead. The EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH is represented as furnished, in the front of the upper story, with large organs of Imitation, and Wit, or Mirthfulness, and her hair is arranged naturally, by being extended over the former of those organs, and around the latter. She shows her Wit, and sets off her Imitation, in thus arranging her hair; but the reverse is the case with ladies who stick out theirs over their Imitation, which slopes, and twist it round their Wit, whose surface recedes. They, by aping her, only show the poverty of their Imitation, and their sad deficiency in Wit.

Wanted, at the Foreign Office.

IMMEDIATELY, Wanted a few Clerks who can tell what o'clock it is; despatches having arrived at their destination some hours before they were transmitted.—Trustworthy timekeepers will, during the war, be liberally remunerated.

SCOTCH WRONGS.

THE EARL OF EGLINTOUN has recently sent a very liberal subscription to the Scotch Hospital, in order that in his present desperate condition the Scotch Lion may "become an in-door patient."



HOW KIND.

Cruc little Puth. "OH HARRIETTE DEAR—PUT ON YOUR HAT AND LET US THEE THE STEAMBOAT COME IN. THE THEA IS THO ROUGH!—AND THE PEOPLE WILL BE SO ARTHURDLY THICK!!!"

THE TYRANT'S DOOM.

(BY TUMMUS.)

As I was a gittun atop of a gate,
In pace and in quiet my victuals to ate,
There come a young ooman along the road-zide,
"Now what bist thee arter?" says I, "purty maaid?"

"Well, if you must know, then, I'll tell you," says she,
"I be gwyun into town, mun, and that's what I be."
"And what, purty maaiden, bist gwyun there vor?"
"Oh! to hear if there's any moor news vrom the War."

"What consarn is the War unto thee, then?" says I;
"Oh! never you mind," she so sharp did reply.
"But I wants for to git satisfaction about
The wounded and killed if the listes is out."

"Ah! thee bist afeard 'bout zome chap o' thy kin,
That either the vleet, or the vorces is in."
"No, I han't got no kinsman among 'em at all,"
And the drops from her eye did begin for to fall.

"Then thee'st got a zweetheart," says I, "I suppose,
By thy tears tricklun down 'long the zide o' thy nose."
"There's a young man as went for a soger," she said,
And I wishes I know'd if he's livin or dead."

"Now come, purty maiden," says I, "leave off cry'n,
There's hundreds and thousands in a wus case than thine.
There's mothers, young ooman, and zisters, and wives:
And their zons, brothers, husbands, a lozun their lives."

"'Tis frightful to think on; 'tis dreadful," she said,
"Oh, what must there be on that IMPEROR's head!"
"Well," says I, "altogether, I s'pose, not much less
Than a million of murders, to gie a round guess."

"What, a million!" cries she, "what will ever be done
With the wretch if he's cotched—when they hangs men for one?"
"Done?" says I—"why, young ooman, they'll let un alone.
Ees, as likely as not, let un bide on a's throne."

"When murder's committed at that mighty rate,
They lets off the culpurt 'cause why he's so great;
For tyrants be reckon'd too big for the 'size,
Such precious fine fellers they be in folks' eyes."

"They wun't sarve un out, then," says she, "for his crimes?"
"Did," says I, "they'd have to hang un a million o' times;
Seeun that can't be done; why they'll let the chap goo,
But I'll tell 'ee what I should like wi' un to do."

"I'd suffer'n no moor 'long o' Christians to live,
But a den to un 'mongst the wild beastes I'd give,
This feller that's caused zo much bloodshed to flow,
I'd ha' took round the country in 'OOMWELLS's show."

"There his teeth a med grind, and his eyes a med roll,
Whilst he wor stirred up wi' the keeper's long pole:
Zo I'd ha' the brute, carted vrom Fair unto Fair,
Wi' 'walk up, good folks, and zee the Gurt Rooshan Bear.'"

Elastic Shot.

A DEPUTATION from the Peace Society waited, yesterday, on the DUKE OF NEWCASTLE, to request that, in concession to the requirements of humanity, Indian rubber balls only should be employed in the war against NICHOLAS.

AD CAPTANDUM.

A LADY, very fashionably known for her mistakes in English, French, and all languages, says, "the worst of LOUIS NAPOLEON's proclamations to the army is—they are certainly extremely good—but then they are so very *ad claptandum*."

OUR RUSSIAN GUESTS.

Poor fellows, whom NICHOLAS no more commands,
Having laid down your arms, give us also your hands,
We forget you were foes—and in truth you were not,
Any more than the stones that were crushed with our shot.

You were only a Tyrant's unfortunate thralls,
With your bodies for bricks who built ramparts and walls,
Which if we, to hit at him, were forced to strike through,
'Twas with sorrow and pain and compassion for you.

He piled you, like sandbags, or clods of mere dirt,
The blows which we aimed at his power to avert;
He cares not what swarms of his vassals may fall,
Whilst yet he has more to oppose to our ball.

Should a score of his serfs stop a shot or a shell,
That, your monarch considers, will do pretty well,
For he thinks his loss less in the slaves that we slay,
Than our own in the missiles which we shoot away.

Come; you're out of the clutch of your savage old chief,
Here's some bread for you: here are potatoes and beef.
And to wash it all down here's a jug of good beer;
We'll make you all jolly now we have you here.

May our nations soon cease this sad warfare to wage,
And your CZAR have been caught and confined in a cage,
May you then to your country take back all you've gained,
Whilst by war's happy fortune you hero were detained.

May you take the plumpudding whereon you have fed,
And the notions that each has had put in his head,
That by you Holy Russia delivered may be,
You, through being made prisoners, who learned to be free.

We shall make your captivity easy to bear,
And may our own people as happily fare,
As many as—but, may their numbers be few!
Are, or shall be, in like situation with you.

LADIES' HABITS FOR OCTOBER.

HERE is a morsel of fatuous delicacy, nicely adapted to the palate of imbecile elegance. The description of the fashions for October, in *Le Follet*, commences with the following sorap of fiddlefaddle:

"Notwithstanding the unusually long duration of the fine weather with which our fair patrons have been so highly favoured during their stay at the gay chateaux of their aristocratic acquaintances, or at the various fashionable watering places, the chilly mornings and evenings, and the undeniable lengthening of the latter, indicate but too plainly the approach of that period of the year when in-door amusements must be made to compensate for out-of-door recreation."

Le Follet may be done by a man six feet three inches high, with bulk and brains in proportion. He may have penned the foregoing specimen of queasy miminipiminyism with a fist like a shoulder of mutton, immediately after devouring the greater part of a leg, or swallowing some pounds of bacon and cabbage, washed down with a quart or two of BARCLAY and PERKINS'S stout. He may be able to knock down an ox, walk a thousand miles in a thousand hours, and fight, with the likelihood to thrash, any man of his weight—that being fourteen stone. He may, however, have no other business, whereby to support his huge frame, and satiate his craving maw, than that of writing stuff to flatter the vanity of the softer portion of the softer sex. Necessity alone—the necessity of gorging and swilling—may have compelled him to file a masculine mind down to this. So no more of him; only let the readers whom he addresses beware, if they want to look pretty for any while, how they follow his suggestion with respect to in-door amusement. Every woman, every fashionable woman, even, has a heart, at least considered as the organ of circulation; and blood vessels, on the healthy play of which depends the bloom of her face, and which will not play healthily without out-of-door exercise. She has also muscles and ligaments, which have to brace her up, hold her together, and keep her clean-limbed, but will do nothing of the sort for long unless they are maintained in proper tension by the same means. Let her loiter about all day in a close "muggy" house, instead of exerting herself for a due time in the fresh air, and she quickly begins to droop and look unwholesome. Soon her complexion fades, or grows discoloured, her features are puffed or shrunk, her form either wastes or swells, she gets either haggard and lanky, or round and fat; her figure tumbles all of a heap; her ankles give out, her feet spread and flatten: her elastic step becomes a waddle: and her person altogether acquires the style of a cow.

Brilliant eyes, on the other hand, complexion to match, features retaining the chiselled outline, a slim and smart figure, neatly turned

ankles, finely arched insteps, are the reward of walking or riding out at a good pace, and for a reasonable distance, every practicable day. And by these means is preserved for many a year a contour, the cut of which resembles that of the doe or the gazelle.

At no period of the year is any healthy young woman, of whatever station, obliged to exchange out-of-door recreation for in-door amusement, except when it hails or rains, or snows, or thunders and lightens, or blows a hurricane. Are there not furs? never mind the expense: the war with Russia has not made them dearer than the attendance of a simpering doctor. Are there not muffs, and boas, and all sorts of waterproof armour? Young ladies, take the advice of your elders, and as the old women say, "Get out!"—in all tolerable weather.

As to necessary in-door amusement, mind, it also may be made conducive to beauty, by being rendered in some degree intellectual. Intelligence adds considerably to the lustre of the eyes, which, without it have only the glitter of glass beads, whilst the best shaped and most splendidly coloured face which they can be stuck in resembles that of a waxen dummy in a hair-dresser's shop. In order, therefore, to attract admiration, ladies of fashion would do well to cultivate intelligence, to some extent, by way of in-door amusement.

Beauty may be called a fading flower; but it is a flower that will fade very much the sooner for being taken in-doors for the winter, like a geranium. Even *Le Follet* must, on reflection, if able to reflect, see the justice of these observations. It will admit that a lady is not a mere clothes-horse, and will perhaps allow that the figure is more than the dress, and the face than the bonnet.



"OH! HERE'S A COUPLE OF JOLLY MUSHROOMS!"

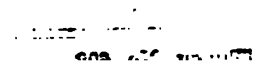
A STORM IN A KENSINGTON (SLOP) BASIN.

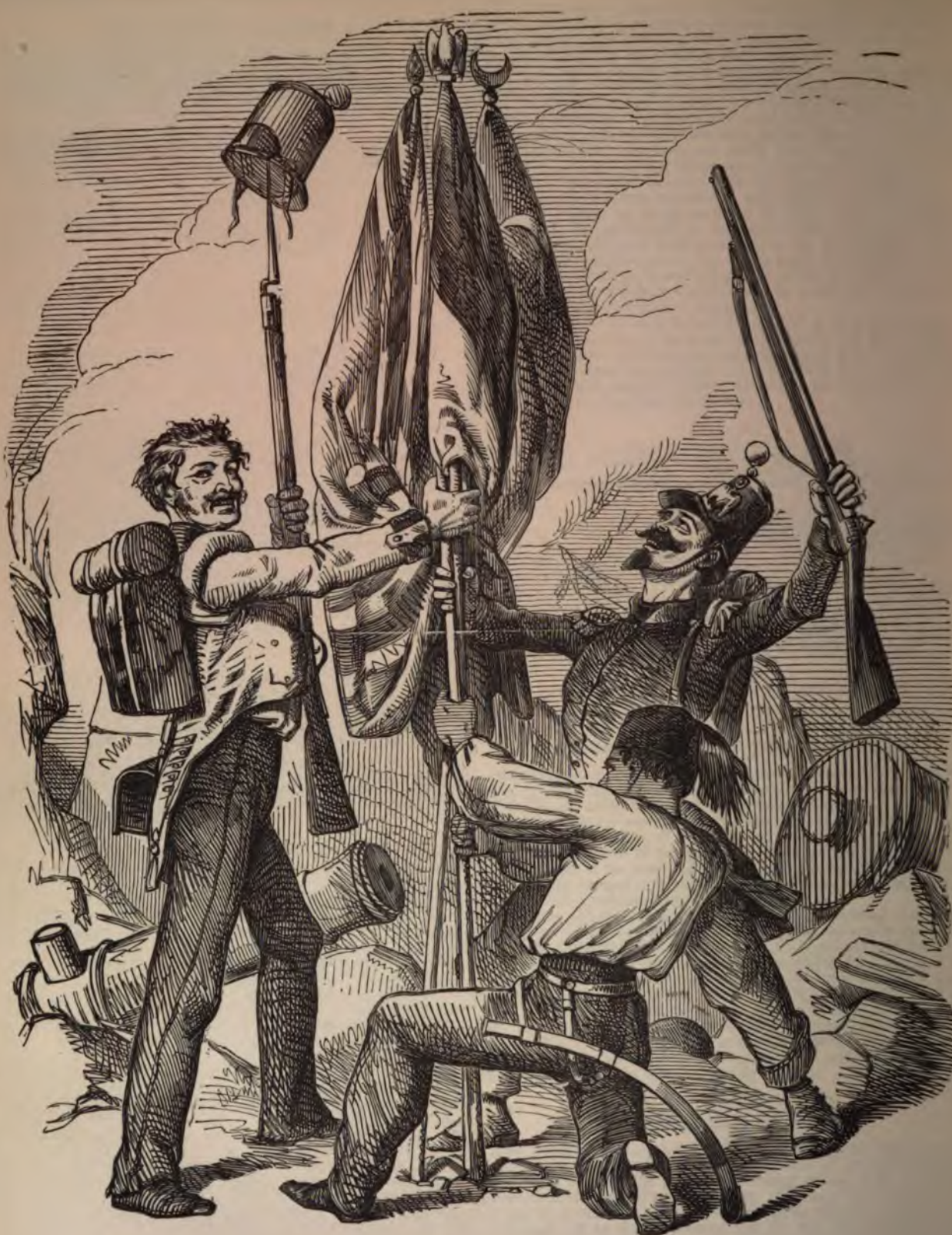
KENSINGTON, our favourite suburb, has lately been the scene of a series of frightful convulsions, in consequence of an election of what are called "Improvement Commissioners;" for improvement is a quality of which Kensington is especially susceptible. The election was carried on amidst the mingled foam of eloquence and porter; the mouths of the orators and the heads of the pint-pots were equally frothy. Such was the excitement of the hour that the stranger passing casually through the town was dragged in to vote, and even children were pulled up to the poll, with a reckless disregard to everything.

When the poll had closed, everybody threatened to break the head of anybody who dared to add the numbers up; and somebody ran off to bury the voting lists in the churchyard till somebody else ran to dig them up again. The chairman's coat was pulled from his back in a boisterous game of oranges and lemons, into which both parties, somehow or other, happened to fall, until all fell down together. One man began to ring the church bells, and another threatened to wring his nose for doing so. A timid adherent of the blues called out "Police!" Another threw himself into the arms of PUMELL, the beadle; and a third ran up the ladder of the fire escape, in a panic which only subsided when the fireman thrashed him down again.

AN ACTRESS IN A RAINY DAY.

THE French papers inform us that the celebrated tragic actress, MADEMOISELLE GEORGES, is, in consideration of her straitened circumstances, to enjoy the privilege of taking charge of the sticks and umbrellas at the Great Paris Exhibition. It seems rather *infra dig.* on the part of an eminent *tragédienne* to accept an office so humble, but it is humanely felt by the Government that she who has suffered from the storms of adversity deserves to be sheltered from those storms by as many umbrellas as the public will place in her hands; while the charge of a number of sticks is one that an actress who must have seen a great variety of sticks on the stage will find rather congenial to her old habits. Though the office is temporary, it is possible that it may be made permanent by giving her the custody of the umbrella of LOUIS PHILIPPE, which seems at present useless to the Citizen King's family.





VICTORY OF THE ALMA.



BURSTING OF THE RUSSIAN BUBBLE.

OCTOBER 14, 1854.]

A BROADSIDE FROM THE BLACK SEA.

III. THE BATTLE OF THE ALMA.

BRIGHTLY, briskly runs the Alma, cold and green from mountain snow;
Pleasant shade, along its borders, oak and plane and walnut throw,
Where the Tatar shepherd shelters with his flock from noontide heat,
In a silence only broken by the browsing goat's faint bleat.

From the huts beneath the hill-sides, Tatar women to the brink
Shyly come to fill their pitchers, or drive down the cows to drink.
All is calm and peace and plenty. Over all—a form of awe—
Sleeps in light the snow-spread table of the mighty Tschatyr-Dagh.

On the northern bank the copses flush with autumn red and gold:
On the southern bank the margin shows a cliff-line bare and bold.
You may cross the stream in spring-time, nor be wet above the knee,
But when summer melts the snow-wreaths, who would ford it stout
must be.

On the twentieth of September—they had march'd from early morn—
As our armies near'd the Alma, they were weary men and worn;
But the heaviest tread grew springy, strength was in the weakest hand,
As the word "Halt!—Form!" was given—for they knew the Russ at
hand.

There, along the southern heights, in entrenchments lay the foe,
With his batteries in position—seven-score great guns, level'd low.
There was little time to count them ere their roar the silence woke—
And the dell has grown a hell—all fire and sulphurous smoke.

Now Zouaves and Tirailleurs!—now Rifles and Chasseurs!—
Scatter wide, finding shelter where you can;
Fire steadily and slow, til the distant foemen know
That every Minié bullet has its man!

See, they crouch, well-filled pouch, firm hand and murderous aim:
Every bush, a puff of smoke: every stone, a jet of flame;
And behind their covering shot, at a steady, swinging trot
Downward pours, to the shores, the Allies' van!

Again—again—again—those batteries' iron rain,
And thick, alas! our gallant fellows fall:
For the river it is deep, and the banks they are steep,
And the heights there beyond, are like a wall.
But a lusty British cheer, and a thundering British charge, and the
foremost are already in the flood,
Though the great guns ever roar, down upon them from the shore, and
the water that was green turns to blood!

Through the shallows, in the deeps, o'er the boulders, up the steeps,
British, French and Turk, eager for the work,
Are floundering and clambering and rushing with mad leaps—
On again—on again—some are left, though many die—
Your powder may be damp, but your bayonets are dry:
Let it come but to the steel, and the Muscovite shall feel
With what men he his prowess hath to try!

Hark to those ringing cheers! 'Tis the bold Welsh Fusiliers,
Ever foremost where there's work to be done:—
They've won footing on the bank—they are closing rank on rank,
Scores of dying, but of flying never one!

Now, fiery Celtic blood, to our French allies make good
The credit of the lineage that you share!
They have gained the heights' bald crown!—Now they stagger—now
they're down!—

But, hark, another cheer, and the gallant Guards are near!
And with glorious tartans streaming, and Highland bagpipes screaming,
The Black-Watch to the rescue appear!

At length the crest is won! Stab the gunner at his gun!
E'er to take up new ground the batteries wheel:
On—Britons, Turks and French—o'er redoubt and over trench,
Surge on like a wave of flashing steel!—
Lo, they waver—lo, they shake—lo, their line begins to break,
With the tramp of flying men, flying horses, Earth doth quake.
You have fought a desperate fight, you have crushed a giant might,
And four hours ere the setting of the sun,
The triple flags wave high, bullet-rent against the sky,
And the Battle of the Alma hath been won!

IV. WAITING FOR NEWS.

Haste, haste,—post-haste—across the waste the sleepless Tatar rides;
The steamboat's prow the sea doth plough, defying winds and tides;
On iron rails the train-spied mails like fiery meteors dash;
Electric fires, along the wires, their thought-quick tidings flash.

But neither Tatar riding, nor steamboat cleaving sea,
Nor engine's race, devouring space, nor lightning fast and free,
Can match the speed, wherewith at need, hope, fear, and love combined,
In their strong flight, to the scene of fight, will sweep the unresting
mind.

Almost we curse the skill perverse, that so far having gone,
To conquer space and time efface, halts ere its work is done;
Leaving half-said, what should be read entire, or not at all,
Till hope's hot thrill, and fear's cold chill, like ague on us fall.

In stately homes—in lowly rooms—how many hearts unsleeping!
What pampered wealth, and toiling health, alike their vigil keeping!
Still to one tune, both late and soon, all hearts are set and strung;
In mart and street, where'er men meet, one theme on every tongue!

What stalwart hands are lifted up, what gray heads bowed and bare!
What lisping tongues of infants are taught to shape a prayer!
Young hearts that looked to lives of love, are sick with bitter fears,
Old eyes are dim for thought of him that should have stayed their years.

At the Horse-Guards gate, are throngs that wait, till the fateful lists
are shown,

Hard men—pale women—selfish all—all thinking of their own;
While those too proud, with the common crowd, their joys and griefs
to blend,

Restless, at home, await the doom that hopes or fears shall end.

But those who hide their hearts at home, and those the gates that fill,
Whate'er their hopes—whate'er their fears—are English, English still.
No soul so glad, no soul so sad, but its sorrow and its glee
Will be lessened and be heightened by the news of victory.

Thank God, we still have something of the stout old Spartan strain;
What mother but would sooner learn how that her son was slain,
Face to the foe, than he should owe his life to flight or fear?
Better to spare a hero there, than have a coward here.

Then pray and wait—you at the gate, and you, your homes within,
Till the cannon's roar, from sea to shore, wake a victorious din.
Your country laughs with those who laugh, and mourns with those who
mourn;

And their names that fall, at duty's call, in England's heart are borne!



INFALLIBLE SPECIFIC.

AMONG the Foreign Intelligence of a contemporary there lately
appeared the statement following:—

"The CARDINAL VICAR OF ROME has just published an edict, in which, after attributing the cholera to the sins of the Romans, he directs that the finger of St. PETER, the arm of St. ROSE, the heart of St. CHARLES, and other relics, shall be exposed to the adoration of the faithful, in order to avert the wrath of the Almighty."

Mummy was formerly included in the materia medica, and was administered as a remedy for various complaints. In all probability it wrought some cures, by the operation of what is commonly called faith, and which doubtless, in the patients who were cured by mummy, was the same condition or quality of mind as the faith of the faithful to whose adoration the CARDINAL VICAR OF ROME has been recommending his dried anatomical preparations. His Eminence, however, has the advantage of the old doctors. Those nasty creatures made their patients actually swallow their mummy; he only requires that his should be looked at, which is an improvement on the system of DR. WHAT'S-HIS-NAME, who advertises a cutaneous disease "cured by smelling."



BUSINESS LIKE.

"I SAY, CHARLEY, DON'T YOU THINK YOU HAD BETTER GO BACK TO YOUR CUSTOMER!"
Incipient Wine Merchant. "NOT YET. ALWAYS GONE A QUARTER OF AN HOUR FOR THE VERY OLD PORT—FURTHER END OF THE CELLAR! CELLAR'S VERY EXTENSIVE! GREAT CARE NECESSARY FOR FEAR OF DISTURBING THE CRUST YOU KNOW—ET CÆTERA—TWIG!"

WE KNOWS YER FEELINGS.

Oh how shall we comfort our Muscovite Premier—
 How shall we solace that good man's grief?
 He is certain to hear, by the very next steamer,
 How soundly we've walloped the Petersburg thief?

If there's comfort in *this*, let our friend well-intentioned,
 Be told that the nation's completely aware
 That NICHOLAS Senior, and NICK above mentioned,
 Alone find our victories harder to bear.

THE FAITHLESS SHEPHERD.

We pity the condition of the lost sheep whose fate is described in the following paragraph:—

"SHEEP WITHOUT A SHEPHERD.—A curious incident (says the *South-Eastern Gazette*) took place at High Halden on Sunday week. The Rev. R. SHUTE, rector of Halden, and a minor canon of St. Paul's, London, having been absent from his clerical duties four Sabbaths out of the last five, during which time the church-going people have had to return to their homes without their usual spiritual admonitions, the congregation assembled on the 17th ult. and proceeded to make the best arrangements in their power for public worship. The parish churchwarden and the churchwarden of the absent rector with common consent gave out the old hundredth Psalm, after which the parish churchwarden read a portion of Scripture, selected from Jeremiah, chap. 23; an anthem followed, sung by an excellent sacred choir. The assembly being not quite satisfied with so small a portion of sacred writ, the churchwarden read another portion of Scripture selected from St. John, chap. 3, succeeded by another anthem from the choir; and in conclusion 18 verses were read from the 10th chapter of St. John. The churchwardens deemed it expedient to offer praise and thanksgiving for all past mercies, and likewise an appeal against cholera, which is very prevalent in the village and surrounding neighbourhood."

However laudable may have been the efforts of the churchwarden and the congregation to get up a service in the absence of the clergyman, there is something rather derogatory to the solemnity and sacredness

SHORT LEADING CASES.

Our legal contemporaries give occasional Reports of what they call Short Leading Cases; and as we think the idea a good one, we shall adopt it, with our own improvements. We shall add to the shortness—if that can be called an addition which is, in fact, a curtailment—and we shall show the direction in which the cases lead, if that can be called a direction which is most uncertain as to the issue.

ADDING NEW PLEA.

Defendant owed plaintiff twenty pounds on a dishonoured bill of exchange. Plaintiff seeks payment, and defendant refuses, on the plea that he has got no money, and this becomes therefore a leading case, for it leads the plaintiff several times to the outer door of defendant's chambers.

BAIL IN ERROR.

In this case judgment had been given against A, when B so far lost his own judgment as to become bail for A, and thus found himself in error. The leading quality of this case consisted in the fact of its leading B in pursuit of A, who had run away to Calais.

JUDGMENT FOR WANT OF APPEARANCE.

A was in search of a situation as a footman; but, being a very little man, he never could obtain a place, and judgment went against him for want of appearance.

INSOLVENCY.

In this case, plaintiff, a speculative attorney, brought a speculative action against defendant, who succeeded, but being saddled with the costs of his own defence, which could not be got from the speculative attorney, was obliged to take the benefit of the Act, and the case became a leading case by leading defendant to the Insolvent Court.

THE GREAT CRIMINAL.—It is the profound remark of somebody whose name we are unacquainted with, that the CZAR has committed a crime, and is losing the Crimea.

of public worship in the piece of pious patchwork described in the foregoing statement. The rector cannot, of course, be in two places at once, and if he was performing the duties of a minor canon at St. Paul's in London, he could not be exercising his ministry at High Halden. A manifold writer is no rarity, but a manifold preacher, or indeed a parson with more folds than one, has a difficult, if not an impossible task to execute.

THE SLAVE-TRADE IN BRISTOL.

We beg leave to direct the attention of MRS. STOWE to the following advertisement from a Bristol newspaper:—

WANTED to purchase immediately, a powerful COB PONY, not less than 13 hands high; must be warranted sound and steady in harness. Also, a YOUNG MAN to groom and drive the same, and make himself generally useful.—Address in either case to R. P., *Bristol Mercury Office*.

Is this a free country? Shall Britons ever, ever (instead of never, never), be Slaves? are the questions that suggest themselves to us on reading the above paragraph. Here in the heart of England is an intimation that "a powerful Cob Pony and a Young Man to groom and drive the same" are "wanted to PURCHASE." There can be no mistake, for the word "ALSO" distinctly connects the Young Man with the Cob Pony as an article "wanted to purchase," and if the shadow of a doubt could still remain on our mind, the ambiguity is dispelled by the concluding intimation that we are to "address in either case to R. P., *Bristol Mercury Office*." It is evident from this that the Cob Pony may be purchased without the Young Man, or the Young Man may be purchased without the Cob Pony.

We cannot write any further on this subject in consequence of our burning indignation having boiled away all the ink in our pen, and set our blood dancing in our veins at such a rate that we can no longer guide our fingers.



AUSTRIA AT LENGTH DEFIES RUSSIA.

"THOU EVER STRONG UPON THE STRONGER SIDE."

A NEW WAY OF PLEASING THE PIGS.

We hope our readers will be as much amused as we have been by the following:—

NOTICE TO SHIPPERS, SHIPOWNERS, AND CAPTAINS.



JOHN BELL, FLESHER, Union Court, 172, Argyll Street, having his attention drawn to the fact, that pigs, when put aboard ships, if they be strangers to one another, quarrel and fight, and will eat nothing for a few days, has erected at his own residence, four miles out in the country, a large Piggery, at very considerable expense, where a stock of Pigs is kept always on hand, completely domesticated, by which the inconvenience above alluded to is avoided, when transferred to ships. And as live stock is now so essential for Passenger Ships, J. B. has always on hand at this place, a large Stock of suitable live Sheep and Poultry, also Vegetables, Fruit, and Potatoes.

We have not been sufficiently versed in the philosophy of BACON, to have observed the tendency of pigs to fight on board ship, unless they have been previously made acquainted with each other by a formal introduction. We certainly were not aware that a scrupulous regard to etiquette was prevalent among the porcine tribe, and that they stood on such very nice points of ceremony, as we should call humbug in human beings, and gammon in the pig or other inferior animal. We are now for the first time made acquainted with the fact that the very extreme of fastidious etiquette may be called "going the whole hog," and we ought perhaps to admire the individual who keeps an establishment for the purpose of introducing all sorts of boorish brutes into polite piggish society. "A large piggery" is, it seems, kept up at a great expense for inculcating the *bienséances* of porcine life, and we ought to be very much obliged to the gentleman who undertakes the part of Hogg's *Instructor*.

THE "SPECIAL" EMPEROR.

WHAT more natural than the introduction of the new police (*à l'Anglaise*) in Paris? Was not the Emperor himself a model "special?" Did not LOUIS NAPOLEON, on a certain day in April, turn out in defence of order, and collaterally, it may be, in defence of his own portmanteau in the two-pair back of a modest habitation in the parish of St. James's? After this, it is true he turned out, or caused others to turn out, in "defence of order," on a certain day of December; and the turn-out being very successful, why the Empire is the tremendous result. Nevertheless, the future philosophic historian, profoundly diving for causes, will discover in LOUIS NAPOLEON's instinctive love of order, as shown in April in the streets of London—the exile then keeping watch and ward as a sworn special—the forsworn love of order as triumphant in the streets of Paris. The Emperor, in lieu of a constable's staff, now flourishes an imperial sceptre; nevertheless, we understand that, in memory of that constabulary event, LOUIS NAPOLEON's staff will be enshrined at the Paris Police Station (the Scotland Yard in French) for the admiration and encouragement of all the force. Beneath the weapon will run this inscription: "*Courage! He who was once a special constable, is now an immaculate Emperor!*"

Flower-Pickers in the Crystal Palace.

Two women have been detected in the grounds of the Crystal Palace picking and stealing dahlias and other flowers. It is understood that, as a serious warning to their sisterhood in general, the offenders, for having plucked the living flowers, will be sentenced to wear their bonnets for fourteen years with no flowers at all!

HOW TO TEST A NATION'S PROSPERITY.



TRAVELLER says, "I can always judge of the prosperity of France by the condition of the Trees on the Boulevards at Paris. If the Trees are tall, noble, and towering, I know well enough that the kingdom has been enjoying many years' internal peace and undisturbed prosperity; but if, on the contrary, the Trees are poor, sickly, short, and stunted, looking as if they had been either cut down or planted yesterday, I know to a certainty that the country is only just recovering from a recent revolution, or still labouring under some great civil convulsion." He calls the Trees on the Paris Boulevards, "The leafy barometers of France."

THE GREAT TAPTUB CASE!

A VERY solemn inquiry has been entered upon, pursued, and carried out by the Black Bull, the White Horse, the Pig-and-Whistle, the Red Lion, and other distinguished, well-known conservators and comforters of public morals, public benefactors, and publicans in general; an inquiry having for its solemn object the discovery of a gifted creature, who, by nature and accomplishment, shall best glorify the *Morning Taptub*, making it another morning sun to the gladdened and uplifted eyes and hearts of the human race in general, and of Britons in particular. Very exalting, very gratifying were the speeches made on the occasion; especially the utterances that were made most musical, most melancholy by their ring of morality and truth. A vain, coarse, unthinking generation has little thought of the greatness and purity of purpose animating a Black Bull; has no suspicion whatever of the deep note of morals and of truth roaring from the chest of the Red Lion. The Three Jolly Pigeons are doves of tenderness, and the Cock and Bottle, a Cock that turns up a jewel with every scratch!

The Pig-and-Whistle begged to put the editor of the *Morning Taptub* on his trial. It was plain that the *Taptub* demanded the nursing care of an editor who would join the wisdom of a MINERVA with the thunderbolts of Jove; a man whose leaders should be pink of gentility, fragrant and with the dew upon them—fresh from the gardens of rhetoric, so famous for its flowers. Now, how stood the case? The editor was not MINERVA; he hadn't even the little finger of JUPITER; and for flowers of rhetoric, what was to be thought of a benighted individual, who, in this age of light and good manners, should so degrade the *Taptub* as to call a rival editor a "nincompoop?" (*Cheers and sensation.*) The Pig-and-Whistle had thought such a word banished from every self-respecting tap-room; nevertheless there it had been found dimming and defiling the brightness and purity of the *Morning Taptub*! Again, had not the slumbers of PRINCE ALBERT been disturbed by the goose-quill of the editor; a goose-quill that had been made to mix with other goose-feathers of the royal pillow? Again, had not the editor declared the Protestant Church in danger from the appearance of the many mediæval mugs unrestrictedly exhibited in the crockery shops of Regent Street and the West End? Moreover, the editor in his sympathy with the Anti-Sabbath-Bung-Bill, had advocated the extension of the measure, so that on Sundays no day-light might be served between the hours of two and six; and on no pretence whatever should moon or stars shine or twinkle after ten. Viewing these things with deep alarm, the Pig-and-Whistle moved that the editor of the *Morning Taptub* should be invited to retire into that privacy of life that his virtues, his morals, and his genius were so well calculated to adorn.

The Bear-and-Ragged-Staff, in a neat growl, seconded the motion. MR. EDITOR rose for his defence. He had travelled much for the *Taptub*, and not for his own health, his own pleasure. He had visited salt mines (salt sometimes being used in beer); he had sought the site of the Garden of Eden with a view to grains of Paradise. He had not refused to tread the burning plains of Hindostan with a view to *coccus Indicus*! With respect to the use of the word "nincompoop" he must say, he thought it a good, bold, sinewy word that, properly applied would knock down an elephant, or even break the back of a Prime Minister! As for PRINCE ALBERT he entertained the highest respect for that gifted individual, and believed that the feeling was reciprocated with increased intensity. But he knew the object of the

present persecution; it was hatched in the scorpion bosom of the Catholic Church. Let his enemies prevail, and he knew that in a week—he would not mention the name of CARDINAL NICEMAN—in a little week a pair of scarlet stockings would sit cross-legged under the editorial desk of the outraged and betrayed *Taptub*!

After a very stormy debate, the Pig-and-Whistle's motion was carried by 176 to 149; and five minutes after the Editor followed the motion in a sedan-chair. He, however, retires—and we are happy to chronicle the fact—full of honours. Already the London Tavern, the Freemasons', DOLLY's Chop-House, &c., have voted him the freedom of their establishments. JOE's has sent him the Order of the Gridiron; and the Cheshire Cheese the Decoration of the Welsh Rabbit.

We cannot, however, dismiss this case without imploring the thoughtful reader to mark the great moral and commercial advantages that, to the public at large, must result from it. Of course, as the Wiltiers are so resolute, so earnest in their determination to have nothing but purity, health, and strength in their newspaper, they will come to the like resolution with respect to the commodities of the bar. When an editor is cashiered for indulging in such low syllables as "nincompoop," no censor wittier can think of dealing in *coccus Indicus*. Since we are to have all purity in the *Taptub*, of course we shall have the like unadulterated excellence in the glittering pewter!

A VIOLENT AGI-TATAR.

WE cannot sufficiently express our disgust at the Tatar who has hoaxed half Europe by prematurely announcing the fall of Sebastopol. Such a Tatar or Tatur ought to be immediately mashed, and severely roasted. At the risk of being considered "vulgar" we must say to all who make a mouth-piece of a mere Tatar or Tatur for promulgating false news, "Come, come, let's have none of this sort of thing again, so just shut your Tatur trap."



THE ABUNDANT HARVEST.

THE thanksgiving for the abundant harvest was solemnised, with peculiar fitness, in the parish church of Alum-cum-Potato. There, a miller and a baker (they were picked out by lot) were compelled to stand in the middle aisle during the service, dressed in a white sheet, in penitence for the high price of bread, seeing that wheat had been so abundant; and further, each of them being

"Crown'd with rank fumifer and furrow-weeds,
With harlocks, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flowers,
Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow
In our sustaining corn."

A good significance in these crowns; showing that if benevolent plenty sends us a heavy harvest, there is still the miller and the baker, the "weeds" that grow upon the price of our sustaining bread!

MARINE PRIVILEGES.—The Admiralty have graciously made it known to the Marines that, for the sake of uniformity, they may, in common with the military, wear moustaches! After this liberal concession, it is expected that the two forces will act with such unanimity that there will not be a hair's difference between them.

SELECTIONS FROM PRINCE MENSCHIKOFF'S
CARRIAGE.

THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE presents his compliments to Mr. Punch, and in order to avoid the difficulties which arise from the present system of distributing official information among the daily journals, the Duke begs to say that all interesting documents will in future be forwarded to Mr. Punch alone, but on the condition, (in which the Duke is assured of Mr. Punch's acquiescence,) that all the journals shall be at liberty to copy such documents from Mr. Punch's pages.

In conformity with this understanding, the Duke encloses a selection from the correspondence found in the captured carriage of the PRINCE MENSCHIKOFF. The letters were originally sent to Paris for translation into French, and

have been re-translated by a Clerk in the Foreign Office, whose grammar as been remarked, upon several occasions, to be very tolerable. Official discretion has, of course, been used in withholding passages which it seemed undesirable to publish.

No. 1.—A Young Lady of Sebastopol (family name unknown) to PRINCE MENSCHIKOFF.

"MY DEAREST PRINCE,

"How amiable of you to propose to me and Marie so charming a pleasure as that your delightful *billet* expresses. How truly good of you to reserve for us two front places upon the scaffold raised to enable the ladies of Sebastopol to behold you defeat these wretched French and English. Accept, my dear Prince? Decidedly I accept, with smiles of happiness, for my cousin and myself, and we promise to do your invitation credit by our good looks and toilettes. We have already hastened to MADAME CRAMPOLINE (who assures us that though her husband's name is French, her heart is Russian and your own—there, Prince, and she is only 36), and have secured—but no. You shall see the effect, not hear of it. We only hope that the horrid barbarians will not disappoint us, as you seem to think possible, and that they *will* come to the attack. Savages as they are, if they knew how many ladies depended on their boldness for a day's pleasure, they would certainly venture down to the Alma. However, we know you will do your best for us, and we are deeply thankful. Our carriage shall be on the field by half-past ten, or a quarter to eleven at latest. If you cannot come to put us into our places, perhaps you will send an *aide de camp*; perhaps, *ce cher petit PAUL HAIRENOFF*. But we leave all to you.

"Toute à toi, ELOISE."

No. 2.—COUNT OBENTHALER, St. Petersburg, to PRINCE MENSCHIKOFF.

"MY DEAR PRINCE,

"I have, as you desired, hinted at your proposal, in the probable event of your capturing the English and French generals, to knout them to death before the army, as a moral lesson to Europe. He will not hear of it. They are to be instantly forwarded to the capital, in irons. I do not advise you to neglect his wishes.

"Yours sincerely, O."

(The writer of this letter is known from the Prince having endorsed it. "From OBENTHALER. What I am to do with RAGLAN," &c.)

No. 3.—THE MINISTER to PRINCE MENSCHIKOFF.

"MY DEAR PRINCE,

"On no account must you make another mistake. I am not in the habit of using strong expressions, and therefore I trust to you to understand me when I say that no probability, however painful, must be considered as too remote a consequence of your deceiving NEVA (the Emperor) again. In your despatch to him you say that you can hold the A for three weeks. From what dropped from NEVA, on reading it, I advise you to hold it for six. For things are looking blacker and blacker. We *must* have a victory in the course of the next fortnight. *Verbum sap.* Ought I to add that NEVA has been speaking well of POWDERFLASK (PRINCE PASKIEWITCH) lately, and hinting that if he had been in the C. no landing would have been achieved?

"One word more. We have been friends. If you are deceiving him, send me—before the explosion—powers to get your property over the frontier. Now you understand.

"Yours, in anxiety, NESSELRODE."

No. 4.—Secret Report made to the PRINCE by an Employé unknown.

"In regard to the Colonels your Excellency has named to me, I am able to report, with one exception. B. is merely the creature of T., who has lent him money for gambling purposes. T. is discontent about the last promotion, and has had nightly interviews with a Jew, professedly a usurer, but probably a spy. V. I have followed home several times; he resists my advances (in itself suspicious); but I have bribed his servant, and obtained some of his letters. I do not think that I have as yet discovered much, but he keeps a journal, which I shall get sight of. Z. is at your mercy; he has appropriated regimental money. I can get at the particulars. If I might advise, it would be that your E. should, without exposing him, make him aware of your knowledge, and then depute him to bring you information as to the private habits of F. and P., to whom I cannot procure access. He may wince, but it is better than ruin. The surgeon L. is also at your disposal; he has sold all the bark from the medicine chest of the regiment, and has certified, twice, that he has an ample store. I think the Jew, M., sent it to Constantinople for sale; but at any rate the chest, if suddenly opened, will be found empty. The exception I alluded to, is young P., who had formed a suspicion that I was on a scent, and who called me a dishonourable ruffian and a spy, and kicked me down stairs. But he has a love affair, through which I shall be able to sound his views. He is a good and amiable young man. This is all at present. May I humbly remind your E. that my promotion will be most acceptable!"

"S."

No. 5.—From a Resident in London (name withheld) to PRINCE MENSCHIKOFF.

"I have received your instructions, but it would be useless and dangerous to attempt to carry them out. I fear that you deceive yourself, and judge our aristocracy by your own. Your offer is munificent, but I should hardly have made him understand what you wanted him to find out for you before I should be through the window. I would even risk this for you, but his office is on the first floor, and over a deep area with spikes. His being poor, as you say you have heard he is (it is true), makes no difference. Besides, if you had a copy of the instructions, it would be too late now. I thank you much for the £100—never was it more needed—and I would gladly earn more, but it is impossible."

No. 6.—From the EMPEROR NICHOLAS to PRINCE MENSCHIKOFF.

"PRINCE,

"I will not recur to the past. I will remember it only in the event of the future resembling it.

"You inform me that you can hold the Alma for three weeks against any force that can be brought against you. For your own sake, as well as mine, I am willing to believe that this time you have not miscalculated.

"I, too, have an almanac before me. This is the 10th of September [the 22nd N. S.]. The enemy landed a week ago. He can hardly have attacked you before this time, but I give you the 8th or 9th [20th or 21st] for the pleasure of receiving him. Allowing a week for the transmission of news, I shall hear of his first repulse on the 15th or 16th [27th or 28th], and I have ordered illuminations for one of those nights.

"On the last day of the third week from the 9th September, you will send me a despatch apprising me that the enemy is still at bay on the Alma, or you will yourself set out from wherever you may be (resigning the command to your second in rank), to explain to me in person how you have dared that it should be otherwise.

"With this understanding I fervently implore the blessing of all our holy saints upon you, and I kiss you.

"Your affectionate Father, N."

No. 7.—Intercepted Letter from a Sailor belonging to the "Agamemnon," but on shore at the Old Port, to his brother, a private in the 23rd Regiment.

"BILL YOU BEAUTY,

"aving cotched a Hare right these loins to be tide Round her and set her loose wereby if She do make sale for Your part of country in this Crymeer You will shoot Her or Another hoping he will Pass this here Loins to you wich is hooray you Beauty i heard the Caggon

as in 3 days time you be into Them lubberly thieves and menshykof ruffians wereby i hope you will Give it them as Hot as scaldins and a good Belyfull of the same wishing i was in your Luck you being None the wurse no More at present From your

"Afect'. brother JIM.

[The animal to which this missive was attached appears to have fallen into the hands of the Russians. The original has been transmitted to PRIVATE WILLIAM GRITTS, whose delight at the receipt was immense.]



JOY OF THE MACKENZIE, OF MACKENZIE FARM, AT SIGHT OF THE HIGHLANDERS.

A COLLEGE OF REAL COOKERY.

(To the Shade of COBBETT.)

SHADE,

I HOPE that you fine fellows who have left us look down upon us sometimes as you are hovering about, and therefore that your eye may meet these lines. Perhaps you know what I am about to tell you; but if it be no news to you, it may still not have come yet to the knowledge of some people below here, who will see this letter. Well then, to make no further palaver about the business in hand, I have to tell you that there is, really and truly, a COLLEGE OF DOMESTIC ECONOMY, established at 54, Devonshire Street, Portland Place, for the INSTRUCTION OF LADIES, as well as of *Female Servants*, in HOUSEHOLD MATTERS. Long ago I said there ought to be such an Institution. However, you had previously preached the true doctrine (unlike some PARSONS whom we know) that education ought principally to consist in teaching those things which the learner's future BUSINESS requires that he or she should know. That is my main reason for writing to you now, to tell you about this College, at which ladies are taught, not Latin and Greek, not 'Geography, Astronomy, and the Use of the Globes,' not to *hammer away at the piano*; no; but the COOKING OF VICTUALS, of all sorts, and the BAKING OF BREAD, how to make Pastry, Pies, and Tarts, and the sort of *Globes* called PUDDINGS. That's summut like, bean't it? as we say in Hampshire.

Observe, this COOKERY COLLEGE is both for *ladies* and *servants*, by which latter are meant hired servants; for what do ladies expect to be, I should like to know, but SERVANTS? All ladies, except a few wretched beings meant by nature for old maids, intend to get married; and of course every wife is, or ought to be, the SERVANT of her husband. Does she not swear to *obey* him, in the FORM OF SOLEMNIZATION OF MATRIMONY (composed by TOM CRANMER)?—in return for which oath, on his part, he swears that he will *cherish* her, and so forth. Of course, therefore, his servant she will be, unless she have SWORN TO A LIE. Now a duchess may serve her husband by sitting in a drawing-room and talking

French, and Italian, and German, in his absence, to the various foreign counts and other aliens who come calling, bowing, scraping, intriguing, and begging at his house: but the only SERVICE which the majority of ladies can render their husbands, otherwise than with the needle, is one to be performed in the KITCHEN.

Well but, however, this COLLEGE OF DOMESTIC ECONOMY is no GAMMON. It is no sham-ABRAHAM concern, got up for the sake of enabling fellows in black clothes, and white neckcloths, and green spectacles, to prate about the "mission of woman." It is a genuine undertaking. We are told by its prospectus that—

"Everything necessary to the acquirement of a perfect knowledge of domestic economy will be taught."

And the truly sensible remark is added, that

"The Culinary Art will be the leading feature of the education given at the commencement, it being the most required."

It also says that

"The students for practice will be divided into classes of four or five each, with a servant-student to attend on them and assist them in their operations."

And it adds this most important proviso,

"The articles prepared to be consumed at the meals."

I think I have now said enough to recommend this College to your good wishes, and to the patronage of all whom it may concern; that is, almost everybody who has, or expects to have a family. For the convenience of ladies who merely want to pick up hints, lectures are delivered on stewing, hashing, braising, and so on; admission to which alone may be had; lessons also are given at so much a lesson.

I am, Respected Shade, your admirer,

PUNCH.

Punch Office, 85, Fleet Street, October, 1864.

JOHN BULL'S SHARE OF THE BATTLE.

I CAN'T draw the sword, and a helping hand afford,
The EMPEROR OF RUSSIA with my own fist to lick;
But I can draw my purse, that the doctor and the nurse
May do all that can be done for the wounded and the sick.

To hear my money chink, it pains me when I think,
Of RAGLAN's gallant army in a state of distress
For bandages and lint, without strapping or a splint,
And the maimed in want of surgeons their injuries to dress.

My name isn't JOHN if they want diachylon,
Or proper hands the plaster and salve to apply,
And to bind up their gashes and close their cuts and slashes,
And to set their broken bones and their bleeding vessels tie.

When I've got the gout how it makes me holloa out,
And medical attendance to implore and beg!
What a hullabaloo, what a terrible to-do
I should make, if I had no one to dress my shattered leg!

Among Russian foes every shell our ordnance throws,
Is as many pounds in money as in weight flung away,
And I'll shell out my brads too, among our noble lads.
Dressings, doctors, and assistants to send without delay.

A PLAGUE FOR THE CZAR.

WHAT will NICHOLAS ever do with our Russian prisoners, when we return them on his hands? Undeceived, instructed, enlightened, will they be suffered by the despot to intermingle with the rest of their countrymen? But the old tyrant will find it no easy matter to prevent them from propagating the infection of liberalism and civilisation among his now barbarous and enslaved subjects. No quarantine will purify them from the taint of that distemper, contracted in this island of freedom. The Knout itself will not flog this poison out of them. Poor CZAR! What will he do with these dangerous fellows? Make a clean sweep of them with grape and *mitraille*, sink them all in the Baltic, or only send them to Siberia? This is a question for them to consider before they trust themselves back again into the hands of their Autocrat.

A Policy that Kills.

It seems that Prussia exercises great influence over the Bund; but, if the latter listens to Prussia's hesitating voice much longer, we are sorely afraid that in a short time the German Bund will be very little better than a MORI-BUND.

THE THEATRE OF WAR.—Prussia is waiting until Half-price begins.



We see by the papers, that after the glorious Battle of the Alma, English sailors were to be seen in all directions appropriating to themselves the boots of the defunct Russians, JACK first ascertaining whether the boot was likely to fit by trying the flat of his foot against

the sole of the dead soldier's. We think we could name "a party" who would like a little plunder of the same sort from a "certain EMPEROR" under the same circumstances. To use an Irishism, we already "know the length of his fut."

THE "GREAT TRAGEDIAN" AND THE CITIZENS OF LONDON.

THE Citizens of London have been suddenly seized with a strong desire to witness what they call the "masterly impersonations" of Mr. G. V. BROOKE; but "owing to the distance"—Drury Lane being about half a mile from Temple Bar—"thousands" are de-barred the gratification of their wishes. Under these painful circumstances the citizens finding personal locomotion impossible, and forgetting that omnibuses are running perpetually, while cabs are reduced to sixpence a mile, there is nothing to be done but to get up a requisition; and as the city can't go to the great tragedian, the great tragedian must be induced to go to the city.

The individuals through whom this important result was to be achieved were no other than MESSRS. JOHNSON and NELSON LEE, formerly the spirited proprietors of RICHARDSON'S Show, and now the no less spirited managers of the City of London Theatre. These gentlemen put themselves in communication with "several influential patrons" who rapidly took the shape of a Committee, and a "requisition" was drawn up for signature by the "Merchants, Bankers, and Tradesmen of the City of London." Names were rapidly appended, and a long list has been advertised.

The list opens very spiritedly with a Churchwarden, followed by an Overseer and a Vestry Clerk, after whom there is a slight drop down of dignity to a "past Churchwarden," supported languidly by a "ditto." After this blaze of parochial power, we begin to look among the "Merchants" in the hope of meeting with one or more of the BARINGS, but we are compelled to be satisfied with NEGUS, whose name, but for the address appended to it, would look like a "weak invention." The great banking firms do not figure very largely in the requisition, but the house of ROTHSCHILD is represented by "E. CULLEN;" and though the LORD MAYOR has not signed, there is a string of FORESTERS who come forward to vindicate the dramatic taste of the Mansion House. The FORESTERS in question are, we presume, the famous thief-takers, whom we are glad to find capable of nobler pursuits than those to which they professionally devote themselves, and who, by running after *Virginians* or *Macbeths*, show that they are not always running after the very worst characters. It is true that we miss the names of most of the great City houses, but we

dare say the defect will be cured by MR. BROOKE being able to draw great houses to the City.

Some of the addresses appended to the signatures are anything but civic in their sound, and we cannot remember having met with Clapton Rise, Symond's Inn, or Botherguenerus—the residence of one MATHEW—as standing within the precincts of cockneydom. As a directory of the "principal bankers, merchants and tradesmen" of the City of London, we think the list would be found somewhat incomplete, but we have no doubt the names, as far as they go, are *bona fide* enough, and it is at all events a good sign to see a taste for the drama progressing amidst any class of the community.

PUNCH AND PIO NONO.

SOMEBODY, in a letter to the *Times*, avers that

"One of the Inquisitors told me himself, in his own office, in the Sant Uffizio (the palace of the Inquisition), that the POPE was a figure of *Punch* (un *Polichinello*), of which the kings of Europe can pull the strings as they please."

This acknowledgment of what Yankees would call the "indebtedness" of the "Holy See," to *Mr. Punch* was very handsome on the part of our friend the Inquisitor. The various likenesses of the POPE, which *Mr. Punch* has from time to time published, have evidently been the making of his HOLINESS. He is a figure of *Punch*; and *Mr. Punch* is the proper person to pull his strings. The European sovereigns should not do that. They only occasion troubles by working the Roman Pontiff, but when *Punch* is his showman, his performances throw Europe into merely harmless convulsions.

April Fool Day in October.

THE *canard* which announced the fall of Sebastopol rather too soon has been regarded in some quarters as a *ruse* devised by NICHOLAS. But considering the effect it was calculated to produce on the money market, we conclude that it was invented to serve the purpose of a Bull rather than a Bear speculation.

A STRICT VEGETARIAN.—He won't take a Pill unless he is firmly convinced it is a Vegetable one.

THE MAN WITH THE MILD EYES.



GENTLEMEN who admire the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA's eyes, and call him "a fine fellow," are requested to read the following extract from the *Times*—the statement of an actual witness. The narrator is speaking of the earthwork carried by SIR COLIN CAMPBELL and the Highlanders:—

"The oldest generals declare that in no battle heretofore fought have so many dead been heaped up in one spot. It would be impossible to describe to you the frightful scene which I witnessed in the square mile comprising this earthwork, the slope beneath it, and the slope above it, upon which were formed the enormous squares of the Russian infantry. The greater part of the English killed and wounded were here, and there were at least five Russians to every Englishman. You could not walk for the bodies. The most frightful mutilations the human body can suffer—the groans of the wounded, the packs, helmets, arms, clothes, scattered over the ground, all formed a scene that one can never forget."

This will do for these pages. There is more of the same kind where that came from: and worse. Fancy the eyes of NICHOLAS—those eyes, which LIEUTENANT ROYER tells us are "expressive of mildness"—beholding the scene of slaughter on the Heights of Alma, lambent, in gazing thereon, with a mildness getting gradually ecstatic; rapturous: till they glow with an expression absolutely seraphical: and the countenance, and ultimately the whole figure, of the NUN-WHIPPER, boots and all, are transformed—for we know that the thing is possible—into the image of an Angel of Light.

Poor LIEUTENANT ROYER!—but let us be considerate in what we say of an officer who was under fire in the *Tiger*. That fire, doubtless, astonished the Lieutenant much less than the gentle radiance that streamed from the eyes of the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA. JACK ROYER—JACK—we take leave thus to abbreviate ALFRED—no doubt expected that he was going to see, in the Russian monster, the likeness of DAVY JONES. Scales of a blue or green colour, a tail with a sting at the end of it, grinning fangs, cloven feet, and eyes glowing with sulphurous and red flames instead of being "expressive of mildness," were perhaps the elements which the unsophisticated seaman supposed he should find united in the person of the CZAR: and such, indeed, might be a correct portrait of the Russian Gentleman as he would appear in a state of things wherein the external is conformed to the interior.

LIEUTENANT ROYER may also have made his mind up that the Autocrat would order him to be knouted to death, or at the very least send him in chains to Siberia. He never read the stories about Ogres who could be wonderfully civil to gentlemen in their castles and in their power—when it suited their purpose. Doubtless, those Ogres subdued the hungry glare wherewith they were disposed to regard the strangers to an expression of great mildness. No wonder NICHOLAS was "much amused" at his captive's exhibition of "surprise and embarrassment" when he set him at liberty: as much, doubtless, as old ROTHSCHILD used to be at the astonishment of the beggar to whom he would occasionally throw a guinea, for fun.

To give NICHOLAS his due (according to the adage) he is a fine actor. An actor on the stage of real life and a hypocrite, are the same thing. Having a foul name to cleanse in the eyes of the British Public, what dodge would it be more natural for him to try than that of doing the magnanimous to the English prisoner? GUSTAVUS VASA BROOKE would have produced the same impression on LIEUTENANT ROYER, if he had been playing the CZAR in ROMANOFF's boots, and if GUSTAVUS VASA can perform as well as NICHOLAS.

Sinope, Oltenitza, Citate, Bomarsund, the Heights of Alma; perhaps, ere this, Sebastopol!—given these scenes only of carnage: how large a mound of corpses: what heaps of lost limbs: how numerous a variety of lacerations, and attendant agonies: what amount, in tons,

of bloodshed: how many wretches starved, ruined, burnt out of house and home? Here is a sum for Europe and civilised mankind to do. And the answer will be a figure to be put down to the account of the man of mild eyes: simply because he cast those eyes of mild desire on his neighbour's dominions.

Bereaved families; surviving sufferers; spirits of the slain, send in your bills. Governments of Europe—What is the Man with the mild eyes to pay?

OUR MEAN METROPOLIS.

PARIS making such a movement in her buildings and her streets,

How is it that all improvement here with opposition meets?
Hear the Corporation clamour; hear the Parish Vestries' row:
How they bark and how they hammer, Centralisation, bow wow wow!
Centralisation! Centralisation!
Centralisation! bow wow wow!

Paramount some power is wanted, noble schemes to carry out,
Not to be withstood or daunted; nothing can be done without:
Which, when Vested Interests muster, can their sordid spirits cow,
And put down their worships' bluster, and their bark of bow wow wow!
Centralisation! Centralisation!
Centralisation! bow wow wow!

When the Seine is as the Derwent limpid, if not yet more pure,
Of the Thames why does the current run with liquid (pah!) manure?
Oh! no proper drainage measure will the stingy snobs allow,
Whilst they bark in gruff displeasure, Centralisation, bow wow wow!
Centralisation! Centralisation!
Centralisation! bow wow wow!

Wherefore do those clouds appalling still the sky above us cloak,
And the blacks continue falling; when we might consume our smoke?
We forbidden are to do it, though we very well know how,
By that cry—confusion to it! Centralization! bow wow wow!
Centralisation! Centralisation!
Centralisation! bow wow wow!

In the name of all that's gracious, let our streets be wider made,
Why should not they be as spacious as is meet for health and trade?
Narrow ways to views are owing, narrower still, which they avow,
Barking, grunting, puffing, blowing, Centralisation! bow wow wow!
Centralisation! Centralisation!
Centralisation! bow wow wow!

DISRAELI IN A BEER-BARREL.

MR. DISRAELI being at Plymouth, certain licensed victuallers addressed him on their wrongs. They wanted protection. They did not ask the hon. gentleman to employ his genius for the protection of beer from thunderbolts; but against further legislation. An unhallowed attempt was about to be made that should destroy that vested right—the right of licensing. The beer trade was to be thrown open to the unprincipled sons of Free Trade. There was to be no longer a monopoly of *cocculus Indicus*; and grains of Paradise were to be freely used by the lowest capacity. In this dilemma, and MR. DISRAELI being at Plymouth for the benefit of the sea-breezes—in this dilemma, to whom could the wilters appeal but to the member for Bucks? The right hon. member gave courteous ear to the complaint of the oppressed, and would do his best for them. What a change! "May we not trace the noble brain of BENJAMIN, until we find it stopping a beer-barrel!" We would advise the author of the *Great Taptubopolis* to enter Parliament, and boldly intercept the wreath of hops in its way to the brow of DISRAELI.

TO MOTHERS OF NEW SHE-BABIES.

MY DEARS,—You often write to me, privately, asking me to suggest pretty names for your daughters, and you are always delighted (if you are sensible women) with my recommendation.

Now—who wants a sweet pretty name for the finest lady baby ever produced? Do not all speak at once. Well then—

A L M A.

What do you say to that? For whether as a pretty-looking and euphonious name, or whether as the memorial of a brilliant victory, or whether for its own private Latin signification—*gentle*—the name strikes me as perfection. Let me hear your opinions.

Your affectionate Friend,
PUNCH.

Crimea, Tuesday.



BROTHERS IN ARMS.

OCTOBER 21, 1854.]

[PUNCH, No. 693.



BRTANNIA TAKES THE WIDOWS AND ORPHANS OF THE BRAVE UNDER HER PROTECTION.

LIEUTENANT MAXSE'S RIDE.

AFTER Alma's glorious battle, RAGLAN, having changed his plan, Said, "I wish DUNDAS could know it." "Well," said MAXSE, "then I'm your man."

"Would," said RAGLAN, "he could bring his fleet to Balaklava Bay." MAXSE said, "I'll ride back, then, to him, and inform him what you say."

"But," said RAGLAN, "my good fellow, round us hover the Cossacks, Thousands of those rascals scour the country." "They be dashed!" said MAXSE.

"But, in case the thieves should catch me, write not what you have to tell,

I by word of mouth will bear it." RAGLAN answered, "Very well."

MAXSE forthwith upon his pony leapt, and galloped right away, Whilst the brave spectators cheered him, shouting "Hip, hip, hip, hooray!"

On the army's track returning, through the tangled wood he sped, Dashing mid the stiffest thickets, which he butted with his head.



Down before him goes the cover; hazel, and young oak, and ash;
And the hares and rabbits scamper round him while the branches crash,
At the sticks full tilt he charges; every stick, that bends not, cracks,
Brambles tear his coat and trowsers: go it, pony! go it, MAXSE!

Through the forest, through the meadow, MAXSE for dear life rides his
race;

Time there's none to look behind him: Cossacks may, or not, give
chase.

Bullets after him may whistle; whizzing by he hears them not,
Why? because the brave LIEUTENANT'S gallant steed outstrips the
shot.

Hedge, ditch, wall, gate, fence and paling, brook and rivulet he clears,
Swims the torrent, having plunged therein to souse! head over ears,
Tramples pigs, and scatters sheep and goats that on the pastures browse,
Goes clean over the old women, and the oxen, and the cows.

Farmers raise, in Crim-Tartaric, shouts which correspond unto
"Don't go ridin' mongst they turmuts! this field don't belong to you!"
"Hulloa, fright'nun them there cattle!" "Hoy, there, tearun up
them grapes!"

MAXSE nor heeds nor hears their clamour; like the crow's his flight he
shapes.

Splashed and tattered, but triumphant, smoking, dripping, drenched
with heat,

He has reached the shore commanded by the French and English Fleet,
MAXSE is safe, and safe delivers what he was desired to say,
So the Admirals their vessels bring to Balaklava Bay.

When the youngest child now living is a foggy, grey and old,
By his mouth this deed of daring will full many a time be told,
To the rising generation Astley's shall present the scene,
Oftentimes, when you and I are laid at rest in Kensal Green.

A NEW SHAKSPEAREAN READING.

It is suggested that, on the revival of *King John*, the taunt of *Falconbridge* to *Austria*, of "and hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs," for "calf's-skin," "bear's-skin" should henceforth be substituted.

DEFEND YOUR MAYOR.

MR. PUNCH, in token of the affectionate and devoted loyalty which he feels towards the new King of the City, and being desirous to protect his civic sovereign from a mass of wit, which there is too much reason to believe would otherwise be launched against his Majesty, doth hereby order as follows:

That no person do, for the space of one year from Lord Mayor's Day next ensuing, presume to make any jokes whatever founded upon the fact that his lordship's name is spelt with the same letters as that of the luminary which is appointed to attend upon this earth.

And with the view of better preventing much dreary jocularities, the following, and all kindred witticisms, though included in the above order, are specially forbidden.

If the LORD MAYOR should not attend upon any occasion when his lordship has been expected, no one is to say that the Moon is eclipsed.

If the LORD MAYOR's health is drunk, no one, as his lordship proceeds to reply, is to say, "Rise, gentle MOON."

If the LORD MAYOR goes to Windermere next autumn, no country journalist is to head his account of such excursion, "The Moon's on the Lake."

If the LORD MAYOR makes a remark, no one is to call it a Lunar Observation.

If the LORD MAYOR knocks anybody down (and it is to be hoped that in the case of any violation of these orders, his lordship will do so, either personally, or by athletic deputy), such person is not to be called Moonstruck.

If one of the Hammersmith omnibuses comes between the LORD MAYOR and a spectator, the latter is not to talk of the Moon behind a Cloud.

If the LORD MAYOR invites MR. CHARLES KEAN, MR. JAMES ANDERSON, MR. GUSTAVUS BROOKE, MR. BARRY SULLIVAN, MR. N. T. HICKS, MR. WENTWORTH BUTLER, and MR. JAMES W. WALLACK to dinner, no theatrical journal (even if his lordship should survive the occasion) is to quote anything about "The Moon and the Seven Stars."

If the LORD MAYOR requests MISS CATHERINE HAYES to sing at the Mansion House, no person is to predict wet weather from the fact of there being a Haze near the Moon.

If one of those wonderful correspondents of the *Sunday Times*, who ask for the most elaborate antiquarian and philological information (how providential that HAYDN'S Dictionary of Dates always opens with a reply) should not have inquired what is the height of the LORD MAYOR, our learned, but still facetious contemporary is not to say—"You are wrong. The Moon's altitude is 5 feet 10 inches."

If the LORD MAYOR is upon any particular occasion more witty than usual (if possible), no person is to remark "The Moon shines to-night."

If the LORD MAYOR looks at the thermometer to see whether the weather be warmer or colder than that of the preceding day, no astrological donkey is to say that the Moon is in apposition to Mercury.

Any person violating any of the above rules is to be liable, for the first offence, to be called a Pump, and for the second, to be placed under one, the handle to be worked by

PUNCH.

The Deserted One of Downing Street.

THE *Court Newsman* informs us, that on Tuesday "the Lord Chancellor arrived in town and visited the DUKE OF NEWCASTLE." It was very kind and considerate of the Chancellor to come to town and look in upon the Duke, who, while all his colleagues have been enjoying their vacation, has been "alone in his glory" in Downing Street. His Grace would have had a dull time of it indeed, but for an occasional conversation with the porter who fills the Government scuttles, and who came into the Duke's room now and then for the purpose of carrying coals to NEWCASTLE.

The University of the Army.

WE congratulate our QUEEN and our country on the progress that education has made in the British army. It is a gratifying fact that the officers and men constituting the expedition to the Crimea have all taken high honours at their Alma Mater.

Not Always so Easy.

ONE of the provisions of the Oxford University Reform Act is, that "Statutes may be made and altered, and the Congregation may speak in English."

Ah!—that is, of course, if they can.

A SAFE RACE.—Muscovite has won the Cesarewitch this year. How could he help it, with the example of the splendid running of his namesakes on the Alma race-ground, before him?



AUSTRIA, HAVING DULY WEIGHED THE CHANCES OF THE PRESENT WAR, WRITES TO THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH TO CONGRATULATE HIM UPON THE SUCCESS OF THE ALLIES IN THE CRIMEA.

POVERTY AND PROPERTY.

A WOMAN of poverty (her name is not given by the Incumbent of Haggerstone), together with her family, make the most heroic sacrifices in aid of a "family upstairs," fellow-lodgers, visited with the cholera. Children die, other children are smitten, and the mother asks leave to lie down awhile "in the bed belonging to the other family." She does so, and—

"From that time until her own death, which took place yesterday morning (Oct. 6), the whole of the second family have never had their clothes off, nor have they laid down on a bed; and this act of self-denial has been borne without a murmur or complaint."

This is only another illustration of the benevolence of the poor towards the poor. Without the poor, what would the poor do?—is an old, searching question: a question that may, at times, put property to the blush in the attempt to answer it. To this benevolence of poverty, let us now oppose a case of the selfishness of property.

The scene is Worship Street Police Office. A lady named ROBINSON, "the owner of large leasehold property in Marlborough Court and other places in Whitechapel," is complained of by Inspector PRICE (a most vigilant and enlightened officer), for neglect of sanitary precautions. In Marlborough Stye, the inspector—

"Found the houses so densely occupied by tenants of the lowest class, each room being apparently tenanted by a separate family, that upon counting the tenants, who were in many instances promiscuously huddled together, he found there were no less than 157 grown-up persons of both sexes, and 111 children."

And yet can it be said—*pecunia non olet*? Has, indeed, lucre no smell—no taint—when obtained by way of rent for such dens of disease; such cholera-beds, but one remove from charnel-places?

"There was a total absence of the necessary drainage, the cesspool had overflowed, forming stagnant pools in the yard, from which was emitted an effluvia of the most pestilential and dangerous character. Several cases of cholera had occurred among the wretched inhabitants, and the continuance of such a revolting nuisance was calculated to engender disease of the worst description."

Yet, possibly, this fact did not break the nightly rest of Mrs. ROBINSON. She, it may be, still enjoyed "rosy dreams and slumbers light," the weekly rents still accruing. Mrs. ROBINSON's agent

MAKING GAME OF POETRY.

WE shall no longer despair of the project for extracting sunbeams from cucumbers since it has been found practicable to get a poem, in four cantos, out of the game of CHESS. For some time past we have noticed the advertisement of the work to which we allude, and we may therefore look in due time for "Backgammon, an Epic in sixteen books," and "Dominos, a Lyric in six octavo volumes, with a supplement in three." Since the happy days of prolixity, when PETERSDORFF launched on the world his famous "Abridgment" in nineteen volumes, and his equally famous addenda in about sixteen more, we have met with nothing to equal the poem of chess in four cantos—extra boards. Nevertheless, the subject is not a bad one for the poet's art. The ground work is chequered, the King and Queen give scope for the introduction of the dignifying element of royalty, the knights open the way to romance, the castles are suggestive of chivalry, the bishops invite the poet to a display of ecclesiastical learning, while the pawns lead naturally to the necessities, disappointments, and unredeemed pledges of every day life. Altogether there may be many inferior subjects for a poem, than the subtle game of chess.

Jonathan's Baby Show.

A SHOW of American babies—according to the *Cincinnati Gazette*—was to take place in Springfield on the 5th instant. The prizes were various. There were to be three complete silver tea-sets for the mothers of the three finest babies of three different ages. Doubtless, it is very right that the mothers of the finest babies should be rewarded, but are the sires to have nothing? If this omission be not amended, it is thought that the fathers will strike.

Decline of Irish Humour.

IT has been for some time remarked that the Irish character is undergoing an alteration. The Belfast Trade Report confirms this observation. It states that

"Yarns continue as dull as possible."

A complete change, therefore, appears to have taken place in the character of Irish anecdote.

implored for time; "hoped the magistrate would suspend the immediate execution of the summons," as the herd of lodgers should very soon be put in lavender. MR. HAMMILL, however, was obstinate, and Mrs. ROBINSON must immediately set about cleansing her Marlborough stye. Possibly, too, she would like to make some reparation for past neglect; in which case we beg to refer her to the incumbent of Haggerstone, who will gladly be her almoner for her poorer and more heroic sisters.

WHITE FEATHERS.

How wonderfully easy does the British officer make a seeming impossibility! In the field of battle he wears the white feather, yet never shows it.



WHYS FOR THE WISE.

MR. PUNCH has a kindred respect for clever people, and will therefore be proud to make acquaintance with any constant reader who can tell him—

Why do authors who profess the most profound contempt for prefaces invariably write one?

Why is it not thought "the thing" to call for beer at a dinner party, or be seen in Regent Street beyond the middle of August?

Why can Constant Readers never write a letter without an allusion to "your influential columns?"

Why do public singers, even when off duty, apparently consider it derogatory to shave themselves?

Why can you by no persuasion ever get a man to own that he has ever won above "a crown or so" in a night at loo?

Why cannot a business man in Parliament pronounce the word "Schedule" otherwise than "Sheddle," and why cannot a concert critic describe a singer's voice without calling it an "organ?"

Why can fashionable people never condescend to write at all legibly?

Why can Undergraduates never offer you a cigar, except by its slangy synonym of "weed?"

Why should a cabman or a Brompton bus conductor act as though he would lose caste by treating ladies civilly?

And lastly—



WHY CANNOT YOUR WIFE TRAVEL FOR A WEEK WITHOUT TAKING WITH HER LUGGAGE FOR A TWELVEMONTH?

OUR ANTI-PRUSSIAN BLUES.

THE "curious observer" may have recently remarked that the policeman is no longer identified with those white Berlin gloves which from the very foundation of the force have been one of its most prominent characteristics. We have often wondered where could be the analogy between the policeman and the white Berlins, and we have sometimes imagined that the spotless gloves were emblematical of stainless hands, or of a readiness to cope with the light-fingered gentry in general. Having for some time "lost ourselves in speculation," as the poet says when he has nothing to speculate with, and only himself to lose, we at length came to the conclusion that we had discovered the cause of the abandonment of the Berlin, and the substitution of the black worsted glove by the Metropolitan Police. The fact is that the Berlins are discarded because we are no longer hand in glove with Prussia, of which we need not remind the careful reader of PINNOCK that Berlin is the capital. We have no doubt that the casting away of the Berlin glove by the police authorities is a pointed method of throwing down the gauntlet to Prussia, which until it unites with us in arms, ought not to be permitted to receive our hands.

A SPECTACLE FOR CIVILISED EUROPE.

How little the Russian War has made itself felt in the money market! We do not see the CZAR in the Stocks. No: but we should like to see him in the Pillory.

GOING, GOING, GONE!

At last MR. G. V. BROOKE has removed his carmine and hare's foot from Drury Lane Theatre. At one time there were signs of a very severe winter, for we thought that G. V. had set in until at least Christmas. But he really is gone, having—ere his departure—with his customary benevolence played for the benefit of the Licensed Victuallers' Charities (the ex-editor of the *Tizer* did not sing a comic song as was expected), and further, having consented to sit for his portrait as a sign—*The G. V.'s Head*, a sign that will be substituted by the owner for the present *Bull and Mouth*.

MR. BROOKE being about to take a long voyage to the Antipodes, the Licensed Victuallers presented the actor with an affectionate and no less fitting testimonial; namely, a cork-jacket manufactured from their own bungs!

We wish the actor a speedy and prosperous voyage! But if his ship has to encounter as many puffs at sea as he has raised about him ashore—why then Heaven help the underwriters!

Another Brutal Assault.

NEXT to the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, perhaps no one has of late so much disturbed our peace as the perpetrator of the following:—

Q. Why is a lean dog like a man in meditation?—A. Because he's a thin cur.

A BROADSIDE FROM THE BLACK SEA.—V. THE RE-KINDLING OF THE BEACON.

'The Russians had abandoned the light-house on the Western Cape, and extinguished the beacon. Our men have occupied the tower and re-kindled the light.'—
Letter from the Sea of War.

WHILE the Russians, cowed and craven,
 Under Ahktiar's batteries hide,
 Deep in Balaklava's haven,
 Lo the fleets of England ride!
 Since the tall mast gilt and graven
 Of the Viking, far and wide,
 Bore the bloody-beaked Norse Raven—
 No such Flag all flags defied!

Yet how many flags that water
 Hath reflected, since of yore,
 Shipwrecked wretches, saved for slaughter,
 Stained the Taurian temple's floor;
 Where pale AGAMEMNON's daughter
 As the votive lock she shore
 From a victim's head they brought her,
 Knew a brother's face once more.

Here the grim Varangian rover,
 His sea-dragons would embay:
 Stalwart swordsman, lusty lover,
 Frank at feast, and freck in fray.
 All the world's wide waters over,
 With his war-axe cleaving way;
 Hovering, as the ospreys hover,
 Ere they swoop upon their prey.

Hither came Byzantium's galleys,
 Gilded stems, and sails of grain,
 For the wine of Ktenian valleys,
 And the corn of Taphræ's plain.
 Hither, on their venturous sallies,
 Genoa sent her merchant train—
 Fraudful friends, and treacherous allies,
 Keen for conquest, as for gain.

Where the Chersonese advances
 Westernmost to meet the sea,
 Stands a beacon-light that dances
 O'er the waters, watchfully;
 Through all changes, and all chances,
 Whose uppermost may be,

Through the night that Pharos glances,
 For wave-wandering eyes to see.

Cymric hands its fires have tended;
 Greeks have fed its friendly blaze;
 Dark Khazars its flame have mended,
 Norse Vikinger nursed its rays.
 Tatar hordes, their way that wended
 Hitherward from Akhtiar's bays,
 Still the helpful light defended,
 Guide o'er ocean's darksome ways.

Till—when both Khazâr and Tatar,
 Norse and Greek had passed away,
 When proud Genoa ceased to barter,
 And the Moslem sought to slay—
 Russia's lascivious daughter,
 Witch in wiles and man in sway,
 After Tschiresnê's fearful slaughter,
 Saw these shores her nod obey.

Since that day, the beacon scorning
 To be dimmed, whose'er its lord,
 Still the brow of night adorning
 O'er the sea its light has poured.
 But no more like star of morning
 By the sailor 'twas adored—
 Guidance gave it none, but warning
 From a coast accurst, abhorred.

Far it shone—the scene revealing
 Of dark deeds that shame our time;
 Where men thrive by double-dealing;
 And the basest highest climb;
 Where foul fraud kills noble feeling,
 Where free speech or thought is crime,
 Outward polish ill-concealing
 Barbarous nature 'neath its slime.

For a time, but not for ever
 Such things are—to shame our pride.

But God's justice slumbers never,
 Though the sword awhile she hide.
 Lo, at length, the chains to sever,
 That have stretched so far and wide,
 And the nations to deliver,
 France and England side by side!

Cowed before that high alliance,
 Russia's hosts are fain to flee,
 While, in glorious defiance,
 Our great navies sweep the sea.
 Strong in justice—in reliance
 On our cause, what fear can be?
 Shall slavish gold or slavish science,
 Or slavish myriads daunt the free?

On that cape, the Russian flying,
 From our fleets and armies bold,
 Left the ancient beacon lying
 In its ashes, black and cold.
 'Twas well done—for in its dying
 That still shone from days of old—
 War and elements defying—
 Emblem of their fate behold.

Russia's star for ever faded,
 As that beacon sunk in gloom;
 But bold hands by true hearts aided,
 Take the knaves' and cowards' room.
 Hither through their blood they've waded,
 The old tower to re-illumine—
 Shine again! nor e'er be shaded
 Till the awful day of doom—

Shine—a light that none shall smother—
 Shine across an open sea;
 Shine, for brother greeting brother;
 Shine, for slavery made free;
 Shine, for men's love of each other;
 Shine, for commerce, toil and glee;
 Shine, for Progress—mighty mother
 Of the good that yet shall be!

DOUBLEBEEESIORAUS.



PROFESSOR OWEN has hitherto exhibited no specimens of this animal. Everybody has a passing acquaintance with the Plesiosaurus, the Megatherium, and so forth, that the visitor sweeping round the corner on his way to the Crystal Palace, beholds in grim repose amid pre-Adamite deposits; but, we repeat it, the Doublebeeesioraus, that marks the good old time of corn laws, top boots, and leather breeches, that animal specimen is only to be found at Castle Hedingham. The creature—for some strange, mysterious purpose—endowed for a time, with articulate utterance, talked to the agricultural mind. The Doublebeee observed—
 "I want to know nothing more than what I already know of Popery," a fact very gratefully received by the company. And then the Doublebeee spoke of "that rascal FLEWKE;" also of a letter written to that individual, in which that letter speaks of "strong religious and Protestant principles as to my mind the foundation of true conservatism." Perjury may sometimes come to the help of conservatism, just as pepper gives heat and flavour to cookery. DOUBLEBEEEE confessed to the remorse of having voted against his conscience for SIR JAMES GRAHAM, whom he never could abide!

"Talented as he is, I never could bear that evil eye, that sinister look, that brazen meretricious leer, and the braggart, impudent face which he puts on to cover as dastard a heart as ever beat beneath a coat!"

This is a good specimen of strength of words! Among the pre-Adamite animals, there are marvellous indications of power, but nothing equal to this. The Megalosaurus had, it is supposed, a most wonderful swing of tail, but what is that when, with the above in our mind, we think of the potency of the Doublebeeesioraus—its indomitable strength of cheek, and invincible power of jaw!

THE SPIRIT OF FOLLY.

THE following advertisement opens out a perfect Australian gold field with which quackery and humbug may still no doubt be tempted to extend their "diggins." We had thought all the forms of imbecility had been pretty well worked up in the hands of swindlers and impostors, but here we have a new phase of intellectual softness, offering its plastic self to the manipulations of the regular professional victimiser or the artful dodger:

A GENTLEMAN, curious in such matters, wishes to find a person capable of SEEING and SHOWING VISIONS in the CRYSTAL, or otherwise acquainted with Spiritual Divination. Address to "Box," at G. Ramsden's, Stationer, Vicar Lane, Leeds.

We see scarcely any limit to the amount of "visions" which will be offered to the gullibility of this confessedly "curious" gentleman. We can imagine the rapid succession of "visions," complete with "baseless fabrics" which would be presented to the advertiser by an adroit schemer on the Stock Exchange. We can fancy the beautiful "bubbles" that could be blown expressly for the gentleman desirous of "seeing visions," and we can conceive his admiration and surprise at seeing them dissipated into "thin air," and thus substantiating—by their total want of substance—their visionary character. There may also be another class of visions introduced to the notice of the "curious gentleman" through the medium of the "crystals" or glasses, and that "spiritual" agency—including cordial and other compounds—to which the "gentleman" seems to point in the latter part of his advertisement. "Visions" may be seen at any public house by placing the "Crystal" frequently to the mouth, provided the "Crystal" is fully charged with that "spiritual" essence, which our advertising friend has alluded to. We do not envy the postman the work he will have to do in carrying the correspondence that will be addressed to "Box"—a characteristic name no doubt, though we think some softer wood would have been more appropriate.

KUDOS FOR DONALD.—The Russian snake has been scotched at Alma; and it is by no means extraordinary that in that operation a leading part should have been taken by the 93rd Highlanders.

EXPRESSIVE DOUBLEFACEDNESS.



view of the intended alteration, and find that, to suit the present aspect of European affairs, one head of the Prussian eagle is turned towards the East, leaning decidedly in favour of Russia, whilst the other head is looking coldly to the West, but slightly, very slightly inclined in the direction of England and France. The change has been submitted to the King, and he has been pleased to highly approve of it, and indeed an emblem of Prussia with two heads could not well be otherwise than agreeable to a monarch who, it is well known, is always having two minds.

"A BLIGHTED BEING."

MR. ROBSON, at the Olympic, great as he is in his wretchedness, is not the only blighted being. There is also a Blighted Being in the French, namely M. BARBES. He is released from gaol, and he is broken hearted! His prison doors, by imperial command, are thrown open, and what lies before him? The sunny path of liberty? Certainly not; but the wide, wide, cold, cold world: its road strewn with shards and skirted with briars. He was happy, quiet, and content in his stone dungeon, as toad in the heart of a block of marble: but the stone is broken, daylight is let in, and it is too much for the eyes and brain of the liberated. He is from that moment a blighted being, scorched, withered, paralysed by the quality of mercy, dew-like descending upon him. What right had the imperial despot, LOUIS NAPOLEON, to degrade the patriot BARBES with the blighting gift of freedom? M. BARBES was patriotically at work cutting on blade-bones, a beautiful relief, a whole series of scenes of the coup d'état. Those bones—like the engraved tin-cups of BARON TRENCK—would have perpetuated the memory of that gigantic wickedness; and now, with the twentieth blade-bone in his hand, he is turned forth into that wilderness, the outside world! Who is to wonder that BARBES should kick, bite, spurn at such tyranny? How writes he,—the noble, bursting heart?—"I shall pass two days at Paris to allow time to replace me in prison, and that period once over, on Friday night I shall go into exile." He has been as good and as bitter as his word; he is now in Brussels, we hope on his way to London; when—such is sympathy—he must visit the Olympic Theatre. Great will be the attraction to behold at the same time Two Blighted Beings!—ROBSON blighted on the boards, and BARBES blighted in a stage-box!

THE GROWTH OF A NEW SUBURB.

FIRST come the masons and bricklayers. As the houses begin to rise from the ground, a public-house shoots up suddenly at the corner. After the publican, come in due time the baker, grocer, and butcher, who are quickly followed by the tobacconist, and the barber, who sells peg-tops and newspapers on the Sunday. The doctor follows next, and after him comes, as a matter of course, the undertaker; and lastly, when the new Suburb has fairly settled down, and has got gas, water, new milk, and a policeman of its own, arrives the Lawyer. The arrival of the Lawyer is always a sure sign that the new Suburb is getting on well, and it is a singular fact, that though the Lawyer is generally the last to come, he is invariably the last to go. The poor-house soon rears its *chevaux-de-frise* head as a natural consequence, and as long as there is a pauper in it, or a man in the new Suburb to make a pauper of, the Lawyer never leaves it. Once firmly located, nothing short of an earthquake, or universal emigration, or perpetual cholera, will get him to move—but then we know it is not in the nature of a lawyer to be easily moved.

A Proper Precaution.

THE French band of the Emperor's "Guides," who are to visit us to play in aid of the Soldiers' Fund, have, before venturing to London, had the Solicitor of the Dramatic Authors' Society bound in a very heavy bond that, being the last French novelties, they shall not be translated into English.

WHAT IS THE GERMAN'S FATHERLAND?

WHAT is the German's Fatherland? The world would like to understand, And why the German holds it worth More than another tract of earth?

Is it a land of bright sunshine?
Is it a land of corn and wine?
Abounding, all the world above?
That Fatherland which Germans love.

Who, for itself alone, would prize
The land of finest scenes and skies?
Or care a fig about its fruits,
If they but served to fatten brutes?

The Fatherland of Germans, then,
Should be a land of noble men;
A land of arts, and arms, and lore,
Their Fatherland should be, therefore.

In learning, glorious art and song,
The German's Fatherland is strong;
Arms, too, the brave Teutonic breed
To wield, like men, are good at need.

But parcelled out that land we see
Which should be all entire and free;
Each weak state owns a despot's rule:
One strong one that of one weak fool.

With strings of apron basely tied,
By means of sister or of bride,
Are these mere satraps of the Czar
To their Imperial Master's car.

What, Germans! honest men, and true,
And shall they also harness you?
You to that chariot shall they bind
Whose wheels but move to crush mankind!

If you will crouch, and kiss the ground,
Before those poor old women crowned,
The dirt, whereon you dare not stand,
That is the German's Fatherland.

A HANDSOME OFFER!

THE following appears in an Irish paper:—

ADVERTISEMENT.

AN extensive Landed Proprietor on the Banks of the Shannon, will make a Wager of £500 that he has

The Handsomest Wife,
The Handsomest nine Children,
AND
The Handsomest Estate in Ireland.

Application to be made to J. F. E. G., EYRES' Hotel, Gltn, Co. Limerick.

In these days, when Prize Baby Shows are coming into fashion, we may expect a pretty strong competition for the £500, offered by the "extensive" Landed Proprietor. If the term "extensive" is to be applied to the "personalty" rather than the "realty"—to the man rather than his property—we wonder he does not throw himself into the scale, and make his own weight the subject of a wager.

The Lord Mayor's Day.

It has been proposed to omit or very much to abridge the luxuries of the LORD MAYOR'S dinner, giving the money to the Soldiers. To do this, to pay down ringing sovereigns so saved, would indeed be to make "the voice of the turtle heard in the land."

THE CLOAK OF RELIGION.—It is to be known sometimes by the *fine nap* it has during sermon time.

"WHERE'S MISS CRUVELLI—CAN ANY ONE TELL?"

"**MADMOISELLE CRUVELLI** has most unaccountably *mizzled*. She was announced to appear on Monday last at the Grand Opera; and the audience had actually assembled and the curtain was ready to rise, when it was announced to the astonished director that the *prima donna* had not arrived. * * * The only additional information which could be obtained was that she had started for some place—no one knew where, and no one knew why. There was nothing for it but to apologize and announce that **MADMOISELLE POINSOT** would perform the part—who did so with such spirit that **MADMOISELLE CRUVELLI**'s absence was much less regretted than she perhaps imagined it would be. But what has become of **MADMOISELLE CRUVELLI**? No one seems to know. Some say she has gone to America, seduced by the mighty **BARNUM**; others say she was dissatisfied because her name did not appear on the bills in large characters; others, again, say that she was displeased with the part allotted to her in *La Nonne Sanglante*. But no one here is surprised, and few are sorry."—*Paris Correspondent of the Chronicle*.



WHAT has Miss CRUVELLI done,
And why has Miss CRUVELLI run?
The manager can't say,
But he knows she's cut away,
And Miss POINSOT thinks it monstrous fun—fun—
And Miss POINSOT thinks it monstrous fun.

Off, like a bullet from a gun,
Off, like a Quaker from a pun,
Off, self-willed SOPHY goes,

Not a word to friends or foes:
Not a line of explanation—none—none—
Not a line of explanation—none.

When JENNY gave the sack to BUNN,
When JOANNA by great GYE was won—
The ladies let us know
Why they served the parties so.
Not one word from MRS. SOPHY—one—one—
Not one word from MRS. SOPHY—one.

Was it BARNUM (that unequalled son
Of puffing) with a tempting ton
Of nuggets, made her shirk
Her duty and her work?
With her salary it couldn't be a dun—dun—
With her salary it couldn't be a dun.

Did the printer make her angry, mun?
Or was it that she sought to shun
A part she thought too bad,
Too comic, or too sad,
And she wouldn't be a Bleeding Nun—Nun—
And she wouldn't be a Bleeding Nun?

She was forced down London throats like a bun,
Or objectionable Sally Lunn.
The *Times* and *Morning Chronicle*
In puffs we thought ironical,
Bawled her praises in a way fit to stun—stun—
Bawled her praises in a way fit to stun.

But our public is a stubborn sort of Hun,
And wouldn't hail the new mock-sun;
But, owning she had merit,
Lots of voice and lots of spirit,
Stayed away, as it oughtn't to have done—done—
Stayed away, as it oughtn't to have done.

But in Paris with success she begun,
(The French like their music underdone)
Now, the *Chronicle* can tell ye
How its ancient pet, CRUVELLI,
Deserved the gold opinions that she won—won—
Deserved the gold opinions that she won.

If a twopenny Prime Lady at Vite Cun-
Dick Ouse from the proscenium hath span,
Ere again they let her play,
She must tell the Abonnay

Why she left 'em with her work undone—done—
Why she left 'em with her work undone.

But Souls made of Fire (SOPHY's one),
And talented young Children of the Sun,
(Which means, you know, my dears,
Them gifted Foreigners)

May do what they like, and call it fun—fun—
May do what they like and call it fun.

ENCOURAGEMENT FOR ARMY SURGEONS.

WHETHER our forces have, or have not, been provided with sufficient surgical aid in the Crimea, it appears that the French troops at least have been well off in that respect. Our allies have adopted a remarkably clever plan to ensure a plenty of good surgeons for their wounded soldiers and sailors. With a wisdom which must astonish our Government, they afford them the same inducement as other officers to serve their country. For instance, according to the *Moniteur*, M. LAUVERGNE, first physician-in-chief in the navy, has been promoted to the rank of officer, in the Legion of Honour. Even ordinary medical practitioners are accounted by the French Government members of an honourable profession: for in the same paper we read that two surgeons, MM. MACRET and LAMBERT, have been appointed Chevaliers of the Legion of Honour, for their devotion to the sick during the raging of the cholera at Toulon. In this country the highest distinction awarded ordinarily to medical men is no higher than that ordinarily awarded to eminent grocers. Government does not consider a doctor to be, as such, too much of a philosopher to care about titles. It knights him by way of reward for merit. It thinks his profession as dignified as that of a tea-dealer, and no more. In these days of degenerate knighthood a snob, as aristocracy calls a tradesman, may be made a knight of; and aristocracy regards surgery and medicine as rather snobbish avocations, and a regimental surgeon as doing a lowish kind of duty even when performing a capital operation with a cool head and a steady hand amid a shower of bullets, sustaining the highest courage, without the excitement of fighting, under fire.



A LARK AT ST. PAUL'S, KNIGHTSBRIDGE.

A LARK is all very well for young gents in its proper place, but a church is not exactly the proper place for it. MASTER ERNEST FITZROY and his juvenile associates have been a little too frolicsome in skylarking, by singing, contrary to the arrangements of the service, the Litany, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. There are plenty of places where they might render themselves conspicuous in the character of monkeys without being more than simply ridiculous. We say monkeys because these youths appear to affect that simious imitation of Popery called Puseyism. One of these little monkeys, however, bears the name of BULLOCK, but his acquaintance will probably be rather inclined to call him *calf*.

MR. WESTERTON, another time, if this offence is repeated, had better not interfere with the delinquents. He is the Churchwarden and not the proper officer to quell a puerile disturbance in church. That is the duty of the Beadle, and we hope that a large and powerful Beadle will be established at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge; a Beadle with a strong arm and a stout cane, with which latter he will teach such young gentlemen as MASTER FITZROY and MASTER BULLOCK not to make a row in church.

THE PIANO IN THE FARM-HOUSE.

MR. PUNCH quite agrees with the sentiments respecting the piano and farmers' wives, which MR. C. R. COLVILLE meant to express at the Sparkenhoe Farmers' Club Dinner; but then, if Mr. Punch had been MR. COLVILLE, he would have said what he meant, and not the reverse. MR. COLVILLE, of course, was joking; but never venture on irony with ladies, or farmers either, still less with both together; your joke will most likely create a disturbance, as his did; and what is worse, you may also have to explain it; which, likewise, was his unhappy case. The following *bêtises*, as the remarks in question were universally denominated by the ladies of the Sparkenhoe farmers, are reported by the *Sun* to have been delivered by that unlucky gentleman, in proposing "The Ladies," as a toast. Having noticed the circumstance of their presence as a new feature in agricultural meetings, and alluded to a notion generally prevalent, that farmers' wives were "too proud for their business," undeterred by the disapprobation which followed these words, MR. COLVILLE thus injudiciously proceeded:—

"It is, therefore, that I have observed with the greatest pleasure so many fair faces around me, and see them take an interest in agricultural affairs; for, depend upon it, if you intend to make a good dairy of cheese, you have not too much time to play upon the piano."

Well; then came the storm which might have been expected. Had Mr. Punch been in the place of MR. COLVILLE, the papers would have had to report the subjoined observations in place of the above:—

Mr. Punch, in proposing the toast of "The Ladies," said: "In the discharge of the pleasing duty which has been confided to me, I cannot sufficiently express my gratification at the sight of the ladies who have done us the honour of coming here. Their presence on this occasion refutes the vulgar calumny which asserts that farmers' wives are above their business. This vile slander is grounded on the circumstance that the accomplishment of music is general amongst them. They are accused of playing upon the piano. And why should they not—when they have nothing else to do? All work and no play—we know what the consequence of that is; and if farmers' ladies must have some playing, what can they play better than the piano? Are they to go jingling about with the cupboard-keys and the keys of the cellar continually, and never rattle over the ivory keys by way of a change of key? Then it is said that if they want a good dairy, there must be no piano-playing. That is, I suppose, for fear what is called a thundering accompaniment should turn the milk sour. Fiddlestick! When a farmer comes home of an evening he requires amusement; he does not always want to go to sleep—and what else can he go to?—he has no theatre, no concert, no Exeter Hall. Then what can be more suitable to his circumstances than that his wife should sit down at her instrument, and give him a bit of music. Suppose she plays something from HAYDN'S *Seasons*—for instance, 'With cheerfulness the husbandman'—is not that just the sort of thing to raise his spirits, when perhaps they are depressed by the circumstance that the weather is bad for the corn; or if good for the corn, bad for the turnips? Or she might perform a selection from *Acis and Galatea*, that beautiful composition of HANDEL'S, so pastoral in its expression, and therefore so calculated to soothe his mind when anxious on account of his live stock. Well then she may refresh that affection which is the source of domestic happiness, by means of some tender melody of MOZART'S: and there are many passages in BEETHOVEN'S works by which she might awaken those sensibilities, which the grandeur and beauty of that Nature, amid whose glories he exercises his calling, do not perhaps always arouse as much as they ought in the mind of the British Farmer. Or should he, as may sometimes be the case, have not quite enough spirituality in him to understand that sort of thing, she might at least amuse his ear, and accelerate his slumber by the pleasant tinkle of a polka. Talking of that, I would venture to express the hope that the refining influence of music in the rural districts will ultimately reach the agricultural labourer, for whose improvement we are all so anxious; inasmuch that no long time will elapse before the harvest home is held in the drawing-room, and whilst the ploughmen take the milkmaids gracefully around the room, the farmer's wife sits down at the piano, and plays the *Schottische* or the *Cellarius*."

Of course this speech would have been received with mild applause, and gentle laughter; and instead of the following sentiment having been proposed in consequence:

"Here's to the wife of a jolly good farmer, who can make a jolly good cheese, and play a jolly good tune on a jolly good piano to a jolly good family,"—

which indicates a very late hour and a yet more advanced state of beer; the Sparkenhoe farmers would have given "The health of our gallant friend, Mr. Punch, the chivalrous Protectionist of the Agricultural Ladies."

LADY A—E L—A S—E F—Z—P has obliged us with the following:—In the event of CERITO'S engagement at St. Petersburg, do you suppose the EMPEROR will allow the *Galop from Alma* to be played!!

THE ONE SHOP A-LIGHT IN THE STREET.



IN one of the chief thoroughfares of one of the chief cities of the world, there exists a money-grub in the form of a hosier. All the other hosiers in that thoroughfare have, for the last two years, closed their shops at eight o'clock in the evening, so as to allow their assistants some little time daily to keep up the intellect, recruit the faculties, and exercise the affections which distinguish the human being from the ox and the ass and the pig. But this grub of a hosier persists in keeping his shop open till nine or ten at night; hence fears are entertained that the rest of the neighbouring hosiers will be obliged in self-defence to return to the old barbarous system of keeping their shops open equally late.

Deputations without number, consisting both of employers and employed, have, we understand, repeatedly waited on this sock-seller, and vainly endeavoured to prevail upon him to abandon his greedy practice of late closing. To all their remonstrances and entreaties a deaf ear has been turned by the obstinate and incorrigible snob.

The hosiers' assistants of the city alluded to, who have published the above-mentioned particulars in a handbill, further observe that the greedy "party" who keeps the hosiery nighthouse in the thoroughfare in question, will be at once discovered by means of a walk through that thoroughfare after eight o'clock in the evening. They also point out that by simply abstaining from the purchase of any hosiery subsequently to that hour, the inhabitants of the said city may protect the early closing hosiers from the loss now accruing to them, from competition, at a disadvantage, with those who close late.

We hope the residents of the Boulevard des Italiens will carefully perambulate that great thoroughfare on the first convenient evening five minutes after eight, mark the hosier whose shop remains open, and book his name. We trust that the people of Broadway, New York, will do the like.

And lest—but the thing is almost impossible—lest there should, peradventure, dwell any such linseywoolsey caitiff in the midst of our metropolis—lest, perchance any such worsted polypus should infest the heart of London—suppose, good fellow citizens, we also take a walk together the first convenient evening, shortly after eight—say—through Cheapside.

THE FLEET'S FAREWELL TO THE BALTIC.

For the winter we quit, to return with the swallow,
And then—Heaven only knows what is to follow!

Aberdeen at full Length.

THE good people of Aberdeen have hung a full length of their pacific Earl in the Town Hall. It is generally understood that the artist has been allowed to take a duplicate copy for the library of NICHOLAS, to be shipped for St. Petersburg when the present gunpowder cloud has quite blown over.

BASE ATTEMPT ON THE CRIMEA.

NAME of ill omen to that province-gulper,
In the CRIMEA he'll CRY MEA CULPA!

ADVICE FOR THE GOLD FIELDS.—The last advice that has been forwarded to the Diggings is the advice to remember the difference between mine and thine.



GROUSE SHOOTING LATE IN THE SEASON. JOLLY VERY!

"COME ALONG, OLD FELLOW! HERE'S A POINT!!"

DISRAELI AND THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER!

At Exeter, on the Fifth of November, there is to be a grand exhibition of fireworks in honour of Protestant ascendancy! In humble imitation of the City managers who, by requisition, wooed and won G. V. BROOKE to pass through Temple Bar, a committee is about to be formed at Exeter to invite MR. DISRAELI, as the Protestant champion in especial, to preside over the pyrotechnics. "If MR. DISRAELI would place himself at the head of the Protestant feeling of this country, he would soon be exalted to permanent and immovable power." Thus saith the *Standard*. He would, in fact, go up like the rocket, and there should never be a coming down of the stick.

We think the invitation of MR. DISRAELI peculiarly felicitous. The Protestant mind of the country sees in DISRAELI the natural opponent of FAWKES. It is BENJAMIN F. GUY! The arrangements at Exeter are not yet complete; but it is already known that MR. DISRAELI will make a prefatory speech in the midst of the prepared fireworks. He will then, with his own hand, ignite a rocket, a Catherine-wheel, and—by way of irony—a Roman candle. The whole will conclude with a blaze of fireworks, MR. DISRAELI appearing in the centre. "Coningsby," in variegated lamps—indicative of the many-coloured genius of the president—will be lighted at a flash above the head of the Protestant champion.

We owe it in justice to the committee to state, that the nominal effigy of GUY FAWKES will in no feature resemble the B—H—P OF Ex—r—r: and, further, that an unprincipled attempt to bribe the rev—d d—gnitary's valet to sell a cast-off coat and apron of the revered b—h—p was indignantly refused by that faithful servant. In fact, the malice of the report is evident, from the circumstance that the man had no such articles in his possession.

Fatal Effect of Sudden Joy.

GREAT tragic actors ought to reflect somewhat upon the probable consequences ere they greatly condescend. It is well known that a deputation of the bankers, merchants, fishmongers, tripe-boilers, and others of the City of London supplicated MR. G. V. BROOKE to come into the City and act. He consented, and what was the consequence? A distinguished sausage-maker was so affected by joy at the event, that he has been in a state of delirium ever since. Two keepers constantly watch him. Fortunately the poor man's wife is able to attend to the business.

RUINS.—You never saw a ruin without ivy—you never saw a ruined man but he had a lawyer clinging round him.



HOW TO GET RID OF AN OLD WOMAN.

DEPUTATIONS RECEIVED AT THE SHORTEST NOTICE

BY BENJAMIN DISRAELI, ESQ., M.P.



BEING the *vezala questio* of the day, the honourable gentleman will receive, on Monday, a deputation from the Beard and Moustache Party, and listen to the proposals that will then be made to him to put himself at the head and chin of the movement. A large portrait of the talented Ex-Chancellor has been painted, in which he is represented with a most magnificent beard and flowing moustache. This portrait will be exhibited, and so becoming and flattering is the effect of it, that it is said Mr. DISRAELI will then and there give his countenance to the advocacy of the Muntzian cause. Intimation has been privately sent to MR. MECHI to prepare him for the worst.

On Tuesday, the Vegetarians have obtained permission to attend in a deputation upon him. They bring with them a calmly prepared statement, that if MR. DISRAELI will espouse their principles, he will not save less than £3 2s. 5d. a-year,—that being the difference between the price of butcher's meat and vegetables; and will also become healthier, cleverer, wiser, and be able to

sleep sounder during LORD DUDLEY STUART's speeches. It will likewise enable him to stand with greater fortitude the late hours, and taunts, and sneers, and turmoils of a Parliamentary life. His return to power (they hope to convince him) lies through a kitchen-garden.

On Wednesday, it is to be the turn of the Cabmen. They want MR. DISRAELI to get the new law repealed. If he will only declare himself a regular Hansom, they engage to drive him back to Downing Street in less than no time, and to charge him nothing for the fare.

On Thursday, several distinguished Mormonites have an appointment with Mr. DISRAELI. They are anxious that he should give his consideration to the principles of their sect, with the view of becoming one of them.

On Friday a deputation of citizens and merchants from the New Cut will have the honour of waiting on MR. DISRAELI. It is their wish that he should try to exert his influence with MR. N. T. HICKS, for the purpose of dissuading that gentleman from leaving the Victoria Theatre before he has gone through a round of his most popular characters in the domestic and burglarious Drama.

On Saturday, MR. DISRAELI has promised to attend a meeting of Bonnet-makers in Cranbourn Street. Having long noticed a gradual falling off in ladies' bonnets, they are only fearful that the bonnet may fall off the head altogether, and then what is to become of their trade? It is to avert this fall, that they are about to implore of the Ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer to turn his head a little to bonnets, in order to restore their proper equilibrium.

Besides the above, there are memoranda on MR. DISRAELI's table of deputations from the Scotch grievance-mongers, from the Italian Brothers, from the American female physicians who have been denied admission into the English hospitals, from the Bloomers, the readers of the *Morning Advertiser*, and various other persecuted classes and individuals, including of course all grades of Protectionists. In the meantime, as MR. DISRAELI has generously stated that his time is always at the service of any deputation that may require his advice or assistance, there is but little doubt that he will have plenty to do until Parliament opens. For Parliament there is a recess, but for a DISRAELI none.

Lawks a Mercy

THE name of the British chaplain still resident at St. Petersburg is the REVEREND O. LAW! His name is naturally enough in the mouth of such of his fellow countrymen as are obliged to remain in Russia when they hear unfavourable news through the Russian press, and as plenty of it is continually being fabricated, the reverend gentleman under the denomination of O. LAW! is wanted pretty frequently.

A Joke worthy of the Pillory.

By a new arrangement which the Post Office authorities are about to adopt, an old saying will be rendered obsolete; for how can we talk about being "knocked from pillar to post," when the pillar and the post are in future to be identical?

THE DUE OF THE DEAD.

I sit beside my peaceful hearth,
With curtains drawn and lamp trimmed brigat
I watch my children's noisy mirth;
I drink in home, and its delight.

I sip my tea, and criticise
The war, from flying rumours caught;
Trace on the map, to curious eyes,
How here they marched, and there they fought.

In intervals of household chat,
I lay down strategetic laws;
Why this manœuvre, and why that;
Shape the event, or show the cause.

Or, in smooth dinner-table phrase,
Twixt soup and fish, discuss the fight;
Give to each chief his blame or praise;
Say who was wrong and who was right.

Meanwhile o'er Alma's bloody plain
The scathe of battle has rolled by—
The wounded writhe and groan—the slain
Lie naked staring to the sky.

The out-worn surgeon plies his knife,
Nor pauses with the closing day;
While those who have escaped with life
Find food and fuel as they may.

And when their eyes in sleep they close,
After scant rations duly shared,
Plague picks his victims out, from those
Whom chance of battle may have spared.

Still when the bugle sounds the march,
He tracks his prey through steppe and dell;
Hangs fruit to tempt the throats that parch,
And poisons every stream and well.

All this with gallant hearts is done;
All this with patient hearts is borne:
And they by whom the laurel's won
Are seldom they by whom 'tis worn.

No deed, no suffering of the war,
But wins us fame, or spares us ill;
Those noble swords, though drawn afar,
Are guarding English homesteads still.

Owne we a debt to these brave men,
Unpaid by aught that's said or sung;
By leaders from a ready pen,
Or phrases from a flippant tongue.

The living, England's hand may crown
With recognition, frank and free;
With titles, medals, and renown;
The wounded shall our pensioners be.

But they, who meet a soldier's doom—
Think you, it is enough, good friend,
To plant the laurel at their tomb,
And carve their names—and there an end?

No. They are gone: but there are left
Those they loved best while they were here—
Parents made childless, babes bereft,
Desolate widows, sisters dear.

All these let grateful England take;
And, with a large and liberal heart,
Cherish, for her slain soldiers' sake,
And of her fulness give them part.

Fold them within her sheltering breast;
Their parent, husband, brother, prove.
That so the dead may be at rest,
Knowing those cared for whom they love.

Russian Military Habits.

In very many instances at Alma—the Russian officers covered their uniforms with the gray great coats of the common men. Thus they illustrated the old taunt, that "the post of honour was a private station."

QUIET STREETS.

(LANDLADIES' CIRCULAR.)

THE Season for taking lodgings in London having arrived, the LANDLADIES of the QUIET STREETS of the metropolis respectfully submit the following programme of

VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL PERFORMANCES,

which they have, by dint of toleration and encouragement, succeeded in procuring for the benefit of ladies and gentlemen who may desire quietness.

References to lodgers who have gone away, and who can testify to the fidelity with which the whole of these performances are regularly given in the neighbourhoods in question, are kindly permitted. Inquiries may also be made at Bethlehem Hospital, and Hanwell Asylum, of inmates of those establishments who have removed thither from Quiet Streets.

To invalids, to persons possessing nerves, to clergymen and others desirous of study, to authors, to musicians, and to all who deem quietness, at certain hours at least, one of the necessities of life, the Quiet Streets offer advantages not to be found elsewhere.

PROGRAMME

OF

PERFORMANCES IN THE QUIET STREETS OF LONDON.

MORNING.

Six. Sweeps, who will knock loudly until seven, varying their performances by whistling, by invocations to the blessed housemaid MARY, and by rattling their brushes along the rails of the areas of the house to which they come, and of its immediate neighbours.



The following cries will then begin, and each will be continued up and down the street until the performer is relieved by his or her successor:—

Seven. First Milkman, with loud shouts of "Mieaw!"

Half-past Seven. Second Milkman, with loud shouts of "Low-eu!"

Quarter to Eight. Third Milkman, with great rattling of pails, and a prolonged shriek, "New Milk, twopence a kvort!"

Eight. Hoarse young Girl: "Any Water-cree-ee-ee-ee-ses?"

Half-past Eight. Hoarse old Man: "Fine Water-cree-ses!"

Nine. "Hearthstones!"

Half-past Nine. "Dust, ho!" "Any Chairs to Mend?"

Ten. "Pa-per! Pa-per! Pa-per!"

Half-past Ten. First Organ: *Morning Hymn—Pop Goes the Weasel.*

Eleven. Two Costermongers who purposely bawl at the same time, "Vegetables! Taters! Turnips." (The great effect of the morning—in fact a sensation.)

Half-past Eleven. Hebrew melody, "Any O Clo?" Grunt accompaniment.

Twelve. All the boys come home from school, and are sent to play for an hour in the Quiet Streets that they may not be run over. Gymnastics—leap-frog—pugilism—quarrels.

Half-past Twelve. Second Organ: *Love Not—Villikins.*

AFTERNOON.

One. Cat's Meat. Also Rabbits. Also Images.

Half-past One. Knife-grinder—very deliberate artist—with pleasing accompaniment on grindstone—fireworks.

Two. "Any Umbrellas to mend?" The Three Furious Milkmen again.

Half-past Two. Third Organ: *Rule Britannia—Polkas.*



Three. Flower-show. Loud lecture: "All a blowin', all a growin', a penny a pot, ladies, a penny a pot, ladies—a penny a pot flow—ers!"

Half-past Three. The sailor who received the immortal NELSON in his arms at Trafalgar; with tracts to sell. Pious song, "Your art's uncommon stony, But still there's opes for you." This performer is irascible and slightly abusive if an unprotected female looks at him and does not give him money.

Four. "Grundle for your birds—now then—grundle—grundle! Grundle for the dicky, for the poor little dicky, grundle!"

Half-past Four. Fourth Organ: *Parlant pour la Syrie—Jolly Nose.*

Five. "Fly-papers! Fly-papers! Here's somefin to catch the nasty flies wot bites the little babies' eyes. Fly-papers!"

Half-past Five. "Muffins—muffins!" Mass bell accompaniment.



EVENING.

Six. "Walnuts, fine new walnuts!" Usually a trio.

Half-past Six. Fifth Organ: *Evening Hymn—Drinking Chorus from Robert le Diable.*

Seven. Boys having had their tea, and it is hoped learned their lessons, are turned out for an hour's wholesome play before dark. Performance as at twelve, but much noisier.

Half-past Seven. Sixth Organ. Band instrument, drawn by a horse, and worked by two men. (The roaring of this instrument may be heard many streets off, and so far as mechanical inventions may be compared to the *vox humana*, the effect equals that of the eleven o'clock performance.)

NIGHT.

Eight to Ten. Miscellaneous. If the night be fine, the boys howl at the passengers, and sing defiant ballads. If wet, children are turned out, with very few clothes, to sing in a very high voice, and to whine to the basement story. Hurdygurdies, and other instruments are also heard, and a German band plays at the public-house at the corner. But arrangements have been made for the performances to conclude about ten o'clock. It should, however, be added, that all cabs in a hurry take the Quiet Streets during most hours of the night, and therefore the depressing stillness so fatal to health and intellect, is avoided until, at six o'clock, the round of performances is renewed.



SOMETHING RADICALLY WRONG.

THE following is from an Australian paper:—

THE party who stole a root from my garden and dropped a nugget, is informed that there are more plants left. W. LAW, Seedsman, 187, Little Collins Street East.

We have been taught that we should "set a thief to catch a thief," but it would appear from the above, that in order to catch a thief we should sometimes set a cabbage or some other member of the vegetable kingdom. We are not told what root it was that the thief took away, but he made ample amends if he left behind him a carat of gold in exchange for a carrot of a more humble material. We are not surprised at the invitation to the "party" to come again, on the same terms, though he will probably absent himself for the future from a set of roots, where he has found one that has proved to him a root of evil.

Qualified Praise.

A CONTEMPORARY, remarking upon a Lecture on the Mind, says "the Reverend Gentleman's Discourse was profound and erudite, comprehending nearly all that we know respecting mental phenomena."

THIEVES "WANTED."

We wonder that we do not see among the curiosities of advertising literature such an advertisement as the following :

WANTED, by a Wholesale House in the City, an active young Man, as Collector, who will actively collect his employer's money (and appropriate it to his own purposes). He must be a good walker (and well able to walk off with the fruits of his labours). Salary (nominally) £50 a year (but as it is quite obvious that he cannot support himself, with possibly a wife and family, on this sum, he will naturally be disposed to make up any deficiency from the funds with which he will be confidentially entrusted).

The above advertisement may seem somewhat unusual, but the following, which appeared in the *Times* of the 14th of October, if interpreted by the ordinary rules of common sense, can scarcely be supposed to differ from that which we have imagined.

CLERK.—WANTED, by a Wholesale House in the City, a respectable, active, young Man, age not to exceed 25, as COLLECTOR, and to make himself generally useful in the counting-house; must be a good walker. Apply by letter, in own handwriting, stating previous employment, references, capabilities, &c., age, and height, to, &c. &c. Salary £50 per annum.

We cannot suppose that the "wholesale house" putting forth the above advertisement can expect to obtain a "collector," a general clerk, and a porter (for he is to be "generally useful," and to be "a good walker," unless he is to collect for himself, to be useful to himself, and to walk off when detection seems imminent. If the "wholesale house" had other intentions, the advertisement would not have concluded with the significant words, "Salary, £50 per annum."

THE STAR SQUABBLE.

(AT PRESENT AGITATING ASTRONOMICAL AND ASTROLOGICAL SOCIETY.)

SAYS BREWSTER to WHEWELL, let's fight a star duel,
Though you're very cruel to raise such a strife.
What! Nature make worlds for mere lanterns, or fuel?
I tell you all planets are swarming with life.

SAYS WHEWELL to BREWSTER, you old Cock, or Rooster,
Why will you anew stir the question with me?
Excepting our planet, Creation's whole cluster
'S as empty as you and your volume, Sir D.

SAYS BREWSTER to WHEWELL, you've just got your gruel,
So, MR. PROFESSOR, you'd best sleep upon it.
SAYS WHEWELL to DAVID, go get your head shaved,
Unless you're afraid of the bees in your bonnet.

THE PIANOFORTE AND THE DAIRY.

MR. COLVILLE, Member for South Derbyshire, at the Sparkenhoe Farmers' Club Dinner, ventured to observe that he thought "the Farmers' wives above their business."—"The pianoforte would not harmonise with a good dairy of cheese." On this MR. COLVILLE was blown by a burst of indignation almost off his legs; as, ten to one, he will at the next election be blown clean out of his seat. MR. COLVILLE, as a peace-offering, then flung himself upon the poultry; "it was highly creditable to the ladies." It would not do—the ladies would not be mollified. Dropping the poultry, MR. COLVILLE next suggested that there should be, to the honour of the mothers, a baby show: we showed heifers, "why not infants?" This liberal suggestion was hooted, screeched at; and COLVILLE became wan and crest-fallen. All he said was a joke—a mere joke. After a time, the meeting professed to be satisfied with the explanation; but it was clear—after the departure of COLVILLE—that his words rankled. "This comes of making a man a Member of Parliament. He will tell his mind; he gets such a habit of straightforwardness in the House of Commons." It is thought that MR. COLVILLE will consider it as only due to himself to make a written answer to this aspersion.

An Attack not Easily Repelled.

THE EMPEROR NICHOLAS, it is said, is overcome with the deepest melancholy—and, to make melancholy matters worse, our brave Allies in the Crimea are likely soon to prove to him that it is no such easy matter to drive away the Blues.

EPIGRAM BY SIR CHARLES NAPIER.

We've taken Bomarsund; non constat
That we could also have taken Cronstadt.

NIGHTINGALES FOR THE EAST.—We are about to send some dear Nightingales to nurse our sick soldiers. *Punch* would not much wonder if some of the Nightingales, in due time, became Ring-doves.

THE PILL AND DRAUGHT MARKET.



EDICINE is evidently looking down, and Physic is becoming a drug in the market. In proof of this statement we subjoin quotations from the advertising column of a contemporary. From the first of these it will be seen that professional gentlemen are inquired for at an extremely low figure:—

MEDICAL.—WANTED, immediately, by a Surgeon, residing a few miles from town, a GENTLEMAN, to visit, dispense, and attend Midwifery. Salary, £40 per annum, with board and residence. Apply &c. &c.

By the next, it appears that the demand for assistants is not limited to medical gentlemen, but may be sufficiently answered by Surgery boys.

WANTED, by a Surgeon of limited practice, a YOUTH, about 18, with some knowledge of dispensing, to assist in the Surgery and take out the medicine. For address apply to WINDSON, Bottle Merchant, Bartholomew Close.

knowledge of dispensing, to assist in the Surgery and take out the medicine. For address apply to WINDSON, Bottle Merchant, Bartholomew Close.

The former of these announcements supplies us with data from which a tolerably safe estimate may be made of the extent and value of the advertiser's business. That the practice is a large one may be inferred from the fact that the services of an assistant are required in all its branches, but the amount of remuneration offered for the acceptance of candidates is an indication of small profits, which, taking all circumstances into consideration, we should be disposed to put down at from 14d to 2d. per visit, for medicine and attendance, over and above the cost price of the articles supplied. The nature of the board and residence which are promised the assistant in addition to something less than 15s. 5d. a week, is not stated. Of course no exception can be made to these terms; the wages of medical labour, like those of any other labour, must be regulated by the laws of supply and demand. It must, however, be considered absurd to advertise for a Gentleman, when the proffered hire is such that a Journeyman, unless he be a very unskilled one, would turn up his nose at it.

The remuneration, to be received by the Youth who is wanted to dispense the medicine and also carry it out, is not specified. We suspect, too, that the duties which he is expected to perform are more numerous than those mentioned in the advertisement. Besides taking round the physic to the limited number of patients constituting his master's practice, we apprehend that he would be employed in cleaning boots, knives, and forks; and also have to officiate in the stable, should the limited practice increase so as to necessitate the keeping of a horse. We must confess, however, that we hope no such extension of its limits may take place: since amongst a multitude of patients, whose medicines are compounded by an errand-boy, some awkward mistakes might happen. Possessing some knowledge of dispensing, but perhaps not quite enough, the Youth might put up corrosive sublimate for calomel, or substitute hydrocyanic acid for hydrochloric.

One thing is quite clear: that if medical assistants are paid at the rate of common mechanics, and engaged to perform the services of pages and tigers, we shall soon have our prescriptions dispensed by boys broken out with buttons, and medical and surgical operatives will call round for orders, in brown paper caps and fustian jackets, or without any jackets at all, and in mere waistcoats and shirt-sleeves.

A Determined Emperor.

SOME of the shot fired by the Russians at the battle of Alma are described as having been marked with the cross. The cross was probably the same kind of cross that was formerly borne on the Russian Flag. Formerly, we say, for the cross of the Russian Flag is now, we believe, white on a black ground, and has been altered into the figure of a pair of crossed bones, surmounted by a death's head, by order of the EMPEROR NICHOLAS.

WONDERFUL RESULT OF SUCCESS.

So immense has been the success of G. V. BROOKE in the City—so tremendously has his reputation increased—that it has been found necessary to take his passage to Australia in two ships!



Successful Conductor. "OH YES! THE LADY SENDS HER RESPECTFUL COMPLIMENTS, AND 'LL SEE YOU JOLLY WELL BLOWED PUST."

THE GLUT OF GREAT CREATURES.

It is delightful to see the daily string of Theatrical Advertisements in the *Times*, announcing the important fact of the whereabouts of those great luminaries of the stage, who, though leaving London in darkness, are pleased to shine with terrific glare in the Provinces. Numerous as these announcements have been, we can assure our readers that circumstances alone prevent the appearance of at least half a hundred additional advertisements every day from those geniuses, who are desirous of letting the world know what they are about, and how much the Metropolis is missing in the way of amusement by their absence from London. We subjoin a few specimens:—

MR. STENTOR, the distinguished hippo-tragedian, whose impressive horseback impersonations have created the greatest sensation ever known in any sawdust, will appear as *Mazeppa*, at Greenwich Fair on Easter Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, and at Charlton near Woolwich in the summer of 1855; and on Whit Monday, 1856, sails by the *Pink*, CAPTAIN CHAFFERS, for Cremorne. Letters in the meantime to be addressed to the Ostler, at the Stable Yard of the Hen and Hair-brush.

MR. BLACKWELL, the renowned Ethiopian, whose bones have long attracted the curiosity of the anatomist of human nature, will perform at the Haymarket on Monday Evening at 6, in Regent Street at 7, in Oxford Street at 8, and in Holborn from 9 till 11. Letters to be left with the Baked Potato Merchant, at the end of the Cab Stand, opposite the Theatre Royal Haymarket.

THE PUBLIC is respectfully informed that **MR. CLATTER** the renowned Drum, whose Concerts on that instrument, combined with the Mouth Organ, have attracted the attention of the authorities, and street-keepers in all parts of London, and whose running accompaniment, by command of INSPECTOR BLUSTERS, placed him in the very first rank of those with whom he was moving, will be in Smithfield Market on the 9th of November, until which period he is open to treat, or be treated. A whistle directed to the Three Pair Front Window, in Little Tufton Street, Westminster, will meet with immediate attention.

MISS LEONORA TOMBOY begs leave to acquaint the Nobility, Gentry, the Cabinet Ministers, the Law Officers of the Crown, her friends, and the public generally, that on Saturday last she ceased to be a member of the Company of the Theatre Royal Greco-Bowery-Britannic Saloon.

SIGNOR FLEXIBLE, the unrivalled Indian Rubber Acrobat, who has twisted himself round the hearts of the public by a long series of contortions, and wound himself up to the highest pitch of public favour on the tight rope, will appear at the Elysian Gardens on Whit Monday next. All applications until that date may be addressed to the Signor at his private residence, which may be ascertained by application to the relieving officer of his parish, who is empowered to make all engagements for the Signor until further notice.

REST TO HIS SCISSORS.

LIEUTENANT ROYER may congratulate himself upon one great literary feat. He may be pretty certain that his *English Prisoners in Russia* is about the only English book that has lately been allowed admission into the Czar's dominions without some kind of mutilation. How the scissors of the Censor must have gaped open wide with astonishment at finding that there was not a single passage that wanted cutting out. So signal an honour deserved some acknowledgment; and accordingly, **LIEUTENANT ROYER** has, we are informed, been appointed "Our Own Correspondent" to the *Gazette de St. Petersburg*.

HOURS AT COURT.

WE learn that **M. VIVIER**, the marvellous horn-player, gave such a blow to the Court of Wurtemberg that, after the Concert, "he had the honour of supping with the royal family, and sat next the PRINCE ROYAL." Why does not **MONSIEUR VIVIER** visit the Court of Berlin? He might give a most effective blow to the resolution of the KING OF PRUSSIA; who, it is said, has been required to give a definite answer to Austria—"yes, or no." Catch his Majesty doing anything of the sort. With him "yes" and "no" are only so far good as, like certain liquors, they are good for mixing.

NIobe FOR A BETTER HALF.—A poor simple husband has a wife, who is so addicted to crying, that he calls her "the perpetual Tear and wear of his life."

MR. WITHERBY.—This unrivalled delineator of the nicer shades of elderly characters, who is looked upon by himself as the only successor of **FARRER**, and whose aged fops have excited the enthusiasm of his family, and the box-keepers wherever he has acted, will have the honour of making his appearance at the Theatre Royal Anywhere, as soon as he can get engaged.

SHAKSPERIAN READINGS.—**MR. JONES** will read *Hamlet* on the 5th of November, with fireworks; *Richard the Third* on the 24th of August, 1855; and *King Lear* on the 7th Monday of 1854. All letters to be addressed to the Post Office, Islington.

HOW TO MANUFACTURE SPANISH DANCERS.

SPANISH Dancers begin to abound in London, from St. James's to Whitechapel. They are manufactured pretty much in the same way as a real Whitechapel Havannah, namely, of produce of English growth. Take a dark-looking young lady—if of the Hebrew persuasion the better—let her be pirouetted two hours a day, made to stamp upon the floor, like an energetic housemaid killing black beetles—let the name of **LEVY** or **MOSES** be turned to the fulness and favour of **PAQUITA** or **DOROTEA**, and the transformation is complete. You have your muscular Whitechapel Spanish Dancer even as you have your full-flavoured Whitechapel Havannah.

Serenade for Sans Souci.

GLEE—"Here's a Health to all good Lasses."

To the Czar allied by marriage,
FREDERICK WILLIAM, move your carriage;
Let us pass, good monarch, pray.
To protect your brother, BRUIN,
Will you run the risk of ruin?
Prussia's carriage stops the way!

OLD BAILEY TO WIT.

LAST week the Manager of the Princess's made his first double appearance for the season as *Dubosc* and *Joseph Lesurques* (the murderer and the victim) in the highly criminal drama of *The Courier of Lyons*. The Old Bailey did not illuminate.

VULGAR DEFINITION OF A TEETOTALLER.—A Drunkard convinced against his (s) will.



THE EMPEROR (with the mild eyes) DETERMINES TO SINK HIS SHIPS AND BLOW UP HIS CITIES—IN OTHER WORDS, TO CUT OFF HIS NOSE TO SPITE HIS FACE.

THE FATE OF FRANKLIN AND HIS MEN.

LET us draw around the fire ;
Embers ruddy glowing,
What a comfort they inspire,
Whilst the bitter tempest roars,
And it freezes out of doors,
And the wintry haze is snowing,
And the keen North-West is blowing !

Sit and listen to the gale ;
Frost without is stinging :
What a sad and solemn wail
Runs throughout its gusty squalls,
As it rises and it falls
Ever with a death-psalm ringing
What a dirge the winds are singing !

Reddened in the hearthlight warm,
From the great log yonder,
Housed and sheltered, safe from harm,
Tracing pictures in the coals,
On the poor unhappy souls
Homeless in the cold who wander,
Is it not a time to ponder ?

Whose that wild wind's requiem,
Desolately sighing ?
Has it not swept over them,
Whose unsepulchred remains
Now bestrew the icy plains,
Where for Science martyrs dying,
FRANKLIN and his crew are lying.

There they starved among the snows,
'Mid the icebergs hoary,
There to death they slowly froze.
On such errand let brave men
Never be dispatched again ;
Keep them for the strife of glory :
What a fireside winter story !

PUBLIC NUISANCE IN DOWNING STREET.

MR. PUNCH and a full bench of Contributors were occupied for some hours at the No-Quarter Sessions, in hearing a complaint against a very respectable looking old Scotch lady, who was understood to be a native of Aberdeen, and who was charged, as the owner of certain premises in Downing Street, with keeping a place so as to be a nuisance.

MR. INSPECTOR SHALLABALLA was the first Witness called. He said he was occupied in looking after the healthy condition of the neighbourhood of Downing Street, and finding the place occupied by the Defendant to have got into very bad odour, he had visited the spot and found a great accumulation of various matters, which caused a stagnation, which he, the Inspector, thought was very injurious to the healthy condition of the public. He would, however, with Mr. Punch's permission, bring forward a very important Witness, who could give full particulars. He would call LORD POMICESTONE.

LORD POMICESTONE deposed that he had long known the neighbourhood of Downing Street, and that he had lived on and off the premises for a series of years. He had sometimes been obliged to leave the place of his own accord, on account either of obnoxious businesses that were being carried on, or of some stagnation or other which prevented matters of various kinds from flowing in a free channel, and the place had thus got, from time to time, into bad odour. He knew the Defendant, whom he believed to be a very worthy well-meaning person, but very slow in adopting any improvement. He, the Witness, lived with Defendant as a neighbour, on pretty good terms, though he confessed he had sometimes lost his patience, and put himself out, but then he could soon put himself in again. (*A laugh.*)

MR. PUNCH asked the Witness if he could give any information as to the subject of the present complaint.

LORD POMICESTONE said that he certainly could say a good deal on the subject, though he had no wish to do anything unneighbourly towards the Defendant, who was a good old creature in her way, but when in other people's way was rather objectionable. (*A laugh.*) The Witness then proceeded to state that since he had been in Downing Street, lately he had observed various disagreeable effects from the place occupied by the Defendant. There was a sort of something which he could only compare to a kind of Scotch mist, which threw a damp on

everything, and imparted a disagreeable languor to everybody employed on the premises.

MR. PUNCH remarked that the Witness did not seem to be affected by it, for he seemed strong and hearty, and was understood to get through a great deal of business.

LORD POMICESTONE admitted that was true, but he added that he worked in a different part of the premises from that occupied by the Defendant, but he had nevertheless felt at times the influence of the damp he had spoken of, which could be compared in its consequences to nothing but the vapours. In fact, continued the Witness, it is well known that I have left my place more than once, and have only been coaxed back again by a promise that what I complained of should be remedied.

MR. PUNCH inquired if the Defendant had any answer to make to the complaint.

The Defendant, a most respectable-looking old party, here stood forward, and said that the place agreed very well with her. She had herself nothing to complain of, and she thought people had better mind their own business instead of making all this fuss about nothing. If people chose to poke their noses into places where they had no business, they could not complain if they found things not exactly as they liked.

Several witnesses spoke to the excellent character of the Defendant, but

MR. PUNCH remarked that this was not a case in which character was concerned. Public improvements must not be stopped, and nuisances suffered to exist, because the character of the party might be unexceptionable. There was a nuisance proved to exist, with a considerable amount of stagnation, affecting the whole atmosphere of the place, and throwing a damp on every thing in the neighbourhood. He should therefore order the place to be emptied and filled up in a complete and effective manner.

The Defendant said it would be useless to empty it, for it could not be better filled than it was at present.

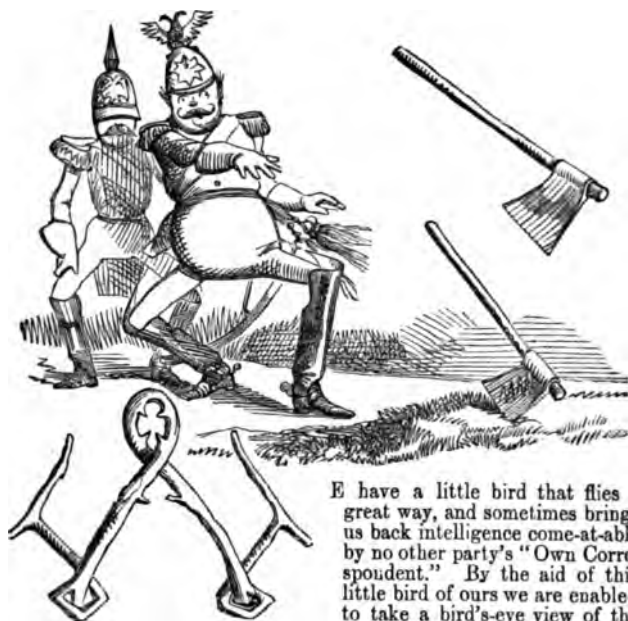
LORD POMICESTONE remarked that he would undertake to fill it in a satisfactory manner, if the place was only once properly emptied.

DEFENDANT. You had better try.

LORD POMICESTONE. No, no ! Let's have it emptied first, and then if nobody else will fill it, I will, if I can be allowed to do things in my own way.

MR. PUNCH declared this conversation irregular, and the parties left the Court.

THE CZAR'S FORGE.



portant manufactories in Russia; that is to say the Imperial Forge at St. Petersburg. Here, the practical, no less than the poetical mind will naturally surmise, are forged the thunderbolts of war. Bombs, cannon balls, rockets, however, are not the description of articles produced at this establishment. Yet the weapons fabricated at the St. Petersburg Forge are almost, if not quite, as telling, in general warfare, as any of those missiles; instead of being round shot they are, in two plain and simple words, round lies. Made up in the form of bulletins, they do a service for their author which often, to a great extent, compensates for the shortcomings of his bullets. Let us use our little bird's eye as the lens of a peep-show, and take a look through it at the internal arrangements and economy of this interesting workshop, whence the whole Russian empire derives its principal supply of the commodity which is necessary to its political existence; to wit, in Oriental phraseology, the thing which is not.

The room, of which we are surveying the interior, does not look much like a blacksmith's shop. There is too much carving and gilding about it; too many statues—of nude VENUSES, many of them—too large a number of malachite vases in it for it in any measure to resemble that humble species of manufactory. There are a few more books also, and maps therein, than would probably be found in the best furnished apartment of even a master iron-founder. It is, in fact, a library. You see no fire in this forge; that is in the stove; no bellows; and no anvils except tables, whereon lie inkstands, pens, quantities of paper, and copies of the *Times*, *Monitor*, *Punch*, and all the leading journals of Europe. These periodicals, supplying correct news and truthful comments, form the raw materials, which are to be worked up into masses of quite a different looking substance for distribution.

At each table sits a workman engaged in operating on the supply of facts before him. We remark that several of these labourers are decorated with ribbons and crosses: these are princes and other noblemen, of high civil and military rank. But our attention has been more particularly attracted by a tall stout personage, in a blue uniform and jack boots, who sits at a larger and handsomer table than the others, with despatches before him as well as newspapers, and whose chair is surmounted with the carved image of a nondescript of the feathered race, apparently meant for the Black Swan with Two Necks: only the bill is crooked, and the creature has a crown on either head, so that we understood it to represent the Russian eagle. This gentleman is Mr. NICHOLAS ROMANOFF, the proprietor of the establishment. You are struck with a singularly mild expression in his eyes; a tiger's physiognomy is considered amiable by some people. Be thankful that you are not struck, nor ever likely to be, if we can help it, with the knout of which your mental vision may discern the thong hanging out of this gentleman's pocket. You observe that he wears a large silver cross at his breast; yes, Mr. ROMANOFF is very devout, in the orthodox Russo-Greek way, and sanctifies all his operations of business, especially his transactions in wholesale murder and robbery, by connecting them with that holy symbol. And now Mr. ROMANOFF, with his cross on his heart, is engaged in the hallowed work of his Forge: for NICHOLAS ROMANOFF is not so proud as to be above his trade.

Now you see a workman, evidently somebody of rank, perhaps one of Mr. ROMANOFF's own sons; can it be Mr. CONSTANTINE ROMANOFF, alias the GRAND DUKE CONSTANTINE? No; it is PRINCE POLISHOFF: quitting his desk, he walks up to Mr. ROMANOFF, Senior, with a sheet of foolscap; like a schoolboy showing up his sum. The task which he in fact does show up is a piece of intelligence which has been allotted to him for alteration and embellishment. Ah! we perceive it is a version of the battle of Alma, in which two-thirds of the French and English are declared to have been killed, half of the other third to have been taken prisoners, and the remainder to have run away and fled before the face of MENSCHIKOFF, whose signature is appended to the document. See; Mr. ROMANOFF, senior, is looking over the performance. Now he nods and smiles with approbation; a fact has been exactly and adroitly falsified; now he frowns and dashes his pen through a word: it is a blunder expressing a truth. On the whole he is pleased: and, dismissing the author, sends the manuscript by an attendant to be set up in a neighbouring apartment wherein there is a printing-press, worked by a gang of pressmen from the office of the *Invalide Russe*. In a few moments the proof is returned to him for correction. First, he holds it out at arm's length, in a front aspect, and then takes an oblique view of it from either side with a right and left inclination of the head. He grins a little, and we seem to hear him chuckle. Yes; he thinks that will do, and having had the errata in it amended, sticks it against the wall, and retiring a pace or two indulges in a final gaze at its general effect, which is that of the most wonderful deception ever practised or exhibited. By means of fabrications of this sort, Mr. ROMANOFF is enabled to drive a roaring trade; for they are sufficient to satisfy the requirements of his public, and he, for his own part, does not care, so long as his public enables him to carry on the War.

A GOOD BLOW-OUT FOR BARRISTERS.

AMONG the great Reforms contemplated by the Inns of Court is an alteration in the price of the dinners, which is to be henceforth two-and-sixpence. As the dinners are at present the only qualification for a member of the Bar, we would throw out the suggestion, that by way of popularising the profession, authority might be granted to a number of respectable eating-house keepers, to confer the degree of barrister on those who may have eaten and paid for a certain stipulated number of dinners at a certain price, to be hereafter agreed upon. We would propose that the dinner bills, regularly receipted, should be sufficient evidence of the dinners having been eaten, and paid for.

As we are enemies to all monopoly, we cannot see why the mere consumption of thirty-six dinners at half-a-crown each should entitle the consumer to be called to the Bar if the dinners happen to have been eaten in an Inn of Court; while the same amount of dinners eaten and paid for at the Wellington, or Simpson's, or even at a decently-conducted "slap-bang" confer on the consumer no professional standing whatever. We never could precisely understand the principle on which dinner-eating is considered a necessary qualification for a barrister; but it has just occurred to us, that the achievement may be a sort of guarantee that the power of jaw is satisfactory.

SINOPE REMEMBERED.

WHERE shall I be this time twelvemonths? is a wholesome thought for all of us. It might have occurred to ADMIRAL KORNILOFF a year ago, whilst he was doing the work of his master at Sinope, for which he now lies paid at Sebastopol. Does it ever occur to NICHOLAS? Does this wicked old man ever reflect that after a lapse of a determinate number of seconds, few or many, his Imperial person will be a mass of carrion, or a mummy? Then, for all the bloodshed and misery with which he has afflicted mankind, how much the better will he be?—how much the worse? Is this last a question ever propounded by this obstinate old savage to himself, in occasional intermissions of his habitual ferocity? We trust such may be the case. NICHOLAS is our enemy; but we hope he may some day think seriously, and experience a change, as they say at Exeter Hall. We also hope SAWNEY BEAN did, and THURTELL, and GREENACRE, and RUSH, before they came to be hanged.

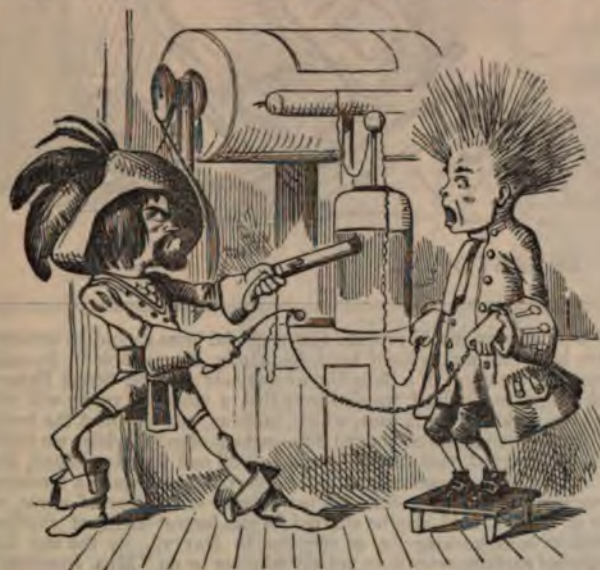
A Nice Name.

DR. RAE mentions that he was accompanied, in the Arctic Regions, by an Esquimaux interpreter named WILLIAM OUGLBUCK. We should like to know if that is the individual's real name. Very likely he so pronounces it and spells it so too, if he can spell; but considering what is the Esquimaux type of countenance, we doubt if that is the exact appellation by which Mr. OUGLBUCK was christened. We suspect that he was indebted for that very suggestive distinction to some sponsor midshipman, of a facetious turn, who not only gave him the name of WILLIAM, but added the more characteristic denomination of OUGLBUCK.

PHILOSOPHICAL DRAMA.

OUR readers need not be alarmed. We are not going into a disquisition concerning the "Stage in Germany"—a subject which so alarmed the editors of the *Antijacobin* some years ago. We wish merely to offer a few suggestions with reference to some advertisements we met with lately. It seems that the proprietors of the Polytechnic and Panopticon are about to introduce dramatic readings and singsongs as part of their attractions—there can be no objection we should think to this. To unite the *utile cum dulci* has long been the wish of right-minded educationists, and there seems to be no reason why the crucible cum dulcimer should not be engaged in furtherance of scientific education.

That SHAKESPEARE knew anything of the Atomic theory, of the diffusion of gases, or of compound radicals, we may be permitted to doubt; but a general notion of chemical laws he must have had. His allusion to the possibility of the dust of ALEXANDER ultimately stopping a beer barrel is sufficient proof that he understood all about the indestructibility of matter, while the familiar manner in which *Touchstone* speaks of the retort "courtous" shows on the part of the author an acquaintance with chemical apparatus. But we do not intend to go into the question "did SHAKESPEARE understand Chemistry?" we leave that to MR. CHARLES KNIGHT, who can no doubt make the subject as clear as day. We merely wish, as we said before, to offer a few suggestions which we hope the proprietor of the Polytechnic will not think us precipitate in making at this early stage of the chemical drama speculation. We would respectfully hint that instead of reading old plays, new ones should be written and read—the plots laid in the laboratory; and scenes of thrilling interest might easily be got up with the



voltanic battery: the titles must be appropriate and taking. For instance, *Margarite of Glycerine* would be, as they say in the transpontine districts, a stunner; and if "written up to" with a purpose on the amusement and instruction plan, would be sure to take. MR. PEPPER might make the reading of various compounds quite simple, and if he could not reach the sublime, might at least achieve a sublimate. With passing remarks on the organic compounds, with an accompaniment on the piano, together with allusion to the connection between the treble and bass, and the tribasic phosphates, the thing would be sure to go off well. Even a "screaming" effect might be produced, when ladies are present, by the judicious introduction of a few explosions—"as part of the performance," as JACK said.

"The reduced Oxide, or I don't care a Button," would be a good title for either farce or tragedy; and with a few well-seasoned remarks from MR. PEPPER, a good audience could not fail to be mustered.

The Prince of Wales a Sailor.

THE young Prince, it is said, is about to enter the navy, and will take rank as lieutenant on board the line-of-battle ship the *Albert*, christened after papa. His Royal Highness, it is said, is most impatient to be afloat before CHARLES KEAN's tragedy at Windsor sets in with its usual severity. We do not vouch for the accuracy of the statement, but are bound to give it as one very current at the clubs.

THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW.

THE Mayoralty of Moon has been long looked for by those who have kept their eyes on the course of that great Civic Luminary, which originally rose from behind the shadow of a small counter in the city, and has at length reached its full in the vaulted dome of the Mansion House. Expectation has been not only on tip-toe, but has seized the stilts of imagination for the purpose of raising itself to the utmost height, with a view to the forthcoming LORD MAYOR'S SHOW, which it is supposed will be characteristic of the great lunar phenomenon that is to shine during the ensuing year in the City of London.

In the first place it is suggested that the streets should be converted into a novel kind of milky way, by laying down chalk instead of gravel in the thoroughfares by which the procession will pass, and the figures of GOG and MAGOG will be superseded by those of ORION wearing his belt, and the Great Bear wearing his collar. The state coach will, it is hoped, be broken up for distribution in slices of gilt gingerbread among the children of the poor, while the LORD MAYOR takes his seat in CHARLES'S Wain, a conveyance worthy of the Great MOON'S dignity.

Instead of the old unmeaning mace, which with every jolt of the vehicle, has endangered the windows of the state-coach, or the head of the Mayor, it is proposed that the Remembrancer shall carry a large stick of Lunar Caustic, while the banner of his Lordship shall be an Almanack, to tell the MOON'S age—a piece of information which, during the ensuing year, will possess unusual interest.

The national air of the city for the next twelvemonths will be "*Rise, Gentle Moon*," and the favourite air of "*The Young May Moon is Beaming*" will be played in compliment to the juvenile members of the Civic-royal family.

It is expected that the population will be thoroughly "Moonstruck" on the ninth of November, and the City Treasurer will be instructed to be prepared with the MOON'S first quarter at the usual period.

Perhaps the most pleasing part of the exhibition on LORD MAYOR'S day will be the effect of MOON-light on the water, when the LORD MAYOR smiles on the Thames with the radiance of his silver countenance. We trust there will be many MOON-light nights of Mayoral hospitality at the Mansion House, and we have no doubt that instead of being the subject of an eclipse, the Civic MOON will eclipse most of those lesser luminaries who have twinkled heretofore in the vaulted dome of Cockneydom.

A SCHOOLBOY'S SONG OF THE WAR.

EVIL possessed one man, NICHOLAS ROMANOFF,
Projects for robbing the Sultan to lay,
Evil possessed one man: that's how the war began,
So the proud Tyrant went canting away.

He made of his cross a sword; NICHOLAS ROMANOFF,
Scandalous, shocking, and shameful to say!
He made himself a sword of the cross he adored,
So the proud Tyrant went canting away.

Of the Bible he made a sham; NICHOLAS ROMANOFF
Quoted texts—as we know the old gentleman may.
Of the Bible he made a sham—fanatic serfs to bam,
So the proud Tyrant went canting away.

Of the swindle he made a mess; NICHOLAS ROMANOFF,
Foiled in the trick he intended to play,
Of the swindle he made a mess; yet, in his wickedness,
Still the proud Tyrant goes canting away.

Controversy in the Crimea.

WE are glad to notice a new feature in theological controversy. Clergymen of various denominations are going out to the Crimea as peacefully together as the owls and the guinea-pigs in the happy family. Their design is to contend with each other to the utmost in the instruction of the troops and the consolation of the sick and wounded; and as they all doubtless mean well, and probably mean the same thing, we wish them all success.

The Tailor Non-suited.

THE great paletot interest has failed at Frome, and MR. DONALD NICOLL has been returned, or rather sent back, by the electors, whose suffrages he solicited. Perhaps if the ex-sheriff had resorted to bribery, and promised a wrap-rascal to every rascal who would sell his vote, the result might have been otherwise. "Measures, not men," is an old political cry, but in this instance the issue has proved that some men may be rejected, though their "measures" may be unimpeachable.



EVENING PARTY AT SEBASTOPOL.

HINTS ON BABY SHOWS.

A CINCINNATI newspaper, describing the Baby Show, which was held lately in Clark County, Ohio, remarks that in that interesting exhibition large and fat infants predominated, and states the weight of two of those innocents, aged 4 and 5 months respectively, as 20 and 27½ lb. Should the American notion of prize babies be taken up in this country, we hope that too much of a point will not be made of fat in this description of stock. The fat cattle show, when the obesity of the animals is excessive, is in great part but an exposition of materials for the melting pot; but a mere fat Baby Show would not amount even to that, and as it would be in no measure useful, so neither would it be ornamental in the least degree. Tombstone angels, indeed, and stone-masons' Cupids, are models of a corpulence which it is unpleasant to contemplate in mere stone, and would present a still more disagreeable appearance as wheezing and puffing masses of actual blubber. If it is distressing to witness the respiratory labours of a hypertrophied pig, how much more painful a spectacle of imminent suffocation must be afforded by the babe half stifled with plethora!

We would therefore suggest that in the award of prizes, the absolute weight of a child should not alone be considered, but that regard should also be had to its specific gravity. For an infant consisting principally of fat might, as a mere lump, outweigh another infant of smaller size but of greater density, having its bone and muscle in a more forward state of development. To find the specific gravity of any body, you divide the weight of that body by the weight of an equal bulk of water. The specific gravity of a baby would be readily ascertained by plunging it gently into a tub quite full of water over head and ears, collecting the water that ran over, weighing it, and dividing the positive weight of the child by the weight of the quantity of water so displaced. Water at 60 degrees of FAHRENHEIT is the standard for determining the specific gravity of ordinary bodies, but in the case of a baby, a rather higher temperature would be advisable: and then the process would amount to no more than putting it into a warm bath, and giving a salubrious and comfortable ducking to a little duck.

Not crying, and freedom from catarrhal symptoms, as indicated by the nose, we would also recommend as qualities and merits to be specially taken into account in adjudicating on the claims of the infantile com-

petitors: and we would propose that a special prize should be awarded to the baby that makes itself least frequently disagreeable to its male parent. In the event of a Baby Show being held at Baker Street Bazaar, or elsewhere in England, we also hope that a mistaken vanity will not dress the sucklings up in caps, which, in-doors, can only heat the brain, and lay the foundation of fits and derangement of mind, whilst we trust, on the other hand, that the limbs will be well and warmly clothed, and not left naked to attract admiration, catch cold, and acquire a tendency to consumption and scrofula. A tea service and salver of silver, or even of gold, should also be allotted for the largest family of children reared without sucking-pig, or recourse to DAFFY. By the way our Cincinnati contemporary does not say whether or no "MRS. JOHNSON" was much in request at the American Baby Show.

LIVERPOOL ORANGES.

THE Orangemen of Liverpool have sent in an address to LORD ENNIS-KILLEN on the late railway horror. In this address, they meekly observe to his Lordship that he may (with, doubtless, great self-consolation) sing the following sweetly soothing lines:—

"We'll bear, we'll hold the Orange name,
Though hell oppose and earth deride;
We'll keep the faith through fear and shame,
That faith for which our fathers died."

LORD ENNIS-KILLEN makes affectionate reply: the above, he says, is a lovely evidence "of true loyalty and sound religious truth." He then proceeds to denounce the Catholic religion as a creed that "brings forth such fruits" as the late atrocity. This is very Christian-like. Now we should be sorry, indeed, were the Protestant faith to be judged by such fruits as the Liverpool Oranges, things at once very green and very bitter. But LORD ENNIS-KILLEN pities the Catholics; and to show his feeling for them, he compassionately—spits in their faces.

IRISH JOHN BULLISM.—Coolness under fire seems an Irish expression; but it is also an Irish quality no less than an English, Welsh, and Scotch.



SIR EDMUND LYONS GOING IN HIS BROUGHAM TO THE OPERA
AT SEBASTOPOL.

"The *Agamemnon* goes about in places where no line-of-battle Ship ever thought of going before. Sir Edmund Lyons's Brougham, as it is called, is not at all a bad name for her."—
Oven Correspondent of the "Times."

[PUNCH, No. 695.]

GREAT GRATUITOUS BREWERS.

(To JUSTUS LIEBIG.)



SCIENTIFIC SIR,—I believe you are partial to ALLSOPP'S Pale Ale, and also that you have analysed that beverage.

You will therefore be sorry to hear that I have had a circular sent me, signed SAMUEL ALLSOPP AND SONS, announcing that those gentlemen have come to the decision to make an advance of 6s. per barrel upon their ales of all qualities. You will likewise be in a position to inform me whether or not this augmentation was necessary: at least in regard to pale ale.

In addition to the increased malt duty, "the almost total failure of the crop of hops" is assigned by MESSRS. ALLSOPP as the reason for raising their ales. Supposing the necessity for that step to exist, I am glad to find that it is occasioned by these circumstances.

The specific value of a glass of pale ale consists, I believe, scientific Sir, almost entirely (cost of production excepted) in the alcohol and bitter extract which it contains: and in the bitter much rather than in the spirituous ingredient. Now, can you tell me what are the quantities, respectively, of malt and hops represented by the strength and the bitterness of a glass of pale ale? Because I should like to know how many pennyworths of hops and of malt I consume in swallowing a pint of that fluid. So much, MESSRS. ALLSOPP say, that the advance which has been made by them "will still leave" them "without any margin for profit." At that rate, they have been giving their ale away now for some time, and intend continuing to supply us therewith gratis. Nothing can be more liberal than this: and pale ale, offered at these terms, becomes a truly generous liquor. To you, however, I look for those data, whereby alone I can be enabled to appreciate its generosity. Pray illuminate on that point your respectful admirer,

PUNCH.

P.S. I have heard it remarked by Law Students (from the country) that MR. JUSTUS LIEBIG ought to be a jolly good judge of beer.

THE GOVERNMENT EXAMINERS.

It appears that the Examinations to which Candidates for Government Situations are now subjected, have proved dreadful stumbling blocks to numerous young gentlemen, who felt an honourable ambition to receive the public money quarterly. We learn that out of some 250 of these aspirants, only 30 could acquit themselves respectably before the Examiners. It must be admitted, however, that the ordeal is dreadfully severe, and a young man must devote himself to many years of intense study before he has a chance of passing. We shudder to think of what he is required to do. The tests are threefold. He must,

- First. Write a common business note, on a given subject.
- Secondly. Evince a knowledge of the first rules of arithmetic.
- Thirdly. Take down a passage from some standard English author, from dictation.

No wonder that in the presence of such requirements 220 young gentlemen broke down, and we hear that out of the 30 who succeeded in passing through the frightful trial 25 have since been laid up by their exertions and the excitement; three have been interdicted by their doctors from reading anything heavier than SIR ARCHIBALD ALISON even if they can find it, and the other two have resigned their salaries and been superannuated. We hope that official pedantry will not be permitted to pursue this inhuman system longer, but that the sons of our influential classes will once more, as heretofore, be admitted to the situations to which their birth entitles them, without submitting to this ruinous and tyrannical treatment. We have had a batch of the Examination Papers sent to us, and as one fact is better than a thousand arguments, we shall strengthen the case of these oppressed persons a thousand fold, by printing the result in one case. The details may excite a smile on the lip of the heartless, but certain we are that no hater of oppression, no person with his heart in the right place, no loather of tyranny will read them without a burning blush upon his brow to think that in the nineteenth century, &c. &c.

ALGERNON CLAUDE FITZMONTAGUE VERNON BOTT, ESQ.,

Examined on the 15th of October.

Desired to write a business note. To signify to a tradesman—say a builder—that some of his charges for work were objectionable, while others were fair—that he had better refer to his original agreement, meet the writer's agent, and revise his demand, after which it should be satisfied.

(He wrote as follows):—

"Dear Sir,"

(But remarking that he was writing to a snob, said he wasn't going to call him dear, smeared the note, and demanded another sheet.)

"SIR, or BUGGINS" ("Perhaps that's better. Another sheet, old fellow").

"BUGGINS,—You must be a fool to think I am going to submit to your infernal extortion. A whole lot of your charges are downright swindling, and no mistake, MASTER BUGGINS. You'd better rub up your memory a bit about our bargain, and go and talk to SCREWMAN, and what he says is right I'll abide by, but confound your cheating.

"Pimlico, Tuesday."

"Yours, &c., A. C. F. V. B."

"I suppose that is about the thing," said MR. BOTT, handing it in. "I don't see that the thief can mistake that."

Informed that the tone of the note was less civil than is usual in business, and that he must write as if addressing a respectable man.

(He wrote as follows):—

"Sir,—I beg to state that you are obnoxious, ("No, I don't mean that he is. We'll try again").

"Sir,—I beg to state that your charges are obnoxious, some of them that is to say, and I must admit that I think you are quite inconsistent in regard to your conduct, because we agreed quite different to what you put down in your bill, and must be revised and corrected. If you will be so good as to take the trouble of calling upon MR. SCREWMAN, and point out the reductions which ought to be made, according to what we settled, and oblige

"Yours obediently,

"Pimlico, Tuesday."

"A. C. F. V. B."

"P.S. After he and you have put it correct, of course you may have your money."

MR. BOTT declined making another epistolary attempt, stating that the last was the best he could do, and quite civil and clear. The Examiners then proceeded to the second head.

Asked to write, in figures, ten thousand and nineteen.

Result. 10901. Result of second attempt, 1000019.

Asked to subtract £196 11s. 3d. from £205 7s. 6d.

Result stated by MR. B. at £401 18s. 9d.

Asked to divide 375 by 9.

Result stated by MR. B. at 417. Being requested to explain the process, he said that nine in thirty-seven went 4, one over; nine in fifteen 1, and 7 over, which of course made 417. The Examiners proceeded to the last head.

Read passage from GRAY'S "Bard," and MR. BOTT requested to write from dictation.

(He wrote as follows):—

"Ruin sees thee, roofless King,
Confusion on thy manners. Wait.
Though FANNY conquers crimson wing,
They sing the air in an idle state.
Helmet nor hawbuck's vested male,
Nor the virtuous Tyrant shall prevail
And save his sacred soul from knightly fears.
From Gambia's curs, from Gambia's tears,
Such were the sounds that caused dismay
Over the army of KING EDWARD THE FIRST,
As down the steep (MR. B. to himself, "some hitch here,")
He came marching down Snowdon to Gloucester
He stood agast and speechless in a trance
To his arms came MORTIMER quivering—

MR. BOTT here handed in the document, remarking that there was something more about a couch being launched, but protesting against the Examiner going over the last part too fast for a fellow to follow that had never heard the stuff before.

Minute.

ORDERED.—Intimation to ALGERNON C. F. V. BOTT, ESQUIRE, that he is not at present qualified for a Government situation.

BY THE BOARD.

Stand at Ease.

We hope that as the uniform of the Army is to be changed, and our troops are to have re-dress for their grievances, the authorities will cause the tailors to take at once the necessary measures.

THE NIGHTINGALE'S SONG TO THE SICK SOLDIER.

LISTEN, soldier, to the tale of the tender NIGHTINGALE,
 'Tis a charm that soon will ease your wounds so cruel,
 Singing medicine for your pain, in a sympathising strain,
 With a jug, jug, jug of lemonade or gruel.

Singing bandages and lint; salve and cerate without stint,
 Singing plenty both of liniment and lotion,
 And your mixtures pushed about, and the pills for you served out,
 With alacrity and promptitude of motion.

Singing light and gentle hands, and a nurse who understands
 How to manage every sort of application,
 From a poultice to a leech; whom you haven't got to teach
 The way to make a poppy fomentation.



Singing pillow for you smoothed, smart and ache and anguish soothed,
 By the readiness of feminine invention;
 Singing fever's thirst allayed, and the bed you've tumbled, made,
 With a careful and considerate attention.

Singing succour to the brave, and a rescue from the grave,
 Hear the NIGHTINGALE that's come to the Crimea,
 'Tis a NIGHTINGALE as strong in her heart as in her song,
 To carry out so gallant an idea.

THE BOTTLE-HOLDER AND THE BOTTLE OF SMOKE.

MR. PUNCH, M.P. happened to remain late in the House of Commons one night last year. He had promised his vote to LORD PALMERSTON, on the Smoke Bill. Curiously enough, instead of going up-stairs into one of the quiet and sheltered nooks at the end of the gallery, and taking an instalment of his night's rest, until the division should be called, Mr. Punch actually listened to the debate, as respectfully (to outward appearance) as if he could learn anything from anybody in that assembly. He has called the time night—but the weary clock, staring hard into MR. SPEAKER'S face, reminded him, savagely, that it was a quarter past two. The public knows little of what happens in the Nether House when the "little hours" come on. Reporting is over, and the desultory chat of the National Dustmen (whose number has then dwindled to that of the occupants of certain jars in the Ali Baba story, or even to that of certain Pieces of Silver whereof we have heard) is wisely compressed by the Gallery into a brief note, that "the Bill was read a second time." For, though the cackle of geese might save the country, Editors prefer, by omitting it, to save the morning mails.

Sometimes, however, the better men whom official red-tape ties to the Treasury bench until the word "adjourn" cuts the fetter, come out, at that uncontrolled hour, with denuded truths which they feel compelled to drape, very jealously, during the period of set speech and watchful stenography. And on the Smoke Bill aforesaid did LORD PALMERSTON say a shrewd thing—recently recalled to Mr. Punch's mind.

The Bottle-holder had determined that the Bill should pass through a stage that morning, and the way in which he flung his open hand upon air, as presenting his palm for a hand-shake before the fight, testified to the observant that he meant business. Nevertheless one or two members resisted—Vested Interest in stench, and bone-grubbing, and poison, was duly represented—and progress with the measure was deprecated. One Voice from the Chimney croaked out, with soot in his throat, that the proposed prevention of smoke was "impossible."

"I have not the least—a—a—doubt in the world," said the Viscount, rising, "that what the honourable member says is perfectly true. I have had the—a—a—honour of a seat in this House for a good many years. I have seen a good many impossibilities. I am certain that it is quite impossible for people to consume their smoke instead of poisoning their neighbours with it. But I am equally certain that if Parliament will only enact that people shall consume their smoke instead of poisoning other people with it, they will find it the easiest thing in the world. I move, Sir, that the Bill be read a second time." And it was—and speedily passed.

Months went by, and no particular heed was given to the Smoke Act, save by those immediately interested. Certain Gunpowder Smoke, caused by a more pestilential nuisance on the banks of the Neva, made us forget the black clouds on the banks of the Thames. But the Act was being worked, and Mr. Punch has just read a paragraph, of which the following is the essence.

"CONSUMPTION OF SMOKE.—At the Court of the City Commissioners of Sewers, on Tuesday, MR. H. L. TAYLOR stated that about twelve months ago MESSRS. CALVERT, the great brewers, came to answer a complaint made against them for not having used effectual means for the Consumption of the Smoke of their premises. The explanation given at the time was not satisfactory, but additional time was granted. The difficulty has been overcome. The consumption of smoke in this extensive concern has not been attended with the expense which was anticipated by the proprietors. On the contrary, the improvement has been accomplished by the judicious application of the stokers' duties and the fuel alone. The whole of the smoke-consuming mystery was referable to the state of the furnaces and the conduct of the stokers. It was a great advantage to the community to be aware of that important fact, as there could now be no excuse for the filthy discharges of smoke from the extensive manufactories in the metropolis. They could all banish the nuisance by the most simple and cheap process."

LORD PALMERSTON has a good deal to attend to just now, and therefore Mr. Punch has not asked his lordship to call in Fleet Street and be congratulated upon the literal fulfilment of his prophecy. Indeed Mr. Punch prefers to bear this public testimony to his noble friend's foresight. And he begs to notify to all whom it may concern, that as a voyage from Chelsea to Blackfriars will prove to the most careless Eye and the dullest Nose that the "filthy discharges" above mentioned still continue in unremitting plenitude of abomination, there is "no excuse" for any of the authorities who shall neglect or delay to pursue the offenders with all legal rigour and vigour. Meantime he drinks the health of the reformed CALVERTS in a tankard of their best. It seems to him to have a richer smack of healthful raciness now that it is manufactured without poisoning the atmosphere.

THE BLESSING OF THE RUSSIAN OLD GENTLEMAN.

THE reserve of the Russian Imperial Guard—according to the *Presse*—witnessed, the other day at St. Petersburg, a touching spectacle. Our Parisian contemporary says:

"The Emperor reviewed them, and availed himself of the opportunity to bless at the head of his troops the two Grand-Dukes MICHAEL and NICHOLAS, who, it is said, are to join the active army. The benediction took place with much pomp. The two Grand-Dukes went on their knees to receive it, and all the troops also knelt."

Pious souls! An edifying scene, doubtless; of thirty thousand and odd pairs of eyes, nothing to be seen but the whites. Solemn silence; the tongue of every man present thrust into his cheek, except the CZAR'S—that being employed in invoking Heaven's grace and benediction on his offspring: sons of rapine and murder. One does not envy MICHAEL and young NICHOLAS, their father's benison. "The blessings of the evil Genii, which are curses, were upon him," are words that would, one fancies, be evermore running in the ears of anybody that had been blessed by OLD NICK.

Legal Intelligence.

A PARAGRAPH has appeared on the subject of the small amount of business pending in Westminster Hall, which includes only "three new trials." We are authorised to add that there will be a fourth, consisting of a "new trial," which MR. BRIEFLESS is about to make to obtain a living by his profession. It is however probable that this new trial will not swell the number mentioned in the official list, for the new trial in question will not appear in the paper. There are only "three cases set down for judgment," but we understand that the Benchers of one of the Inns of Court being about to lay in champagne, have recently ordered "a case for judgment."

OXFORD MIXTURE.—Puseyism.

THE BATTLE OF THE ALMA. AS FOUGHT AT ASTLEY'S.

(By "Our own Correspondent"—that is to say, the little gentleman in black, who represents the Press in the new Military Spectacle.)



HAVING provided myself with a note-book, an umbrella, and an eye-glass, which I invariably kept fixed in my eye, I proceeded to Southampton to witness the embarkation of the British troops, and to secure a passage to Gallipoli. For this latter purpose, I addressed myself to a private soldier, who though he proved the tenderness of his nature by the affectionate manner in which he bade farewell to his sweetheart, had evidently no great respect for the profession of literature. He introduced me to the Commander-in-Chief as a "thing called a penny-a-liner," while another individual stated that I was a "sillywillain." He evidently meant "civilian,"

but whether his corrupt manner of pronouncing the word proceeded from gross ignorance or a spirit of illiberal sarcasm, I cannot say. The Commander-in-Chief was, on the whole, an agreeable sort of gentleman, though somewhat grandiloquent. So much importance did he attach to my presence, that after haranguing his soldiers, he delivered an oration on horseback for my exclusive benefit, warning me to tell the truth in my report, and to take care of Russian bullets.

I need not occupy you with the passage to Gallipoli, but I must hasten to remove the impression you may have received concerning that much-abused town. You have heard it described as an abode of poverty and dirt, in fact, as a city of pig-sties. Nothing can be further from the fact. So luxurious is Gallipoli, that the municipality, at its own expense, supports a company of opera-dancers, for the gratuitous amusement of illustrious strangers. A very agreeable *pas de trois* was danced by some young ladies, symbolizing England, France, and Turkey, much to the delight of the Allied Forces, who were stationed around to contemplate the grace and agility of the fair *artistes*.

While at Gallipoli I made the acquaintance of an intelligent Irishman, who became my inseparable companion during the rest of the expedition. Although on the most intimate terms with him, I never could exactly make out to what regiment he belonged, for while he wore the new military habiliment, he never attached himself to any *corps*, but perpetually carried on a little war against the Russians on his own account, preferring the use of the shillelagh to that of the musket. It was in the company of this intelligent individual, that after my arrival in the Crimea, I performed a deed that perhaps has some little claim to immortality. Some ruffianly Cossacks had seized upon a cart belonging to some Crimean market-women (who, by the way, looked far above their station), and ransacked its contents. These miscreants were throwing away the vegetables, eating some candles that formed part of the luggage, and binding the women, when the sudden appearance of my friend and myself put an end to the ruffian's proceedings. He was armed with his accustomed shillelagh; I had my pistol and my umbrella, which, though tattered to an extreme degree, was a formidable weapon in a vigorous hand. The contest was decidedly in our favour, for we restored the terrified beauties to their place in the cart, and bound the ill-favoured marauders to the cart's tail.

Shortly after this exploit, I found myself somehow or other—(how, I cannot precisely say) within the walls of a Russian prison, together with my Hibernian friend, a private in a Highland regiment, and a facetious sailor. With these also I had been in habits of intimacy during my journey, and you will observe generally that, with a view of studying character, I selected my associates rather from the humbler than the more aristocratic ranks of military life.

My imprisonment was not such a misfortune as, at first sight, it

appeared; for it made me acquainted with PRINCE MENSCHIKOFF, who is, on the whole, rather a jolly sort of person, with nothing of the diplomatist in his appearance. He walked among us in a rollicking sort of manner, indulging in pleasantries of a somewhat rough, but by no means ill-natured kind. Wit he does not greatly appreciate, for when, objecting to a diet of tallow-candles and train-oil, I delicately told him that I could not think of "taking all the fat of the land, and leaving all the lean to the Russians," he neither took the hint, nor applauded the neatness of the sarcasm.

Never did I so clearly perceive the truth of the proverb, that warns us not to measure other men's corn by our own bushel, than during the time of my incarceration. The Russians, high and low, evidently eat nothing but what in our country is needed by the chandler and the soap-boiler. To this I do not object—let them eat what they like. But I do say it is a hardship on British prisoners that are forced to live on such repulsive fare. As for my three friends and myself, we were so disgusted with the *cuisine* of the prison, that we knocked down the guard and set ourselves at liberty, in time to see the Battle of the Alma.

Why the scene of this glorious action is called "the Alma," I had some difficulty in understanding. The definite article seemed to denote a river, but though I made the most minute survey, nothing like water of any kind could I discover. The heights are approached by a kind of table-land, which is connected by a gentle declivity with a curious round hollow. This is more like a dried-up lake than anything else, and is called the "Cir-kuss" or "Cir-kass," probably from the belief that this country was once inhabited by Circassians. My classical studies coming to my mind, I recollected the legend of Alpheus and Arethusa, and then it struck me that the Alma might perchance be a subterranean stream. I made some inquiry on this subject of a native in a fustian jacket, who told me that the inclined plane connecting the table-land with the Cir-kuss, went over the "Or-kees-tra," which is completely concealed. "Or-kees-tra" is doubtless the barbaric name which the Tartars of the Crimea have substituted for the more elegant "Alma."

The Allied Army in making the attack, first entered the Cir-kuss by an aperture in its circumference, and then steadily advanced up the inclined plane, till a few of them were repulsed by a party of Cossacks, who kept them in the Cir-kuss while their comrades were engaged on the table-land. I could not help admiring the order and amity, with which the fight in the Cir-kuss was carried on. The combatants crossed their weapons, and then their horses went round and round an imaginary point, without any one making the slightest attempt to wound his adversary. At last the Cossacks (why, I do not know) considered themselves defeated, and retreated up the inclined plane, followed by the Allies, who joining their companions took the heights without further difficulty. At this moment, a curious natural phenomenon might be observed. The atmosphere, which during the battle had retained its usual no-colour, became of a brilliant red hue as soon as the victory was complete. I asked my friend in fustian the cause of this phenomenon, when he told me drily, that "it gave effect to the Tab-lo"—a native expression, which conveyed to me no meaning whatever.

However, that some English words, even of an idiomatic kind, have crept into the Crimea, was amply proved by the shout which was raised by the inhabitants when the triumph of the Allies was complete. At first there was a general cry of "Cook!" which could only mean that the goose of the Russian army was "cooked" by the Allied Forces. Then followed a cry of "West!" clearly a tribute of admiration and gratitude to the Western Powers. This fact demonstrates beyond a doubt the sympathy felt for the Expedition by the Tartars of the Crimea.

Invitation to the Ball.

WE read in the *Times* that, at the Battle of Alma, the Russians displayed "no ensign, eagle, or standard of any kind," and that they made the British colours a special mark for their rifles. Colours are inappropriate in the war with NICHOLAS. Constables' staves would serve as well for rallying points, and would be more suitable to the work in hand. It does seem worse than absurd to sacrifice the lives of brave soldiers to a taste for colours, which, however splendid, can only exhibit a tint of mere greenness to the enemy.

FIRE! FIRE! FIRE!

A RUSSIAN Bulletin states that "the Allies had begun to bombard Sebastopol, but the fire was not sustained." We should fancy not. The combination of French and English fire is not easily sustained by Russians, who must have found that it made Sebastopol rather too hot to hold them.

THE GUARDIAN ANGEL OF RUSSIA.—Why is a certain port of Russia called Archangel? Probably the Archangel, honoured by the appropriation of his name, is that one who is said to have preceded ST. MICHAEL.



A PRETTY GENERAL OPINION.

Mr. Kiddlems. "WELL, ELIZABETH—I HOPE WE SHALL HAVE A PRIZE BABY SHOW HERE—AND THEN—I FLATTER MYSELF— * * * * *

PET PIGS AT LEICESTER.

THE *Leicester Mercury* contains a pleasant paragraph, headed "THE PIG QUESTION"; whence it appears that a crusade has been instituted by the Local Board of Health against the Hogs, whilst the crusaders have been strenuously resisted by the Hogs-in-Armour. We are informed that:—

"At a numerous meeting held at the George Hotel, on Tuesday, an association was formed for the Protection of Persons Keeping Swine, when upwards of 100 members paid their subscriptions, and joined the association, with a full determination of resisting the proceedings of the Local Board of Health."

The immediate objects of this Association seem to be the defence of any of its members who have been persecuted for the sake of their pig-sties by being prosecuted for a nuisance; and the prevention of any burgesses from being elected to the town council who "are opposed to the keeping of swine." Nobody is opposed to the keeping of swine at a reasonable distance from his nose; and the burgesses considered objectionable by the swinists can only be considered so for being opposed to the keeping of pigs among the houses of Leicester. Whether the pig-party go so regularly the whole hog as to excommunicate municipally all their fellow citizens who are averse to pigs in the parlour, is a question to be asked, considering their enthusiasm on the score of the pig, indicated by their concluding toast; viz:—

"May the opponents of swine never eat a pork pie, see a ham, chew a bit of bacon, or taste a delicate morsel of sucking pig."

Chew a bit of bacon; what strength of expression!—worthy of philosophers feasting on the *Novum Organon*. Of course the opponents of swine would be opposed to pork pies, or pig in any shape; but without opposing swine as we should oppose wolves, we should think the most devoted pig-fancier would grant that we might oppose their claims to the privileges of cats and spaniels. We are further told that similar meetings have been held in Coventry; and we can only say that we will never march through Coventry with any parties who would wish to make its streets in the state they would be brought to if pigs were permitted to run about in them.

IMPORTANT MEETING.

TO THE (FEMALE) HEADS OF FAMILIES.

At a large meeting of the hair-dressers and *coiffeurs*, lately held in the Burlington Arcade—and at which MONSIEUR FELIX, "*le dieu de la Coiffure*," was unanimously voted into the hair-cutting chair—it was resolved that, with a view of upholding the true interests of the profession, a League be founded to oppose *la rage* that was at present so deplorably manifest among all English ladies in having their hair dressed, no matter whether it was becoming to them or not, in the same style as the EMPRESS EUGENIE. Such a stupid system should at once be torn up by the roots. Accordingly the following resolution was carried without a single comb being raised against it:

"That for the future, no true-minded *Coiffeur*, or *Artiste en Cheveux*, having a proper respect for himself, or for the glorious Art, of which he is an humble instrument, should allow himself to dress à l'Impératrice any head of hair that is put into his hands, labouring under the following *prima facie* ridiculous disqualifications.

"I. All young ladies, who have already reached the age of forty.

"II. All young ladies, who have pug noses, pink eyes, white eyelashes, and low foreheads.

"III. All young ladies, whose eyes are not perfectly regular, or who wear spectacles.

"IV. All young ladies, whose locks are decidedly of a vermilion hue, or of an auburn rather more than *suspect*.

"V. All young ladies who may be entrusted with the care or education of young children, as it would only put foreign notions into the heads of their young charges, that they will learn quite soon enough as they get older.

"VI. And, lastly, all young ladies whose positions, or complexions, are not exactly suited for such an imperial style of head-dress, as it only tends to attract notice that, in all phases and faces, may not be exactly favourable, or complimentary."

Wig blocks, illustrative of the various disqualifications enumerated, were exhibited, and afforded general amusement to the distinguished *Coiffeurs* who composed the meeting.

RELICS IN STORE FOR RUSSIA.



THE Cardinal Vicar of Rome, the other day set the people to worship the heart of St. Roc. The Russian Church venerates Saints equally with the Romish; and if it offers the same adoration to their relics, the viscera, probably, of that great philanthropist and benefactor of the human race, ST. NICHOLAS ROMANOFF, will come to be worshipped one of these days. Anticipating the canonisation of the CZAR, we recommend the future worshippers of his "inwards" to devote their pious attention to his stomach, which has undergone the trial of digesting so many defeats; and his liver, the disturbance of whose bile (preternatural of course) first instigated him to undertake his crusade. We fancy we see the Imperial biliary organ prepared after the manner of specimens at the College of Surgeons; and a crowd of adorers piously ogling the hepatic arteries, or gazing in rapture on the ramifications of the *Vena Portæ*. For the happiness of mankind, the sooner this anticipation is realised the better.

Goosey, Goosey, Gander.

CONSIDERING the impudence of a certain Ex-Sheriff in offering himself as a candidate for a Seat in Parliament, we beg to propose that the words "NICOLL the only Substitute for Brass," shall be adopted by way of amendment to "Nickel the only Substitute for Silver."



DISTRESSING EFFECT OF ENGLAND'S ROUGH HOSPITALITY
UPON ONE OF THE ELEGANT GUIDES.

FROM WINDSOR TO ST. PETERSBURG.

MR. PUNCH has been solicited by the respected housekeeper of Windsor Castle to give insertion to the subjoined letter (dispatched *via* Prussia, and favoured by Prussia's king) to the EMPEROR NICHOLAS. The letter, arriving at the last minute, *Mr. Punch* had no time to send even an electric message to the respectable gentlewoman who keeps, as EDMUND BURKE says, "Windsor's proud keep," to have the document duly authenticated. The letter, for aught *Mr. Punch* knows, may have been furtively obtained from the writing-desk of its authoress; a copy of it may have been taken on the way to its destination, the more especially if the envelope were superinscribed "private and confidential." With this, *Mr. Punch*, as a public editor, has nothing to do. *Mr. Punch* can only state that, to the best of his eyesight, the letter—at least his copy—is not lithographed. To print a purely private letter may be about as moral as to pick a private pocket; *Mr. Punch* feels this: what then? He puts down his feelings with a strong hand, and devotes himself to the requirements of the public.

To the EMPEROR OF ALL THE RUSSIAS from the HOUSEKEEPER OF
ALL WINDSOR CASTLE.

"MAY IT PLEASE YOUR MAJESTY, IF YOU PLEASE,

"I HAVE long had a burden in my bosom which is a brooch. When your Imperial Majesty did us the honour of a visit here at Windsor, there wasn't a heart you didn't leave with your picture behind you. You did me the honour (and when you did it, if I didn't think I should have died with astonishment; and should, I'm certain, but for the mild eyes (not that saving your presence I'll ever believe in eyes again)—the mild eyes in the royal head that looked so gracious on me; and the sweet smile, as innocent as any baby's weaned on milk and honey, on your royal lips.

"May it please your Majesty, when you went away, that very morning you gave me with your own hand a brooch as you said as a small reward for my attention. I shall never forget your lofty manner and your gracious words. When you put the brooch in my hand, I thought I should have fainted; but then the thoughts of proud Windsor

AN OLD FOGEY CLUB.

AMONG the rubbish that regularly falls into our hands every week, is a lithographed prospectus of a proposed "Putney Club," the object of which is to bring together "all old Putney men." Why it should be more desirable to collect the veterans of Putney than the veterans of Chelsea, Kensington, or any other suburb, we are at a loss to conceive; and indeed, if the object is only to get together a mass of senile imbecility we think Kensington is the place best adapted to furnish the materials of such a combination of age and incapacity.

If it is desirable to start an Old Fogy Club, why should the Old Fogyism which constitutes a qualification for membership be claimed exclusively for the "Old Putney Men," when there are old Greenwich men, old Chelsea men, old Brompton men, old Kensington men, aye! and old women too, that would constitute such a phalanx of suburban seniority as might make the veteranship of Putney hide its diminished head in the very first Welsh wig or cotton nightcap that it could catch hold of. We perceive that the rules are well adapted to the aged classes for whom the club is designed, as all the members are expected to be in bed by eleven. We fear, however, that it will not be popular with the old ladies, as "spirituous liquors" are to be "entirely excluded."

Homage to the Drama.

ANOTHER Dramatic Petition, infinitely more numerously signed than that presented to MR. G. V. BROOKE, will shortly be presented to an eminent tragedian, who performs within 500 miles of Oxford Street. It has already received the signatures of all the Clubs, Libraries, Reading-rooms, and Literary and Mechanics' Institutions in the Metropolis; and it is to be hoped that, representing, as it does, the united intelligence of London, it will be crowned with the desired effect. The object of the Petition is, we need hardly say, to beg of the eminent tragedian who performs within 500 miles of Oxford Street, as he loves the Drama and values his reputation, to have the kindness to leave for Australia as soon as he possibly can.

THE FAMILY HERALD.—A Monthly Nurse.

(as I've heard our Castle called) supported me, and it wasn't until I'd reached the maids' room that, with the brooch in my hand, I dropt in a chair like any stone!

"May it please your Majesty, I wasn't myself for a week; nor, indeed, were any of us. Your Imperial affability turned the whole place topsy-turvy, and when you took leave of us for Russia (where you said, as I heard it said, you hoped some day to see a certain gracious person, whom I won't name, any further than by pointing to the highest lady in the land), when you took leave of us, not a soul knew whether they stood upon their head or their heels. It took me more than a week to come to anything like myself; you put us all—as I heard one of the Equerries was heard to say—in such a heaven of presents; a perfect paradise of rings and snuff-boxes. Not but what, as I've said before, mine was a brooch!

"May it please your Majesty,—I can never forget, saving your presence, our first meeting. I've been used to royal blood, being born in the Castle, the British Standard—as I've heard my mother say—waving over my cradle! I've been used, I say, to royal blood from a baby upwards, and have had to see things set to rights for crowned heads of both sexes, with the rest of their royal families. But when I was called up to your imperial Majesty, my teeth did chatter, and I felt in a twitter.

"There was the state-bed—and the pains I'd taken about it, bran-new damask, with the Russian eagle in dead gold at the head and the tester—the state-bed; and there stood your Majesty. I see your Majesty at this very minute. 'A soldier'—you said—and my heart fluttered like a whole cage of little birds—'a soldier sleeps anywhere. There I shall sleep,' and as you said this, you pointed with your imperial finger to a folding bedstead, in old iron, that had been taken out of a portmanteau, and covered with a mattress in Russian leather. There you slept, turning your back upon the bed of state and your own eagles in gold and damask.

"The EMPEROR OF RUSSIA—said I to myself when I'd got into my own room—'the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA's a downright Christian if ever EMPEROR OF RUSSIA was!' And upon that bedstead, and on that Russian leather, your Majesty slept every night, and the state bed was never so much as rumbled. W at a lowly heart—I was always thinking

to myself—and although a mighty Emperor, after all what a *real gentleman*!

"Your Imperial Majesty went away, and there wasn't a *dry eye* in Windsor. You might have *walked over us* in your boots, and hardly a soul but would have blessed *your spurs*. I'm bold enough to write this, to show you what you've *lost*; to bring you back to the *paths of virtue and peace*, if I'm not *too bold* in mentioning such things to your Majesty.

"A small reward for my attention! They were your Royal words, when you put the *brooch* into my hand. Small or otherwise, it was more than enough for my *deserts*; for what had I done, but seen that your Majesty's Russian leather bed was shaken, and your pillow *smoothed*? Still, that brooch I carried in my bosom; and still, whatever I heard *against you*, I believed in LORD ABERDEEN (as steady-going nobleman as ever slept), and smiled in scorn. You go to war with *England*! The EMPEROR NICHOLAS that had given his arm to our *gracious QUEEN*, and smiled so with his mild eyes at every word—he to *draw the sword*, and flourish it in the face of HER *blessed MAJESTY*. He who had slept upon our *iron bedstead*—slept sweetly as any baby—under the banner of Royal Windsor,—he to *bring his Cossacks* into the Castle, and to give us all up to the *proud invader*!

"No, your Imperial Majesty, I wouldn't believe it. I read the speeches of LORD ABERDEEN—upon my word and honour *every word of 'em*—and was I not a female, would say, I still *swore by you*. When people here called you names, I would *look down* upon the brooch in my bosom, and just *pity 'em*.

"But the scales have *fallen* from my eyes, and now I see the *truth*. I've struggled, but at last *give up*. That brooch has got *hotter and hotter*, and at last began to scorch and burn me like burning coal. I began at first to think I couldn't wear it without being a *traitor* to my Royal Mistress—(I hope she'll never believe in an Emperor again, wherever he may come from!)—but now have snatched the *burning thing away*, and return into your Majesty's hands the snake I have *too long warmed*.

"(PRINCE PICKLEHERRINGER, one of the Cousin-Germans to the KING OF PRUSSIA, has promised to get his Royal Master to send the brooch back to you. And so I've done *my duty* to my QUEEN, Windsor Castle, my country, and *myself*!)

"And now, NICHOLAS—for I've *dropped* the Emperor, and come without ceremony *to the man*—now, NICHOLAS; tremble and be warned by what I'm going to tell you. Last night as ever was I had a dream. I thought you were once again in the Castle; I thought you'd once again gone to bed *upon the old iron*: and I thought I was neither asleep nor awake; nor full-dressed, nor undressed, but as I may say, between the two. And then I dreamt I went *right off asleep*, when I was awake, as I thought still in my dream, by a dreadful smell of something burning—burning like roasting. Still dreaming, I jumped up, my flannel gown—(which in case of fire I always have)—wrapped about me, and went with great presence of mind to your room!

"NICHOLAS, there you lay, upon that iron bedstead: every bit of the iron, *red-hot*! There you lay, and *ground your teeth*, and looked at me, and couldn't speak outright, but I thought you said something that sounded like *Sigh No Pay—Sigh No Pay*; as much, perhaps, as to say that no amount of sighs were then of any use. Well, the bedstead still glared *redder and redder*, and you seemed turning into *tinder*,—when I thought all the *dead gold eagles* from the state bed gave, with their double heads, a *double scream*, and I, trying to scream also—I then awoke!

"NICHOLAS, think of the iron bedstead that a wicked Emperor's sins may, at his last hour, make *red hot*, and

"Believe me,

"Still your Well-wisher and Adviser,

"THE HOUSEKEEPER."

"P.S. As I've sent back the brooch, don't you think you'd better return the *garble*? Your banner still hangs in St. George's Hall, but, since the war—I don't know what can have put it in their heads—the flies have used it shockingly."

HUSH, BOYS, HUSH!

BY AN ENRAGED MUSICIAN.

Hush, boys, hush! pray do give over singing
That plaguy tune, pray hold your tiresome breath:
That song for ever in my head is ringing,
And very soon will worry me to death.
I do not quarrel with its sense or grammar,
But that perpetual air annoys my ear,
Ring, ding, ding, ding, and hammer, hammer, hammer,
Oh what a horrid bore is Cheer! boys, Cheer!
Hush, boys, hush! that song desist from shouting;
Hush, boys, hush! oh cease to make that noise!
Hush, boys, hush! I cannot stand it longer,
Hush, boys, hush! be quiet can't you, boys?

Hush, boys, hush! especially Italian,
Who that hack tune from morn to midnight grind,
Far, far away, move on, each young rascalion,
You'll drive me, else, completely out of mind.
Butchers' boys, too, at area gate attending,
Whistle no longer that tormenting strain;
And let me never hear that never ending
Measure, you idle bakers' boys, again.
Hush, boys, hush! you vagabonds, you varlets,
Hush, boys, hush! or make some other noise;
Hush, boys, hush! you youthful ragamuffins,
Hush, boys, hush!—be quiet, all you boys!

CROSSING SWEEPING AS A FINE ART.

It is said that "New brooms sweep clean," but a new spirit will do more with even an old broom, than could be effected by the newest of birches in the hands of one who keeps to the ordinary track of Crossing Sweepers.

We have noticed a genius in the neighbourhood of St. James's Palace, in the shape of a ragged boy, who has started in the rather startling line of an "Artist in Crossing Sweeping." There are some people who adorn every thing they touch, and here is an instance of an urchin who, while touching mud, invests it with a grace and a sentiment not exactly "beyond the reach of art," but within its legitimate precincts. He has converted Crossing Sweeping into one of the Fine Arts, for he has decorated his crossing with various devices, in which loyalty is the dominant feature, though patriotism sometimes enjoys the ascendancy. A few days ago the "artist" had arranged the superfluous mud swept from the crossing into the form of a crown, surrounded by the words, "God save the QUEEN;" and on the day

following, the device was changed to an anchor, with a motto complimentary to the British Navy. It is to be lamented that such genius should be provided with no better School of Design than the street, and that such fertile invention should have no other bank than a bank of road-dirt to draw upon. We recommend the patrons of art to keep their eyes on the crossing, lest some incipient WILKIE should be nipped in the bud, or only live to be "blowed" by some insensible policeman.



NOTHING LIKE BEING IN THE FASHION.

Exasperated Mother. "WOT ARE YER HAT—YER YOUNG HUSBY! AND NOT A MINDIN THE CROSSIN, AS I TOLD YER."

Daughter. "HAT? WHY A DOIN SOME CROSHAY FRILLIN FOR MY TROUSERS TO BE SURE. YOU WOULD'NT AVE ME DRESSED LIKE NO ONE ELSE—WOULD YER?"

A DREADFUL BLOW AND DISCOURAGEMENT TO THE PORTE.—
"Gentlemen, Tea's ready."

A SUNDAY BAND OF HOPE.



THE Concert performed by the Guides at Exeter Hall merits peculiar notice. The Guides had been playing on the previous Sunday, on Windsor Castle Terrace, under HER MAJESTY'S window. Yet Exeter Hall opened its doors to receive them. Now, if Exeter Hall has no objection to a band playing at the QUEEN'S Palace on the Sunday, of course it can have no objection to a similar performance on the same day at the Palace of the People.

We do not mean to express a wish that the People should have "Pop goes the Weasel," and tunes of that description performed for their Sunday recreation at the Crystal Palace. Let Exeter Hall (under the advice of M. COSTA), prescribe the programme. Sacred day—sacred music; but, be it recollected, all good music is sacred: good music being that which moves the heart and the higher emotions, and not merely the lower feelings and the heels. Surely, any serious family—and seriousness sometimes degenerates into stupidity—would be much more edified on a Sunday afternoon by hearing HANDEL and MOZART, than by sitting together in doors dozing, and those half awake listening to the snoring of the others.

The Directors of the Crystal Palace, probably, could make some arrangement for not taking money at the Station, or at the doors of the building, if that were felt to be wrong. Admission might be had by tickets only, the requisite facilities for obtaining them in various parts of Town being provided during the week. The only thing that could then remain to be demurred to would be the Railway journey: but if a bishop's carriage may take its proprietor to church on a Sunday, without impeachment, surely a steam engine may be permitted to convey the public to a place whither they go to hear sacred music.

Exeter Hall should approve of the above suggestion the more cordially that it would, if adopted, tend greatly to the advantage of Protestantism at the expense of Popery, by setting up a rivalry to the latter in the attraction of music, which would be much more powerful, as well as more pleasant, than the discords of controversy.

A DINNER FOR EVERYBODY.

THE following deserves to take a very high place—the top of the Column—among the curiosities of advertising literature:—

NOTICE.—During a temporary residence in Brighton, a gentleman wants a young gentlemanly man to breakfast with him, and an elderly person to dine with him, every day, during which hours they will be treated as friends. Address, A. K., Bristol Hotel.

The "young gentlemanly man" must find great difficulty in breaking his fast, and the "elderly person" must be hard up indeed for a dinner, who would accept a meal on the terms proposed. It is like adding sauce to the matutinal cutlet and the afternoon joint, to offer the "friendship" of the advertiser during the hours of mealtime. Who would accept a friendship that is to cool with the heater of the urn, and be dropped after the cheese? who, in fact, would accept the double cut (from the joint and the host,) and come again. We cannot pretend to enter so far into the philosophy of dining and breakfasting, as to speculate on the feeling which prompts the selection of youth for the companion of a breakfast, and age for the adjunct of a dinner. Should the advertiser take tea, we could understand his advertising for an elderly lady as an appropriate *vis-à-vis* at the tea table, and we shall keep our eyes on the provincial papers, to watch the result. We can imagine the mountain of answers that the gentleman will receive, who wants a youthful and an elderly companion for his daily meals. Everybody who cannot get a dinner, has now an opportunity, provided he is of sufficient age. As there is no margin named in the advertisement, the applicants will begin at five and thirty, and go on to an almost fabulous age, till it extends to those who have not a tooth left to masticate the object of their desires. We think it would be but fair on the part of the advertiser to give a *carte* of his daily dinner, as it may not be every kind of dinner that even the hungriest would sit down to. We trust the advertiser will repeat his advertisement in a more explanatory form.

THE DEVOTED.

Who says that the heroic stirs no longer
In this our English life:
That in rude times men's frames and hearts were stronger
Their souls in faith more rife;
That luxury has sapped the deep foundation
On which alone is based
What makes a great man, and a mighty nation;
Till noble deed, and lofty aspiration,
Like giants, in a pigmy population,
Seem monstrous and misplaced?

Whoso says this makes falsehood more than truth,
Good weak, and evil strong,
Sets forceful manhood under stormy youth,
Asserts God's rule is wrong.
Our heart revolts against the withering creed;
And though our eyes were blind,
There shines an inner light, by which we read
It is not, and could never be decreed,
Ill should on good, not good on ill succeed—
Or woe to human kind!

And if sight fail, and if that inner light
Darkling, at times, appear,
Out of the war, where good and evil fight
(Our fainting faith to cheer),
Some champion of the Right, when cowards fly,
Restores the battle still;
Still rears his spotless flag against the sky,
Still shouts aloud his glorious rallying cry,
Still shows how soldiers of the faith can die,
Victors o'er World and Will.

Such champions our England still has found,
When needed, aye at hand.
Sneerer, put off thy sneer, and look around—
Behold them where they stand!
Where storm-winds rave, and sunless skies lie dark
About the Arctic shore,
Devoted FRANKLIN and his sailors mark,
Wrestling with death upon their ice-bound bark,
Wandering anon—then frozen stiff, and stark,
But suffering no more.

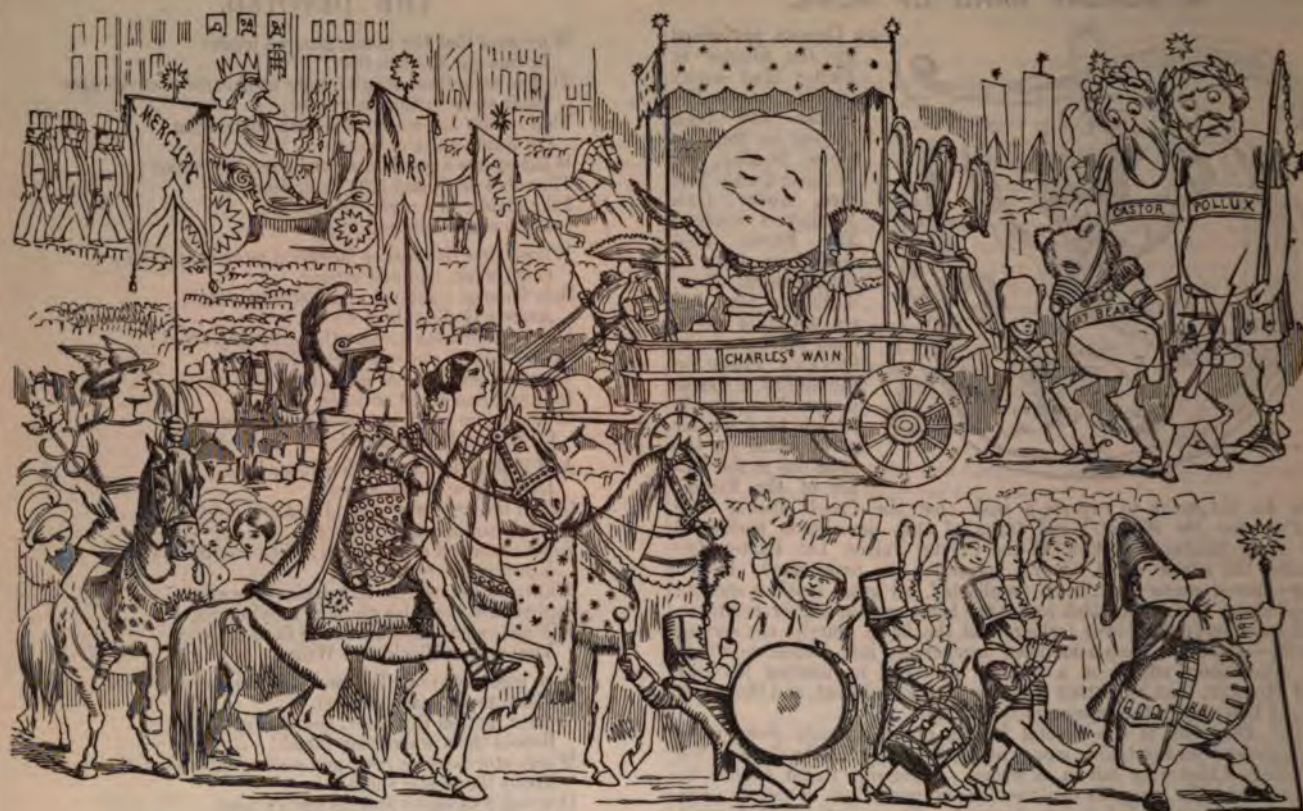
Look Southward now: the wounded of our foes
Strew Alma's bloody plain,
The victors march upon the battle's close,
But one wills to remain.

A man we knew not—never thought to know—
Who what he can will try.
Moving among that mass of pain and woe,
Upon his work of mercy, to and fro,
He used his life in succouring the foe,
Then sought his friends—to die!

I said "one willed to stay"—I was unjust;
He did not stay alone.
A soldier-servant shared the ghastly trust,—
His name, ev'n, is unknown,
And there in faith and love and duty strong,
Among that writhing host
Of enemies, all day and all night long,
Defying chance of violence or wrong,
To entomb the dead, and help the living throng—
These two men held their post!

Nor to men only such heroic mould
Of heart is given.
See yonder band of women—young and old—
No nuns, yet brides of Heaven;
Forsaking all that to their sex is dear—
Some, wealth—all, home and ease—
Womanly pity chasing woman's fear,
They go to bind lopped limbs, pale heads to rear,
And with soft touch, and softer speech to cheer
Our sufferers o'er the seas!

If England have aught good, 'tis that she knows
Due reverence to give
To those who die in duty's work, and those
For duty's work who live.
Grieving for all that these great dead have borne,
All these great living bear,
We know they die and suffer, to adorn
Life with examples—such as, though we mourn,
In our hearts and our children's shall be worn
While men breathe English air!



THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW AS IT OUGHT TO BE.

HOW THEY TREAT TRUTH IN RUSSIA.

Through the pine-trunks spare, o'er the steppes
so bare,

Who walks with a pace of pride?
A maiden fair, with abundance of hair,
And nothing on beside!
With ner unshod feet o'er the stones she stopt,
And when she came to a brook,
Lightsomely over the water she leapt,
And all were free to look.

Neither for man nor boy she stopt—
Well might they stand at gaze—
Nor ever her broad bright eyes she dropt,
Though theirs stood wide with amaze.
And—a sight all must own exceedingly rare
In any civilised land—

This travelling fair no luggage did bear,
But a looking-glass in her hand—
In which—a fact more singular still—
She ne'er looked at her own perfections,
Though all she met might stare their fill,
And indulge in their own reflections.

Oh wonder of woman! a baggageless lass,
In purissimis naturalibus,
On a steppe, where from daylight to dark you
might pass,

Nor e'er have a chance to hail a buss!
So lightly she walked, and swiftly she ran,
Until she came to the Pruth—
When I knew her face—rarely seen by man—
The naked lady was *Truth*!

"Oh, Lady, Lady, whither away?
'Tis Russia's frontier-water.
On this side of the stream you had better stay,
For across it you'll get no quarter.
They'll gag you with an iron gag,
To Siberia send, or knout you,

For hitherto it has been their brag
That they get on best without you."
Oh proud was the light in her eye so bright,
As she tossed her wavy hair,
That it showered a blaze of golden rays
About her forehead fair.
And then came a voice, made my heart rejoice,
With its music clear and strong—
"Have I waded through mire, and flood and
fire—

Have I braved all wrath and wrong—
Have I shaken my glass in the tyrant's face—
Have I reared it strong in faith,
Where priestly knaves were teaching slaves
That to look therein was death—
Have I borne all pains, and worn all chains,
And smiled on brand and bar—
That Siberia or knout, should bar me out
From the Empire of the Czar!
I laughed as I heard, thy warning word,
How I prize it, be witness true."
With a flash and a gleam, on the Pruth's wide
stream—
She's in and she's over too!

There's a rattle and clank on the further bank,
Where, all in the Muscovite mud,
Stands, sword on flank, a cortège of rank
To receive her from the flood.
And through the rushes, with bows and blushes,
And discreetly averted face,
Two Generals hand fair Truth to land,
With the well-known Russian grace!
As the lady steps out, all face right about,
As dreading to behold her;
Though a young aide or two take a kind of slue,
And a sort of a glance o'er the shoulder,

As much as to hint, they'd make the squint
A stare, if they were but bolder.

Then in that choice Russian, that bars discus-
sion,

She's informed, that on the border
They are waiting for her, as a *garde d'honneur*,
By the Emperor's special order.

"Madame is not aware how the Russian air
Will try the best complexion:
Being used, 'tis true, to travel *à nue*—

So, if she have no objection,
Or whether she have or not, they have here
A costume '*qui ira à Madame à ravir*,'
Of the Emperor's own selection."

Poor Truth is used to being abused,
Cuffed, cursed, kicked, scourged, and im-
prisoned;

But can these be her foes, who in such fine
clothes,

So politely have her bedizened?
There's a coat for her use, of an *Invalide
Russe*,

And to ward off the cold hybernal,
From the head to the feet she is swathed in
a sheet

Of the courtly *St. Petersburg Journal*!

Ruefully gazes Truth, poor elf,
As each article they throw her—
Alas, she doesn't know herself,
And how should others know her?

Her dressing done, a figure of fun,
A Cossack on each side for usher,
Truth's politely informed that she's free to
run,
And *pose* before Pole, Finn, Tatar, and Hun,
In the uniform of Russia!



THE EMPEROR (WITH THE MILD EYES) OBJECTS
TO THE NAKED TRUTH.

A GREATER MAN THAN THE EMPEROR OF ALL THE RUSSIAS.



UR old friend MADAME TUSSAUD'S Exhibition will be very incomplete, without the addition of the extraordinary model mentioned in the subjoined paragraph from the *Liverpool Standard*:-

"A MODEL CABMAN.—The other night JAMES LOMAS, a Cabman, received half-a-sovereign from his fare, in mistake, which he duly returned next day to his employer, MR. HAMER, stating from whom he had it. We believe that LOMAS, who has been 20 years in MR. HAMER'S employ, has been frequently known to do similar acts. Some little while ago, one of our Merchants, residing in Aigburth, had a sovereign returned him by LOMAS, which had been given him in like manner by mistake. Such traits of honesty in a class who are too often known as affording examples of an opposite line of conduct, cannot have too much publicity, inasmuch as it gives an excellent incentive to others to follow the like example."

LOMAS is really a much greater man than the majority of those of whom likenesses are made in wax or even in marble. In any well-ordered collection of images, molten or graven, his figure would be placed in a high position. His bust would be put along with the good heads; and not in the same row with COURVOISIER and DANIEL GOOD. At what a height it would be classed above the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA'S! That, indeed, could not be suffered to stand on the rank of common cabmen; fellows who are guilty of mere extortion and insolence, and not of absolute robbery: much less of murder. It would have to be ranged with that of NERO, and the casts of BURKE, and BISHOP, and WILLIAMS; differing from these only in wanting—for the present—perhaps only for the present—a certain groove around the neck.

Why compare the EMPEROR NICHOLAS with LOMAS the CABMAN? Because the comparison between the two individuals, conspicuous at the same moment, is natural. NICHOLAS and LOMAS appear in the papers together; both remarkable: one as an honest man, the other as a villain; LOMAS with his twenty years of good character, and good life: NICHOLAS with his more than twenty years of infamy and evil reign. LOMAS is the greater man. He has more in him of that which constitutes man. All the magnitude of NICHOLAS consists in what is bestial. If a boa-constrictor were endowed with a little intellect, and had great power given it over men, the reptile would act just as the CZAR does: that Russian serpent, whose head is in the Baltic, and tail in the Black Sea, whence, unless it is chopped off there, it will coil round Europe.

Ascend, mentally, towards Heaven, some little way higher than you can soar in a balloon: then look down at LOMAS restoring the coin, and at NICHOLAS trying to seize the territory, which, respectively, did not belong to them. Then see which is the finer thing. Observe, as you rise, how the acts of the two men come more and more largely into moral contrast. How, by degrees, all the greatness of the CZAR'S rascally enterprise, as apparent to the eyes of such and flunkies, decreases. The thunder of the cannon gets fainter and fainter till you cease to hear it, the death-fires dwindle to sparks, and the glimmer of a rushlight. But the act of which the noise and the blaze are accessories remains neither more nor less than an attempt at burglary, accompanied with murder. As the planet beneath you grows more and more like a star, the crime gets divested of all the dignity which it derives, in that planet, from affecting a large part of it; loses all the importance attaching to the robbery which is extensive: and appears as petty as any larceny that does not arise from want, and pettier than that.

On the other hand the upright conduct of LOMAS increases in magnitude as you regard it from higher regions. You see the half-sovereign not in its proportion to the riches of the Bank of England, but in its relation to the earnings of a cabman. It then seems a great enough thing to part with: and you perceive that as a work of indefinite charity was done by a widow, with a mite, so may a considerable act of justice be performed by a cabman with a ten-shilling piece.

A New Opening.

OYSTER-KNIVES are much cheaper this year. This cheapness, we understand, is principally owing to the large number of razors that have been thrown out of employ by the Beard and Moustache movement, and that have been driven, poor blades, into the oyster line to find an opening for their talents.

KEAN v. PICKARD—MANAGER v. MUSICIAN.

MR. CHARLES KEAN is the depositary of a trust, a great public trust, and he knows it, and comforts himself accordingly. He is licensed to give the best entertainment to a scrupulous English public: and thereupon he engages the very best horn-players and fiddlers (the most musical brass and the most melodious cat-gut) for his orchestra. Moreover, that the English public aforesaid may have its sensitive, appreciative ears, always fed and entertained, the managerial trustee binds every trumpeter and fiddler in a bond of ten pounds "not to be absent" from the duties of trumpeting or fiddling, when required in the orchestra. The British public expect the presence of the musicians, and the British public should have it. This cause came on last week in the Southwark county court, and ended with a burst of triumph for the manager. It is long indeed since MR. CHARLES KEAN has made so successful a hit.

The fiddler is punished, the fiddler is mulcted in the sum of ten pounds ("a jewel with a fiddler's keeping"); nevertheless, the very justice of the verdict causes the contemplative, philosophic mind to ask—wherefore should not the like justice be meted out in every case in which the British public, as patient visitors to the Princess's Theatre, are deeply interested? How often, for instance, have they paid to see *Macbeth* according to SHAKESPEARE, and *Macbeth*, the Thane, has been from the rising of the curtain to the going down of the same, absent—absent as PICKARD when, as proved, wandering with JULIEN? How often have simple-hearted folks laid down hard shillings in the belief that, at the Princess's, they were to see *Hamlet*: and *Hamlet* has been altogether omitted, there being nobody in his place but MR. CHARLES KEAN?

These thoughts entered the brain of *Punch*, and—all for the sake of the public, for why should fiddlers be fined, and managers go free?—*Punch* put the case to a counsel very learned in the laws of the land. Could the public recover of MR. KEAN for the absence, throughout the whole play, of *Hamlet* or *Macbeth*, when duly advertised to appear, or otherwise to be fully and efficiently represented? Could the public recover? In a word, could they have their money back?

And the counsel answered—"No; because at the foot of the play-bills there is this intimation—*No money returned!*" Let it therefore be clearly understood that people pay for SHAKESPEARE at the Princess's wholly at their own peril.

NURSES OF QUALITY FOR THE CRIMEA.

THE noble example set by MISS NIGHTINGALE has excited emulation. A large number of young ladies met, yesterday, at PHYLLIS'S Rooms, to take into consideration the question of proceeding to the Crimea, in the capacity of Nurses.

The *fauteuil* was occupied by the HON. MISS FLOUNCESTER, who, in a few words, expressed the object of the assembly. She said every one was talking of the dreadful state the Soldiers were in for want of proper Nurses. Who could bear to think of it without doing all she could to relieve the suffering which they were enduring on our account? It would be so pretty, too, as well as so right, to go out as Nurses to the poor fellows. MISS NIGHTINGALE had given a *ton* to the thing: and on one's return one would be quite *distinguishée*. They had had some experience in dressing; and now was the time to show it.

MISS WALTZINGHAM said that an evening party gave her no pleasure when she thought of the balls flying about at Sebastopol. Who could enjoy an ice or a glass of lemonade, whilst our heroes had no one to hand them a little toast-and-water? She was quite willing to go out, although the passage might be unpleasant: and a voyage always made her ill.

MISS POLKER would be delighted to go. She had heard of baggage-waggons, and should not mind riding in one a bit. Or if that was all, she could march. Give her only a parasol and her Indian-rubber goloshes, and she would walk ever so far—she would walk the military hospitals.

MISS PISCINA COPESTOLE said that the ministry of surgical aid to the wounded by female hands was customary in the ages of faith. The proposed act of self-devotion was approved by the Church, and no doubt the bishops would bestow their blessing on it: so that it would be sure to prosper. To attend the sick was one of the corporal works of mercy.

MISS WAGLEY said she hoped it was sergeant as well as corporal.

MISS GREENWOOD said they should take plenty of things with them. She did not mean clothes; but things for the poor men. Stuff to rub in for bruises: for how bad must be a bruise from a great cannon ball! And then there would be such sad cuts to dress. Every one who went as nurse had better take out plenty of Court plaster.

Here a desultory conversation ensued as to which would be the costume most eligible for the lady-nurses. That of *La Figlia del*

Ragimento was proposed, but it was ultimately decided that Miss NIGHTINGALE's brown frock and gray mantle would be more *comme il faut*.

At this stage of the proceedings, DOWAGER LADY STRONG-TH'HEAD entered the room, and, her opinion being asked of the contemplated expedition, replied, that it was a very generous and spirited enterprise to attempt, a noble demonstration on the part of the women of England: and would at least be a cheering expression of sympathy toward our brave army. Perhaps, before proceeding as nurses to the Crimea, a day's experience at Saint Bartholomew's Hospital would be advisable. But however praiseworthy was the display of enthusiasm now; however much called for; it must never be called for again. It was the business of the Government to provide proper nurses for military hospitals: and not to leave the duties of the soldier's nurse to be undertaken by young ladies of rank and fashion, who knew not even as yet what it was to nurse a baby.



"TIMID COUNSELS."

THE use of the words "timid counsels" by the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH, has caused much discussion, and many people in authority have assumed that the words have been directed against them, as a reflection on their presumed want of energy. We understand that the Beadle of the Lowther Arcade has had the words thrown in his teeth more than once by those who are perhaps jealous of his high and dignified position. The only case that has been made out against him, is founded on a statement, that one day last week, when there was an unusually large collection of boys at the western entrance of the Arcade, he, instead of proceeding to immediate action, was heard to exclaim, "Come, come, young chaps, I'd advise you to move on," which of itself might perhaps come under the head of "timid counsels!" We are, however, authorised to state, that he added the words, "or I'll precious soon make you:" which at once redeems the advice or "counsel," given above, from all taint of timidity.

The Lost Sheep Restored.

We were lamenting the other day the condition of some lost sheep, or rather, we were deploring the absence of a lost shepherd. The Reverend absentee has, however, satisfactorily explained his supposed desertion of his flock, and we are happy to do him justice by announcing that he had provided a temporary pastor, who was seized with illness, and his curate being "indisposed," there was nothing but an extemporaneous performance of morning service for the parishioners to fall back upon. We are happy to do justice to the rector, and relieve him from the imputation of wilful neglect of his pastoral duties.

RUSSIAN TOYS.

THE Russian Prisoners in England and France are amusing their leisure, and increasing their resources, by the manufacture of small toys, models, and knick-knacks, in the making of which they display much ingenuity, and for which a ready sale is found. That such of Mr. Punch's readers as may desire any other reminder of the war than the daily papers and the doubled income-tax afford, may be able to make a selection, he subjoins a list which has been furnished to him by authority.

THE KNOT.—These models are very neatly constructed, and the makers have evidently enjoyed the advantage of close personal acquaintance with the object they have reproduced. The Knot for the EMPEROR's male children is made with an ebony handle, that with which the God of Russia and the Father of his People causes his daughters to be chastised (for their good) is in ivory. The executioner's knot, which can either prolong a culprit's agonies during a morning, or dismiss him to another tribunal with a couple of cuts, according to the will, or temper, of his Imperial Father, is made from some treasured bits of the marble used in the Cathedral of St. Isaac.

MODEL CANNON.—These are in wood, and are exact copies, reduced, of the guns in the unreduced ports of the Baltic. The modellers vouch for their accuracy, the guns and miniature balls having been made out of the same wood as the originals which have kept SIR CHARLES NAPIER at bay.

HUMAN FIGURES.—These are not very successful. The Russian idea of male beauty seems to be enormous height, and black moustaches. Nor are the female figures much better, with the exception of some ingenious ones in an elaborate model of the shrine of Minsk. The nuns, in every attitude of terror and torture, are represented as undergoing the penalties which were inflicted by the Father of his People upon these contumacious religionists, and the mangled bodies of the girls who have been murdered are depicted with much imitative accuracy.

DISSECTED MAPS.—A few of these, suggested by educational reminiscences, have been drawn and carved by the prisoners. The world is their chief subject. Russia is the centre, and all the other countries are small islands, lying in shadow.

MACHINERY.—Generally speaking, the models of machines attempted by the prisoners are ludicrously simple. A miniature cart, for conveying wheat, is exactly in the primitive form described by HERODOTUS, on which no improvement has been made for ages, and a water-machine is precisely that which has been in working on the banks of the Nile from time immemorial. But a little contrivance for a lemon-squeezer or similar purpose, is clever. It has a series of clutches, each more rigid than the preceding. In satire, it is to be presumed, the makers give each a name. The lemon they call the Serf, and the first squeeze is given by a pair of flaps called the Crown. Then a closer hold is taken by a pair inside, called the Lord. After this comes the Soldier, next the Official. And when all these have exhausted the lemon, and it is nearly dry, it is pierced through by a sort of prod called the Priest, and the last drop is obtained. The invention is said to be in general use in Russia.

OUR HANDS IN OUR POCKETS.

BRITONS hate war because of its cost;
Money that's spent in fighting is lost,
Only the loss were worse, did we not
Fire away cash in powder and shot.

Britons, however, know this thing,
Better to fire it away than fling:
Out, therefore, being forced to shell,
Whilst they're about it, they do it well.

So that, as well as rocks and hills,
Offices, factories, shops and mills,
Echo with "NICHOLAS to the ground:
In for a penny, in for a pound!"

Not Bad for a Beginning.

A YOUNG beginner, whom we are rather anxious to encourage, sends us the following, as his first attempt:—"The difference between the two potentates, who rule over the destinies of Turkey and Russia, is simply this—the one is a Sultan, and the other insultin'."

PUNCH'S AMERICAN NOVELIST.

TO THE TRADE, ON BOTH SIDES OF THE ATLANTIC OCEAN.

MR. PUNCH gives notice that until England and the United States think proper to devise a mutual Law of Copyright, he, for one, intends to annex—or (if Anglo-Saxon be preferred to Anglo-American) to steal, exactly what he pleases, or rather what pleases him, from the works of Transatlantic authors. He trusts that the system of reciprocal plunder will be pushed to the uttermost in both countries, that process affording, as it seems to him, the only chance of arousing the honourable statesmen of the two nations to the propriety of doing justice to the Labour of the Brain. And by way of setting a good example, he begs to purloin the following brilliant and sparkling tale from the pen of one of the most fashionable authors of the States.

As it is now the custom for publishers to set forth their own disinterested opinion of the works they issue, *Mr. Punch* will add that the tale he thus submits is a faithful and exquisite specimen of popular American fiction, in which the delicacies of our own Silverfork school are charmingly blended with the strong effects of the French novelists; while in addition, such homage is paid to millinery, upholstery, and the almighty dollar, as befits the writer who addresses a commercial community.

GOLD AND STEEL.

A Story of New York.

GRACEFULLY—oh how gracefully did the lovely ALBINIA ST. JULLIEN glide through the dance that night. The glorious creature moved with that proud and swanlike freedom known only to women whose infancy has been swaddled in the star-spangled banner, freedom to which neither the awkward yet haughty aristocrat of London, nor her superior, the elaborate-mannered and artificial dame of Paris, can ever pretend. The costly velvet carpet, from DAGRY AND JEWKINS'S, scarcely yielded to her white satin slipper as she skimmed along, and the alabaster nymphs wherewith HIRAM POWER'S gifted chisel had garnished the magnificent *salon*, scarcely equalled in elegance its beautiful young mistress. How superbly she looked, as the strains of BAWLKY'S wonderful band bore her on their stream of melody—how the diamonds, with which her robe was thickly set at every hem, flashed in the light of one of REHOBOTH'S world famous or-molu chandeliers. She was indeed a rapture and a gush, and an emanation from the stars.

Music—what need had ALBINIA of music to mark her steps? She had imbibed, it is true, the teaching of our most celebrated professors, whose skill (as is admitted by all who have seen American dancing) is unequalled. But she needed it not. The plash-dew from the marble fountain in her gilded hall fell not more certainly upon the rich mosaic pavement than did her tiny foot touch the embossed flowers at the given moment when it was due. Her heart, her soul, were in the dance, and a planet might have strayed from its appointed orbit more easily than could ALBINIA ST. JULLIEN have swerved from her graceful career.

The HONOURABLE HORACE F. POTLUCKY watched her with a lover's intense gaze. Could aught earthly come up to ALBINIA, that godlike form, redolent of nature's nobility, might seem to balance her. A tall, pale forehead, lustrous as marble, exquisitely voluptuous Grecian features, eyes of the most unutterable violet, hair jetty as the raven's wing—such was HORACE F. POTLUCKY. Already he had distinguished himself in the field and in the council. Though still under sixteen, the dauntless young republican had made his voice heard in the Caucus and to BUNKUM, and though he looked delicately feminine, those who glanced at his rose-coloured vest might see between it and his richly-embroidered cambric shirt a silver-handled bowie-knife, which had been drawn three times, and thrice had his country lost a son. He leaned against the jetty mantel-piece, and his small white hand, adorned with a priceless emerald, lay like a snow-flake upon a nigger.

As ALBINIA and his partner rested for a moment from the polka, HORACE concluded to ask her hand.

"Pretty lady," he said, in the rich, sweet voice peculiar only to the Italian and to the American, "may my devotion aspire to the next spin with you?"

"I would hope," said her partner, a Judge of great celebrity, "that I have acquitted myself so well that I shall not be discharged as yet."

"I guess you are a queer Judge, some," retorted the *spiritual* HORACE, "not to know that discharge always follows acquittal."

"Then I move for a new trial," said the Judge, displeased at being thus successfully reckoned up by one so much younger.

"Rule refused, with costs," responded HORACE, and the next moment his arm was around the yielding waist of the beauty, and he bore her away. The dark eye of the Judge lowered flashingly upon him, but it was for an instant only. Trained to conceal his fiercest emotions, JUDGE BEAKUM mastered his countenance, for at that moment MR. ST. JULLIEN, one of the wealthiest New York merchant-princes, came up.

"Saw you on the cars this morning, Judge, and afterwards at the Tombs."

"I did not see you," replied the other. At that instant the sight of ALBINIA and HORACE, revolving with excessive grace, and looking the delight each felt in the other's admiration, stung the haughty Judge with an unaccustomed pang, and he vowed vengeance. Accustomed to all the artifices of law, a plot was with JUDGE BEAKUM the work of a moment. His fiendly smile followed the coruscating couple, as the costly robe of ALBINIA touched him, like a seraph's wing, in her flight, and he said to MR. ST. JULLIEN, glancing at HORACE—

"I hope that he means to escape. Swindling is but smartness in exaggeration, but forgery is a blunder."

The old man's eyes opened widely, but the expression on the Judge's face defied his scrutiny. After a moment or two of vacant staring, MR. ST. JULLIEN led him into a charmingly furnished boudoir, where three golden lamps spread at once soft light and perfumed incense, and seating himself upon a white satin couch, demanded what he meant.

"I thought you was posted up," said the Judge, "or I would not have mentioned it. My duty forbids my adding another word, except to assure you, in confidence, that POTLUCKY is to-night a beggar, and will to-morrow be a prisoner."

"And he dares dance with my child—my only darling—all that is left to me of her sainted mother, except \$3,000,000, her dowry." And with lurid light gleaming from his aged eyes, he dashed down a costly crystal vase, filled with expensive exotics, and hurried back to the gorgeous *salon*. The polka had ceased, and ALBINIA half reclined upon the manly shoulder of HORACE, panting with the exertion.

"Quit that, and follow me, b'oy," hissed, rather than said the old man, close at the side of HORACE. MR. ST. JULLIEN had not meant that ALBINIA should hear him, but as our immortal bard expresses it, "a lover's ear will gaze an eagle mute." The rich blood mantled over her lovely countenance, and she pressed the hand of her companion in speechless terror. There was no mistaking the scowl on that old man's face. HORACE hesitated, and the next moment ALBINIA'S overwrought emotions mastered her. Unable to speak, she suddenly sung out with the full, ringing note of the dying swan—

"Boston is a pretty town,
And so is Philadelphia;
You shall have a sugar-plum,
And I'll have one myself-y."

And with a few incoherent words—as "WASHINGTON—liberty—PIERCE—" showing what is ever at the heart of a true American girl, even in the hour of agony, she dropped upon the embroidered carpet.

HORACE POTLUCKY dashed himself down beside her with a wild cry of horror, which struck deep, even to the soul of the Judge. Did he remember how, years before, in the trackless forest marshes of the Susquehanna, a golden-haired girl—But why speak of memories!

The old man, roused to new frenzy, seized the elegantly cut collar of HORACE'S well-fitting coat, and sought to drag him from ALBINIA. The young man looked up with a tiger-glare, and the glittering bowie-knife leaped from his bosom. In an instant he regarded MR. ST. JULLIEN, as if about to annihilate him, but the next moment instinct taught him who was his foe, and with a pard-like bound he sprang towards the Judge, and dashed the knife full upon his heart. A shriek of horror burst from all, followed by a cry of wild surprise as the well-tempered blade flew into innumerable sparkling splinters.

The Judge drew a revolver. HORACE POTLUCKY felt he was doomed. But his eyelid did not quiver, his cheek did not pale. He confronted his stern enemy with an eye stern as his own.

"Down with him, Judge!" shrieked the remorseless old man. "Shant," replied the Judge. "I only did it to try him. Trying people is my vocation, you know. He could not hurt me—will the ladies turn away their heads for a moment?"

Every fair eye was veiled by a delicate gossamer kerchief as the Judge, for a moment unbuttoning his waistcoat, showed a polished steel cuirass below it. Buttoning himself up again, he raised ALBINIA from the ground, and as she opened her lovely eyes he placed her in HORACE'S arms.

"In the name of the glorious Republic, whose servant I am," he said, solemnly, "I pronounce you man and wife. If you say a word, old man, I'll send you to the Tombs. MR. POTLUCKY is rich and virtuous. I am his father, which accounts for it."

The POTLUCKIES inhabit the handsomest house in New York, and are two of the most distinguished among the Upper Ten Thousand.

Nicholas the Less.

To war by NICHOLAS compelled to go,
We fight for something more than *statu quo*;
Of all the Russias Autocrat?—nay, come,
An't please the pigs, he shall surrender some.

MEMORANDUM FOR ST. PAUL'S, KNIGHTSBRIDGE.—Puseyites are Papists without the P: Apists of Papists.



LORD PALMERSTON'S PRIZE (AGRICULTURAL) BABY.

THE PESTILENCE AND ITS BROTHER.

As NICHOLAS, the other night, was sitting all alone,
Now smiling, as he fancied that he heard our soldiers groan,
Then cursing his own legions for their failures in the war,
The CHOLERA, in a demon's form, appeared before the CZAR.

The Tyrant shuddered at the sight: he thought his hour had come,
A shriek stuck in the throat of him: the AUTOCRAT was dumb.
So grievously did livid fear his heart and midriff wring;
Or he had howled as a hangman howls whose turn it is to swing.

The spectre with its bat-like wings the quaking monarch screened;
"Fear not," it cried, "my NICHOLAS, my Brother in the FIEND:
I love thee as ASDRAMELECH doth tender ASMODAI,
Or MOLOCH MEPHISTOPHELES, or ZAMIEL ZATANAI.

"What? The destroyer I destroy?—dismiss that idle fear.
Ho! no, no, no, my fellow CURSE; to warn thee I am here.
As yet thou art but flesh and blood: their tenure is but slight,
Thou mightest be where HEROD is before to-morrow night.

"All in good time; meanwhile, thou hast a mission to fulfil,
More human creatures to torment, to ruin, and to kill;
Unless mankind, whose foe thou art, against thee should combine,
And I fear they will, because they hate thy name as much as mine.

"I am a Pest, that, like thyself, the world hath to endure;
See how the wretches search in vain for me to find a cure;

But thee, incarnate Brother, thee, malevolent Disease,
How easy to the nations 'twere to cure thee, did they please.

"How sure a dose were mixed for thee, with England and with France,
If Germany to physic thee united would advance,
For every honest German heart, as thou full well must know,
Abhors thee and thy Cossacks, as he hates the place below."

"My CHOLERA," said NICHOLAS, recovered of his dread,
"The Germans whom you talk of, with the Prussians at their head,
Are slaves of slaves of slaves; I mean, of women, slaves of mine:
Small fear have I that Germany against me will combine!"

"Then," said the CHOLERA, "fare thee well; on sewage-reek I'm off.
What ukase or what message can I take to MENTSCHIKOFF?
I'm going to Sebastopol, where corpses taint the air,
To carry on the work thou didst begin in Turkey there."

SETTLING FOR SINOPE.

KORNILOFF, NACHIMOFF, executors of the Sinope massacre, bota off! Who 'll be the next off? Let us hope, ROMANOFF.

"LA 'BELLE' ASSEMBLÉE."

THERE is a clever little book, by the REVEREND ALFRED GATTY, called *The Bell*, and published by MR. BELL, of Fleet Street. It is a pity it hadn't been "MR. BELL, of Bell Yard," and then the set of Bells had been complete.

CLERKS AT STARVATION PRICES.

WHEN we headed an article the other day with the words "Thieves Wanted," we felt satisfied that a demand for anything would always produce a supply, and we are therefore not astonished at a communication from a "Wholesale House," enclosing to us a shower of answers having been received to an advertisement for an ill-paid collectorship. We do not mean to say that all the unfortunate young men, whom dire necessity may drive to the degradation of becoming candidates for a hard place at a beggarly salary, are positively dishonest; but we maintain that a task-master who stipulates for over-work at under-pay, is not justified in expecting first-rate integrity from men whose remuneration is out of all proportion to the confidence reposed in them.

That a worthless situation should be eagerly sought after proves nothing but the existence of a class which is prepared to plunge recklessly into the first semblance of the means of livelihood which offers itself; and though the hopes of decent subsistence may be dashed after the experience of a few weeks, there will always be a fresh supply of victims ready to embrace the hollow delusion.

Louis Napoleon and the English Bar.

THERE was a rumour on the first day of Term in Westminster Hall, that MESSRS. BRIEFLESS and DUNUP had addressed a respectful memorial to the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH, calling on him to say whether, if he didn't mean LORD ABERDEEN, or ADMIRAL DUNDAS, he intended to allude to either MR. BRIEFLESS or MR. DUNUP, or both, when he made use of the words "timid counsels."

An Answer is Requested.

"No man is an hero to his valet-de-chambre;"—but we wonder if an exception could be made in favour of the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA? We want to know if NICHOLAS is not a NERO to his valet, and his aides-de-camp, and all about him?

OPERATIC PROVERB.

You may engage a Tenor, but you cannot make him sing.

THE GREAT PIG QUESTION.



E have all heard of the expediency of getting up a "cry" for election purposes, but we never expected to find the British Lion superseded by that much less noble and far more disgusting beast, the Pig, as a medium for appealing to the patriotic passions of the people. Nevertheless, the Pig is beginning to be held up as the animal round which the Swinish multitude are invited to rally. "Love me, love my Pig!" is taking the place of the old invocation in favour of the dog—hitherto considered as the friend, we may

add the honourable friend, of man; and "Please the Pigs!" will soon be equivalent to saying "Please the People." To prove that we are not unduly depreciating the public to the porcine level, and looking at a subject with an obliquity of vision, caused by prejudice having placed a sty in our eye, we quote the following from a printed address to the Independent Burgesses of Leicester:—

"GENTLEMEN,—You will in a few days be called upon to Elect fit and proper persons to represent your Interests in the Council Chamber; and we would, on the present occasion, particularly impress upon you, at all the Ward Meetings in the Borough, to ask the parties who offer themselves as Candidates, 'WHETHER THEY ARE AVENGE TO THE KEEPING OF SWINE, WHERE THEY ARE KEPT CLEAN.' If they object to Swine being kept, turn them to the 'right-about-face,' and tell them plump that you won't vote for them.—One and all, stick to this, and you will find plenty of Gentlemen who will come forward to protect your interests."

It is evident that the "Pig Party" is beginning to make itself heard with a force of grunt that cannot be ignored, and the Leicester electors are willing to accept one, of whom they know nothing except that "he don't object to pigs," though he may be a mere "pig in a poke" as to their acquaintance with his general attributes. It is evident that in the Borough of Leicester the pearls of health and cleanliness are to be thrown away before swine, for "Pig or no Pig!" is to be the question proposed to all who ask for a vote, and rejection stares in the face of the anti-hoggish candidate. We do not know where the electors are to find a public man ready to throw himself into the arms of the Pig Party, and the only way to secure an individual who will not set his face against swine is to look out for some Bath Chap as a representative.

LORD PALMERSTON WANTED.

We lately saw in the papers a complaint from the worthy magistrate of the Hammersmith Police Court, as to the unfitness of the building in which "Justice to Hammersmith" is necessarily administered. As LORD PALMERSTON is a sort of Government *Times*, to whom every body is to write who wants an evil officially redressed, we take the liberty of calling his Lordship's attention to the rickety old tenement which forms the Hammersmith Temple of the Suburban THEMIS. Supposing the blind goddess to have been set down at the corner of Brook Green by an omnibus, she must grope her way into the Court itself, which it seems is held in a small room where the magistrate is almost backed into the grate, to keep up a fitting distance from the prisoners, who, if the room were furnished, would have to occupy the side-board.

As to the witness-box—supposing the room to be furnished—there would be nothing available but the cellaret, from which a "party" could give his evidence; and the Clerk could only enjoy the semblance of a partition from the general throng by the aid of the fire-screen. As to Counsel, when they attend, and Solicitors or their clerks, they must all be huddled up together in a space of some few feet square, under the very nose of Justice; and as some Counsel are rather foul-mouthed, the nose of Justice is not always treated to a very agreeable bouquet. It appears also, from the complaint of the Magistrate, as reported in the *Times*, that there being no waiting-room for witnesses, they are, if it is necessary to order them out of Court, sent literally outside, and frequently into the rain, so that when re-called to detail dry facts, to form the thread of evidence, they have often not a dry thread about them.

A glance at the exterior of the building has been sufficient for us, and we have often wondered that the Police Court, which is the only tribunal for the poor, should be made so difficult of access, that there is nothing but an old tumble-down ladder—for we can hardly dignify it with the title of "a flight of steps"—to get up to it. Somebody said something about some surveyor having done something or nothing, or meaning to do something some time or other about some improvement; but if the underlings are inactive, or there is an impolitic shabbiness about the necessary money being granted for the accommodation of the public, we invite the attention of LORD PALMERSTON to the state of the case, and we have no doubt the lazy subs will all quicken their movements. In the mean time, as the severe weather is coming on, we would suggest the erection of a large gig umbrella outside the door of the Court, as a shelter for those who are waiting on business—there being no accommodation within—and the umbrella could, of course, be removed at the close of the business of the day, to prevent any infringement of the law as to obstructions of the thoroughfare.

IN RE SEBASTOPOL.

THE QUEEN V. NICHOLAS.

"MR. PUNCH,

"By advice from the seat of war we are informed that the batteries opened some weeks since on Sebastopol, and that an assault is in contemplation. Now, Sir, though an assault may take place without a battery, it is impossible that a battery can take place without an assault. If I brandish my fist in your face, that constitutes an assault; if I extend it a little farther and hit you, the act amounts to battery; so that assault precedes battery, and battery is the sequel and consummation of assault. Query, therefore, if the defendant, when the present case of ejectment has been decided, should bring an action for damages (which will probably be considerable) would not it be correct that his plea should allege a tort sustained by assault and battery, and not, whatever the newspapers may state to the contrary, by battery and assault? I am not defendant's attorney: that gentleman, I believe, is MR. BRIGHT: I merely moot the question as a legal problem, and am,

"Your obedient Servant, without prejudice,

"Chancery Lane, Nov. 1854."

"SCIRE FACIAS."



BULLS AND BEARS.

The Midnight Oil.

THE Russians are so ignorant because they will not study—in other words, they do not "consume the midnight oil;" and one of the reasons why they do not consume it at "midnight," is because they cannot refrain from drinking it long before that hour.

LAYARD'S FAVOURITE TUNE.—"Partant pour l'Assyrie."

THE GAMBLING GERMAN GOVERNMENTS.



Y a printed prospectus with which we have been favoured, we see that a series of State Distributions will be made, which offer the following advantages, exhibited in large bold capitals—a species of capital in which the speculators would seem to be particularly rich, if we may judge by the display they make of it.

“With a single Stake of £1 in the Sardinian State Distribution, you will gain £21,250!!!”

“With a single Stake of £2 in the Hessian State Distribution, you will gain £25,000!!!”

“With a single Stake of £10 in the Frankfort State Distribution, you will gain £43,500!!!”

If £1 will gain £21,250, we should like to know the extent of the fund out of which the gain is to be paid, and we can but wonder at the lavish liberality which is prepared to make such an “alarming sacrifice.” The proposal reminds us of some of those very benevolent Benefit Societies, in which a subscription of £1 entitles the subscriber to a pension of £10 a year—as soon as he can get it.

If these petty German States cannot go on without lotteries to pay their expenses, it would be better for the princes to take bazaars at some of the watering places in the Season, when the fact of a crowned head presiding at a raffish table, or a princess giving whirls to a wheel of fortune, might bring more grist to the German mills, than can be obtained through these “State Distribution” dodges, which, instead of bringing grist, excite only the “chaff” of those whose duty it is to protect the pockets of the community.

WONDERFUL IMPROVEMENTS IN ENGLAND.

It is strange the extraordinary improvements that have taken place in England since the Alliance with France. It would seem as if the Eastern Question had had the one good effect of opening the eyes of French writers, for they have lately noticed things in England, which, either they could not, or would not, notice before.

Amongst other things, they have seen the Sun. They admit now that the Sun is occasionally visible in England. They are generous enough to acknowledge that cucumbers are raised by it—that corn is ripened by it—that photograph portraits are taken with it—and that the Sun, which is said “never to set on the English dominions,” is, after all, a real *bona fide* genuine Sun, giving out heat and freckles, and not the mere cold shadow of a Sun, borrowed for the occasion from France, or the nearest tin-shop and gas-works.

The Climate, also, is endurable. People can actually live in it now. There is not a fog every day of the year. You can see to read at noon day. The atmosphere is likewise pronounced not to be so depressing as it was formerly. Young ladies do not make up parties to go and throw themselves off Waterloo Bridge, twelve at a time. Countesses are not found in their beds dead of *ennui*. The trees do have leaves, and they are green, and not black.

The decrease of “Spleen” is likewise most wonderful. It has numbered fewer victims this year than any previous twelvemonth. You no longer hear of noblemen turning jockeys or policemen, because their life is made miserable to them on account of the Spleen. It has ceased to be quoted as a pretext for every absurdity that every English lunatic out of Bedlam was guilty of. It is no longer made answerable for the endless follies that our courts-martial and police-courts drag into print. All our suicides and accidents are not put down any more to its melancholy account. An Englishman can wear a white hat now without its being said that it was “*le Spleen*” that drove him to it.

A similar improvement has taken place in our social habits: the day when Englishmen got drunk down stairs, whilst their wives were left by themselves in the drawing-room is apparently over. We have dropped the fashion, it seems, of tumbling insensible underneath the table, where we lay until our servants came in the morning, and wheeled us home in wheelbarrows. A great reform has taken place in these things, and in less than six months! We do not *box* in the House of Commons—our legislators do not rise in the House of Lords with a bottle of brandy in their hands. We do not eat raw *bifteks*.

We have given up the awful propensity we were so greatly addicted to in all French novels and melodramas of taking our wives to Smithfield, and selling them at public auction, with a rope round their necks. We value them, we are glad to notice, at a somewhat higher figure than a mere pot of porter, price 4d. We have grown more humane,

more rational; in a word, we are more civilized, since we went to fight the Cossack. Every Briton has not, at present, a bull dog at his heels, nor has he a prize fighter for his tutor, nor is he in the habit of selecting his better half out of the kitchen. We do not drink gin in tumblers for our breakfast, any more than we kill a crossing-sweeper or two just to give us an appetite for our supper. It appears that *nous avons changé tout cela*.

Perfide Albion has discontinued being *Perfide*. He has now grown brave, loyal, *généreux*! There is nothing too good that can be said of him. His ships can sail all over the world without being suspected of stealing continents, or of abetting some sable Emperor in his cannibal propensities at the expense of the French; and the British flag can be unfurled now in any French print without having a whole column of mud thrown after it. *Perfide Albion* is now the object of French praise, of French admiration. French ladies fall down, and kiss the tips of his venerable top-boots—even his round fat belly is used as a big-drum of honour on which enthusiastic Frenchmen love to beat his praises as loudly as they can.

And these wonderful improvements have all taken place in the short space of a twelvemonth! We are not aware that we are any better, or any worse, than we were two years ago. The fact is, we have not changed, but the feeling of the French towards us has changed. They see us now with very different eyes—the eyes of Allies. This change is all owing to the war, and we ought to be thankful to Russia for it. The Russian cannons have done some good, for they have hit an object they never aimed at. They have purified the atmosphere of the channel, having succeeded in blowing away a number of stupid prejudices that only mystified people, and prevented the noble countries seeing each other as they really were. The air cleared of this prejudicial mist, France is virtually brought many miles nearer to England. We thank *NICHOLAS* for it, and hope this time he will sing a *Te Deum* for this, the only victory he has as yet achieved.

Filling a bumper of the best Bordeaux, we drink to the health of our recent improvements, and trust that they are not merely for a day, or for a victorious year, or for a long campaign of continual success, but that they may be as lasting as the Alliance itself between England and France, until the two countries, continually improving, shall see nothing but good in one another!

Henceforth, *il n'y a plus de femmes vendues à Smithfield!*



“TWICE KILLED.”

We are not sentimentally humane. We know that certain suffering must precede various acceptable sacrifices to the Mahogany Tree. We do not turn from our lobster, though the manner of his death was probably not that which he would, if consulted, have selected—we dispose of our oyster, while the knife which broke at once into his castle and into the treasure house of his life is still in the hands of his burglarious assassin. Our eel, our shrimp, our coursed hare, might, if disrespectful, say hard things touching their respective *exits* from those states of being—but, nevertheless we eat the spitchook, and the sauce, and the “jug” has charms which we neglect not. But the pleasures of the table are not to be purchased at the price of downright cruelty, and as such we cannot but denounce the treatment recommended by M. SORZER in the following passage in his cheap Cookery Book.

“Every Cottager ought to kill his own pig once, or twice, in every year.”

A MAHOGANY TRUISM.—Every Englishman in his life-time drinks a fearful quantity of bad Port wine.

PATRIOTISM BY THE YARD.



R. BRIGHT says we have no right to interfere with Russia, because "the Seat of War is 3000 miles away from us!"

MR. PUNCH, in a conversation the other day with the worthy Member, delicately elicited that in anticipation of the probability of his one day being entrusted with the Seals of Office in a Manchester Ministry, he had prepared for his own private reference a "graduated scale" of war policy, "as per distance." Having insinuated the delight our readers (especially those at St. Petersburg) would experience from its perusal, he most obligingly favoured us with a copy, which we subjoin:—

- WHEN BRITISH INTERESTS ARE THREATENED OR ATTACKED AT A DISTANCE OF
- 3000 Miles—Let them alone. There will be sure to be a market for Manchester Goods under any circumstances.
- 2000 Miles—Ditto, ditto. Where's the good of interrupting commerce by quarrelling? Perhaps get embroiled in a nasty wicked war.
- 1000 Miles—If anything very important, a polite inquiry may be permitted.
- 500 Miles—A gentle remonstrance is allowable, but if assured by the other parties that they mean no harm, we are bound to believe them. The days of MACHIAVELLI are gone.
- 250 Miles—Within this distance we might assume a little more dignity, and inquire "If they know what they are about?" &c.
- 100 Miles—Send word we shall be down upon them if they don't mind.
- 50 Miles—Get the *Morning Herald* to talk about the "British Lion," in order to frighten them.
- 20 Miles—Tell them they have no idea what a lot of ships and soldiers and sailors and cannons and balls, and other horrible things we've got at home.
- 10 Miles—We'll only give them this one more warning to keep off.
- 1 Mile—We might now fire some blank guns; and even if they won't go away, I don't see it will matter much. They're all Christian people no doubt, and won't hurt us if we let 'em have their own way.

The idea of a certain critic who "looked only at the shop watch," flitted across our mind as we left the distinguished free trader; and we thought it not improbable that if we had suddenly asked him "Did you see the Bear trying to swallow the Turkey?" he would have answered, "No, I looked only at the *Yard Measure*."

THE AIRY AND THE COALHOLE.

PORREX A Young Sage,
FERREX A Young Swell.

FERREX. HERE, PORREX, lend your ear.
PORREX. Conceive the loan
Negotiated, FERREX. Cut away.
FERREX. Here is a paragraph in Wednesday's *Times*,
Which states—or I misread—that some Professor,
His name—let's see—yes, AIRY, hath gone down
Into a coal-pit, with some pendulums,
Electric wires, and goodness knows what else,
And hath abided there for several days,
In the pursuit of knowledge.
PORREX. It is true.
He's QUEEN VICTORIA's chief Astronomer.
FERREX. What doth he at the Court, then, of KING COAL?
PORREX. He wants to weigh the Earth.
FERREX. It seems to me,
As an Astronomer the man should know
A shorter course. In his own Zodiac
Hang Libra, or the Scales. Let him take them,
And go his weighs.
PORREX. Thou speakest foolishly.
Jingling the word, but jangling on the sense.
If thou dost seek for information, well,
If not, shut up.
FERREX. Thy brotherly rebuke
Is just, and just the thing my jest deserved.
Now tell me, PORREX, what is the connection
Between the Airy and the Coalhole.
PORREX. This.
He'd weigh, I've said, the Earth.
FERREX. One other joke

"YE SUBALTERNs IN ENGLAND."

From TURF, of the Fusiliers in the Crimea, to MUFF, of the Grenadiers, at St. James's.

YE subalterns in England,
Who live a life of ease,
How little do ye think upon
Our sufferings o'er the seas.
To sup, lunch, dine, and lunch again,
Upon fried pork we go,
And three-deep, we've to sleep,
In the trenches, all a-row,
With the batteries roaring loud and long,
Four hundred guns or so!

The ghosts of clothing colonels
Would shudder in their graves;
For no two of us are rigged the same,
And scarce a fellow shaves.
Light cavalry and heavy swell
Black as coal-heavers show;
You can keep clean so cheap,
But here a tub's no go;
For water you've to shell out strong,
And then it's salt, you know.

Out here we need no boot-jacks,
For in our boots we sleep,
One never sees a dressing-case,
And hair-brushes are cheap.
Duce a cigar one gets to smoke;
Short pipes we're glad to blow;
And we floor rum from store,
As we can't have Bordeaux—
The point is, something short and strong,
Although it may be low.

But round the flag of England
We'll our last cartridge burn,
Till we have made the Russians smart,
And victors home return.
Then, when, as veteran warriors,
At fête and ball we show,
With the fame of our name,
The ladies' hearts will glow,
And while you swells are voted bores,
The pace, oh, shan't we go!

And then I've done. Risking his precious neck
In such a task, proclaims him what the printers
Denominate a Weigh-Goose. Now, get on.

PORREX. 'Tis needful, therefore, that he should discover
Whether this earth, at distance from its surface,
Grows denser than above. Perceivest, dense one?

FERREX. Marry come up, I apprehend thee well.
But he might learn the nature of the soil
Below the pit, without descending thither,
Seeing that buckets full come up each minute.

PORREX. Dreariest of donkeys, and of dunderheads
The dullest, thy unscien'ific soul
Appreciates not the great Astronomer.

FERREX. Yes. I know well that from a coalpit's bottom
The stars are seen at noonday. If he took
His telescopes down with him, and attended
To his own business, so. But weigh the Earth!
Pooh! Pshaw! Bah! Bosh! Stuff! Twaddle! Tilly-Vally!

PORREX. Thy interjections prove thy wealth of words,
And poverty of wit.

FERREX. It may be so.
I'd learn of thee. Well, he took down his clocks,
And pendulums, and tripods, and the colliers
Hearing each clock's strike, thought upon their own.
But how all this assisted him I know not.

PORREX. Listen. If earth were denser towards its centre,
The force of gravitation would compel
More rapid action of the pendulum
(When 'tis approximated towards such centre)
Than's seen upon earth's surface. Therefore, S.r,
If of two clocks (joined by electric tie
To note the variation) that below
Goes faster than its twin *horloge* above,
We've gained at once the fact of density's
Increase—let computation do the rest.
Dost understand it now, thou Booby, speak?

FERREX. Blest if I do. Let's go and have some beer.

A CAUTION FOR MR. GLADSTONE.



Shares or Bank Shares sent as conscience money, by which, instead of obtaining an asset, he may be saddled with a liability.

MRS. GRUNDY TO MR. BRIGHT.

JOHN BRIGHT, you're no more than a calico seller,
You're all made of cotton, like my umbereller,
You must have been, sartingly, spun with a jenny,
I'd own no sitch son if you'd give me a guinea.

A Hinglishman's birthright, with sitch a poor sperrit,
Is what chaps like you isn't fit to inherit,
If nobody else's heart wasn't no stronger,
This wouldn't be no land of freedom no longer.

To tell you the truth, 'tis my candid opinion,
You wouldn't oppose any foring dominion,
Supposing as how you believed opposition
Would cost you a few shillins more nor submission.

Old Hingland would have not a soul to defend her,
If all was like you are, from POPE or PRETENDER,
You wouldn't mind letting the CZAR take possession,
The same as it was with the Papal Transgression.

But Britons won't never give in to invaders,
To please you, nor none of your Manchester traders,
Whatever JOHN BRIGHT is, JOHN BULL's no sitch noddly;
So, therefore, now, let's have no more of your shoddy.

PARSONS' PARLIAMENT.

(SPECIALLY REPORTED.)

Saturday, 1st December, 1855.

CONVOCAION met yesterday for the first time since the exertions of its promoters succeeded in obtaining its recognition by the Legislature as the proper body for administering the affairs, conducting the reforms, and promoting the peace, harmony and efficiency of the Established Church. The Jerusalem Chamber was the locality. The excitement of the fiercely contested elections of members has only partially subsided, and several reverend gentlemen appeared with rosettes of their constituents' favourite hue, the Puseyites wearing the colours of the Scarlet Lady (slightly paler than the original), the Irish Clergy generally sporting Orange; while the Evangelicals patronised Black-and-Drab. The fusion of the two chambers into one gave an additional feature to the assembly, in the presence of the Bishops in their robes.

The ordinary formalities having been gone through, Convocation proceeded to the election of a speaker.

The BISHOP OF EXETER, in a neat and sarcastic speech, proposed the BISHOP OF OXFORD, to whose judicious and persevering exertion of his great influence in very high quarters, Convocation mainly owed its existence as a recognised and working body. (*Puseyite cheering*). The Bishop added a protest against any body who differed from himself in opinion upon this or any other subject being allowed to vote or speak, and suggested that such person should be excommunicated.

The HON. and REV. MR. TWIDDLE seconded the motion. One WILBERFORCE had been mainly instrumental in emancipating the wearers of black skins, and another—*sequitur patrem passibus æquis*—

had done as much for the wearers of black coats. He did not anticipate that they would have many differences of opinion (*laughter*) but should such arise, no man was so well qualified as the prelate in question to prove that every man meant exactly the same thing, whatever his words might seem to imply.

The REV. BARNEY O'BRAWLER opposed the motion, and gave notice that (D. V.) he should oppose every motion that proceeded from the same quarter, both before it was made, and afterwards. Giving an eloquent but somewhat severe sketch of the character and history of BLOODY QUEEN MARY, and some biographies of the prentice boys of Derry, the reverend gentleman denounced the BISHOPS OF EXETER and OXFORD as disguised Papists, and proposed the glorious, pious, and immortal memory of KING WILLIAM THE THIRD. (*Hear, hear, and the Kentish Fwe.*)

The REV. BOANERGES M'HOWL seconded the motion.

The REV. PETER BOBBLES said they were talking nonsense. How could the memory of KING WILLIAM be made their Speaker? He wished the Irish clergymen would have a little brains in their zeal.

The REV. BARNEY O'BRAWLER despised the insult to Ireland, and pitied the wretched Jesuit who could so pretend to misunderstand him. His malevolence was helpless, however, for Jesuit's bark was worse than Jesuit's bite. He proposed for their Speaker that imminent Irish clergyman the REV. TIMOTHY O'BLARE.

The REV. BOANERGES M'HOWL seconded the motion.

The VENERABLE ARCHDEACON LUKER suggested that whatever their private opinions might be, Convocation had better be represented by an individual of discretion, who was not, to say the least of it, likely to surrender any of their Vested Rights and interests. By no means approving of most of Dr. WILBERFORCE's doctrines, and utterly disbelieving his orthodoxy, he thought him a safe man as regarded more important matters, and should support him.

The REV. DR. HIGHAN-ORY assented to the premises, but denied the conclusion of the last speaker. Dr. WILBERFORCE was an agitator and a polemic, and what they wanted was a quiet, business-like, impracticable man, who showed no zeal, and did only what he was compelled to do.

The BISHOP OF CARLISLE objected to anybody who, like Mr. O'BLARE, had ever spoken tolerantly of dissenters. He himself had no toleration for such people, and had refused to consecrate a cemetery unless a wall were built between the resting-place of the churchman and of the dissenter. A broad gravel walk would not do.

The REV. CLAPHAM FLABBY said that Dissent was to be lamented, but Puseyism and Popery were ten times worse. He would much sooner go and preach in a Little Bethel or a Zoar than in St. Barnabas or St. Knightsbridge, or whatever they called it.

The BISHOP OF EXETER was, luckily for the reverend gentleman, not his diocesan, or for that speech his gown should have been pulled over his head.

The REV. SILAS TRUMP begged his brethren to understand that he set no value on a gown, which was but so many yards of serge. He could preach as well without a gown as with one; better, in fact, in hot weather.

The HON. and REV. MR. TWIDDLE, the HON. and REV. MR. TWAD-
BLE, the HON. and REV. ALB CHASUBLE, and others, rose to order at this, and three young Puseyite clergymen fainted away. After an animated and personal debate, the matter dropped.

The BISHOP OF EXETER suggested, that if there were no more to be said, they had better proceed to election. He hoped that the misguided and unhappy persons who had opposed his nomination would not think of dividing. (*Sensation.*)

The REV. BARNEY O'BRAWLER would not be dictated to, and would certainly divide, and believed he should divide and conquer.

The BISHOP OF OXFORD begged to say a word—only one. He was perfectly certain that the reverend gentleman, who had been proposed in opposition to himself, was every way better qualified than himself for the office, and he should certainly vote for him (*hear, hear*), if only to show that he did not consider the facts of that reverend gentleman being an Irishman, with a broad brogue, of imperfect education, of a not entirely untainted character, and in embarrassed pecuniary circumstances, as any reasons why he should not represent Convocation. If, however, contrary to his own wish, they should decide on selecting himself, he should try to do his duty, and an essential part of that duty would be to afford special assistance to those gentlemen who did not exactly think with him—most probably from having studied the subjects of difference more deeply and earnestly than he, alas, had been always able to do. (*Loud applause.*)

The REV. TIMOTHY O'BLARE. The turrums in which me LURD OF OXFORD has been plazed to spake of me are so preposterious that—(*Shouts of laughter, and confusion.*)

Convocation then divided, and the numbers were:—

For the BISHOP OF OXFORD	362
For the REV. MR. O'BLARE	151
Majority for the Bishop	211

The Bishop was then formally declared the Speaker of Convocation Militant, and the meeting adjourned amid great excitement.

THE MODEL COURT.



PUBLIC attention having been at length in some degree attracted to the long-since mooted, and daily more and more important question of providing the poor with a better class of dwellings, we understand that the directors of the Crystal Palace intend fitting up a Court to represent the now existing state of architecture, and internal house economy, of our lower London and provincial city districts.

The directors conceive that by so doing they will most likely bring the matter to the notice of a number of people, by whom it may have hitherto been considered quite beneath

it; and will also stand a chance of introducing it to certain duly salaried officials, who in their capacity of overseers have completely overlooked it. The directors likewise feel that the working man himself will the better see the value of the arguments for change when he has them put before him in a better light; it being obvious to any one that the sunshine of Sydenham affords a clearer mean of observation than the fog of the Metropolis.

Accordingly, a quantity of casts have been taken by certain duly qualified employés of the Company, who have lately, at a great expense to health, been exploring what are generally alluded to as the "back slums" of Spitalfields, Lambeth, Soho, and Bethnal Green: and, as the result of their self-sacrificing labours, a Court at Sydenham is being now constructed, which it is expected will present a faithful copy of the courts that still exist in those so long-infected districts.

The construction is not yet sufficiently advanced for us to do more at present than detail a few of its principal features: but we believe that even these will be received with some interest. As in the Pompeian Court, it is intended not so much to show the model of a single dwelling, as to throw together the most striking parts of several: and in this case there will be a further advantage gained by this arrangement, as the want of uniformity, it will ensure, will represent the more faithfully that structural higgledy-pigglediness which so much prevails in the localities it is intended to depict.

The first thing that will probably excite attention is the admirable ingenuity which is displayed in completely excluding every possible arrangement, which in the slightest may conduce to domestic comfort: and to show this the more clearly, figures of the size of life will be introduced, and the inconvenience of four families occupying what is really only space enough for one will, it is hoped, be thus distinctly demonstrated. In their introduction of these figures the directors are but following the course they have pursued with respect to the uncivilized tribes of Central Africa; and it will be seen that in domestic cleanliness and comfort, the natives of that region are but little behind those of Central London.

To represent the gutter which generally runs down the middle of our courts, there will be a fountain placed in the centre of this, to play alternately with Thames water and liquid manure; and it is expected that but few eyes, or noses, will be found sufficiently acute to detect the difference. We also are informed that at the especial request of certain civic authorities a smaller fountain will be added, which will be daily fresh supplied with an essence of the celebrated scents of Smithfield, in which the wives and daughters of those gentlemen are, we understand, exclusively to be allowed the privilege of dipping their handkerchiefs.

In order to assimilate the atmosphere of the Court as closely as possible with that of its originals, engagements have been made with some of our most eminent bone-boilers and gut-dressers for a continual supply of those highly noxious gases, which have so long kept in such bad odour the districts where their trade establishments are situate. This arrangement, and that of the fountains afore-mentioned, will, it is expected, form the chief (nasal) attractions of the court: and will obviate the need of any guides or finger-posts, as the visitor who may wish to be directed to it, will simply find it necessary to follow his nose.

In order to ensure the most perfect mismanagement, we learn that the general superintendence of the Court will be entrusted to certain duly constituted parish authorities, who have had great experience in local government, and are now fully competent to administer its defects. When we add that all the sanitary arrangements have been placed under the control of a regularly organised Board of Health, our readers will feel satisfied that no pains will be spared to keep it in the most unhealthy state possible.

EXAMPLE TO THE ENEMY.

Is there not something mystical in the subjoined extract from the *Overland Friend of China*?—

"DEATH OF AN OLD ENEMY.—TAH-HUNG-HA, the sanguinary wretch who murdered so many of our countrymen at Formosa in 1842, and who, despite SIR HENRY POTTINGER'S request for his condign punishment, was elevated by the EMPEROR HIKFUNG to one of the highest posts he could confer, has met his death at the hands of China's regenerators—the patriots."

As this gentleman was HUNG, as well as TAH and HA, we can quite understand that he was elevated to a high post by the EMPEROR OF CHINA: but we cannot imagine how he could have lived after that to be killed by the patriots.

We hope that the sanguinary wretch who has caused so many more of our countrymen, besides others, including his own subjects, to be murdered, will ponder the fate of TAH-HUNG-HA. Great criminals are sometimes brought to justice in this world, and NICHOLAS ROMANOFF himself may come to be elevated to one of the highest posts that an exasperated people can confer: which post may be a lamp-post.



ONE OF THE GALLANT 93RD, AS HE APPEARS AT ASTLEY'S.

Instructions for Counsel.

We really wish our friend BRIEFLESS, or some other equally intelligent member of the English bar, would apply to the Queen's Bench for a *stet processus*, to put an end to the foolery of the Lord Mayor's Procession. We should like also the learned gentleman to move for a *quo warranto* calling on the Man in Armour, to show by what authority he represents himself as an Esquire, and if he is an Esquire, to show cause why he acts as a scene shifter at a minor theatre on ordinary occasions.

THE HIGHER CLASSES' ENCOURAGEMENT SOCIETY.



SOCIETY has been formed on a principle corresponding with that of the Labourers' Encouragement Association, at the late meeting of which, at Romsey, LORD PALMERSTON presided, and distributed prizes for good conduct to meritorious clowns. It consists chiefly of members of the commercial and working classes, and its object is the encouragement of industry and economy amongst the higher orders. Its first annual meeting took place yesterday, and the noble lord, the member for Tiverton, himself, was one of the foremost of the distinguished persons to whom rewards were adjudged. To VISCOUNT PALMERSTON, for length of service in the Foreign Office, and diligence in his subsequent employment as Home Secretary, was awarded a prize of five shillings. A similar sum was given to LORD JOHN RUSSELL, for steadiness and sobriety in various and important ministerial situations of trust, including the office of Premier. For administrative energy and ability displayed in the capacity of First Lord of the Admiralty, SIR JAMES GRAHAM was presented with half-a-crown. In distributing these prizes, the respectable President of the Society, MR. BROWNJONES, remarked that, of course, the sums bestowed would, considered only in regard to their amount as the recompense of a lifetime of political labour, be ridiculous; their value consisted in the honour and esteem of which they were intended for testimonials. The following prizes were further delivered to deserving individuals of property and station: to

THE EARL OF HOLLOWAY, for having supported his title and a family of nine children upon ten thousand a year without ever having applied for any favour to Government—a new coronet.

THE MARQUIS OF ACTON, for having lived thirty years at Wormholt Park, and during that time devoted himself to the improvement of his estate, and never once raised the rents of his tenants—a double eyeglass and a yard and a half of blue ribbon.

THE HON. MR. SYDENHAM, for having supported his widowed mother, the DOWAGER LADY DULWICH, for some years, during which the affairs of his elder brother were in a state of embarrassment—a pair of dress boots.

CAPTAIN SWELTON, of the 110th Light Dragoons, for having always lived on his pay and private property without getting into debt—a silk pocket handkerchief. The Captain produced satisfactory receipts from his tailor, whose account, from the time of his joining the regiment, he had punctually settled every Christmas.

SIR REDWARD TAPEMAN, for prudence and savings during twenty years' diplomatic service—a silver spoon.

THE LORD BISHOP OF PUTNEY, who has got out a family of five boys respectably in other professions, instead of providing for them at the expense of the Church, for which they had no inclination: whilst his Lordship has also devoted the bulk of his episcopal income to the wants of his diocese—a Bible and Prayer Book.

THE LADY ADELIZA MATILDA GINGHAM, for ten years' service as Maid-of-Honour—a vinaigrette and a plume of feathers.

SIR JAMES JENKINSON, for eight years' service as Groom in Waiting—a waist-belt and silver buckle.

LORD BAGWIG, for propriety of demeanour in the capacity of Gold Stick—a pair of scarlet plush breeches.

MR. BROWNJONES then addressed the prizeholders. He said there were two principal rocks on which the aristocrat was apt to split. He meant the Turf and the Gaming Table. The Turf swallowed his property and ruined his prospects. A noble lord or an honourable gentleman went to a race-course with a balance at his banker's, and came back involved in difficulties which obliged him to mortgage his estate. If such a person only ruined himself it would be bad enough: but the reduction or break-up of his establishment also involved a multitude of dependants in beggary. The same remarks applied to gambling, and even more strongly: for the gamester's extravagance served no useful purpose whatever. But though the Turf encouraged the breed of horses, he would advise the nobility and gentry to beware of the betting-ring: those who once entered it went on from one thing to another till they were reduced in circumstances to the most lamentable degree: and all this while they were associating with blacklegs, swindlers, and members of the swell mob. But he was ware that what he had just said would not affect his present hearers, who, otherwise, would not have come there that day to receive the

rewards of prudent and virtuous conduct. He would, in conclusion, propose, as a toast, "Success and prosperity to the honest aristocratical Labourer."

The toast was received with three gentle cheers, after which the prizeholders sat down to a light repast, and were regaled with elegant modern French fare, consisting of *hors d'œuvres* and *entremets*, accompanied by a plentiful allowance of sound wholesome Lafitte and Sillery.

THE JOLLY RUSSIAN PRISONERS.

How jolly the prisoner, who gets, for his pay,
From his captor's own purse, seven shillings a day!
And that's how we pension our officer-foes,
For which we shall certainly pay through the nose.

With nothing to do, lots to eat and to drink,
On parole, it is hard lines for them, I don't think,
A sort of a life, which, to phrase it aright,
Is living like fighting-cocks barring the fight.

Of course crafty NICHOLAS—bless his mild eyes!—
Must smile with delight whilst he stares with surprise
When he thinks to himself—for the CZAR's wide awake—
Of the loss that we gain by each prisoner we take.

Well; let the sweet NICHOLAS chuckle and grin,
The laugh will be theirs who shall finally win;
We don't throw our money entirely away
In giving these men seven shillings a day.

By having been captured, in fact, they've been freed;
They hear our free speech; have our free Press to read,
And find that with us to be prisoners of war
Is simply to cease being slaves of the CZAR.

Each man will to Russia instructed return,
Having learnt what the CZAR would have nobody learn,
And amongst the poor creatures around him diffuse
Constitutional notions and liberal views.

Their heads, with ideas of Liberty stored,
Will all be live shells, midst the Muscovites poured,
Where NICK would have any shell rather explode
Than those that are charged with that species of load.

So, these things considered, the clodhopping swain
Perhaps will not think he has cause to complain
That these Russians receive—within compass to speak—
As much in one day as he earns in one week.

The nation that prisoners so handsomely pays
The wages of postmen will probably raise,
And doubtless provide on a grand scale for all
The children and wives of our soldiers who fall.

WANTED—RODERICK RANDOMS.

SOME people say that the deficiency of medical attendance on the sick and wounded in the East has been exaggerated. We should be much surprised, however, if the following statement of the *Times* Black Sea Correspondent were not to prove in every respect well founded:—

"I cannot conclude my letter without alluding to another just cause of complaint, the effects of which are most terribly felt at the present moment. I mean the want of Assistant-Surgeons. You remember, of course, the representations to the Admiralty that they ought to be treated as officers, and mess in the ward-room, for circumstances have changed, and the Assistant-Surgeons, who were formerly chosen from apothecaries' boys, are now men who have passed in medical colleges, and received the education of gentlemen. The Admiralty was shocked at their request; the consequence is, that there are not a half-a-dozen Assistant-Surgeons in the fleet of the Black Sea."

So, here is the fleet in a proper mess, because the Assistant-Surgeons are excluded from one! If the Admiralty is determined to persevere in excluding these officers from the mess-room, it had better revert to the old system of selecting them from apothecaries' boys. They will not be likely to get many other candidates for the berth of naval Assistant-Surgeon than such young gentlemen as that sort of one who was advertised for the other day, with some knowledge of dispensing, to assist in the surgery, and carry out the physic. No glory, no respect, no comfort, small pay, and a service of danger!—it must take a very hard situation to induce even a surgery-boy to doff his buttons for those of the naval uniform to be worn on these terms. Perhaps Government will be reduced to the necessity of providing for the medical service of the navy by forcible impressment, and we shall have gangs of "four-and-twenty brisk young fellows clad in jackets blue array," waylaying respectable practitioners on their rounds, and dragging them out of their gigs and broughams, and away from their brass plates and red lamps, thus compelling them to transfer their professional exertions from the scene of a genteel neighbourhood to that of a cock-pit.



"WELL! BECCA!! DID YOU EVER SEE SUCH A BARE-FACED THING AS THAT? FOR TO GO AND WEAR SUCH BONNETS AS THEM!! IF IT WAS ME AND YOU AS DONE SUCH A THING, THE WHOLE ALLEY'D BE IN A UPROAR."

A BRIGHT IDEA CARRIED OUT.

"MR. PUNCH,

"PEACE at any price is my motto; and I am sure that any price that we could have had to pay for peace would have been less than the expense to which we shall be put by war. Of course, therefore, I say ditto to MR. BRIGHT; and the opinion I entertain of MR. BRIGHT's consistency induces me to hope that he also will say ditto to me.

"In the first place, I think, with MR. BRIGHT, that the war was unnecessary. I believe, as he does, that the fear of Russian aggression was a chimera. This statement, being apparently absurd, requires explanation. I mean to say that if we had let the CZAR alone, it would have taken him a long time to consummate his scheme for the annexation of Turkey. It would have taken him another long period to avail himself of the Turkish seaboard, to create a marine strong enough to destroy our naval supremacy. He therefore would have hardly been in a position to invade these dominions during the reign of HER MAJESTY. There would not have been a very high probability that a Russian invasion would occur in that of HER MAJESTY's successor, who (after many years) I trust will be HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES. Loyalty and Patriotism need look no further forward. Two generations, and perhaps three, would have had to pass away before England would become a province of Russia. Our free institutions would not have been doomed to be destroyed by Russian barbarism: our Press would not have been destined to be shackled, nor our poets and our women to be flogged, and our reformers to be sent to Siberia. It would have been the reformers, the women, the poets, the Press, the liberal institutions of our grand-children or great grand-children only, that would have been condemned to be destroyed, shackled, flogged, and exiled. The knout would have been appointed to fall upon Posterity; not on our own backs. Besides there was no occasion to fear an invasion by NICHOLAS, even if there had been

reason to expect one. Suppose he had invaded us. He would not have harmed us much if we had received him peaceably. He would only have made some addition to the taxes, amounting to less than it will cost us to fight him. Nay, if he had subjected us to some cruelties, the mass of suffering which he would have inflicted would not have been so vast, and so severe, altogether, as that which must attend these hostilities. No doubt it is very bad to be knouted; but I had rather receive many stripes behind, than one shot in front of me.

"Secondly, I hold, as of course MR. BRIGHT does, that all war is wrong. I maintain that Christianity forbids us to defend ourselves, and not only that, but also commands us, when attacked, to invite a repetition of the outrage. Thus are we required to act by one of its precepts, literally understood. I understand it according to the letter. If, therefore, as I was walking along Fleet Street, you were to rush out of your office, double your fist, and strike me a blow with it on the right side of my face, do you think I should knock you down? By no means. Or call for the Police and give you into custody? Certainly not. I should only turn the left side of my face towards you, in order that you might inflict another stroke on that. The same rule of conduct would be observed by me in case of receiving a punch in the head, or having any other species of assault and battery committed on any other part of me. Carrying out the same principle of interpretation, I not only never defend an action at law, however unjust, which may be brought against me, but always pay double the amount claimed; and give away and lend my money for the mere asking. If anybody attempt to rob me, I offer no opposition to him; as, doubtless, MR. BRIGHT offers none, wishing as he does, like myself, that none had been offered to the act of plunder attempted by the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

"I am, Sir,

"A man of Peace who goes the whole Guinea Pig, and your

"CONSISTENT READER"

WHAT A LONDONER HAS REASON TO BE PROUD OF!



HERE are certain peculiar advantages and beauties that exist and flourish in London, such as cannot be found, perhaps, in any other metropolis in the world. It would be idle, impossible to dilate upon them. Sufficient, therefore, for the purpose to give a short list of their various charms and characteristics:

In London, you get pure milk—purer even than you can get it from the cow; and as for the water, the best fact in favour of its purity is, that the greater part of it is drawn from the Thames.

In London, you have the pride of possessing a magnificent river that may be beautifully adapted for all matters of commerce, but is, perhaps, not quite so beautiful when viewed in the other points of beauty, adornment, health, and recreation. Still it must be conceded that this same noble river acts as a most convenient cesspool to the numerous factories that overhang its charming bank, besides officiating as a most admirable sewer to the metropolis in general—in which latter capacity it is well entitled to claim the great honour of being the largest Sewer in the world!

In London, you have a wonderful City Corporation, that has the enviable distinction of having stood up against municipal Reform longer than any other corporation in the Kingdom.

In London, and twenty miles even round London, you have the enjoyment of paying, for the maintenance and glorification of that same Corporation, a tax on every ton of coals you burn.

In London, you have a number of Church clocks, and other clocks that enable one to keep an appointment with the greatest punctuality, for as two of those clocks never by any accident agree, so it stands to reason, no matter what your system of calculating time may be, that you must be right at least by one of them.

In London, you have a Lord Mayor's Show, that for several hours every Ninth of November, clears the City of the tremendous business that, on all other days of the year, completely blocks up the thoroughfare of its crowded streets.

In London, you have the further gratification of finding the narrowest streets where there is the most commerce, and the widest thoroughfares where there is the least traffic.

In London, you will see, to your great amusement, more ugly monuments in one day than you will have the pleasure of laughing at, if you travel over the Continent for one year.

In London, you will, also, see the few beautiful buildings, which it has, placed in the worst positions, so that it becomes an ingenious difficulty to see them without dislocating your neck—and this is doubtless a source of considerable relief to all visitors and foreigners, who, naturally judging from the many bad buildings that are placed in the most conspicuous situations of the metropolis, would rather be spared the pain and annoyance of seeing any public buildings at all.

In London, you have not less than three bridges at which you are stopt to pay toll—which are nearly three bridges more than any other capital in Europe possesses with similar advantages—and you also have three other bridges, that are either so crowded, or else so dangerous, that it becomes a question of courage, or the greatest urgency, to induce you to pass over them.

In London, you have the further happiness as you walk out, or stop at home, of listening to music of some kind, either vocal or instrumental, and this continues all day long, without the cessation of a single minute; and at Christmas time, this music is, moreover, continued during the night.

In London, you will see in a stroll any day more beggars than policemen—so that the wonder is their duties are not reversed, and the beggars paid to look after the policemen, and to tell them occasionally "to look alive there, or else they'll soon make them."

In London, you will see the street sweeping, and mud-collecting, and all the scavenging carried on in the day time, whereas in most Continental towns such dirty work is generally done during the night, and completely finished before the people are out in the streets in the morning.

In London, you have more frequent opportunities of studying the anatomy of the pavements, with their various veins and arteries of gas and water pipes, than in any other town, for if a second *QUINTUS CURTIUS* were to take a walk from Piccadilly to the Bank, he would find at any time plenty of chasms on his way, into which he could conveniently leap, supposing he particularly wished at that moment to save his country.

In London, you see, rising every week, stacks of monster buildings defying every order of architecture, and swarms of new streets built without any regular plan, so that, left to the mercy of every builder, and in that helpless condition that every plasterer who puts himself up as an architect can raise his hand against it, London bids fair soon to be called—if it has not already acquired the proud distinction—"the ugliest metropolis in the world."

The above is but a scanty list of the peculiar graces and glories of our "great metropolis," but, incomplete as it is, is it not enough to make every resident proud of being a Londoner?

TO THE MEMORY OF CHARLES KEMBLE.

BRIEF as 'tis brilliant, the Actor's fame
With the spectator's memory lives and dies;
Out of the witness of men's ears and eyes,
The Actor is a name.

A name, that seldom lasting place can hold
Within his country's records or regards.
He stands not with the painters, sculptors, bards,
Whose works are never old.

Yet some so much have stirred the common heart,
That, when they long have past from sight, we find
Memories, which seem undying, left behind
Of their so potent art.

Such *ROSCIUS* was, the cherished of old Rome;
Such *GARRICK* was, in our forefathers' day;
Such, more than *GARRICK* or than *ROSCIUS*, they
Who graced the *KEMBLE*'s home.

Who is there of us, old or young, but knows,
Familiar as one of his own race,
The stately *SIDDOXS*, with her sibyl-face
And statue-like repose?

Nor less the Elder *KEMBLE*, he who stopt
The true *Coriolanus*—full of scorn:
So Senators their togas might have worn,
Such countenance have kept.

Less grave of mien, of manners less severe,
And powers more slow to ripen, came the third
Gay, gallant, debonair—in act and word,
The perfect Cavalier.

He too is gone, whom all his fourscore years
Had left with something of the youthful fire
That blazed in *Falconbridge*, and did inspire
Benedick's quips and jeers.

Where is *Mercutio*? Where *Don Felix* now?
Where *Hotspur*? *Cassio*? *The Merry King*?
Where that clear laugh that made old *Drury* ring;
That light step and bold brow?

He linked us with a past of scenic art,
Larger and loftier than now is known;
Less mannered, it may be, our stage has grown,
Than when he played his part.

But where shall we now find, upon our scene,
The Gentleman in action, look, and word,
Who wears his wit, as he would wear his sword,
As polished and as keen?

Come all who loved him: 'tis his passing bell:
Look your last look: cover the brave old face:
Kindly and gently bear him to his place—
CHARLES KEMBLE, fare thee well!



LYNCH LAW; OR, MAKING A DOVE OF PEACE.

SCOTTISH GLORY.

Most people imagine that the Highlanders distinguished themselves on the Heights of Alma by actually fighting with and routing a large number of Russians. This, however, was not exactly the case, if we may believe the following paragraph from the *Inverness Advertiser* :—

"HIGHLANDERS AT ALMA.—A friend in the Crimea writes:—'One of the Russian Generals whom we took prisoner being asked his opinion of the English troops, replied that they were all splendid; but that whenever the Russians saw the half-naked fellow without trousers marching at them, they knew the day was lost, for the savages came on with a yell that no human power could withstand.'"

We do not, however, believe the above statement. It is our firm conviction that the brave Highlanders really and truly bore back the Russians at the point of the bayonet, and did not, as preterded by the Russian General, frighten them away merely by their uncouth exteriors and horrid screams. The personal appearance of the Highlander is magnificent, and his voice is musical; by these advantages he conquers in love only, and not in war. No Russian is to be terrified by savages that has ever looked in a glass, and Cossacks are not to be put down by clamour. At the Battle of Alma the soldiers of MENSCHIKOFF saw nothing half so ugly as themselves. It would be no credit to the Highlanders to have scared Russians in the field, as if Russians had been crows: and we wonder what can induce the *Inverness Advertiser* to advertise his gallant countrymen as a race of Guys.

ON DIT IN THE CITY.—If we received a check at Balaklava, it has been duly returned.

GENERAL VIEW OF GREECE.

(Know'st thou the Land where the Cypress and Myrtle.)

Know'st thou the land where a sly press's dirt 'll
Be flung upon all who won't pay for its slave.
Where the merchant's a Doo, and the soldier's a THURTELL,
And the lawyer's their trusty accomplice in crime?
Know'st thou the land, once beloved of the Nine,
More lately the scene of Pacifico's shine,
Where a soft head like Otho's the Crown could assume,
A King, with the mien of an underbred groom—
Where the traders in feats of rascality vie,
Where they cheat if you sell, and they cheat if you buy,
And to list to a native's to list to a lie.
Where if trees (as we say) may be known by their fruit,
One's certain that Honesty never struck root.
Where their dastardly banner bears Christendom's sign,
In type that each fight is a Cross, we opine?
'Tis the fair land of Greece, whose demoralized son
Exults in the hope that the Russians have won.
Oh! wild are his accents, when telegraphs tell
That our soldiers are doing their duty right well.

FROM THE DEAD LETTER OFFICE.

"DEAR PUNCH,—I have learned the English language since I have been in Elysium, and I think that the English newspapers have not used me well, spinning out my ἡ τὰν, ἡ ἐπὶ τὰν, into 14 or 15 lines: what I really said was

"Come back with your τὰν,
Or I'll think that you ran.
Come back upon τὰν,
And I'll call you a man.

"13th Nov. 1854."

"THE SPARTAN MOTHER."

AND IT'S ALL TOL (DEROLLOL) ERATION, &c.—Toleration means allowing you to think as I do, but directly you want me to think as you do, then it's gross INTOLERATION.

NEW PROFESSORSHIP.

THE Cambridge Philosophical Society having found that newspapers are absolutely essential to the successful following up of the pursuits of science—a representation to that effect has been made to the University Commission, and the establishment of a new Professorship is the result. The Licensed Victuallers having given, or being about to give, the Editor of the *Morning Advertiser* the sack, that renowned traveller and Protestant champion has accepted the appointment of Regius Professor of Penny-a-lineism. We have been kindly favoured with a list of the questions which will be asked at the first Examination—we subjoin a few :—

1. Find the circumference of the most "enormous gooseberry," and explain the ramifications of its roots.
2. Extract the roots mentioned in the foregoing question, and show that they are "inversely" as the *Times*, and directly as the "square" of Printing House.
3. Show how point is given to an article at three halfpence a line and give the method of diffusing small matters over a large surface.
4. To what crystalline system may the Palace at Sydenham be referred. Show the relation of the roof generally, and the dome or dome in particular to the longer and shorter axes; and state the relative number of plain and pretty faces on shilling and five shilling days respectively.
5. Who is the author of the following passage? Construe it—
Ἀν ἀλαμπυγ φρε βροκε οὐτ λαστ νιτε ιν θη νειγ'βουρ'οοδ οφ Ζαυτ Βαρναβας ουδουτ, ανδ ιφ ιτ'αδ κορυνηδ φορ α κοινηδεραβλε λευθ οφ τιμε φουλδ δουβτλεος 'α βην αττερεδ ουθ κοινηδεραβλε λαστ οφ λιφε ανδ προπερτι, βυτ, κ. τ. λ.
6. Show that 1 penny = 3 halfpence, and quote authorities in support of the opinion that P. LINT the Younger was the first reporter.

THE DANGER OF DOGMATISM.

A BISHOP may be thankful that his charge is not a charge of cavalry, but he should nevertheless remember that he stands some chance of being cut up.



A TRUMP CARD (IGAN).

CLERKS AND CLODHOPPERS.

WHILE the Agricultural interest has been looking up, the Commercial interest seems to be looking down, or at all events, it often takes a very low view of clerks' salaries. Every day supplies us with some fresh instance of the dreadful discount to which commercial industry, ability, and integrity have fallen. The *Times* of the 11th of this month contained the following advertisement:

CLERK WANTED.—Wanted an in-door Clerk, to take cash and keep a set of books. Salary £20 per annum. Address, stating age, &c. to the Early Closing Association, Ludgate Hill.

Though we are advocates for "early closing," we should be sorry to see a young man, prematurely shut up as an in-door clerk at thirty pounds per annum. If he is "to take cash," it is rather a prudent step to stipulate for his staying in-doors, as it would be putting his integrity to a rather severe test, if he were allowed to be at large on his miserable pay, with any of his employers' money in his pocket. His proposed salary is 11s. 6d. per week, which is about 5d. below the wages of an agricultural labourer. At this rate it seems more conducive to health and wealth to use a spade in the open air than to dig away with a steel pen in a close atmosphere. We cannot be surprised that while clerks are remunerated at less than bricklayers' wages, the criminal courts should now and then be called upon to correct clerical errors.

AN EXTRA-PAROCHIAL OFFICER.

We must admit that MAJOR POWRS, Hon. Sec. to the Widows and Orphans Association, has shown himself, by his conduct, in the case of ANN GODWIN, to understand thoroughly the duties of a Relieving Officer. As that conduct has been approved of by the Woolwich Committee, we now suppose, what otherwise we should not have imagined, that a Relieving Officer in the Army is expected to dispense charity in the same spirit as that in which assistance is dispensed by the Relieving Officer of the Workhouse. If this is the way in which relief is to be administered to Soldiers' Widows and Orphans, those Orphans and Widows will rejoice in the guardianship of a regular Board of Guardians.

AVARICE OF THE CHURCHYARD.

WE have often heard of the gaping and the greedy grave; and always supposed that it gaped for, and was greedy of, only dead bodies, and the valuables interred with them by social folly. It gapes, according to the letter of "A TOWN CURATE" in the *Times*, for something more. That clergyman, after relating a case of sad distress, proceeds—

"The sick person died, and in a few days the landlady of the lodgings applied to me for money to pay the funeral expenses. The parish, she said, had done all it could do—had given a coffin, a shroud, and men for the payment of half the necessary fees, the poor neighbours had contributed their pence and halfpence, but still there remained upwards of 5s. or 6s. to be provided before the burial could take place. . . . the girl was utterly unable to find the requisite money, the body could no longer remain where it was; it must, as she expressed it, 'be put under ground,' and before the ground could be opened, these fees must be paid."

So that the grave gapes not only for the poor remains of mortality, but also for a sum upwards of twelve shillings: considerably upwards, perhaps, in some cases. For this money, however, the grave of course does not gape on its own account. It gapes vicariously for some monster—does that mean that it gapes for the Vicar, or is the Rector that monster whose mouth ought to be shut immediately?

RUSSIAN DUCKS AND GESE.

THE wicked CZAR's subjects don't swim on a pond,
But they're ducks of the sort that belonged to MRS. BOND;
What seas of their blood he has caused to be spilled,
Crying—"Bless you, bless you, bless you, bless you, go and be killed!"

To say they are geese 'twould perhaps be more right,
For such an unmerciful brute since they fight,
In whole flocks for slaughter by whom they are drilled,
With his "Bless you, bless you, bless you, bless you, go and be killed!"

A HINT.—What if there should appear in the next European Family Recipe Book (revised in London and Paris) a direction How to take Greece out of Maps?

HOW TO TAKE CRONSTADT.



It is a remarkable fact, that while the professional soldiers and sailors, the experienced generals and admirals, find so much difficulty in terminating successfully the War with Russia, it is impossible to go anywhere any day without finding somebody who if he could only have his own way, would make us masters of Sebastopol, Cronstadt, or any other stronghold of the CZAR in less than half an hour. The following scene took place in our presence, not very long being best suited to

ago, and we have thrown it into blank verse as the heroic nature of the subject :

SCENE.—A RAILWAY CARRIAGE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SMITH } Railway Travellers.
JONES }
TOMKINS } Station Master.

The Train has just stopped.

SMITH. 'Tis a sad business, Sir, this Russian War.

JONES. 'Tis very sad! hast seen the morning paper?

SMITH. I have, 'tis very full of "latest news,"

So late as to have left the scene of action

A week at least ere the events occurred,

Which form the subject of the "latest news."

JONES. The Electric Telegraph is truly called

"A great invention"—for it doth invent

Some novel fiction nearly every day.

SMITH. That's true, indeed; but tell me, Sir, what think you?

Shall we succeed, or will this Russia beat us?

JONES. Upon my word, the question puzzles me.

But do you know the Station Master here?

One TOMKINS—once a Master in the Navy.

He'll tell us all about it.

SMITH. So he will!

We couldn't light upon a better man. [*Calling out of the carriage.*

Hi! TOMKINS.

JONES (*also calling*). TOMKINS! MR. TOMKINS. Hi!

SMITH. He sees us, for he's coming up this way.

[*TOMKINS appears at the window of the carriage.*

TOMKINS. What is it, Gentlemen?

SMITH. We have been talking

About the Russian War! Now, you can tell us.

Now give us your opinion.

JONES. Yes! now, TOMKINS.

You've been a sailor!

TOMKINS. Yes! I've been afloat,

And know a hawser from a marlingspike;

At least, I ought to (*laughing*).

JONES (*aside to Smith*). He's the very man.

I'd take his judgment sooner than I'd take

The word of half the Admiralty Lords.

Now, TOMKINS, give us your opinion, do (*aloud*).

TOMKINS. Well, as for that you see, the thing's as plain

As that there railway signal.

JONES. Ah! you mean,

We might have taken Cronstadt.

TOMKINS. Might have taken

Why bless you! let me have a single schooner,

And put aboard a crew of twenty men,

And I'd soon show the Admiralty folks

How to take Cronstadt!

SMITH. Would you though, indeed!

TOMKINS. Oh! that I would! in less than half an hour.

JONES. This is important—let me understand you.

Now tell me—am I authorised to say

That with a single schooner and a crew

Of twenty men—you could effect the object?

TOMKINS. Mind you! There's one condition!

SMITH. And what's that?

TOMKINS. I must do everything—in my own way.

JONES. Of course! Why what would WELLINGTON have done

If he'd not had his way?

TOMKINS. That's what I tell them.

Give me (*Yes! ring the bell!*) a schooner (*right!*)

With twenty men (*whistles*.) Good morning, Gentlemen.

[*The Train moves on.*

SMITH. You see, what might be done, if Government

Went to the proper men.

JONES. Exactly so.

Now, here's a man—lost as a Station Master,

Who, if he had the opportunity,

Would—

[*A fearful shriek from the railway whistle, followed by the whirling*

of the train into a tunnel, brings the SCENE to a close.

PROTESTANTS AT A PREMIUM.

THE announcement of a new Holy Office, to be called THE PROTESTANT LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY, appears in the columns of some of our contemporaries. We have not seen the Prospectus, but we understand that the following is one of the papers which every person will be required to fill up, who proposes to effect an Assurance with a Company bearing a very similar name.

1. What is your name?
2. In what kind of edifice were you christened? Are you quite sure that it was not, and never had been a Roman Catholic place of worship?
3. Have you ever been afflicted with Puseyism?
4. Do you regularly subscribe to buy a Guy, and assist, during certain hours at least, on the 5th of November, in carrying him about?
5. Would you take wine with a Roman Catholic gentleman, or dance with a Roman Catholic lady?
6. Did you ever call the Missal by any other name than the Mass Book, or speak of the Roman Catholic Clergy except as Popish priests?
7. Were you ever troubled with the slightest doubt as to the ultimate destiny of every lay and clerical professor of the Roman Catholic faith?
8. Do you consider it possible for a Roman Catholic to do a good action?
9. Could you be induced, whatever might be your complaint, to take a dose of Jesuit's Bark?
10. Would you drink S. JULIEN, S. EMILION, S. PERAY, S. ESTEPHE, or any other wine named after a Popish Saint?
11. Would you do at Rome as they do at Rome?
12. Has your Grandmother, Great Aunt, Little Aunt, Wife, Sister, Niece, Female Cousin, Daughter, or Granddaughter ever worn as ornament a Cross of any kind?
13. Have you been Vaccinated, and if so, was the lymph taken from a Protestant baby, and the operation performed by a Protestant doctor?
14. Do you feel a due aversion for the Douay version?
15. Give a reference to an intimate friend who can satisfy the Office that you are in no danger of believing that any commandment about duty to your neighbour was ever intended to refer to a member of the Roman Catholic religion.

A Winning Throw.

THE *Times* correspondent says that our Riflemen lately met some Russian soldiers in a quarry, and both being without ammunition they commenced pitching large blocks of granite at each other. It is evident from this that should powder and shot fail, the war will not be at an end while our men can get within a stone's throw of the enemy. Hostility has evidently been brought to such a pitch, that the parties will go on pitching into each other as long as there is anything with which the Allies can have a shy at the Russians.

ECONOMY OF WAR.

POLITICAL Economy says that supply should be proportioned to demand. If the same principle is observed in Military Economy with respect to reinforcements for the Crimea, it will be found the best economy in the end.

BREACHES MENDING AT SEBASTOPOL.—We are told by the Electric Telegraph that "the Bombardment continued, but the Breaches were always repaired." Certainly, those Russians are good tailors.



THE RUSSIAN BEAR'S UN-LICKED CUBS,
NICHOLAS AND MICHAEL.



ENTHUSIASM OF PATERFAMILIAS,

On Reading the Report of the Grand Charge of British Cavalry on the 25th.

THE BATTLE OF ALMA MATER.

THE Temperance Commissioners
In awful conclave sat,
Their noses into this to poke,
To poke them into that.
In awful conclave sat they,
And swore a solemn oath,
That snuff should make no Briton sneeze,
That smokers all to smoke should cease;
They swore to conquer both.

Forth went a great Teetotaler,
With pamphlet armed and pen,
He travelled East, he travelled West,
Tobacco to condemn.
At length to Cantabrigia,
To move her sons to shame;
Foredoomed to chaff and insult,
That gallant Hero came.

'Tis Friday: to the Guildhall
Come pouring in apace
The Gownsmen and the Townsmen,
Right through the market place.
They meet, these bitter foemen,
Not enemies but friends;
Then fearless to the rostrum
The Lecturer ascends.

He cursed the martyr'd RALEIGH,
He cursed the mild cigar,
He traced to pipe and cabbage leaf
Consumption and catarrh;
He railed at simple bird's-eye,
By Freshmen only tried,

And with rude and bitter jest assailed
The yard of clay beside.

When suddenly full twenty pipes,
And weeds full twenty more,
Were seen to rise at signal
Where none were seen before.
No mouth but puffed out gaily
A cloud of yellow fume,
And merrily the curls of smoke
Went circling through the room.

In vain th' indignant Mayor harangued,
A mighty chandler he;
While peas his hoary head around
They whistled pleasantly.
In vain he tenderly inquired,
Mid many a wild "hurrah,"
"Of this what Father dear would think,
Of that what dear Mamma?"

In rushed a host of peelers,
With a Sergeant at the head;
JAGGARD to every kitchen known,
Of "Missusses" the dread.
In rushed that warlike multitude,
Like bees from out their hive,
With FLUFFY of the squinting eye,
And fighting No. 5.

Up sprang INSPECTOR FLUFFY,
Up SERGEANT JAGGARD rose,
And playfully with staff he tapped
A Gownsmen on the nose.

As falls a thundersmitten oak,
The valiant JAGGARD fell,
With a line above each ogle,
And a "mouse" or two as well.

But hark! the cry is "SNUFFKINS!"
And loud the Gownsmen cheer,
And lo! a stalwart Johnian
Comes jostling from the rear:
He eyed the flinching peelers,
He aimed a deadly blow.
Then quick before his fist went down
Inspector, Marshal, Peelers, Town,
While fiercer fought the joyful Gown
To see the claret flow.

They run, they run! to win the door
The vanquished peelers flew;
They left the Sergeant's bat behind,
And the lecturer's surtout.
Now, by our LADY MARGARET,
It was a goodly sight,
To see that routed multitude
Swept down the tide of flight.

Then hurrah! for gallant SNUFFKINS,
For Cantabs one hurrah!
Like wolves in quest of prey they scent
A peeler from afar.
Hurrah! for all who strove and bled
For liberty and right,
What time within the Guildhall
Was fought the glorious fight.



THE "JUG" OF THE NIGHTINGALE.

The Poetry of Chess.

SOMEbody has lately written, and somebody else has even published, but we should think that nobody can have read, a Poem on Chess. Perhaps, however, the theme may not be a very bad one, as the ground work is chequered, and the characters are various. Church and state are represented in the King and Bishops, chivalry is present in the knights and castles, while the pawn is suggestive of the difficulties of every-day life. It must however require a high degree of poetical art to invest a set of chess men with the interest that belongs to the actions of men of a different material. The only mode of treatment that occurs to us is to describe the adventures of a king having lost his queen, and being ultimately ruined by another mate.

GUNNERY PRACTICE.

THE three wooden Guns that belong to the Allied Army go through their practice every night at Astley's. This practice consists in entering at full gallop at the side-entrance on the right of the warlike arena—defiling rapidly over the sawdusted plains that stretch themselves out in the form of an Amphitheatre at the foot of Alma—and then dashing impetuously up the platform that represents the steep bank of that redoubtable river—only the river, as viewed from the present Theatre of war, is not visible to the naked eye, or through an opera glass either. After executing these spirited evolutions, the three guns, as soon as they have reached the topmost height, wheel round, fire one, two, three times—being exactly the number of tubes of which an Astley's piece of ordnance is ordinarily composed—and then disappear with the greatest speed and enthusiasm by the O.P. wing of the army. This movement is necessary to enable them to come on again as soon as possible, and go through precisely the same martial exercise. It gives a capital idea of numbers, and besides is a great economy of men and expense. After this manoeuvre has been repeated with the greatest success two or three times, the brave artillerymen retire to wash out, as is generally presumed, the mouths of their guns—the liquid they apply to their mouths being generally a substance resembling very much in its appearance porter or half-and-half—either of which is said to be very efficacious in cleansing away the smoke that sometimes chokes them. A good artilleryman's pay rarely exceeds a shilling a night. In addition to this, however, a certain allowance of powder is given to him, but on the occasions above alluded to, every man is expected to pay his own shot.

The Two Great Movements.

THE two great movements of the present day are the tremendous exertions of the Roman Catholics to extend their religion, and the strenuous endeavours of all good men to elevate the condition of the working classes. These two movements, so dissimilar, and somewhat contradictory in their tendency, nevertheless do agree in one important respect, for the object with each is decidedly a solemn desire to *celebrate the mass*.

Affecting Farewell Speech of a Brave Defender of his Country.

(As heard, literally, every Evening, 10 m. p. 7. p.m., at Astley's.)

"COMRADES, Honour calls us to the Field of Glory, but Time and Tide wait for no man, not even for a British Soldier!"
[Rushes on board the Southampton Steamer.]



JACK ASHORE.

Policeman. "HOLLO, JACK! I SUPPOSE YOU'RE NOT SORRY TO COME ON LAND FOR A BIT?"

Jack (who hasn't got his shore legs yet). "WELL, IT AIN'T SUCH A BAD PLACE FOR A DAY OR TWO—ONLY IT'S SO PRECIOUS DIFFICULT TO WALK STRAIGHT."

CLERICAL SHERRY.

AN advertising wine merchant recommends some sherry on the ground that "many of the highest dignitaries in the Church are drinking it." The description given of the sherry is rather clerical, for it is said to be "pale and dry," in which respect it resembles those white-faced and hard looking parsons by whom it is probably patronised. We trust the "dignitaries of the Church" will not begin the practice of writing letters to their wine and spirit merchants to be used as puffs and advertisements. If the custom begins we shall soon hear of the Dean of So-and-So's port, or perhaps even the Bishop of Blank's brandy. It would be a melancholy matter to the friends of the Church, if out of pure good nature, the great clerical dignitaries were to commence writing recommendations of wines, spirits, or even beer, after the fashion now so common among the Peers, who are in the habit of puffing patent medicines.

We should lament to see a letter dated from a Bishop's palace, and presenting a Bishop's compliments to Mr. So-and-So, with a request for "six more bottles of that peculiar cream gin, which had diffused so much satisfaction throughout the Bishop's family." We should regret if even a mere Archdeacon were to be advertised as sending for "another gallon of that delicious dew from the top of Ben Nevis," which had been "highly relished as the foundation for a good sound toddy by several of the Archdeacon's intimate friends and acquaintances." It is possible that "many of the highest dignitaries of the Church" may enjoy a good glass of sherry, as well as other people, but it is a little unseemly to find them quoted as an authority for the wares of a wine-merchant. Some clergymen can appreciate a cigar, but we should be sorry to see the tobacconists' windows filled with "cheap clerical cheroots" as companions to the "penny Pickwicks."

THE CZAR'S DEBT OF GRATITUDE.

We don't think that the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA ought to send the order of St. VLADIMIR to MR. BRIGHT. A large order for cotton goods would probably be more in that gentleman's way.

THE INSCRIPTION INSIDE THE LORD CHIEF BARON'S HAT:—"Castor and Pollock's."

ADVICE TO CLERICAL AGENTS.

IN a recent advertisement, offering a "Next Presentation for Sale," it was mentioned that "The incumbent is of very advanced age." This, of course, meant, that the reverend gentleman was likely soon to die; so that hope deferred would not probably make sick the heart of any holy man on whose behalf the succession to the aged clergyman's income might be purchased.

Dead men's shoes, however, have sometimes to be waited for a long time. The living wearers of the shoes are old men, but obstinate old men, and won't die. The mere age, therefore, of the incumbent, affords insufficient information. It should also be mentioned whether he is in an unpromising state of sound health, or labours under any hopeful infirmity or ailment which might reasonably be expected to compel him shortly to resign the Church for the Churchyard. "Eighty years old and afflicted with paralysis;" "In his second childhood, and constitution breaking up;" these would be announcements giving a speculator something to go upon. If the incumbent had an aneurism of the aorta, or an ascertained disease of the heart, or was the subject of phthisis, those important circumstances should also be mentioned: and it might also be stated whether he was abstemious or given to excess in port wine.

Guy's Nose Put out of Joint.

REMEMBER, Remember,
The Fifth of November,
Sebastopol, powder, and shot;
When GENERAL LIPRANDI
Charged JOHN, PAT, and SANDY,
And a jolly good licking he got.

RATIONAL RECREATION.

WE hope the Commissariat supplies provision enough to fully sustain the energy of our forces before Sebastopol. Plenty to eat must be necessary for such capital trenchermen.

ANOTHER WAR WITH THE KAFFIRS.

OUR old enemies the Kaffirs have once more commenced hostilities and declared war against the enterprising individual who has brought over a small party of them for exhibitional purposes. The agreement with the Kaffir chief now in this country was, that he and his fellow savages should appear, in their native costume, consisting of a few beads and a blanket. Since the severe weather has set in, the Kaffirs have insisted on adding trowsers to their usual apparel, an arrangement which, while highly conducive to comfort, is wholly destructive of effect, inasmuch as a war dance in a pair of seventeen and sixpenny tweeds, is deprived of all its romance and half its reality. The proprietor of the Kaffirs has, it is said, consulted the authorities with the view of tearing the objectionable garments from the legs of the Zulus, but it is evident that if the slave is free when he sets his foot on British soil, he is equally free to set his foot in a pair of British trowsers. We must confess that we are disposed to sympathise with the Kaffirs on this occasion, for we think it rather hard that they should be stripped to the skin, in order that they may, as an exhibition, outstrip all competition. In any event it is impossible that their trowsers can be torn off by the hand of the law, and if they should thus be deprived of their dress, it is evident that they might claim redress from the legal tribunals of this country.

A Roundabout Joke.

THE reader is particularly requested to go on to the end of the first paragraph, for though the commencement may be unpromising we guarantee him a joke at the end, which is warranted to repay perusal.

Though it may not be prudent to buy a pig in a poke, it is advisable when purchasing a set of fire irons to select those made of pig iron, and thus it will be wise to buy a portion of a pig in a poker.

PROBLEM FOR MAJOR POWYS.—If you punish the Soldier's Widow for having been deserted by her husband, then, if a Soldier deserts his colours, ought you not to flog the regiment?

JIGS THAT ARE BAD JOKES.

WAR is something pretty. It is a light and elegant employment. Perhaps we shouldn't say employment. Diversion may be the better word. Suppose we call war a pleasing, graceful species of pastime: for such it would seem to be considered by the world of fashion. "Sebastopol—a new set of quadrilles, by D'ALBERT;" "The Anglo-French Polka," by the same Dancing-Master; "The Grand War Galop, Sebastopol, for the pianoforte, with splendidly illustrated Title;" "The Alma Galop;" "The Alliance Quadrilles;" and "The Bomarsund Quadrille," are so many pieces of dance music all advertised in one column of the *Times*. To some minds war seems to suggest the notion of such balls only as are set going by the fiddle and the cornet with pistons. The cornet with pistons and the Minié bullet would more naturally occur to others, and in tripping Sebastopol and Alma Quadrilles on the light fantastic toe, we should think that people of any feeling as well as fancy, would mentally stumble over the bodies of the dying and wounded.



CHARITY BY PROXY.

MR. PUNCH observes, in the list of donations to the Patriotic Fund, certain gifts, touching which he requests some little explanation. He reads that divers sums are subscribed by Assurance Companies. Now *Mr. Punch*, having done more for the good of the services and of the fund than any person in the world, is entitled to ask out of what moneys these Assurance Companies pay their subscriptions. If the payment is made out of the private purses of the directors and officials, their liberality and modesty do them honour. But if the money is taken out of the profits of the Companies, money therefore which ought to be applied, according to contract, in increasing the bonuses, and otherwise promoting the interests of the Assured, and of the Shareholders, *Mr. Punch* begs to remind the particularly benevolent gentlemen in question that they are not only being generous at no expense to themselves, but that they are actually robbing other people in order to make a show in the subscription columns. This would be a species of Assurance of so remarkable a character that *Mr. Punch*, if certified of its existence, would assuredly bring out his own Great Moral Engine, and play upon the offices themselves until all sham patriotic fire were completely got under. Meantime, he will just trouble certain functionaries, called Auditors, to get up the law of *meum* and *tuum* before they are called upon to revise the next set of balance sheets.

THE PEACE SOCIETY IN EARNEST.

PUBLIC expectation has been somewhat disappointed by the Peace Society, which, it was naturally supposed, would display an activity during war, corresponding to that evinced by the medical profession in time of pestilence. Till very lately, however, no effort has been made by that once busy association, tending in any degree to a pacification between the belligerent Powers. But a meeting composed of members of the Society was, we are happy to announce, held yesterday, in the large room at the Olive Branch, for the purpose of considering what steps to take with a view of effecting the speediest cessation of hostilities.

The Chair was occupied by

MR. BELLWETHER, who after dwelling upon the horrors of war, as now exhibited and experienced in the Crimea, stated that the prevention of those horrors was the object for which the Society had been constituted. That object, however, had certainly not been attained, and he wished that was the worst that could be said; but the fact was, a general impression began to prevail that, so far from tending to the prevention of war and bloodshed, their exertions, in fact, had tended to entail upon Europe and the country those very evils which they had been so anxious to avert.

MR. BARLAMB said the statement of their worthy Chairman was too true. Their intentions had been the best, but good intentions formed a pavement which he hoped he should never tread upon. They had proclaimed England to be a nation which had renounced war, even in self defence, had turned its sword into a shuttle, and its bayonet into a billy-roller, had yielded itself up altogether to commerce, and intended on no account ever to fight any more. The EMPEROR OF RUSSIA unfortunately believed this: the fear of England was before his eyes no longer: he gave loose to his ambition, and hence the disturbance of the peace of the world. Considering the calamities which they, unlucky peacemakers, had been the means, however much against their wish, of bringing on this country, he submitted that they were bound to do their utmost to bring them to a conclusion. We were now at war, and the shortest way to peace was to prosecute the war vigorously. He therefore moved that a subscription be forthwith entered into by the Peace Society in aid of the funds at the disposal of the Government for carrying on the war.

MR. CAFFE seconded the motion. He agreed with the last speaker, that they had been making the noise that had brought down the wolf on the fold. In fact, they had been bleating much too loud.

MR. DOVEY said he wished their intentions had been as good as his brother BARLAMB had described them; but he, for one, was ashamed to say that although he had been, he hoped, to a certain extent sincere, he had, as a public advocate of peace, also been too much carried away by a love of tea, of playing pretty, of waving handkerchiefs, of cheers, of notoriety, and approbation, and by a sentiment of spoonysm. On this account his conscience now pricked him, as he had no doubt was the case with many he beheld around him. They had too much cause to look sheepish: but it would be better to do their utmost to repair the mischief to which they had so largely contributed. Let them now contribute as largely what he might well call their conscience money: and he would propose that they should subscribe an additional sum for the support of the widows and orphans of our brave soldiers who fell in fighting to restore that peace which had mainly been interrupted through the ill-judged agitation of the Peacemakers.

The motion was seconded by MR. CURDS; who expressed a hope that Government would devote a portion of the new supplies which they would be furnished with to the provision of larger Lancaster guns and a greater proportion of Minié rifles to carry out the objects of the Peace Society: and after singing *God save the Queen* and *Rule Britannia* the meeting separated.



BLANK CARTRIDGE.

Going the Whole Pump.

TEETOTALISM has its extravagances like everything else, and the head may be turned by water as effectually, if not so rapidly, as by whiskey. We have lately heard of a sad instance of aberration in a teetotal intellect, the result of which was, that the unfortunate victim threw away a handsome Macintosh wrapper because it was waterproof.

SURSUM CORDA.



IS no time for looking palely,
'tis no time for gloomy
fancies,
While the Alma's shouts
of Victory are ringing in
the ear,
Solemn brows, but stern as
solemn, hopeful hearts
and proud high glances
More besee a British free-
man than white cheeks
and words of fear.

Did our heroes perish vainly
on that wild September
morning,
When the Chivalry of
Britain and the warriors
of Gaul
In you cruel Tartar vineyard
taught the foeman such
fierce warning?
Have we learnt no nobler
lesson from their valour
and their fall?

When our leaguer-brethren's leader with a cruel anguish stricken,
Scorned the down-bed and the pillow and the nurses' aid to die,
Was it only for a moment, that we felt our hearts' pulse quicken
And the blood rush to our foreheads and the lustre to our eye;

When with tone calm, but heroic, to his faithful followers turning,
Who, with sorrowing sobs besought him of his sickness to take heed;
He smiling sweetly told them, his wan cheek with strange fire burning,
That "a Maréchal of France should die upon his battle steed;"

Was it only for a moment that the glow such proud words gave us
Could warm our hearts to confidence, and nerve us 'gainst despair?
Is it worthy of our name that we lament when foemen brave us,
And mourn that Vict'ry is not won unless we do and dare?

Should we not be shamed to utter such weak words? for they will wander
To our soldiers' Tartar watchfires, and before the leaguer'd wall
Of the Russians' frowning fortress, is it well that they should ponder
How ungrateful hearts in England doubt their power to make them fall!

Should the Welchman's bold battalion, which the sun of Albuera
Lit to such a field of glory, and to such a field of death,
Whence its ancient laurels dyed in noble blood have issued fairer,
And to hear whose fatal prowess e'en the "bravest hold their breath;"

Should the Guards of Royal England in their trenches gaily singing
Of the valour and the glories of the British Grenadiers,
While their comrades' shouts of triumph through the smoky air are ringing,
Be told that men at home are trembling with unworthy fears?

Should our glorious Chieftain, he with eye so true and so discerning,
He who learnt his stern war lesson from the greatest of the earth;
And now in his life's evening with a soldier's soul is yearning
To leave a name like WELLINGTON'S for valour and for worth;

Should the Prince of Royal England, who with soul true to his station,
And despising courtly cavils, urged his Cousin on the Throne,
That as Prince no less than soldier he was one of a free nation,
And besought to strike a blow for England's honour and his own;

Should these gallant hearts be told that *our* hearts have grown so craven,
That their doughtiest deeds of daring cannot rouse us as they ought,
And that like the dismal croaking of poor Poe's unearthly raven,
We are crying, "Never more" shall fields be won though they be fought!

Nor alone the *living* hear us our manhood thus forswearing,
And forgetting our high kindred with the brave and with the true;
Pallid spectres on the rugged banks of Alma may be hearing,
And though they be dead, our hearts shall seem the colder of the two.

Gallant CHESTER little pondered when his country's flag he planted
On the stronghold of the foeman, and, his task completed, died,
That of hearts like his, so loyal to the death, and so undaunted,
We should dare to have misgivings, or to think except with pride.

CURT and CHEWTON, who remind us that the men of noble breeding
Are as stern and stubborn soldiers as their brethren from the plough,
And the humbler dead beside them, must not feel their wounds fresh bleeding
At the breath of our cold words, for they *may* hear them even now!

And our terrible war engines must be manned by hearts
unquaking,
Nerved by our prayers and hopes at home to do their
deed of woe
With an awful resolution and with steady purpose slaking
Their revenge for their brave leaders who were slaughtered
by the foe.

They must hear no cry or wailing—we want arms strong
and unyielding
As the metal of the cannon they are pointing at the
town;
They are smiling fiercely, grimly, as those great guns they
are wielding;
Do ye think THEY deign to doubt those granite walls will
topple down?

For young WALSHAM'S spirit's with them—he their gallant
young boy-leader,
Who with fiery valour followed on the flying Russian's
track
Till he perish'd at his cannon. Can they need a nobler
pledger?
And, remembering his glory, can ye think they will turn
back?

Nor alone who died in battle have a debt which we must
pay them,
They who sank in strife more hopeless with no war cry
in their ears;
And whose torments had no soothing shouts of Vict'ry to
allay them,
Feel their martyrdom of anguish is blasphem'd by our
pale fears.

Brave old TYLDEN, who but lived to add one chaplet to his
laurel,
Then died of the dread Pestilence, shall he have vainly
died?
Shall much-loved WELLESLEY'S fate teach British hearts
no nobler moral
Than a passing sigh of sorrow and a transient glow of
pride?

'Tis no time for looking palely, 'tis no time for gloomy
fancies,
While the Alma's shouts of Victory are ringing in our
ears;
Solemn brows, but stern as solemn, hopeful hearts and
high proud glances
More besee a British freeman than white cheeks and
words of fear.

A JOKE BY A TEETOTALLER.

I is not often that a Teetotaler attempts a joke, for
it has been considered no less difficult to make a pun on
toast and water, than to manufacture a steam engine on
the same flimsy fluid. A good sound joke is believed to
require a certain amount of stamina in the maker, and it
is therefore a commonly received opinion, that a *jeu d'esprit*
by a Teetotaler will be deficient in body as well as in
spirit. We are, therefore, prepared to extend much in-
dulgence to the juvenile effort of an ambitious member
of one of the Infant Bands of Hope, who, on hearing it
said that teetotalism was "*Utopian*," is said to have
replied, "I think you Topers are far more Utopian than
we are." As a mild instance of feeble-minded facetia,
this joke, without point, may be considered almost as
harmless, if not quite so ingenious, as the Chinese anomaly
of fireworks without fire.

Russia Holds on by a Rope of Sand.

It is rumoured—and we only hope that the rumour is
true—that there is "a deal of sand in the Russian gun-
powder at Sebastopol." This is all of a grain with the
wooden cannonballs, and the fortifications at Cronstadt,
which are said to be in many places but little stronger
than park-palings. Moreover there is every chance for
the above rumour being true, for we know from experience
how all Russian officials, in their dealings with Govern-
ment, delight in throwing sand in the eyes of the
Emperor.

WONDERS OF RUSSIAN WINTER.



HE weather is so cold in Russia, according to A CONSTANT READER, writing to the *Times*, that—

"It is not uncommon for Russian Officers in pulling off their boots to pull off their feet or toes with them, for in severe cold the extremities are completely devoid of sensation."

This is a very remarkable statement; and more so, inasmuch as the writer also says that he has had to break his brandy with a hammer for breakfast! Like other intelligence from Russia, it seems to require confirmation; for suppose the integuments, ligaments, and tendons of the ankle-joint of a given Russian Officer to have been so congealed by intense cold as to have become extremely brittle, would they not still be sufficiently strong to resist the Russian Officer's own pull? Could the muscles of the thigh, if the feet were frozen to ice, exert the force necessary to separate the leg from the foot and leave both

together in the boot-jack? Cold, to be so intense, and so peculiar in its operation, as this would amount to, must be capable of freezing the notes in a bugle, and keeping them frost-bound till liberated by a thaw. Startling, however, as the assertion of the *Times* correspondent may appear, we do not object to it. It occurs in a letter intended to call attention to the necessity of providing our troops in the Crimea with winter clothing. If the writer has succeeded in his aim, we shall not complain of his having shot with a long bow.

SEBASTOPOL GEESE IN THE HAY-MARKET.

THE *Times* correspondent—(and how gloriously he handles his quill)—writes from before Sebastopol as follows—

"Down in this valley [the Inkermann valley] is a fine flock of tame geese, swimming on a pond near a house; the owners have long since deserted both the geese and the house. Many a longing eye is cast upon these geese, but the risk is great; any one venturing down so steep a hill to get the geese would run every risk of being caught by the Cossacks, who are always prowling about the valley, where we never venture."

This is written on the 2nd of November. Oddly enough, all these tame geese took flight a day or two afterwards, and alighted in the Haymarket Theatre on Saturday, the 18th instant, where they made their presence very loudly known to the author of *The Sentinel of the Alma*. Never—since the days of the Capitol—never did geese acquit themselves more faithfully, or in a better cause, than these geese; these Inkermann geese.

THE BATTLE OF BALAKLAVA.

THE wind of dawn is breathing, the mists of night are wreathing
Up from the valley, in white swathes the mountain ranges sheathing;
Watch-fires are burning dimly; hill-batteries frowning grimly:
Troop-horses in the plain below at the picquets tethered trimly:
And the Turks in the redoubts, and the sailors on the hill,
And the Highlanders, within their tents, in the gray dawn, sleeping still.

When in with hot haste riding, our out-picquets bring tidings,
That the Russians in force within the Eastern gorge are hiding.
"Boot and saddle," and "reveillé," in the cool clear air ring gaily,
And horse and foot are forming, all eager for the *mêlée*;
Marine and sailor batteries are alive with fuse and match;
Every English heart's a-fire,—every English eye's a-watch.

Manned by our Turkish ally five redoubts command the valley;
From a gorge, a short mile distant, the Russian vanguard sally:
Tirailleurs and Cossacks dashing o'er the plain, with lance-points
flashing—

Now they open! Two field-batteries their showers of grape send crashing;
And as the smoke blows over, six squares of Russian horse,
Three on each flank, *en échelon*, proclaim the foe in force.

The redoubts with shell they're plying. By Heaven, the Turks are flying!
Under Cossack lance and sabre, by scores, like cowards dying!
Curse the slaves, and never mind them; there are British hearts
behind them,

With British bayonets sharp and sure—and so the foe shall find them.
Two deep the gallant Ninety-third are formed to bear the brunt;
And the Russian horse come thundering on that unshaken front!

They're at six hundred paces—wait till you see their faces—
Down go the rifles, with a fire, that empties scores of places;
But on their line still dashes, when a second volley flashes,
And as lightning cleaves a cloud, through the Russian squadron crashes;
Down, rear and van, go horse and man, the wounded with the slain—
That mounted host will count the cost, ere they charge our Scots again!

Meanwhile their chargers reining, and their own hot hearts restraining,
Our heavy horse upon the right inactive are remaining—
The hill their squadrons hiding, when o'er its summit riding,
All a blaze with blue and silver, and in their strength confiding,
The Russian horse, in triple force, to what our line can show,
With loosened rein, upon the plain dash, shouting as they go.

In spurs, and out sabres! Now bend to your labours,
Enniskillen, and gallant Scots Gray!

Full oft in the fight you've aforetime stood neighbours,

But ne'er in more desperate fray.
The First Royal Irish are hard on your track,
With the Fourth Dragoon Guards at their side,
And the gallant First Royals, that never showed back,
Nor found foe that their onset defied.

On they dash, boot to boot, bended brow and bare blade—
What care they for the numbers against them arrayed?
In *pêl-mêle* on the foe, like a bolt from a bow,
With a cheer, loud and clear as a trumpet, they go.
Through a line, twice their length, and three deep for their one
They have past, like a blast—but their work is not done.

Fresh squadrons close round them: 'tis one man to three!
Out-flanked and out-numbered, what rescue may be?
Hurrah! the Dragoons and the Royals so true,—
They'll finish what work you have left them to do!
Soon they clear all the rear, with the sweep of their blades,
And that shout tells the rout of the Russian brigades.

Oh, would to God that gallant charge had closed the bloody day!
Then clear of blame had shone the fame of Balaklava's fray;
But who is there, with patient tongue the sorry tale to tell,
How our Light Brigade, true martyrs to the point of honour, fell!
"Twas sublime, but 'twas not warfare," that charge of woe and wrack,
That led six hundred to the guns, and brought two hundred back!

Enough! the order came to charge, and charge they did—like men;
While shot and shell and rifle-ball played on them down the glen.
Though thirty guns were ranged in front, not one drew bated breath.
Unflinching, unquestioning, they rode upon their death!

Nor by five times their number of all arms could they be stayed;
And with two lives for one of ours, e'en then, the Russians paid:
Till torn with shot and rent with shell, a spent and bleeding few,—
Life won against those fearful odds,—from the grapple they withdrew.

But still like wounded lions, their faces to the foe,
More conquerors than conquered, they fall back stern and slow;
With dinted arms and weary steeds—all bruised and soiled and worn—
Is this the wreck of all that rode so bravely out this morn?
Where thirty answered muster at dawn now answer ten,
Oh, woe's me for such officers!—Oh, woe's me for such men!

Whose was the blame? Name not his name, but rather seek to hide
If he live, leave him to conscience—to God, if he have died:
But for you, true band of heroes, you have done your duty well:
Your country asks not, to what end; it knows but how you fell!

WHO HAS SEEN HIM?

It has often appeared to us extraordinary that in the rage now prevailing for light and amusing periodical literature a little publication known as the *Police Gazette* has not attracted a larger share of public attention, as we feel convinced that a man might, without difficulty, make the grand tour without meeting with a tithe of such eccentric individuals, both in dress and personal appearance, as are therein weekly held up to public execration. We select from this charming journal the description of two gentlemen who have modestly quitted their friends without leaving an address:

"Escaped from Shiffnal Lock-ups, on the night of the 18th instant, charged with Felony, JOSEPH EVANS. He is about fifty years of age, five feet five inches high, light hair, fresh complexion; had on a drab billycock hat, a brown coat, patched on the sleeves with a light coloured blue waistcoat red neckerchief and fustian trowsers, one hob-nailed half-boot. His parents reside at Bronstead-beath, near Newport, Salop. He worked lately with a horse at a village a few miles above Welshpool. Information to be given to JOHN GRIFITHS, Police Constable, 28, Shiffnal, who will pay £1 Reward on his apprehension."—*Bow Street, October 23.*

Can any of our readers predict how long the individual is destined to retain his liberty, who is described as having escaped from "the Shiffnal Lock-ups," dressed in "a drab billycock hat and a brown coat patched on the sleeves with a light coloured blue waistcoat, red neckerchief, and fustian trowsers, one hob-nailed half-boot," for on reference to the punctuation we find the patches to have been composed of these materials. We should imagine that unless his career had been ere this cut short, the 5th of November can hardly have passed without his having been called on to play a conspicuous part.



"Escaped, from the *Defence Hulk*, at Woolwich, on the 20th instant, MILES CONFREY, twenty-three years of age, five feet six inches high, light brown hair, grey eyes, fresh complexion, and slight made; a man in fighting attitude, man, woman, mermaid, and anchor on left arm; half moon, seven stars, crucifix, ship, and hope on right arm; man and woman, T.C. and C.C., M.L. M.B. on breast. By trade a tailor, and a native of Manchester."—*Bow Street, October 21.*

The difficulty of recapturing MILES CONFREY would, we think, certainly be increased by that gentleman's peculiar eligibility for the part of an Indian chief in any caravan in which additional attraction was required, as with a man in a fighting attitude, a man, woman, mermaid, and anchor, on his left arm, a half-moon, seven stars, crucifix, ship, and hope on his right arm, and a man and woman, and T.C., C.C., M.L., and M.B. on his breast, he would have little difficulty in convincing the most sceptical of his having originated in a locality where tattoo is a national characteristic. With a view of assisting the endeavours of our enterprising cotemporary, we present our readers with the portrait of MR. MILES CONFREY, without which their labours can hardly, we think, be said to be complete.

CLERICAL INFORMATION.—The Cloth Market at Leeds is not the Market in which Advowsons and Next Presentations are put up to sale.

THE BATTLE OF GUY FAWKES DAY.

(Supplement to "The British Grenadier.")

"Twas on the Fifth of November
The Russian Forces ran,
And long will they remember
The fight of Inkermann.
That day they were defeated
Of all days in the year;
That day they lost when they bayonets crossed
With the British Grenadier.

Our cannons did salute them,
In honour of the day,
Our riflemen did shoot them,
And swept their hosts away;
We threw them shells for crackers,
They found our rockets queer,
But hand to hand they could not stand
With the British Grenadier.

"Twas very gratifying
To see them walk their chalks,
And think we sent them flying
In keeping up GUY FAWKES;
Their slaughter was tremendous;
Our loss has been severe;
But you'll reinforce the ranks, of course,
Of the British Grenadier.

"PATENT ON THE FACE OF IT."

We used to think that the lawyer who made a charge for anxiety of mind, and trying to borrow money which he didn't get, was a unique specimen of coolness; but the individuals in Chancery Lane, who charge a shilling for looking for papers which they haven't got, or cannot find, afford equally good specimens of that amiable quality. We hope our readers may not have occasion to make frequent application to the Patent Offices—though perhaps one visit would be well repaid by an inspection of the ingenious machinery for raising the wind which is in operation there.

The following little scene, which, with slight alterations, has had a run of a considerable number of years, will give an idea of the profit to which the ingenious contrivance can be worked in judicious hands:

(Inside of Messrs. A. & B.'s offices.)

Gentleman. Pray can you let me see SNOOKS's patent for extracting sunbeams from cucumbers?

Clerk (looking in a book for half a minute). Aint got it, you'll most likely see it at C. & D.'s, close by.

Gentleman (going). Oh! thank you.

Clerk. Shilling, please Sir.

Gentleman. A Shilling! What for?

Clerk. Searching the books. (He had looked at an alphabetical list for half a minute.)

Gentleman (giving the shilling).—H'm.

[SCENE changes to C. & D.'s offices, where a similar dialogue ensues, and another shilling is paid, and gentleman is referred to E. & F.'s offices.]

(Inside of E. & F.'s offices.)

Gentleman. Have you SNOOKS's patent for extracting sunbeams from cucumbers?

Clerk. Yes, Sir—One Shilling.

Gentleman. Let me look at it, if you please.

Clerk. Yes, Sir—One Shilling, Sir.

Gentleman (taking out his note book). Oh, another Shilling! Well, I want to make an extract or two.

Clerk. Yes, Sir—One Shilling searching, one shilling reference, three shillings reading—five shillings, Sir.

Gentleman. Yes! and Two Shillings to your friend close by—Seven Shillings! Very ingenious, but very scandalous. I'll write to *Punch*!

Hogg's Instructor.

THE papers announce that at Glasgow there has been a positive panic in pig iron. Our own notion of pig iron is derived from our having seen an iron ring suspended to the nasal organ of the pig, and we have always had an idea that there must be a good deal of what is called "paying through the nose" for such an article. We can thoroughly understand a panic among the pigs themselves with respect to the iron in question. We presume that the money market will not be seriously affected, for as the panic relates to iron "in the pig," the great Jew capitalists will have had nothing to do with it.

A QUACK AND A QUERY.



HANDBILL has been forwarded to *Mr. Punch*, containing a rather choice specimen of the abominable lies with which the quack medicine-mongers endeavour to improve the sale of their pernicious trash. It sets forth that an Indian Captain's little girl, aged eight, was in such a state of disease from dropsy that she was given over by the doctors, that her face was "a mass of complete ulceration," and that her teeth were so clenched that her affectionate father, desiring to cure her, had to wrench her mouth open "with a wedge" in order "to force down a dozen of pills, No. 2." The very next day she got up, dressed herself, and was "discovered sitting on a hard form before a plate of ham and beef," and her father "has never heard of her ailing since." The Indian Captain seems to have some idea that his readers will think him a great liar, for he adds a sneaking regret that "people are of such slow belief." But *Mr. Punch* would not have wasted space upon the above miracle merely because the narrative is a little more clumsy and audacious than the majority of similar manufactures. There is a special class of idiots for whom pills and puffs are made, and upon whom all argument would be thrown away. They would but grin, and go away and swallow another dose, and the box into the bargain, if recommended to do so.

But *Mr. Punch* observes something in this handbill which induces him to request five minutes' audience from the RIGHT HON. WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and of the VISCOUNT PALMERSTON, Home Secretary.

The rubbish which the bill in question is intended to puff is sold—more shame to MR. GLADSTONE—under a Government stamp. It is thus specially accredited and recommended to the ignorant, who think more highly of any mess wrapped up in paper adorned with HER MAJESTY'S emblems than they would do of the same trash in a plain chip-box. Government is not ashamed, for a consideration, to lend its influence to the quack. But this is an old-standing complaint, and MR. GLADSTONE, and MR. DISRAELI, and SIR CHARLES WOOD, and MR. BARING, and LORD MONTEAGLE, and a whole file of other Chancellors of the Exchequer, have given, or been ready with the hack answer that "the finances of the nation are not in a condition to permit any sacrifice of revenue at the present moment." This is the reply to every proposition for reform, until a significant demonstration by the House of Commons makes a different answer more prudent, and then down goes the grievance. Some evening, no doubt, before the House goes into Committee on some Ministerial scheme, the Government of the day will be compelled to promise dissolution of its partnership with the quacks.

But MR. GLADSTONE ought not, we think, to do more, by affixing his Royal Mistress's Seal upon quack medicines, than recommend them. We do not think that he ought, for the sake of the revenue, to assist in discountenancing an invaluable preventive of disease, and in discouraging obedience to an Act of Parliament, recently carried through by his own colleague. In the very handbill to which we allude, and which is folded round the "medicine" whose miracles it narrates, the Indian Captain is made to say:—

"I attribute all my ailments, weakness, and diseases to having been bled once, and VACCINATED."

There is no need, of course, to tell *Mr. Punch*, MR. GLADSTONE, or any reader of these lines, that the Indian Captain comes out of the same inkstand from which spring so many Yorkshire Farmers, Marine Officers, Beneficed Clergymen, Ladies of Fortune, Retired Solicitors, and other myths, who recount ludicrous cures, and give almost as ludicrous addresses. But the doctrine that Vaccination is injurious, is preached with equal mischief, whether a real fool wrote or a clumsy quack invented the letter. And under the stamp of the Government which introduced the Compulsory Vaccination Act, most properly enforced under LORD PALMERSTON'S direction, is circulated a notice that all a person's ailments, weakness, and diseases may be attributed to Vaccination.

Are the people to consider PALMERSTON'S Lancet as their Bane, and GLADSTONE'S Pill Box as their Antidote? We do think that they have a right to complain of what *Mrs. Malaprop* would call the Vaccinating Policy of the Government.

MOTTO FOR OUR GALLANT FRENCH ALLIES.—*Zouaveter et fortiter.*

THE VICTORY OF CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.

Of all persons remarkable for fairness, liberality, and tolerance, for a high estimate of their duties, and a low opinion of themselves, Hospital Committeemen in general may be said to stand foremost—by anybody who does not mind making a bold assertion.

A splendid example of this rule has been afforded by the Committee of Almoners of Christ's Hospital, in trying to procure the expulsion of DR. JACOB from the Head Mastership of the Bluecoat School, for having, in preaching them a sermon from the pulpit, pointed out to them certain defects in the management of that Institution, which it was their duty to amend. The failure of these high-minded gentlemen in this generous attempt, is to be regretted by all Beadledom. What renders it the more grievous is the decision of the Court of Governors, that the thanks of the meeting should, on the contrary, be presented to DR. JACOB for his sermon: for thus has that Reverend Doctor been placed in a better position than he was in before; instead of being ruined.

The proceeding on the occasion of DR. JACOB'S impeachment appear to have been not altogether dreary. A Member of the Committee of Almoners, one MR. DARBY, seems to have afforded some amusement to the meeting. We think we see and hear MR. DARBY; who is reported by the *Times* to have thus expressed his fine and gentlemanlike feelings of indignation against DR. JACOB:—

"DR. JACOB had also said that the Committee had not been careful in their selection of the Under-Masters; and was not that an imputation upon those gentlemen? He begged to tell DR. JACOB and that meeting that none of the Under-Masters had been selected but those who had brought with them as high testimonials as those of DR. JACOB himself."

Any one who has had the advantage of hearing an active Committeeman of any Charity abusing one of the officers of the Institution, will have no difficulty in imagining the inflamed countenance, and the explosive utterance of bluff MR. DARBY. If MR. DARBY is not bluff, we beg his pardon.

After accusing DR. JACOB of concealing the truth and telling a lie, the worshipful MR. DARBY is represented to have put the case following:—

"Now let him ask some of the Aldermen of the City of London what they would think of the official Chaplain of the Lord Mayor, if he had stated from the pulpit in one of his sermons that not one of those same Aldermen had ever been chosen to fill that office, because of his possessing any one of the qualifications requisite for the discharge of the duties of it? (*Great laughter.*)"

What would an Alderman think of such a Chaplain, MR. DARBY? He would think, aloud, Sir—the sort of Alderman that you contemplate. He would say "Bough-ough-ough? What?—ough! What, the LORD MAYOR'S own—ough ough!—Chaplain?—ough!—teach us our duty!—ough!—servant—ough ough!—have the—ough!—impudence—ough ough!—never in my life, Sir!—ough!—heard of such impudence—ough ough!—ought to—ough!—have his gown stripped off his back, Sir!—ough ough!—a fellow!—ough!—dependent!—ough ough!—in the LORD MAYOR'S pay—ough ough!—receiving our money—bough-ough-ough! Send him about his business!"

Of such gentlemen as MR. DARBY'S ideal Alderman does the Christ's Hospital Committee of Almoners appear to be constituted.

Story from Sebastopol.

GENERAL GORTSCHAKOFF is reported to have said to CAPTAIN FELLOWES, "*Vous m'excuserez si je vous dise que votre attaque du 25e était une attaque bête.*" The Gallant Captain's answer, we are informed, was eminently British, both as regards its French and its feeling. "*Peut-être, Monsieur; mais nous avons seize mille autres bêtes parfaitement prêts de vous donner un pareil a—a—licking—à la plus courte notice. Maintenant donc.*"

MODERN BARBERISM.

SOMEBODY advertises a pomade for the allied armies, "warranted to give a graceful turn to the whiskers and moustache." Considering how much is in the scale, and that life and death are in the balance, we think it not at all likely that the gallant soldiers in the Crimea will trouble themselves about the mere turn of a hair.

Great Cry, but Little Wool.

WE suspect that the Manchester Men raise such a cry about the War purposely, in order that they may force us to buy a quantity of cotton for our ears, to prevent us being fairly deafened with the absurd noise they are continually making about it.

TOO LATE NOW.

WHAT a pity it is that before plunging Europe into war, NICHOLAS had not consulted a competent actuary, who might have given him some idea of the value of human life!



THE CZAR TO HIS CUBS.

Czar. "WELCOME, MY CHILDREN; INKERMANN IS A GLORIOUS VICTORY FOR YOU."

Cubs. "AH SIRE, IF THAT IS VICTORY, WE SHOULD LIKE TO HAVE A DEFEAT THE NEXT TIME!"

THE BATTLE OF THE BUNGS.

THE author of the *Great Taptubopolis* may smile with contempt upon his enemies. He still serves out his foaming small-beer at fivepence a morning pot to thirsty thousands. His triumph, however, conveys a most useful moral if men will only be wise enough to accept and profit by it. In the first place, it shows the danger of education to the editorial mind; in the second, it marvellously illustrates the use and advantage of a shake of the hand by a Member of Parliament. Nothing can be more touching than the tribute paid by publican HOMER to the licensed victualling editor. HOMER observed:—

"He was a proprietor of a paper which had a circulation of 10,000, but in consequence of having an editor who was a scholar brought up at Cambridge, but who knew nothing of the practical working of a newspaper, it soon went down."

A great warning this, to all proprietors of newspapers! Let them avoid Cambridge and Oxford, and—if they want an editor—seek in *Mrs. Peachem's* school for manners, in Hockley-in-the-Hole. HOMER would further ask—

"He would ask where was the *Age*, the *Spectator*, or *Wanderer*, the works which Steele, Addison, and Goldsmith, conducted? They were gone: those great authors lived to see their papers die."

Now, the author of the *Taptubopolis*, not being a great author, would certainly not survive the journal to which his shortcomings were so particularly valuable. But our author is much respected by the upper classes. Only to think it! Why, he is petted by the live son of a live lord!

"To show the feeling in the higher classes, last week a *post-office order* was received from a son of LORD ROSEN, and a letter stating that he understood that the editorial management was changed, and if that were so he should discontinue subscribing to it."

This announcement made a very profound impression upon a meeting otherwise disposed to be a little noisy and irreverent. HOMER continued, like a master of oratory, keeping his grand fact for the last.

"Now, MR. GRANT mixed with the very *déité* of society. When he (MR. HOMER) and others of the committee went with MR. GRANT to the House of Commons, he (MR. GRANT) had the honour of shaking hands with Mr. OSBORNE, MR. DISRAELI, and MR. PETO."

This was too much for the victuallers. The Pig-and-Whistle fainted! The Marquis of Granby flung himself into the Angel's arms, and the Hen-and-Chickens sobbed on the bosom of the Mermaid. In the midst of these profound and varying emotions, MR. GRANT was introduced to the meeting astride a kilderkin, and the scissors of the *Morning Bung-hole* returned into his hand: into the very hand that had been shaken by an OSBORNE, a DISRAELI, and a PETO!

A BLOW FOR A PUFF.

If anything would increase our sympathy with the sick and wounded in the East, it would be the sickness caused and the wound inflicted on our feelings by the disgusting attempt of certain puffing tradesmen to make a profit out of the sufferings of our soldiers. The low-priced tailors, who always take the lead in any assault on the pockets of the public, have endeavoured to tack themselves on to the skirts of the Allied Armies by advertising a quantity of what they call Crimea Cloaks, Balaklava Wrappers, and Alma Overcoats. Considering that gallantry is not a quality for which the tailors, as a body, enjoy any very great credit, we are rather surprised at the impudence with which some of the fraternity have ventured to mix up their names with "the brave men who suffer in their country's cause," for we never heard of a tailor being made to bleed except by his non-paying customers.

As our readers will doubtless share the disgust we have felt at reading Tailors' advertisements headed with such clap-traps as "the Sick and Wounded at Alma;" we think it scarcely necessary to point out that the best mode of punishing this offensive mode of puffing is to deal with its authors by not dealing with them in any shape whatever.

BLOW YOUR HORNS.—The *Standard* expresses its opinion that LORD ABERDEEN is a Snail. It may be so, but we shall be much surprised if, next session, he is found to carry a House with him.



AUSTRIA STILL PLAYS ON THE SCOTCH FIDDLE.

THE MATRIMONIAL INSTITUTION.



gether"—a mode which is exemplified in the police report to which we have alluded. From this it appears that a young spooney in want of a wife was required to pay down a sum of £10 for the privilege of an introduction to a "nicely dressed and tolerably good looking lady," waving a white handkerchief as a "signal" in St. James's Park, opposite the Duke of York's Monument.

The young spooney felt rather dissatisfied with the result, and sought another interview, which he was told by the secretary could only be arranged in the usual "safe, speedy, and successful mode," by a farther payment of money. The young "spooney" upon this confessed his folly to a friend not so green as himself, but still sufficiently green to hope for the immediate return of the £10, a demand for which was met by "a violent personal attack" upon him by one of the "officials" of the institution. This led to an application at Bow Street for a warrant, which was no sooner granted than, according to the report in the *Times*, "the matter was arranged by the repayment of the £10—probably to prevent publicity." So much for the case in point, and now as to the general RULES of the Institution, of which we have a printed copy before us.

RULE 1. Provides that "the Institution be conducted with the strictest confidence towards both sexes, so that the delicate sensibilities of the most modest lady will receive no shock."

We can readily believe that there is not much to try the nerves of the ladies with whom the Institution has to deal, and that the "delicate sensibilities" of that "most modest lady" who waved a white handkerchief as a signal in St. James's Park, were not in the least shocked by the apparition of the young spooney who had paid £10 for the privilege of an interview at the foot of the Duke of York's Column.

RULE 2. Provides very prudently against "the annoyance of the curious" by requiring five shillings, as "a registration fee," before anyone is "entitled to an interview with the Director."

RULE 3. Limits the privileges of the Institution to parties who are "respectable" and professes to limit the charge to the registration fee, "until a successful selection takes place"—a limitation which seems to be at variance with the alleged payment of £10 for a mere interview with an apparently anything but "select" female party at the foot of the Duke of York's Column.

RULE 4. Provides for the payment of all letters, a regulation that must be satisfactory to MR. ROWLAND HILL, as it prevents the loss of revenue that might arise if the Post-office had nothing but the "Institution" to look to for postage.

RULE 5. Prescribes a form of application which must contain the "age, size, wealth, sphere, &c., of each applicant," and contains a promise that "on no consideration are the names or residences of parties given up until they are both satisfied that their respective circumstances and positions correspond." It is to be presumed that when both are "satisfied" that both have been duped, "their respective circumstances and positions" may be considered to "correspond," and each may then know who is the other fool in the transaction.

RULES 6 AND 7. Provide, among other matters, for placing in the hands of the Director "an envelope sealed, and containing the real name and address, which will only be opened after all the preliminary proceedings have been discussed, thus securing secrecy and honourable conduct." We are not told whose "secrecy" is thus secured, but when there are two parties to a transaction, one of whom is a

fool and the other something else, the fool will be quite as likely as the other to hold his tongue about the matter.

RULE 8. Gives any lady or gentleman the privilege of forwarding a portrait to the Director, who "will only show it to interested parties, after which the same will be returned any time when required."

This seems to us the only really valuable part of the whole scheme, for the portraits, sent under such circumstances, would be likely to form such a gallery of remarkable idiots as could not fail to interest the student of phrenology and physiology.

HOHENZOLLERN'S APPEAL.

As sung at SANS SOUCI, with immense disapprobation by M. CLICQUOT.

PARDON, my children, your unhappy Sire,
I stain your name: I steep you in disgrace.
But if that thought with rage your hearts inspire,
Oh put yourselves, my people, in my place!

Before in thought my dastard's nose you wring,
Or forfeit honour oust with mental toe,
Reflect, if I appear a recreant KING,
That I the model of a BROTHER show.

England and France are up in arms to save
Europe and you from brute barbaric power.
Whilst you would join the battle of the brave,
I bid you skulk, and sneak, and quail, and cower.

Yes; but above the Freeman's battle-cry,
Above their savage foe's malignant yell,
I hear a tender sister's gentle sigh,
Who, if I crossed her Lord—would feel unwell.

Above the War's whole thunder, of her heart
Forgive me if I hear the anxious throbs,
And of your KING decline to play the part
For fear of her hysterics and her sobs.

'Tis sad, 'tis very sad, all that brave blood
For Freedom shed; yet pardon, subjects dear,
That I withhold my help to stay the flood,
Because I know it would cost HER a tear.

I do not crawl in infamy alone,
Companions of my shame, my neighbours bend
Before the CZAR, for reasons like my own,
Your German freedom fearful to defend.

Oh do not scornfully exclaim, that those,
Who Germany so basely have betrayed,
Deserve to be paraded in the clothes
That symbolise the sex by which they're swayed!

And then the Anglo-French may gain the day,
And stave your serfdom off without my stir,
Then you'll rejoice that you had nought to pay,
And whilst you thank me, gratefully bless HER.

But curse me not, of liberty if stripped,
And forced to venerate "The Russian's God,"
Art, Learning, Genius, to Siberia whipped,
You have to meekly kiss the Kalmuck rod.

Still, if my memory must endure your hate,
With resignation I accept the doom,
I shall not fear your vengeance, then too late,
Nor feel my ignominy in the Tomb.

A Difference between Father and Mother.

THE German language has both its "Fatherland" and its "Mother-tongue." The difference observed between the two sexes is (says an old bachelor) in the above instance both a wise and profound one. The "Land" is clearly given to a "Father" because he is a man, and we know it is the province of Man in a country generally to hold the "Land;" but the "Tongue" is expressly given to a "Mother" because she is a Woman, and it is well known that if Woman is a greater adept in one thing than in another, it is in holding her tongue.

THE NEWCASTLE COSSACK.



"Mr. Thomson, a subscriber to the Newcastle Reading Rooms, who was notorious for his pro-Russian sympathies, his exultation at news favourable to the EMPEROR NICHOLAS, and his habit of marking such news in the papers belonging to the rooms, has been expelled, despite his protest, by a resolution of the other subscribers."

Has he though? and serve him right,
Only they were too polite,
We'd have paid him for his tricks,
With a score of parting kicks.

While a nation, roused to strife,
Pours its treasure, pours its life—
If a snob obtrudes his views,
Toe, not talk's the thing to use.

Argue with a man of brains,
Censure, where it's worth your pains,
But with booby or with brute,
Hold your tongue, and heave your boot.

But this newsroom news may tend
To convince the Russian's friend
That the traitor's game, to-day,
Is not one it's safe to play.

While a nation's calm and still,
Any fool may prate his fill,

But when feverish symptoms come,
Fools—if they'd be safe—are dumb.

Not for THOMSON *Punch* would print
Such a well-intentioned hint,
But for snobs of larger mould,
Lately something overbold.

Be they Quakers, be they Greeks,
Bigots, spies, or only sneaks,
Writers, working for his cash
Whom JOHN BULL has sworn to smash;

Let them, ere it be too late,
Learn from wretched THOMSON's fate,
That the slaverers of the CZAR
May, perchance, presume too far.

For a struggle, stern and fair,
Close the Lion and the Bear,
But if Curs will join the fight—
And get mangled—serve 'em right.

SHAKSPEARE PROTECTION SOCIETY.

LOBSTERS and cod-fish have been feelingly talked of as creatures worthy of protection. Eels have met with sympathy. Wherefore, then, should poets be suffered to remain objects of the most barbarous persecution? The name and fame of great bards ought to be respected, venerated as among the dearest national possessions. We are happy to say that this deep, this serious truth is fast possessing many influential persons, and the result is the formation of a Society for the Protection of SHAKSPEARE. This society has, it is said, been quickened into existence by the alarming report that MR. CHARLES KEAN is at this moment about to put in an appearance as *Cardinal Wolsey*! The play of *Henry the Eighth* has been rehearsed at the Princess's under the most solemn pledge of secrecy on the part of the company, and with closed doors. Nevertheless, the intentions of MR. CHARLES KEAN have become known, and it is said the Society for the Protection of SHAKSPEARE have at length determined to act with all the vigour demanded by the extremity of the case.

De Bello Anglo-Gallico.

It is well known that the EMPEROR NICHOLAS not only is anxious to pass as a great Commander, but also is ambitious to be looked upon as a mighty historian. In this way, when he is not wielding his sword, he flourishes his pen in the service of his country, and busies himself in writing graphic accounts of the war in the *Gazette de St. Petersburg* and the *Invalides Russe*. In fact, a good title for the latter would be the "*Czar's Commentaries*," and we have no doubt it will be re-issued in some such form for the use of Russian schools, as something superior to CÆSAR'S.

The Black Sea Reviver.

THE success of the Siege of Sebastopol would preserve the Black Sea in its natural colour, and prevent it from being rendered a Russian Lake, or Carmine, by being crimsoned with any more of the CZAR'S Sinope massacres.

CHEAP HOSPITALITY AMONG THE CLERGY.

THE *Examiner* of last week called attention to a delicious bit of pluralism in the person of the Master of the Temple, who appears to be no less than "five single gentlemen rolled into one," if our contemporary has given an accurate list of the reverend individual's appointments. He was already Master of the Temple, Canon of St. Paul's, Lord Almoner's Professor of Arabic at Cambridge, and Rector of Thurfield, when the Lord Chancellor—perhaps with the view of trying the extent of clerical endurance, and ascertaining how much a poor clergyman can really bear—thrust upon him a stall in Rochester Cathedral.

That the Master of the Temple has not sunk under the burden, will be satisfactory to his friends, who—if he has a separate set of acquaintances for each of his several characters must be a very numerous body.

It has occurred to us that one advantage of this personal pluralism will be found in the facility it will afford for enjoying the pleasures of society at a cheap rate, or at all events getting a character for hospitality, without resorting to that extravagant outlay which is the great bane of the social habits of the present day, and renders it necessary for moderate people to live apart, or go to ruin amid the wreck of jellies, the popping of champagne corks, and the unpaid bills of wine-merchants and pastrycooks. As nobody thanks anybody for a plain dinner, and as everybody feels it necessary to outdo his neighbour in living beyond his income for the sake of display, the Master of the Temple may deem himself fortunate that he combines in his own person the materials for giving a dinner-party without admitting a single stranger to his house, and that he sits down at his own table with a party sufficiently distinguished to entitle his entertainments to a place in the Fashionable Intelligence of a newspaper.

We subjoin a specimen of an article for the *Morning Post*:—

"INTERESTING CLERICAL REUNION.

"One of the most interesting Réunions that we have lately heard of took place a few days ago, when the Reverend Master of the Temple entertained a select party of clerical dignitaries at his London residence. The entertainment was given in honour of the recent presentation of a stall in Rochester Cathedral to the newly appointed Canon. The guests present were the Lord Almoner's Professor of Arabic at Cambridge University, one of the Canons of St. Paul's, the Rector of Thurfield, and the Canon of Rochester Cathedral. The Master of the Temple occupied the chair, and in proposing, after dinner, the usual toast of Church and State, he made some very serious reflections on 'the unhappy divisions in the Church—divisions he was glad to see which were not participated in by the present company, which presented a charming spectacle of Clerical unity.'

"The health of the newly-elected Canon of Rochester Cathedral having been drunk, the Reverend Gentleman returned thanks with much emotion, and expressed a hope that the same unity which had always existed between the other reverend dignitaries then present would not be disturbed in consequence of his having joined them, but that they would rather feel renewed vigour from the connection, on the ground that 'Union is Strength.'

"After some further compliments and congratulatory observations having passed, tea was announced, and the company rose as one man."

A Case for the Knout.

To a classical mind there may be alleged one excuse for some of the fogging which NICHOLAS may administer to his officers and editors. Their despatches and statements abound with the grossest false quantities.

A TRIFLE FOR PRUSSIA.



NICHOLAS has sent, with especial pomp, a trophy taken from the English on the field before Sebastopol, to the KING OF PRUSSIA. The trophy is not very costly, neither is it very big; but it peculiarly combines utility of object with significance of meaning. The trophy, then, sent with such ceremony by NICHOLAS to KING FREDERICK WILLIAM OF PRUSSIA is no other than an iron corkscrew.—A thing that at once illustrates the pacific purpose of Prussia, with her twisting, tortuous means of arriving at it.

SERIOUS ENTERTAINMENT.

WHAT has been done with the Surrey Chapel? This question is suggested by the subjoined advertisement:—

THE REV. NEWMAN HALL, B.A., Author of "Come to Jesus," &c., successor to the REV. JAMES SHEWMAN, at Surrey Chapel, Blackfriars Road, (the late REV. ROWLAND HILL'S).—The Trustees inform the Public that the Service hitherto held on Tuesday evening is now held on Thursday, commencing at seven, and closing at eight o'clock.

Are we to understand from the above that the Surrey Chapel has been got up as a rival place of amusement to the Theatre of that ilk? What description of entertainment is given by the REV. MR. HALL, who is advertised "at Surrey Chapel," as MR. WRIGHT might be announced at the Haymarket? Nothing is said about preaching: does the Reverend gentleman, then, give a series of imitations, or performances in ventriloquism, or does he divert his audience with a monopolylogue, or conjure, or stand on his head?

EDUCATIONAL NEWS FROM THE CRIMEA.—The system of LANCASTER is pursued here with great success. "A Russian will learn more from an hour's practice under this system than from a whole day of any other."—*Burgoyne*.

"THE SENTINEL OF THE ALMA" (IN THE HAYMARKET.)

MR. PUNCH has received the subjoined letter from a private serving under CAPTAIN JOHN BALDWIN BUCKSTONE, of the Haymarket Dullshooters; and—inserting it as in *Punch's* duty bound—cannot but express sympathy with the gallant fellow put upon such foolish and wicked service, as the actions of the 18th, 20th, and 21st instant.

"HONOURED SIR,—I am an old (stage) soldier, and have been in many scenes of action; but, honoured Sir, I have never been called upon to serve so shabbily as on the 18th instant, as *Sentinel of the Alma*.

"The action began about a quarter to ten. The weather was very hazy; and after the Russian general and his niece had talked for five minutes, the fog was so great—in consequence of the talk—that they could not see one another's heads. This feint made no effect; when the scene of operation changed—and I came upon the field, telling the field about me that my name was TIPPERARY TIM, and at the same time, comically—for I was ordered to be 'comic,' ordered, Sir, by the general who planned the campaign, who, if not a Lover of his country is, I am sure, an immeasurable Lover of Himself—comically, as I said, brushing my master's coat.

"Of course, honoured Sir, being a sentinel, I sang a song—but that wasn't much. Next came the sharpshooting! Such crumbling bullets and such wet powder! However, Sir, a (stage) soldier only knows his duty; and I went on firing away, blushing the while at the rascally ammunition and the piece altogether. I have been in many stage actions, but I never felt as I felt on the deplorable 18th. Only think, Sir, of loading and firing a honeycombed gun that you expect to go to smithereens with every discharge! And yet I stood to it. Yes, Sir, I rammed in and fired off I don't know how many shots of the late JOSEPH MILLER of comic memory; but they all fell short. I knew my only chance of taking the audience was by dash; but it couldn't be done. Boxes, pit, and gallery opened upon me, and their shot hissed and whistled, that every moment I expected to be carried off my legs. However, I am spared; although the treasurer is very much wounded, and the manager himself has received a contusion of the breeches-pocket. He is, however, doing well; and I hope will do better.

"Well, honoured Sir, I sang another song, and although the Music-sellers' Light Brigade cheered gloriously, making a dash at the resolution of the audience, the audience wouldn't give ground an inch. At that moment I assure you I wished myself in bed, or in any other place of comfortable obscurity. As the night grew on, the enemy thickened his fire, and I had to discharge jokes at the cannon-balls that rolled about me; jokes that, I thought they ought to have hired the ape of the Zoological Gardens to crack, and not a real, live human man. Jokes on bomb-hells at the same time that heart-strings are cracking in many a breast; that hot, scalding tears, big as bullets, are rolling down poor widows' cheeks!

"But, honoured Sir, I was commanded to be comic; and as an old (stage) soldier, I could only do my duty, and try my hardest. Still, I must confess the truth—I *wasn't* comic. How could I be? You may blow bubbles out of soap-suds, but heart's blood is another matter.

"But, honoured Sir, I haven't come to the worst. You have heard

and read how the rascally Russians have prowled about the battle-field killing and stabbing the wounded,—the very devil's wickedness. But, honoured Sir, isn't it the cowardliest work in the world to deny to the enemy even the common feelings that bull-dogs and mastiffs have? Do we make ourselves the stronger by showing the Russians to be a set of cowardly braggarts and runaway poltroons? And yet, Sir, I had to do this in the Haymarket on that awful night of the 18th.

"I must say, the audience fired hissing volleys: and I did think at one time they would discharge the pit benches upon the stage. But no, honoured Sir, the true English pluck for a playhouse fight is gone. You may get up a stiffish hiss, but a discriminating public no longer breaks the chandeliers.

"After three nights' watch—three nights memorable in disgraces of the dramatic campaign—the *Sentinel of the Alma*, as a sentinel, was removed from his post. I can only say, honoured Sir, that I was quite ready to serve my country in any other force; but I trust never again to be called to fight in the Comic Skull and Crossbones Brigade. I am ordered change of air after the severity of my short campaign, and put this in the post on my way to the rail for Herne Bay.

"Yours, honoured Sir, to command,

"Haymarket Theatre, Nov. 24.

TIPPERARY TIM."

UN-PATRIOTIC WESTMINSTER.

WHILE every place in the kingdom is forming its Committees and collecting contributions for the Patriotic Fund, it is naturally to be expected that Westminster—the seat of the Aristocracy, and as the late MR. GEORGE ROBINS used to say, "the abode of royalty"—would have taken the lead in the Great National Movement. A meeting was announced, and the appointed day came, when the citizens were invited to assemble in St. Martin's Hall, which it was thought by some would hardly prove equal in size to the truly great occasion. The hour of meeting arrived, but as nothing else had arrived, except a cab or two with some of the officials of the city, the Hall was quite empty at the moment when it was expected to have been crammed to suffocation with an ardent crowd of Westminster patriots. In this emergency the High Bailiff rushed upon the platform, and addressing the vacant space made a few observations on the weather, which, being rather wet, had probably kept away the patriots. It is fortunate that the rain, which damped the ardour of generosity at home, has not a similar effect on the bravery of our soldiers abroad, who fought the Battle of Inkermann under an amount of moisture—to say nothing of the fire—which would have sent the Citizens of Westminster flying for shelter under the nearest archway.

Austria's Four Points.

WE cannot tell what these four points can possibly be, but considering how long a period Austria has been turning, shifting, and veering round all points of the compass, we should say that the four points in question must be N(orth), S(outh), E(ast), and W(est).

THE PRUSSIAN CONSTITUTION.—A sealed Book, strongly bound in Russia.



Philanthropist. "WHAT NOW, MY MAN?"

Street Boy. "THEY'VE BEEN AND GONE AND SPIKED MY PEASHOOTER."

THE CURATE'S UNIFORM.

MUCH question has been raised of late concerning ecclesiastical costume, but there can be no doubt as to the propriety of an improvement in that particular, which we have to suggest, bespeaking, first, attention to the advertisement ensuing, which has appeared in the *Ecclesiastical Gazette* :—

WANTED, a GRADUATE of OXFORD or CAMBRIDGE, in Full Orders, of sound Evangelical opinions, with some experience and a good voice, for an Agricultural Parish of 700 inhabitants. Two Full Services, Occasional Duty, Pastoral Visiting, and attendance in Schools. A knowledge of Church Music, and a willingness to impart it to a Choir, already partially instructed, very desirable. Remuneration, £90 a year, with a very small cottage, partly furnished, and free of all charges, taxes excepted, but fit only for a single man, or one without a family. Apply to the Rev. G. M., 7, Bath Street, Bath.

Now, then, we propose that certain alterations should be made in the apparel of Curates. The waistcoat as usually worn, indeed we would have retained, together with the cravat, for distinction's sake; but the frock discarded. Instead of that garment, let the Curate wear a coat, which in respect of cut shall resemble that of a Bishop, but shall be distinguished therefrom by an addition presently to be specified. The trousers also, and boots, shall be relinquished, and the Curate shall wear knee-breeches and stockings, such also as a Prelate wears, save only as to the material of those nether garments, the former whereof shall be of a coarser description of cloth, and the latter shall consist of cotton. The clothing of the Curate's lower extremities shall be completed with a pair of long-quartered shoes, buckled beneath the instep. And here it may be mentioned, that the superfluity whereby the coat shall demonstrate that a Curate and not a Bishop is the wearer, shall be that species of ornament which is fashionably styled an *epaulette*, but called in the Saxon vernacular a shoulder-knot. This embellishment will not only prevent anybody from confounding Bishops and Curates, but will likewise hinder all persons from mistaking the latter for reverend gentlemen, simply so called. It will denote them to be such only in the sense of being reverend gentlemen's reverend gentlemen; it will, in short, indicate that the raiment which it is affixed on is a suit of Livery.

The Livery must, of course, be black, in order that it may preserve the character of the cloth: and for the same reason it is not recommended that the breeches should consist of plush; but powder might be worn in the hair with great propriety. That a Curate out of place should appear in this trim would be unadvisable, because that might prevent him from being hired: but the garb would be becoming so long as he is in service; as showing that he stands in the relation of a menial servant to his master.

Is there not many a butler, cook, valet, who would turn up their noses—if Nature had not done that already—at wages of 200 a year? As to the little partly-furnished cottage offered in addition, by how much does such houseroom exceed the accommodation which the owner of a park affords the man at the lodge? It falls short of that, indeed, by being subject to the calls of the Government and the Parish; so that the occupant would not exist in that happy ignorance of the nature of taxes enjoyed by the majority of lackeys. Only he would not be called upon for Income-Tax.

Some people may think somewhat of Full Orders, and estimate sound Evangelical opinions at a high rate; the higher if matured by some experience, and accustomed to be preached with a good voice. But what is the value of these qualifications more than that of civility of deportment, bodily alacrity, length of previous service, and a good character from the last place? As much as £90 exceeds a superior footman's wages. Two Full Services, Occasional Duty, Pastoral Visiting, and Attendance on Schools, may be, morally speaking, more elevated employments than waiting at the breakfast and dinner-table, cleaning boots and shoes, going errands, and attendance on the foot-board, but their worth in the labour-market does not appear to be much higher. A knowledge of Church music, too, and a willingness to teach it, are made apparently little more account of than the ability to drive, and the readiness to be generally useful. Certainly the situation altogether is "fit only for a single man, or one without a family." Why did not the advertiser say, "without encumbrance."

If the social dignity of service is to be measured by its average remuneration, undoubtedly the situation of a curate must be regarded as menial. Let the Curate, therefore, be attired as a servant in livery; ecclesiastical livery: but still livery. Call him, if you like, a reverend Plunket. Very well: let him behave as such, and in time he may come to be a Bishop. In the meanwhile, let him ride behind the carriage of his master, the Rector, to Church: or, if his master does not ride, let him follow him to Church on foot, with a long cane in one hand, and the sermon-book in the other.

OUR SOVEREIGN LADY THE QUEEN

Is terribly taken to task by the very pious and exceedingly bilious editor of the *Record*. HER MAJESTY, it is well known, gave attentive ear and smiling looks to the band of the French Guides playing at Windsor Castle on a certain Sunday. Well, the editor of the *Record* declares he will not endure it! No: he shall be very sorry to be driven to such an extremity, but—if it must be—he will lay hold of any of the pillars he can put his hands upon about Windsor Castle, and bury himself and the whole House of GUELPH (with supplementary governesses and nursery-maids) in the ruins first, ere he will permit the Sabbath to be again broken by wind instruments. There! And now HER MAJESTY knows the *Record's* mind; and a terrible bit of sulphur it is. The Bible King and LOUIS NAPOLEON are pathetically put together by our *Record*.

"We have no doubt that the music of the French Guides is far superior to the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, and dulcimer, which were listened to by the King and his prime ministers on the plains of Dura: but counterpoints, mezzo-forte, and mezzo-piano, will do little, we fear, to justify an open breach of the commandment of God, or to make listening to opera-music on the Lord's-day a fitting employment for our rulers, when a world is rushing to arms, and every post is bringing us the solemn tidings of bloodshed and death."

The withering satire that contrasts the cornet and the sackbut, burns like point of lighted lucifer, and has as saintly an odour. Nevertheless, the *Record*, amidst this trumpeting and shrieking of brass, finds matter for rejoicing; but only after he has coupled NERO with VICTORIA!

"NERO added whilst Rome was burning. We rejoice to think of the inverse contrast between our QUEEN and PAISON, and the Roman parricide. And we are pained all the more at this solitary resemblance."

The QUEEN and the PRINCE are, ordinarily, unlike the Roman monster; nevertheless, on a certain Sunday the resemblance between the listeners to music and the infernal musician was very striking. Still the resemblance "pained" the *Record*, and that is something.

Well, we have advanced somewhat in political toleration. The *Record* is no more heeded than a dead blue-bottle on its back, dead as the last *Record*. Like the aforesaid dead blue-bottle, the editor has buzzed his little nothing in his sackbut, and is despised. Still, we have advanced somewhat, when a writer was fined and condemned to two years' imprisonment for calling GEORGE THE FOURTH "a fat ADONIS of fifty," and now a brimstone-faced *Mawworm* declares a resemblance between VICTORIA and NERO, and is no more stopped in his way, meets with no more hindrance from his house to his office, than a dead dog in its transit from Fleet ditch to the Thames.

The Great Case before the World.

MANY members of the legal profession regard the Siege of Sebastopol in the light of an action of ejectment. Behind this case, however, lies a more extensive issue; the prosecutors having determined to dispute the Will of PETER THE GREAT.



RATHER HARD LINES.

"NOW THEN! ADOLPHUS!! GOOD GRACIOUS, WHAT MAKES YOU STOP SO ABRUPTLY?"

"PLEASE 'M, IT'S—"

"OH! DON'T ANSWER IN THAT IMPERTINENT MANNER; BUT GO ON. (*Aside.*) HE'S EVIDENTLY GETTING ABOVE HIS WORK."

A STEAM BATTERY.

A CAPITAL joke appeared the other day in the *Times*. A correspondent of that journal proposed to batter Sebastopol by means of PERKINS'S steam-gun. This proposal has no doubt excited as much laughter as the very best thing in JOE MILLER. Of course it is perfectly absurd. Why? Oh, nonsense! Yes, but why absurd? Oh, fiddlestick!—pack of stuff! Nay, but, how so? How! Why, of course, the thing is impossible—that is, impracticable—in other words, can't be done.

What a laughable idea was that of steam-navigation when first started! When it became a fact, how ridiculous was the hope of its utility to any extent! That hope, however, having been justified, how unreasonable it was to expect that a steam-vessel would ever cross the Atlantic; and how utterly preposterous was the chimera of railroads! Haw, haw, haw! chorussed the old gentlemen; and some of the young ones, at each of these anticipated failures in succession—hee-haw! The impossibilities all came to pass, though.

Nevertheless, let us laugh at the suggestion of trying PERKINS'S steam-gun against Sebastopol. To be sure the son of MR. PERKINS declares that he is "prepared to undertake to supply the Government with a steam-gun capable of throwing a ball of a ton weight a distance of five miles." It is true that he adds the assurance that, with such a gun, fixed in BRUNEL'S large ship of 10,000 tons, Sebastopol "might be destroyed without [our] losing a man." No doubt that to throw a ball of a ton weight five miles by steam may be a less difficult thing than to drag several tons, any number of miles, three or four times faster than a stage-coach. But, then, fancy a gun loaded with steam instead of powder! What a queer gun! And a bullet of a ton weight! Imagine such an odd projectile. It strikes one as so droll. Ho, ho! Try it? Oh pooh!

Yet we do try some things which we are by no means sure will answer. We try expeditions without knowing what force they will have to encounter. We try to batter a fortress by means of ordinary ordnance without being at all certain that our missiles are capable of

demolishing its walls. We try all this at enormous expense; and why? Because it is usual; because it is the regular thing; because we do.

If we were to try the steam-gun and fail, the Russians would laugh at us. Of course, they don't laugh at us when our vessels run aground, or our shot and shell fall short.

If we fail—we fail: and it is a failure to the extent of the cost of the experiment. Is the risk equal to that of one transport in a storm: of one regiment in a battle? If we succeed—only think how much we save. What fun *that* would be. So let us laugh at the mention of PERKINS'S steam-gun—but laugh to think that it is not tried—laugh with MR. BRIGHT, and the Greeks, and the Russians—laugh on the other side of the mouth than the right.

A Hat in Want of a Place.

We admire enthusiasm in the artist. In fact, without enthusiasm, the author is but a paper-stainer, the painter but a colour-grinder, the sculptor but a chipper of stone. Admiring the generous quality that makes the artist, we were delighted to hear that MR. CHARLES KEAN had purchased—at HORACE WALPOLE'S Strawberry Hill sale, with an oblique view to the future production of *Henry the Eighth*—had purchased the hat, the genuine hat—duly authenticated—of CARDINAL WOLSEY. Now, it may be very laudable in MR. CHARLES KEAN to buy CARDINAL WOLSEY'S hat, but this question *will* arise—*What*, in the name of all fitness of things, *what* is he to put it on?

ANOTHER FOR ABERDEEN.

"VICTORY, or that old Abbey," was LORD NELSON'S cry. LORD RAGLAN'S is nearly the same. "Victory, in spite of that old ABBY."

A GREAT LIBERAL.—What a munificent Sovereign is NICHOLAS! See in what a generous manner he sacrifices his hordes!

THE MATRIMONIAL OFFICE.

A LIFE DRAMA.

In Three Acts.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MR. SPOONBILL (a party who, "from circumstances" has "few opportunities of mixing in female society, but having an independent income, a pleasing and gentlemanly exterior, a good heart, a sweet temper, &c. &c. is convinced that he should make an eligible partner for life, and therefore adopts this method of," &c. &c.—See his various advertisements previously to his applying to the Matrimonial Office).

MR. CUTHBERT EDWARDS (a party managing the Matrimonial Office. For his special merits, see the Police Reports).

MR. ST. CLARE, } his Confidential Clerks.

MR. DE DUMPKINS, }

MR. BONIFACE BRICK, (the truly British Landlord of Mr. Spoonbill's hotel).

MISS LEONORA MONTGOMERY (a she-party, of mysterious antecedents, but smart personal appearance).

A Small Boy, and the General Public.

ACT I.

SCENE 1.—Clerk's Room at the Matrimonial Office.

Enter SPOONBILL.

Spoonbill (with some confusion). Is—are—dear me—I beg your pardon, but this is, I believe, the—a—Matrimonial Office. Is the Principal disengaged?

1st Clerk to 2nd ditto. Vot's a principle?

2nd Clerk. He means CUDDY, you muff. Show him in.

1st Clerk. Vell, but if it's a plant—

2nd Clerk. He's all right. Look at him. This way, Sir.

[SPOONBILL is introduced to

SCENE 2.—The Manager's Room.

Manager (loftily). Be seated, Sir. (Reads MR. SPOONBILL's card.) I conclude that your object in favouring me with this visit is to negotiate some one of those arrangements which conduce alike to worldly advantage and to domestic happiness. In other words (relaxing his dignity), that you are—ha! ha!—a person about to marry.

Mr. Spoonbill (blushing). Presuming that an eligible party offered, such is my desire, Sir.

Manager (all dignity). I should recommend no other to your notice, my good Sir.

Mr. Spoonbill. O, I assure you—I didn't mean that—I am confident in your discretion no other to your notice, my good Sir.

—quite confident. You see I know very few people, but being possessed, &c.

Manager (smiles graciously). Precisely. Why should you be debarred from happiness you are so well qualified to appreciate? What is an introduction? "MR. BROWN—MISS JONES." Those four words entitle a gentleman to make an offer to a lady. Is he not to make it for want of those four words? Ridiculous! Yet such is society.

Mr. Spoonbill (delighted). My own sentiments! Sir, you talk admirably.

Manager. I might hesitate to accept your compliment, but it is paid me by thousands. Last Wednesday, the young EARL OF ASTONSWIGGLE, calling to thank me for his rapturous honeymoon—by the way, you resemble his Lordship so much, that at first I thought he had come again; but you are the taller man—used your very words.

Mr. Spoonbill. La!

Manager. He did indeed. "In my adored JULIA," he said—why do you start?

Mr. Spoonbill (smirking). Nothing—only JULIA happens to be my fancy name.

Manager. Curious coincidence. But I was about, I fear, to betray confidence. (Takes down a large ledger.) Now—(murmurs to himself)—LADY LAVINIA, blue eyes, £10,000; HONOURABLE MISS ELDERBURY, golden hair, £12,000; MRS. VILLIKINS, a young widow, £500 a-year; MISS MARYGOLD, slightly lame, £900 a-year; hum, ha! MR. SPOONBILL, oblige me by looking into that Book of Beauty on that table, and indicating any face you prefer.

[MR. SPOONBILL, in some confusion, selects the picture of the MARCHIONESS OF HILDENBOROUGH (supposed to have been engraved for some such purpose).

Mr. Spoonbill. Something in this style, perhaps—but—if you haven't one like this, why—

Manager (archly). Knowing dog. (Looks into his ledger.) I know there's—yes—no—she's a brunette—ah! LEONORA MONTGOMERY—

that's it. MR. SPOONBILL, will your engagements permit you to be at the foot of the Duke of York's Column, on Tuesday, at two o'clock?

Mr. Spoonbill. Certainly, Sir.

Manager (writes a note and rings.

Enter CLERK). ST. CLARE, either you or DE DUMPKINS order round the brougham, and take this note to Cavendish Square. See the Countess, and—(whispers).

[Exit CLERK.

At two o'clock, Sir, then, be at the spot I have mentioned, and if a beautiful girl—I am sure I ought not to speak so of one whom I trust to hear of as MRS. SPOONBILL—I would say an enchanting young lady should ask you the way to—to Westminster Abbey—afternoon service,—I suppose (stily) that MR. SPOONBILL will be too much of a lady's man to leave her to find the way by herself.

Mr. Spoonbill (in ecstasy). Trust me, Sir.

Manager (aside). Not exactly. The fee, MR. SPOONBILL, is—let me look—(reads) "fortune in her own control"—"large black eyes"—"charming figure"—the fee, MR. SPOONBILL, is ten guineas—we'll say ten pounds!

Mr. Spoonbill (aghast). Ten pounds.

Manager (haughtily). Surely I cannot have been mistaken in supposing that I was dealing with a gentleman. However, the note has not yet been dispatched.

[Is about to ring.

Mr. Spoonbill (alarmed). Bless me, Sir, do not mistake me. Would you prefer notes, or gold? Here are both.

Manager (carelessly). As you will—the note if you like—it has only to go to Court's with about fifty more—or, stay, I may want some small change—give me the sovereigns. At two o'clock, then, MR. SPOONBILL. Do not keep a lady waiting. Au revoir. May your wooing be successful. (Exit MR. SPOONBILL). Ha! ha! ha! JINKS! (Re-enter ST. CLARE). You and SNOGGS mind he never gets in here again.

[Curtain falls.



De Clare. All right, CUDDY.

ACT II.

SCENE 1.—The Duke of York's Column.

Mr. Spoonbill (who has been waiting since twelve o'clock). One—two. There go the Horse Guards, and now—now. Whatever shall I say to her?—the sentence is out of my head.

Small Boy (to the Sentinel). Lobster, I say, keep an eye to that cove—blest if I don't think he wants to prig the pillar.

[Exit, whistling "Pop Goes the Weasel."

Enter LEONORA.

[She glances round—instantly detects her game—and approaches him timidly.

Leonora. I am sure I beg your pardon—I have left my carriage—and fear I have missed my way. Could you direct me to Westminster Abbey?

Mr. Spoonbill (in a flurry). Yes—O dear certainly—(points nervously and alternately to the County Fire Office and to the Horse Guards) there—that—I mean—it's not easy to find—at least for a lady—would you allow me to show you?

Leonora. O, would you be so very kind? I am sure I may trust myself with you.

[Takes his arm, and they descend the steps and walk about.

A quarter-of-an-hour elapses. Anybody can supply the dialogue. They ascend the steps.

Leonora. O, you flattering thing. Again? I can't promise. Certainly I can't now. But (archly), if you find, on reflection, that you so very, very much wish to see me again (I don't know why you should), perhaps dear MR. EDWARDS will tell you some way to manage it.

Mr. Spoonbill (coaxingly). Couldn't we do it without him? For to tell you the truth, he is dear. He made me pay a great deal for this pleasure—not that it is not worth all the money and more—only—

Leonora. Really? I am a child in these matters—I know nothing about money—but if it's an object to you—



Mr. Spoonbill (frightfully wounded). No, no, no, adored MISS MONTGOMERY, or if I might say—LEONORA.

Leonora. For shame! But what did you pay MR. EDWARDS—fifty pounds, perhaps?

Mr. Spoonbill. Not so bad as that—only ten.

Leonora (aside). Then I know my per-centage. Is that all? I hope you don't grudge it. Oh dear me. There's my uncle the BISHOP OF HIPPOPOTAMUS and my cousin the DUKE OF BALAKLAVA. I must go this instant. If you want to hear of me again, you creature, you know the way. *[Exit.]*

Mr. Spoonbill. What an angel!

[Curtain falls.]

ACT III.

SCENE 1.—Before MR. SPOONBILL'S Hotel.

Enter MR. SPOONBILL and MR. BONIFACE BRICK.

Mr. Spoonbill (in the fulness of his heart completing the narrative of his matrimonial speculation).—And so she went off.

Mr. Brick. You great stupid Ass. You Idiot. You Gull. You Ninnyhammer. You horrible Donkey. *[Exit.]*

SCENE 2.—Before the Matrimonial Office.

Mr. Brick. Now you stop there, you blockhead. Don't stir till I come out, or I'll— *[Enters.]*

[A pause, and then a fearful row heard inside, and some heavy falls.]

Enter from office ST. CLARE, with a black eye.

St. Clare. Oh my eye! *[Exit.]*

Enter from ditto DE DUMPKINS, with a bloody nose.

De Dumpkins. Oh my nose! *[Exit.]*

Re-enter MR. BRICK, flushed, but triumphant.

Mr. Brick. I've got back your ten pound, you fool. And now the sooner you are off to your native turnip-fields the better. Marry the first honest dairy-maid that will have you, and leave London alone. It's for asses like you that rogues set traps.

MR. SPOONBILL (to the audience).

My friend's a brick, and if he's rough he's right.
To Lincolnshire I'll go this very night;
So all take warning by this lesson grave,
And when you cut for partners, cut a knave.

Curtain falls.

BEADLEDOM IN DANGER.

THE following alarming placard has been posted on the walls, the pumps, the pound, and other parochial property of a place called ASHTED—a name for which we have searched, in vain, in the map of England.

ONE GUINEA REWARD.

WHEREAS on Sunday Evening last some one (from among a gang of disorderly youths who congregate in Berwick Street during the time of Divine Service at St. James's Church,)

THREW A STONE

AT THE

BEADLE,

WHICH STRUCK HIM ON THE HEAD.

The placard then proceeds to state that the authorities will pay "the above reward" to any one who will give such information as shall lead to the detection and conviction of the offender.

We can almost sympathise with the panic into which Ashted has been plunged by this outrage upon her beadle, who we trust rejoices in that thickness of skull which has protected so many of his fellow dignitaries under similar difficulties. It is evident that a blow is aimed at the head of a parochial state when it is aimed at the head of a Beadle, and a stone thrown in that sacred direction, is in fact defiance hurled at one of our most venerable institutions. In the Beadle may be said to be united, the staff of authority, the gold lace of dignity, and the cocked hat of power. It is due to his successors, that he should hand down that staff unbroken; that gold lace untarnished; and that cocked hat unstained by the mud of malice, or the stone of violence, to an expectant posterity. We are glad to see that Ashted has spoken out, and is ready to lay down its guinea, if not its life, in defence of its Beadledom.

AD PISTOREM BANBURIENSEM.

O BANBURY! Carmen non prius auditum
Musarum sacerdos will sing in thy praise,
And thy deeds (as non tenui pennâ he'll write 'em)
Shall be wafted by him to the world's latest days.

Yet let not thy old woman hasten to read it;
Its music won't praise her wherever she goes,
For we know atra cura post equitem sedet,
And we scorn the gay rings on her fingers and toes.

Nor shalt thou, Puritane one! long hated by many,
Be able my strains to command, or to hire 'em,
And from this, not thy vultus instantis tyranni
Shall shake this tenacem propositi virum.

Sed salve! mi CLARIDGE, tu, inclyte motor
Of the songs which this fidicen lyre will make,
Until te discet Iber et Rhodani poter
Et noscent Geloni thy Banbury Cake.

Non ebur nec aurum in domo renidet,
But think not, ye proud ones, his counter to scorn,
For cakes, piping hot, everlastingly hide it,
And leave not an inch for your art to adorn.

And such cakes! as I eat them, jam, jam efficaci
Do manus scientiæ, greatest of men!
For if cakes ever tempted the Moon from her place, I
Am sure thine would easily do it again.

Ah! Quid fles Asterie quem tibi candidi
Amici declare both a flirt and a rake,
Had he served you more vilely than ever yet man did, I
Could soothe you at once with a Banbury Cake.

Great Punch! cease to scourge the world's follies and leave 'em
One moment's repose from thy labours to take;
Consiliis misce stultitiam brevem,
And solace thy soul with a Banbury Cake.

And all ye who seek a lenimen laborum
For CLARIDGE your PURSELL or VEREY forsake,
For non Siculæ dapes tam dulcem saporem
Can give to mankind as his Banbury Cake.

COMFORT AND DANGER.



Y OUR Peace man rails at your Soldier pretty much in the same way, we can imagine, as the Bright Poker rails at the poor Poker that does all the work—standing quietly aloof, exposed to no hard knocks or blows, its comfort never disturbed, its brightness never sullied, but enjoying a most comfortable post, it entertains necessarily the most polished contempt for the poker that is every moment liable to be carried into the thick of the fire. In the same manner does MR. BRIGHT, who never stirs from his fireside, look contemptuously down, we fancy, upon the poor fellows, who do all the stirring work, and have to stand the brunt and fierce heat of every day's action, in order that he may enjoy his snug and comfortable position in doing nothing. In fact, not at all a bad

title for the Member for Manchester—and we make all men of cotton a present of the *nom de paix*—would be to call him "England's BRIGHT Poker."

A Companion to the Calendar.

NEWGATE has already its "Calendar of Crime," and, judging from the atrocities practised by the Russian soldiers in the East, NICHOLAS will soon be able to furnish an appropriate companion in his "Calendar of the Crime."

A SCOTCH FAST.—All the Spiders in Glasgow are, for the future, condemned to fast regularly once a week, for we see that no Flies are allowed to come out now on a Sunday.

HINT FROM KOSSUTH.—In attacking the Russian Bear, you will find no weapon efficient unless you also employ a Pole.



HOW THE HOLY MEN OF RUSSIA INSPIRE THEIR SOLDIERS.

THE MOTHERLESS CHILDREN OF FASHION.

We should be glad to know what has become of all the Mothers in the Aristocratic circles, for if we are to judge by the paragraphs in the fashionable papers, a Mother is a relationship that has become extinct. The article now in fashionable use, as a substitute for the once favourite character of a Mother, is described as a "maternal parent," with whom the young VISCOUNT SO-AND-SO is said to be "staying" when he happens to be at home with his Mamma. These are really not the days for this kind of stupid affectation, and our disgust at the absurdities of a highly artificial state of society is turned into a somewhat stronger feeling, when we find the nearest of natural ties deprived of its natural name in favour of a made-up title, more adapted to the cold phraseology of fashionable life. If this sort of thing is to be carried further, it will be necessary to have a fashionable dictionary for the guidance of those who may wish to render their relationships into the terms current in "society"—a phraseology which may fairly be termed the slang of the *salons*. We give a specimen of two or three words, which will be sufficient for the guidance of any one who has the patience to pursue the disagreeable task:—

Mother.—A maternal parent.

Father.—An author of one's being on the paternal side.

Brother.—A male relative in a similar degree of affinity to the same parental stock.

Son.—An individual of the masculine gender, deriving his being from a paternal and a maternal parent.

Grandmother.—The maternal parent of a maternal or a paternal parent.

Grandfather.—The paternal ditto of a ditto or ditto.

To those About to Marry.

THERE are certain noodles who complain in the papers of being fobbed by the Secretary to the Matrimonial Alliance Association out of various sums, from £25 to £90, laid out on the chance of future wives. Such simpletons do really deserve the wedding-ring; and ought to wear it,—but then it should be, in the nose.

ANATOMY OF A RUSSIAN GUY FAWKES.

An Irish surgeon, residing in Manchester has sent us an account of a *post mortem* held on the body of Mr. BAUGHN's effigy, which was burnt there the other day. The appearances observed were the following:—

The whole exterior exhibited a drab discolouration.

The chest presented an almost total absence of heart; the pericardium forming a kind of cyst, bag, or purse, resembling an old brown-paper cap, and exhaling a strong odour of Russian leather, communicated to it by a quantity of rancid oil, which constituted the *liquor pericardii*. The heart, or what remained of it, afforded throughout a specimen of fatty degeneration, and may be said to have consisted of tallow. The lungs were consolidated by a morbid deposit of a nature apparently bituminous, like pitch or tar, and the only air-tubes perceptible in them had the appearance of straw.

In the stomach, the liver attracted attention by its remarkable whiteness, which was owing to its structure having assumed a cottony character. The convolutions of the viscera also bore a singular resemblance to cotton-twist.

The head contained an average proportion of brain, but it had been all converted into lignine or woody fibre, disposed in bundles like deal shavings, which smelt powerfully of turpentine.

All these appearances were considered quite sufficient to account for the inflammation which terminated the patient's career.

The Foreign Vintage and the British Cellar.

THE extensive failure of the vintage, owing to the disease of the grape, will probably not occasion, in this country, an appreciable scarcity of wine. If every grape in Portugal has perished this season, there is little fear that England will be supplied the less plentifully on that account with Port.

REFORM IN THE ARMY.—It is pleasant to know that, if our soldiers in the Crimea are to have winter clothing of sheep-skin, they are not to be fleeced by clothing Colonels.



“GIVING THE OFFICE.”

Johnny R—ll. “I SAY, ABBY, MY OLD-UN, THE VESTMINSTER SESSIONS IS FIXED FOR THE 12TH. IF YOU AIN’T PREPARED WITH YOUR DEFENCE, YOU’D BETTER CUT.”

MENSCHIKOFF'S RETREAT.



BACK, bold Russians! "Back-wards!" shout;
Follow!—to the right about:
Fight, though, whilst you run away
Fight!—that is, the wounded slay.

Routed Cossacks, drive the lance
Through each crippled son of France,
Comrades, fly!—but as you go,
Kill the wounded British foe.

There's a General prostrate, see!
Bayonet him quick!—and flee.
There's another living yet,
Ha! unscrew his tourniquet!

Shoot the halt and stab the maimed;
Nay, lads! never be ashamed;
Hack and slash them now they're
down;
Let your swords win that renown!

Cut away, bold Major, cut,
On the helpless victims glut
All your soul: for liege lord NICK
Cut away; and cut your stick!

Cut the last with all your speed,
Then a Cross shall be your meed,
And an Order, let us hope:
Not a gibbet and a rope.

DE LUNATICO.

A PARAGRAPH appeared a few days ago in a Manchester paper informing the world that "a gentleman of low stature" has lately "been observed" to travel frequently during the last fortnight between London and Manchester. We should have thought that in these days of rapid locomotion a man might have made a few journeys to and fro without subjecting himself to remark; but it appears that in Manchester "different conjectures are made as to the cause of his eccentricity." These conjectures have, we find, terminated in the "general opinion that he has suddenly become possessed of a large fortune, and his brain has become affected." As if there were no very satisfactory reason for thus summarily returning a verdict of insanity on a man who has frequently travelled by rail, we are further informed, in confirmation probably of the theory of "the lost senses," that "he had three gold chains to his watch."

We should like to know in what way these gold chains are regarded as supplying the links of evidence required to prove a case of insanity. To us the circumstance of the three gold chains, coupled with the fact of frequent journeys by railway, would seem to afford proof of an abundance of caution, and a sensible desire to prevent the loss of a watch while travelling.

PAROCHIAL UNION IS STRENGTH.

A DEADLY dispute has lately been going on between two parochial paving boards, in a suburban neighbourhood. We are happy to announce that the feud has ceased, and that the Commissioners no longer seek to use the public paving stones for the purpose of paving the way to the gratification of their own ambition. It was a gratifying sight a few days ago to see the respective beadles presiding at a friendly paving act of a once disputed footpath, and superintending the union of "the flags" of the two lately hostile parties. We trust that the cement used on the propitious occasion will be durable, and that the kerbs will operate on the passions as well as the pathways of the neighbourhood.

A Walk beyond Walker.

Most people that we meet with call
The seat of war Sebastopol;
But that's not right, say some pe-ople;
You should pronounce it Sebastople.

ADVICE TO THE ORDNANCE.—Spare no expense in increasing the calibre of your guns. It will be a greater bore to the Enemy than to us.

ONE COMFORT.—Hardly our poor fellows may fare in the Crimea; but the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA won't have his Turkey this Christmas.

OUR HOLY WAR.

His Holiness the POPE has convened a meeting of Prelates to take into consideration the propriety of adding a new article to the Christian Faith, in the view of thus appeasing the wrath of Heaven, and averting the calamities which afflict the world. The Fisherman, whose successor Pius esteems himself, PETER, and eleven others, are not supposed by the Roman Pontiff to have settled the matter of belief above eighteen hundred years ago.

It is not for us to teach our Grandmother Rome to suck eggs; yet we would venture to suggest that the POPE might do something a little more direct in relation to the present crisis than minting a new mystery. Precedent for it would not be wanting. Did not sundry of his predecessors of holy memory promote and encourage divers crusades, inclusive of one against the Albigenses? Suppose, for the sake of argument, that the Albigenses and the Saracens were miscreants, who deserved to be exterminated with fire and sword. Can any thing less be said of NICHOLAS and his savages? Are they not a set of misbelieving cutthroats? That they are cutthroats we know, and of course the POPE considers them misbelievers. They don't believe in the whole of the Nicene Creed, and what, perhaps, is almost as bad, they don't believe in the POPE himself. They have persecuted the POPE's faithful as well as MAHOMET'S. They are now in arms, not only against us, heretics, but against the soldiers of the Church, our Allies. Now, then, is the time for his Holiness to come out in defence of his own. Could he not aid the French artillery by launching a fulmination against NICHOLAS? Our ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY does not do these things. But they are competent to the POPE: and a hearty anathema hurled at the Tyrant's head, would be worth some shells and rockets.

It is not probable that the Papal benediction, or any other, of a bullet would have the same effect as the grooves of a rifle, or the oval twist of a Lancaster gun. The ball would not be likely to go farther or straighter for a Latin benison and a spargefaction with holy water. Bullets thus consecrated, however, would be aimed more steadily and fired more sharply, by all who believed in them. The CZAR stamps his cannot-shot with a cross. Small blame to him for that, if any, but rather much the reverse, would be attributed by the BISHOP OF ROME were it not that the cross is a Greek instead of a Latin one. In place, therefore, of holding an idle synod at Rome, the POPE should repair to Paris, where he might crown the EMPEROR LOUIS NAPOLEON, and solemnly bless the French ammunition at the same time.

Coupled with this overt act, his HOLINESS might promulgate a Bull, denouncing NICHOLAS as the Great Thief of the World, and raising the hue and cry against him of all Christendom. The usual condition of remission upon penitence would of course be attached: but the offender held up in the mean time as a Bear to be hunted down, or rather a gigantic Rat to be baned.

In his last pastoral the POPE abused some person or persons very violently, but did not specify whom he meant. It is a pity that the thunders of the Vatican should sound so vaguely. They seem to roar at everybody in general, and nobody in particular: when there is somebody who has so loudly called them down.

To place the Church of Rome in a great moral position; to show her forth as the patroness of right and justice, and opponent of evil; to banish the recollection of winking pictures and sham apparitions, why cannot the POPE now make a demonstration against the CZAR? Is it because he wishes to convince Exeter Hall that he does not pretend to excommunicate and depose Sovereigns? Very likely!

Memento Mori.

SHOULD blessings of the dying fail
To rescue dear Miss NIGHTINGALE;
Nor a nation's prayers suffice
To stay Death's unrelenting hand;
She'll surely in another land
Be a Bird of Paradise.

"SLUMBER, MY DARLING."

ABERDEEN'S notion of the "Entente Cordiale" must be that it is something like "Godfrey's Cordial," for he has tried all he could to send both countries to sleep with it.

RUSSIAN DUTCH COURAGE.

THEY say the Russian soldiers have plenty of Raki served out to them previously to going into action. Certainly, the enemy is carrying on the war with spirit.

IMPROVEMENTS IN RUSSIA.—NICHOLAS ought to be very much obliged to LOUIS NAPOLEON, for he has declared it to be his intention next year, with the aid of his brave army, to repair the French Retreat at Moscow.

THE GRAND FEAST OF THE GRÆCO-COSSACK CHURCH.—Candlemass.



SOME PEOPLE NEVER CAN SPEAK THE TRUTH.

Man. "HERE YE-ARR—ALL 'OT, ALL 'OT."

Boy. "OH MY! WHAT A JOLLY CRAMMER!"

THE RANGE OF RUSSIAN FIRE.

WHATEVER doubt there may be that spontaneous combustion ever occurs in the human body, there exists ample proof that it often happens in warehouses. Cotton, which has been used in wiping oily machinery, is generally the material which ignites. This same cotton is a dangerous substance. So it seems from the following statement in the *Times* :—

"THE LATE ATTEMPTS AT INCENDIARISM IN MANCHESTER.—A man named BENJAMIN SELLERS was brought before the Manchester Magistrates yesterday, charged with having been taken by a Police-Officer between the blocks of warehouse property bounded on one side by Cross Street and on the other by Pall Mall, with a ball of cotton wool in his hands, to which he had applied a light, and which resembled in every respect the balls of cotton waste, with which so many attempts have recently been made to burn down warehouses in that town."

Since Cotton of a superior quality shows a disposition to succumb to NICHOLAS, it would not be wonderful were an inferior description of the same article to lend itself to the designs of the Russian Incendiary. There is Cotton in Manchester and elsewhere sufficiently wicked to be willing to serve him for a wick. Fellows who rejoice at the slaughter of our brave soldiers are quite capable of hiring themselves to the CZAR to injure their country by means of arson, and no doubt the CZAR is more than capable of employing them. Who can think there is any villany at which that miscreant would stick to gain his ends? Of course there must be some reason why "so many attempts have recently been made to burn down warehouses at Manchester." The most probable is Russian agency. A cross—holy symbol!—and the order of St. VLADIMIR, with a large sum of roubles to boot—would, of course, be the meed of any traitor who should contrive to burn down a British Dockyard. That such a reward has actually been offered for such a purpose there is every ground to suppose, that can be afforded by the barbarism and rascality of the enemy. At any rate, the supposition is likely enough to render it advisable to keep a sharp look-out on the strength thereof. Beware of JACK-THE-PAINTEROFF. Look out for GUY-FAWKESKI. Withal, be on the watch to prevent the EMPEROR NICHOLAS from insidiously attacking your arsenals and your stores with GREEK FIRE.

Aberdeen at Odessa.

WE learn from Odessa that a statue of LORD ABERDEEN, a statue that will, at least, last out the winter, for the statue is to be cast of the very best Russian tallow—a tallow statue of the Premier is about to be erected in the most prominent and public place of Odessa: the pedestal of Russian oak will bear this inscription, written in Russian pitch—"To the Saviour of Odessa."

THE BATTLE ROLL.

THE BATTLE OF INKERMANN.

TIME preserves the Spartan story of LEONIDAS's glory,
How with his true three hundred, Persia's swarms he held at bay—
Fame records the Switzers' daring, who Burgundian overbearing
Tamed, hundreds matched 'gainst thousands, on Morgarten's bloody day.

But Swiss nor Spartan annals contain no deed more glorious,
No feat of stubborn hardihood, 'gainst mightier odds victorious,
No list of nobler martyrs, no tale of bloodier slaughters,
Than that which shall have name, upon Britain's roll of fame,
By the title of Inkermann's affray.

Cloud-wreathed our camp was sleeping, when like serpents they came creeping,

Through the brushwood of the gorge where the dark Tchernaya flows;
Our picquets were wet and weary, and the mist lay dense and dreary,
And their guns were on the heights in face, or e'er the morning rose—
When from the fog-bank dashing, lit with their rifles' flashing,
With ninety great guns in their rear, all thundering and crashing,
In column fifty deep, through the scrub and copse-wood thrashing,
The gray-clad Russian hosts, with the foremost of our posts,
In desp'rate but unequal grapple close.

Back, slow and stern retiring, fall our picquets, but the firing
Has given the alarm to the sleepers in our camp;
All is ordering and arming—and mustering and forming,
Brigade upon brigade along the hill-crest—dark and damp.
Brown's gallant Light Division hold the slopes towards the sea;
To their right the sturdy Second—what though fasting men they be!
And CATICART, with the Fourth, none gallanter than he—
Coldstream and Fusilier and stalwart Grenadier!
Taking ground with a stern and steady tramp.

On come the Russians pouring, with yell and drunken roaring,
Hill-ward urging, up surging, like the leaping of a wave,
While mute and without motion, as a rock that breasts the ocean,
One to nine, stands that line of British brave.
And as back from off the rock-face the breakers start in spray,
So, shattered from that iron wall, the Russians fall away,
While howitzer and field-piece on the broken masses play,
And the bayonets flash bright in the rapid push of fight,
And the Minié reaps the harvest of the grave.

Still hurled back, but still ascending—shall the struggle have no ending?
What care they how many fall? Lives are cheap.
Our unshaken line is thinning, out-wearied ev'n with winning,
And the foe still pours on his columns deep.
Till the rock our soldiers fight on is slippery with blood,
And the dead dot all the slope, and the wounded fill the wood,
And as each Briton falls, there's another where he stood,
For the fight is hand to hand, a host against a band,
But the foe win no footing on the steep!

Slowly climbs the red round sun, as weary and foredone,
Their arms all stiff with striking, ammunition failing fast,
Our gallant handful still holds its place upon the hill,
And will hold it, come what may, to the last—
Three long long hours have past, since the awful strife begun,
When lo! upon our right, in good time, with nimble run,
Come the brisk and bronzed Zouaves, whom fighting serves for fun,—
Catching up the British cheer in chorus crouse and clear,
To the heart of the battle they have past!

Now when that dashing charge has made bloody space and large
In the serried Russian columns—now's the time!
One more effort as they reel! one rush of British steel
Down the slope they have vainly tried to climb!
Forth they dash, Line and Guards, their failing strength new-strung,
And on the Russian bayonets their sore-thinned ranks have flung,
Athrif for blood, as hunting-dogs upon their quarry sprung,
With revenge in every breast, for their bravest and their best—
Cut off in the promise of their prime.

So after nine hours striving, the foe-men backward driving,
We sent him bootless to his walls, before the sun went down.
Sixty-thousand strong at morning, the evening saw returning
A baffled forty thousand to the shelter of the town.
Yet of that sixty thousand—unshaken—like a rock—
Shoulder to shoulder—man to man—in adamant lock,
A bare eight thousand bayonets of Britain stood the shock!
And their country weeps the slain, but the burden of our pain
Is as nothing to the blaze of their renown!

MR. BRIGHT'S LEG IN RUSSIA.



RIESTS show the arm-bone of CHARLEMAGNE at Aix-la-Chapelle; the bone enclosed in a model arm of gold. In like manner, and to all future Muscovites, will they show JOHN BRIGHT's leg at St. Petersburg. When Mr. BRIGHT was burned at Manchester, the police, we are told, "secured one of his legs." This leg, we learn from exclusive and authentic information, has been purchased by certain Manchester Greeks—Greeks of Cottonopolis—and will be forwarded, as a relic of the martyr in Russia's cause, to the EMPEROR NICHOLAS. The BRIGHT leg will be duly consecrated by the Greek bishops, and be carried under a magnificent canopy around the boundaries of the city. It is hardly to be wondered at that one of Mr. BRIGHT's legs should find itself in Russia, seeing his heart has been there long ago. However, there can be no doubt that he has put his foot in it this time.

"CUCUMBERS AGREES WITH US!"

"PICKLED cucumbers agrees with us," said MRS. GREEN, a Jewess. "Our peoples eats enormous quantities of pickles during the pass-over." This was given in solemn evidence by a mother in Israel on Saturday last, struck forth by the truth-eliciting JAMES in presence of MR. BARON MARTIN. "Pickles agrees with us!" At first there seems little in this declaration of the Hebrew mind as bearing on the Hebrew stomach; but a philosopher, like Mr. Punch, sees in the words the whole wilderness before him, and the wandering Israelites yearning for their cucurbitaceous provender. "Cucumbers agrees with us," says MRS. GREEN, thousands of years after the Wandering; attesting by that simple declaration at once the antiquity and unchangeableness of Hebrew bowels. "We remember the fish which we did eat freely in Egypt, the cucumbers, and the *abattachim*," lament the weary ones of the Desert. They longed for the flesh-pots, the fish-pots, and the cucumbers. As it was in Egypt, so it is now in the Minorities!

We believe that MR. DISRAELI attributes much of the success of his eloquence to the fact that he is a great devourer of cucumbers. His Caucasian stomach is true to its traditions. "Cucumbers agrees with him!" Physiologists who delight to discover the source of outward actions in the nutriment taken into the inward stomach would, we doubt not, prove that MR. DISRAELI when he spoke his boldest, spoke biggest cucumbers. What, too, are those sharp and acid points? Are they not words of exquisite keenness? By no means: they are no other than gherkins, pickled in the very finest vinegar. "Cucumbers agrees with him!"

With what a beautiful antiquity is the cucumber of Israel invested. Thousands of years still lie upon it, freshly as morning bloom! Its blossoms are yellow with immortal gold—the pure gold of Egypt. How do the prophets delight to speak of it! "The daughter of Zion," says ISAIAH, "is left like a cottage in a vineyard, like a lodge in a garden of cucumbers!" And again—"As a scarecrow in a garden of cucumbers keepeth nothing, so are their gods of wood." And even in our time, does the gentile mind acknowledge and do compliment to the Judaic love of cucumbers: hence, in the *Gardener's Chronicle*, a short while since, we read the advertised virtues—virtues of great precocity and great and enduring abundance—of "the Young Jewess," a cucumber of excellent price. Reader, when you behold—say a Jew clothesman—munching a cucumber, do inward reverence to that cucurbitaceous Hebrew; for you behold in him a living antiquity; an unit of the yearning multitudes who, MOSES-led into the wilderness, clamoured for the fish they did freely eat in Egypt, together with "the cucumbers." And tens and tens of centuries have passed, and a mother in Israel solemnly attests in the Court of Exchequer that during the passover "our peoples eats enormous quantities of pickled cucumbers." The PHARAOHS are shadows; thinnest, and dimmest of shades; but the Jew survives to cry old clothes, and still "cucumbers agrees with him!"

Too OBVIOUS.—Why is the next portion of MACAULAY's *History of England* like the Premier?—Because everybody wishes it was out.

GERMAN TINDER.

THERE'S a certain sort of Fungus,
Called *Polyporus Fomentarius*
By a learned few among us;
Or *Boletus Igniarius*.
But, beside these, it has two
Names that less in length of wind are:
One of these is Amadou,
And the other German Tinder.

This same Tinder, German hight,
Fire so sensitively catches
That 'twas used to strike a light,
Ere the time of Congreve matches.
If thereon the least spark fall,
Straight a burning zone about it
Spreads, until the Tinder all
Burns, and glows red-hot throughout it.

Would another German thing
Were as quick of inflammation!
Then a spark might England fling,
And ignite the German nation.
Thus a noble fire impart,
Courage Tyranny to hinder,
Could but that—the German heart—
Catch and burn like German Tinder.

THE CANT OF CRITICISM.

THE *Athenæum* has lately become affected with the "serious" cant of the day, and the "good young man" who does the dramatic criticisms takes the opportunity, while noticing a deservedly unsuccessful drama at the Haymarket, to give a few dismal groans over the fact that the comic muse has chosen a variety of subjects for ridicule. The dramatic reporter in question sustains the "serious" character of the present day by an exhibition of that customary mixture of melancholy and malice which so often renders the modern "saint" as great a nuisance to himself as he would wish to be disagreeable to others.

If the *Athenæum* really objects to a joke, or at all events to laughter, it should avoid the solemn absurdities in which it is apt to indulge, for if it really hates ridicule, it should abstain from making itself ridiculous. In conclusion, we have only to say that though not affected by the saturnine horror of the *Athenæum* to everything in the shape of gaiety, and though we think that even history may be fairly employed as a means of satirising vice, folly, and crime, we do object to the clumsy allusion to the possibility of our having "Comic Prayer Books," a contingency which the *Athenæum* profanely and stupidly alleges to be the subject of "fair speculation."

RAILWAY CHEAP LITERATURE.

"SIR,—BEING anxious to emulate the noble example set by MESSRS. WINDOWLEDGE & Co., I shall be happy, also, to contribute to the amount of 'Railway Cheap Literature' that is being sent out by Government for the relief of the wounded soldiers in the East. Accordingly, I beg to forward you 100 yards of 'new and popular songs'; of those very songs that formed part of the valuable stock of the late lamented MR. CATNACH, whose mantle, at his decease, I purchased. In addition to the above, which comprise something like 1000 songs, I also beg to offer 100 of the very best marbles that can be picked out of the rich museum I have established in my justly-celebrated 'Marble Halls'; and I only hope, Sir, that these same marbles may have the effect of making the hated Russian quickly knuckle down.

"I will not say anything more, for fear you should think I wish to puff my far-famed establishment, which is well known along every line, and in every domestic circle and Square of the metropolis, and the united, or at present disunited, world.

"I remain, Sir, Yours, modestly and patriotically,

"GULIELMUS PITT,
"(Toy and Marble Warehouse, Seven Dials.)"

"Omnibus Rebus."

WHY does an Omnibus conductor always try a silver fourpenny-piece with his teeth?—To prove that it's a "fourpenny Bit."

A NEW TITLE.—The last new title for MR. BRIGHT and the Manchester party is—"The Cotton-Miller and his Men."



SCENE.—A BEDROOM IN SEBASTOPOL.

Old Gentleman (who is rather deaf and very sleepy). "SOMEBODY KNOCKING AT THE DOOR—COME IN!"

"OUR EXISTING DRAMATISTS."

OUR energetic contemporary, the *Daily News*, has made a most timely discovery; he has found out a batch of English dramatists. Last week, reviewing the *Game of Speculation* at the Lyceum, a *Game* in which CHARLES MATHEWS is the finest of trump cards; the quintessence of assurance; extracting even an elixir from the base quality of impudence, —the *News* says of the piece very profoundly, "it is a comedy in the true sense of the word, and entitles its author, MR. LAWRENCE, to be regarded as one of the ablest of our existing dramatists." There is a coldness of impudence, quite Cossack in its temperature, with which we rob the French of their goods, and then boast of them as of our own manufacture. MR. LAWRENCE "nims" *Mercadet*, the original French cambric, from the pocket of M. BALZAC, picks out the owner's name, and then, with English ink that ought to blush scarlet in the employment, writes his own peculating name in the corner—"SLINGSBY LAWRENCE!" He becomes an "existing" dramatist! When IKEY SOLOMONS twitches the French watch from the foreigner's pocket, straightway IKEY SOLOMONS is, by the act, "one of the ablest of our existing watchmakers!"

This crowing and clucking remind us of MRS. GRUNDY'S fowls; fowls that continually disturbed her neighbours with their notes of self-exultation. "What wonderful layers are MRS. GRUNDY'S fowls!" was the common cry. "By the noise they make, some of 'em must lay twice or thrice a day. Most uncommon fowls!" Now, it happened that they never laid a single egg. Nevertheless, MRS. GRUNDY took an especial pride in the fowls; and smiled benignly when the neighbours spoke of MRS. GRUNDY'S poultry as such wondrous layers!

MRS. GRUNDY was a great consumer of eggs. Eggs for breakfast; eggs in custards, eggs in pancakes, in almost everything edible, eggs. Well, every day—on some days twice or thrice—MOLLY the maid would be sent for eggs; as MRS. GRUNDY thought and paid for, fresh, new-laid eggs.

MOLLY returns from her errand. She lifts the yard-gate latch with the key, and enters the premises, a basket on her arm, and in that basket half-a-dozen eggs. Immediately, all MRS. GRUNDY'S fowls begin

to cluck—cluck—cluck—and the cocks to crow—as if the eggs were their own offspring in the germ—cluck!—cluck!—cluck!—cock-a-doodle-doo!—cock-a-doodle-doo!—and all, with the loudest voice of assurance, as though the eggs were newly dropt and home-laid.

And what was the fact? The eggs were invariably French eggs. Eggs, shipped at Calais, and sold to English shopkeepers. Nevertheless, not one of these eggs was ever brought into MRS. GRUNDY'S premises that MRS. GRUNDY'S fowls did not vaunt their production. "Cluck!—cluck!—cluck!"—"Cock-a-doodle-doo!—cock-a-doodle-doo!"

MRS. GRUNDY'S fowls were thereupon regarded by the neighbourhood as among the most prolific of "our existing layers!"

NO MORE TIME-TABLES.

It has long been agreed on all hands that nobody can understand a Railway Time-Table. The Railway Companies, acting on this conclusion, have apparently come to the sensible determination that inasmuch as the public cannot obtain any information from a Time-Table, it would be useless to give the public an opportunity of procuring one. The Great Western seems to proceed on this principle; and accordingly, though there are several branch offices of the Company in various parts of London, where it is advertised that "Time-Tables may be had here," an inquiry for one is pretty sure to be answered by the exclamation "None Left. Sold." The last word being intended perhaps to describe the condition of the applicant. In the absence of an official guide, it is sometimes customary to rely on a non-authorised publication, a process which leads you, or rather misleads you to the Terminus some ten minutes after the starting of one train, and some two hours before the departure of another, an interval which gives you leisure for inspecting the extensive premises of the Company.

THE EMPEROR'S PLATE.—It was always thought to be the best Silver, but it is nothing better than OLD NICKEL.



Stranger. "MY FRIEND! I WISH TO GO TO EXETER HALL."
 Operative. "WELL, WHY THE DEUCE DON'T YOU GO THEN?"

THE SPEECH FROM THE THRONE.

(As originally sketched by LORD AB-ED-N, but summarily and nominously rejected by his Lordship's Colleagues.)

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

It had not been intended that Parliament should re-assemble before Christmas, but the prescient sagacity and prompt energy of the noble lord who is good enough to be the head of my Government, at once foresaw a necessity, and provided a remedy. Resources are wanting, and (as is sportively observed by the principal comedian in the festive entertainments of the approaching holidays)—here we all are.

War with my ancient Christian ally, Russia, is still proceeding, and it is to be regretted that the temper of the nation is such that though the noble lord at the head of my Government is most desirous to make peace at any price, the country will not listen to such counsel. Under such circumstances there is no alternative but the reluctant prosecution of hostilities.

You will have learned by the papers and (at very considerably later periods) by the Government despatches, that since your dissolution in August, three victories, those of Alma, of Balaklava, and of Inkermann, have shed a baleful lustre upon British arms. The noble lord at the head of my Government will, in his place here, explain to you that these victories are entire mistakes, and that had a policy, martial enough to save appearances, but devoid of aggravation to the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, been adopted by the leaders of the allies, peace, which is the object of war, would have been more facile of attainment. But at the same time, as the victories have been won, they must be accepted and registered as brilliant errors.

The conduct of the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA and of the KING OF PRUSSIA is, in the opinion of the noble lord at the head of my Government, most admirable. It is matter of congratulation that I have been enabled to enter into an alliance with the former power, by which Austria is, in the most solemn and categorical manner, bound to act with the strictest regard to contingencies, modified by circumstances, dependent upon probabilities, and interpreted by eventualities. Thus assured of the hearty co-operation of Austria, we regard with equal respect and pleasure the impartial attitude assumed by Prussia, who negatives all incentives to demonstration until the ultimate fortune of the complicated struggle shall be evident to the weakest intellect—I allude, of course, to that of the Sovereign of Prussia.

I receive the most flattering assurances from the PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES that he hopes ere long to be able to relieve me of any trouble with reference to Cuba, and later he trusts to be enabled to make a similar communication in regard to Canada. The noble lord at the head of my Government hopes that no jealous or hostile feeling will be permitted to mar either pacific probability.

From my ally the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH it is impossible to deny that England is receiving the most cordial co-operation in carrying on the war, and the noble lord at the head of my Government, who has never ceased to entertain unfriendly feelings towards his Imperial Majesty, can only see in this proof of his readiness to join in an unjust quarrel an evidence of the noble lord's original wisdom in impeding, as far as possible, the alliance of the nations.

GENTLEMEN OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS,

It is not the fault of the noble lord at the head of my Government that we are engaged in this most expensive and objectionable contest, but as such is the case, the nation must pay for it. A great deal of money is wanting, and the noble lord suggests to you that by imposing the most disagreeable taxation you do your best to disgust the nation with the war.

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

You will not have to discuss a single measure of importance, and the noble lord at the head of my Government wishes to impress upon you that another of the evils of this war is that the whole time of the Ministers is taken up in reading the newspapers, and therefore that no attention can be given to the preparation of bills.

As soon as the measures regarding the militia, for the passing of which you have been specially summoned, shall be enacted, which the noble lord at the head of my Government thinks had better be done without discussion, you can all return to your country residences, where it is to be wished that you may enjoy a merry Christmas, rendered still more joyous by the assurance, which the noble lord at the head of my Government requests me to give you, namely, that he has not the most distant idea of resigning office, "unless pedal propulsion should expedite antiquated imbecility." [Last words supposed to have been surreptitiously appended by VISCOUNT P—N.]

WANTED A PRISONER.

We wish people would say distinctly what they want when they advertise in the newspapers. We often see an intimation that somebody wants a clerk, when he is apparently looking out for a thief, for as we have already pointed out, honesty and starvation are not always compatible. In the following instance we think the advertiser must be on the look-out for a prisoner. The extract is from the *Exeter Flying Post* of a recent date—

CLERK WANTED.

WANTED in an Office in the Country, a respectable Young Man as Clerk. He must be a good Accountant, and one who can bear much confinement. Salary £15 per annum, with Board and Lodging. The most unexceptionable character will be required.—Apply by letter, prepaid, stating age, to A. B., Post Office, Newton Abbot.

The young man who is to "bear much confinement" on £15 a year, had better enlist in the Russian service, get taken by the English, and he would be considerably better off as a Russian prisoner than as a captive clerk in an English office. Instead of getting up subscriptions to add to the comforts of the subjects of the CZAR who have fallen into our hands in the course of the war, it would be far more worthy of British benevolence to get up a subscription for the poor ill-paid clerks who are bearing "much confinement" on very little salaries.

A Saint Militant.

BEFORE every sortie of the Russians the image of ST. NICHOLAS is carried round the batteries. As there is some doubt of the validity of Russian orders of Saintship, it is probable that this act is intended to put the "Canonization" of the CZAR's sainted namesake beyond all question.

It is proposed that henceforth pilgrims to the saint's shrine, shall carry on their shoulders bomb-shells, instead of scallop-ditto, and in their hands, instead of the usual pilgrim's staff, a gun-rammer.

SPECULATIVE FRENCHMEN.

SOME desperate Parisian gamblers, as a last resource, are actually going to put "*La Morale en Actions*," for the purpose of disposing of them on the Bourse, only we are rather afraid that they will find *La Morale* to be at a terrible discount in that quarter.

THE TOAST OF THE "AGAMEMNON."—"A *Lyon's* share of all the fighting."

THE PARVENU AND THE BOTTLE-HOLDER.

"The greatest interest is excited," says a Paris Correspondent, "about a conversation which has taken place at St.-Cloud, between the EMPRESS and LORD PALMERSTON." On reading this, Mr. Punch immediately wrote to both, for their notes of the conversation in question, and as he thinks that its publication may be serviceable, he prints it without the slightest hesitation, or the formality of asking leave of either of his above-mentioned friends.



SCENE.—After Dinner at St.-Cloud.

Parvenu. In that case, my dear LORD PALMERSTON, it is clear that—by the way, what a pity you don't smoke. (*Lights cigarette.*)

Bottle-holder. I have been told so, your Majesty. They say that a cigar in one's mouth gives one so much time to answer a question. I have usually an answer ready. *Apropos* of nothing, CLARENDON smokes.

Parvenu. Right—he is nothing. Else the Foreign Secretary of England might, one would say, have been the Envoy naturally selected for a foreign mission. I am the gainer, of course, *cela va sans dire*, but what shall we say of a certain Ministry?

Bottle-holder (demurely). Whatever your Majesty may please to say of that Ministry it will be for me to listen to with resignation. I would add that your Majesty is skilful in the use of language, but I must doubt whether it will occur to you to speak more severely, as regards that estimable body, than people speak in England.

Parvenu. Ah! Let us omit censure. How much more pleasant to speak in eulogy of the chivalry of an able and popular statesman, who consents to share the obloquy cast upon his colleagues, and who descends to an inferior station that he may the more effectually serve them at need.

Bottle-holder. I have reason to believe, your Majesty, that my motives are even more emphatically recognised by my colleagues than are my services. [*They exchange glances.*]

Parvenu. That is well, for then, no matter what may occur, there can be no charge of treachery or insincerity. This is a malicious world, and cruelly apt to place wrong constructions upon actions. Let us project our minds into the future, and suppose that something has occurred upon which (but for the understanding you describe) our friend ABERDEEN might look unfavourably.

Bottle-holder. Does your Majesty mean a glorious triumph of the Allied Arms?

Parvenu. To re-arrangements at home, calculated to conduce to many such triumphs.

Bottle-holder. I will not affect to misunderstand your Majesty. I am to suppose that I have the honour of being here in a different capacity, say that of Foreign Secretary?

Parvenu. You are too modest, my dear LORD PALMERSTON. In very early life you recollect that it was feared that characteristic might injure your rise—how delightful to see the freshness of youth still adhering to you. Possibly, if I mentioned you as PREMIER, you might almost get up a blush.

Bottle-holder. We have arranged with ABERDEEN, your Majesty, who has a great deal of blushing for himself to do, that he shall undertake that duty for us all. I venture to think that I can bear the dazzling vision your Majesty has been pleased to raise.

Parvenu. "A Scotch mist clears away, and discovers an English Minister at the head of English affairs." After that stage direction, my Lord, what follows?

Bottle-holder (with animation). Not England—she has followed long enough. It is time she began to lead.

Parvenu (imperturbably). Never excite yourself. What do you mean by lead? Do you take the word from the card-table? Because, if so, you must know that no one can lead out of his turn.

Bottle-holder. I admit it, your Majesty, but when we are sick of irre-

solute play, of being deceived, of having (*indignantly*) our best hearts forced, until they are covered by the adversary's spades—

Parvenu (gravely). Enough—enough—France, too, has her account to settle with that accursed Crimea.

Bottle-holder (recovering himself). Then, your Majesty, it is possible to demand a change of partners. In other words—will your Majesty pardon my being for a moment in earnest—if England finds that out of all Europe, France alone is her friend, rely upon it that England does not play again the old foolish wretched game which recognised neutrality where it could not obtain friendship. In presence of Russia, the great powers shall be my—shall be England's friends, or her enemies.

Parvenu. You cannot make them the first. Despotism Austria, for instance, can never really be the friend of democratic England.

Bottle-holder. No, your Majesty, but thank Heaven, I can—I could, I should say (under the circumstances you were pleased to suppose) make Austria our bitter and avowed enemy.

Parvenu. Why, while her ruler is FRANCIS JOSEPH—

Bottle-holder. May I—with apologies for the interruption—suppose the name to be JOSEPH, without the FRANCIS. The two syllables could be got rid of at slight expense and by simple process, which would have the additional advantage (*slowly*) of involving the fall of the House of HAPSBURG, the regeneration of Hungary, and of Italy, the triumph of one GIUSEPPE, surnamed MAZZINI, and the establishment of a permanent barrier against Cossack aggression—all trifles, but fortunately, to be obtained at trifling cost, if one happened to want them.

Parvenu. Continentals certainly give England credit for looking to such results without a shudder. Possibly, the nerves of France may be less firm.

Bottle-holder. What if she should invigorate them by a plunge into the Lower Rhine. We promise not to steal her clothes while she is bathing, as a particular friend of your Majesty's and mine observed.

Parvenu. With that understanding, I could afford to let the people of France see the people of Austria allowed to imitate my subjects (*gravely*) and choose their own ruler.

Bottle-holder (gravely). Without venturing to pronounce an opinion upon your Majesty's economy or means, I can assure you that the next Ministry of which I may have the honour of forming part, will have no sentimental traditions in reference to Germany.

Parvenu. Then I may say, as I said just now—in that case, my dear LORD PALMERSTON, it is clear that—

[*But a message from the EMPRESS to the effect that thé était prêt, here summoned the gentlemen from their wine.*]

A FAIR WAY OF RAISING THE WIND.



THE following statement has appeared in the *Connaught Watchman* :—

"A priest in a neighbouring parish has fallen on a singular, and, as it would seem, successful, device for replenishing his pocket at the expense of HER MAJESTY'S Service. He has announced from the altar that no married men will be taken into the militia, while all bachelors are liable to be balloted for, or even impressed. Acting on this hint, backed by his strongest recommendation to do so, the eligible bachelors

of his flock have very extensively entered into the matrimonial state. As each marriage secures a handsome fee to his reverence, his advice was not very disinterested."

The dodge by which this particularly jolly priest has turned an honest penny is not likely to injure HER MAJESTY'S Service to any alarming extent: and it is only to be wished that gentlemen of his cloth would generally preach in a similar spirit about matrimony. He has quite a right to puff his own business. Let nobody envy his Reverence his harmless gains. Connaught contains some wild lads whom his sermons will have rendered steady. Those discourses will probably not be found to prevent the Connaught Militia from obtaining its complement of recruits: although they may thin the ranks of a certain brigade of Connaught Rangers. Moreover, in time of need the married men will doubtless fight for their wives and children, and so (in Connaught certainly) will all the bachelors.

FACT FOR MR. GOUGH.—GENERAL BOSQUET led the French to glory but GENERAL BOSKINNESS brought the Russians to grief.

THE FIRST RAILWAY IN AUSTRALIA.



out of the line of the Australians, if we may judge by the description contained in the following paragraph, extracted from the *Sydney Empire*, of the 18th of September:—

"SIR CHARLES and LADY HOTHAM and a considerable number of the distinguished officials having taken their places in the train, which only consisted of four carriages, the signal was given to proceed. The steam was turned on, but the iron horse would not budge an inch. Great was the dismay depicted on the face of the engineer and engine-driver. The valve was opened to its widest extent, and the pantings of the over-laden steam horse were quite alarming. The band of the 40th struck up a merry tune to hide the confusion, but still the train would not move. Accordingly a whole host of railway porters and policemen set to work and pushed it along the line by main force for a hundred yards, when it again came to a dead stop. More police then came on, and a stout gentleman in a dress coat, ready for the banquet, came behind and applied his shoulder vigorously to the buffer of the last carriage, and at last, by slow degrees, the train moved, amid shouts of laughter from the assembled thousands in Flinders Street."

This is not exactly the way to go a-head in an infant Colony, and though the police may be considered to embody the great principle implied in the words "move on!" we do not think "the force" should be used in applying that principle to an obstinate railway train. Even the police, however, could not make the Hobson's Bay locomotive "move on!" and it was only when "a stout gentleman in a dress coat" applied his shoulder to the "buffer"—and it became a question of "buffer against buffer," that the train moved in earnest, and the old buffer triumphed over the new one. As it is probable that the stout party in the dress coat will not be always at hand to put his shoulder to the wheel of a refractory railway carriage, it is to be hoped that the Australians will get up their steam a little better than they did on the inauguration of their first Railway. Later advices are, however, not very encouraging, for a more recent extract informs us that:—

"As the six o'clock train was leaving Sandridge a slight derangement occurred which prevented its progress, so that the passengers had to alight and walk up to town. The stoppage was understood to arise from some of the fire bars having fallen out, so that the fire could not be sustained."

What with an engine that won't strike out, and a fire that won't keep in, we fear that the railway system must be considered in a state of infancy, or even babyhood in Australia.

MANCHESTER PEACE-GOODS.

(Disrespectfully dedicated to MR. BRIGHT.)

NEVER mind about the kicks, so long as you get the halfpence.
Britons, strike home—but mind, the strike musn't come near a Cotton-mill.

Better to lick the dust than lick the enemy.
There is but one Manchester, and the whole world is its profit.
An Englishman's Home is his Castle, but then it should be a Castle, not for fighting but for feasting, like the Castle at Richmond, where there are no charges but hotel charges, and the only dead men are empty bottles.

The best Bail for keeping the Peace is your Bale of Manchester Goods.

Every gun fired makes a hole in our profits.
The mill to grind Old England young again is, it must be confessed, a Cotton Mill.

Sooner than Manchester lose its Peace, sacrifice the whole of England.

The real pillars of Great Britain are the Chimneys of Cottonopolis.
No Securities like Government Securities!

THE POISONERS OF THE PRESENT CENTURY.

THE *Morning Post* reports an assemblage of medical and scientific gentlemen, which took place last week at Birmingham, to discuss a question of much importance to the interior. The stomach is supposed to be principally a receptacle for two classes of substances; food and physic. Together with these, however, in point of fact, it admits a considerable quantity of rubbish, commingled with them by certain rascals. The consideration of what measures the Legislature should adopt to put an end to this villany constituted the business of the meeting, in the course of which a gentleman named POSTGATE made some statements which are calculated to make us open our eyes and shut our mouths.

We turn up our noses at the poor creatures who subsist upon potatoes; we had better turn them down again. We flatter ourselves that we eat bread; but bread, according to MR. POSTGATE, in many cases, consists of the despised root in the ratio of a quarter to a peck of meal. To a proportionate extent the stomach and system of the consumer are cheated out of nitrogen, which potato-flour does not contain. But whilst the bread is minus nitrogen, it is plus alum, together with a quantity of water amounting to 50 per cent. To call such a mixture the staff of life is ridiculous. For staff, read stuff, and omit life—or substitute the reverse. The stuff cannot be capable of supporting life; and thus, as a jocular chemist may have remarked, though deficient in nitrogen it abounds in azote. It may be necessary to explain to children in arms that azote means that which does not support life, and that it is an *alias* of the substance now called nitrogen, which was applied thereto when chemistry was, like themselves, in its infancy.

By the same authority we are given to understand that we are apt to be much mistaken when we think we are helping ourselves to cream; anatto and turmeric communicate the appearance by which we delude ourselves: we add little to our tea or coffee but colouring matter, which may be defined as azure or sky-blue disguised with drab.

It further appears that grains of Paradise, if they are not to be taken *cum grano salis*, are usually not to be bought without a great many grains of linseed. This fact concerns all who delight in beer, and do not brew their own. Grains of Paradise are brewers' grains—albeit, unfit for pigs. The brewer who cheats his customers therewith has himself been cheated by his druggist; and those who place their paradise in beer, and drink his, get but a very slight taste of their fool's paradise.

Honey, generally supposed to be derived from the bloom of plants, is stated to be made in great part out of bakers' flour, to which are added raw sugar and pipeclay by the dishonest imitators of the industrious bee.

Peppermint lozenges, instead of having sugar for their base, have a much baser substance, namely, plaster of Paris, so that when swallowed they become changed from confections into concretions. The plaster of Paris is qualified with a little starch—but that, at any rate, would not prevent its stiffening. MR. POSTGATE also says that the acid of acidulated drops is the sulphuric: whilst tartaric acid is, in the proportion of 30 per cent, no acid at all, but merely an astringent, viz., alum: a sort of tartaric acid that must have been invented in Tartarus.

It does not appear that the meeting succeeded in devising any adequate punishment for the adulteration of diet and medicine. The best would be to make an offender subsist on adulterated diet till he was ill, and then to physic him with adulterated medicine.

The Russian Bear and his Cubs.

IT is understood that the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA has bestowed the order of something or other upon his two sons for "the bravery they displayed both before and after the battle of Inkermann." We cannot compliment the "licked cubs" of the CZAR on a display of courage at once premature and tardy, for the valour that intrudes itself before a battle begins must be as much out of place as the heroism that is exhibited after a battle is over. We suspect that there is a good deal of Russian bravery of the same inopportune kind, and we confess we have greater admiration for the courage of the allies, which makes itself manifest at the exact time when it is wanted.

SUPERNATURAL SCIENCE.

By the account of JUDGE EDWARDS they still seem to be communicating with the spirit world in America. Can the Judge inform us whether spirit-writing can be accomplished with a Medium Pencil?

A FACT FOR THE EDUCATION COMMISSIONERS.—A pupil at a ragged school was asked the other day to name some of the tribes expelled from Canaan by the Israelites. The boy answered "Hivites, Jebusites, and Puseyites!"



WHAT OUR NAVVIES ARE LIKELY TO DO.

POUR ENCOURAGER LES AUTRES.

A CERTAIN LORD, lately commanding a Cavalry regiment, has resigned his Command and retired from the service at the most critical period of the Campaign. The act has excited much remark among the Army, not flattering (we are bound to add) to the officer setting such an example at such a time.

The officer has returned to England. How has he been received in that quarter in which, for the soldier, stands the fountain of honour? With coldness—with marked disfavour—or with that chill and cutting civility, which is bitterer than reproof?

That officer has more than once had the honour of being the guest of the QUEEN.

Heaven forbid that at this moment MR. PUNCH should approach HER MAJESTY with aught but the language of affectionate loyalty. But the next time he dines at Windsor, he will certainly take the liberty of hinting to HER MAJESTY, in the most delicate way, that this is not exactly the thing to encourage the self-devotion which, at this moment is offering up the best blood of Britain on the heights before Sebastopol.

Hint to the Commissariat.

"MR. PUNCH,—As an article of food which would be popular in the Crimea, especially in the Scotch regiments, is there no way of preserving or potting sheep's head? If sheep's head were sent out to the army, there can be no doubt that the officers and men would find the pluck.

"Permit me to subscribe myself,

"BLUE APRON."

"Newgate Market, Dec. 1854."

"OFFENSIVE AND DEFENSIVE."

GAY GORDONS, fling up every bonnet!
Drawn—discussed—settled—ratified, fast—
With the broad seal of England upon it,
Here's the Treaty with Austria at last!

'Twill foil Russian projects so sinister;
'Twill finish the war—clear and clean;
And better than all, 's Prime Minister
'Twill secure us "*Ce cher* ABERDEEN."

In short all the Tadpoles and Tapers
Declare 'tis a masterly *coup*:
Here's none of your one-sided papers;
'Tis *off-ensive* and *de-fensive* too.

"*Off-ensive*?" the country will say,
"The description is perfectly true:"
For, as *Hamlet* remarks in the play,
"There's offence in't, and much offence too."

Offensive it is—beyond doubt:
For grievously all it offends,
Who would see Right and Wrong fight it out,
And not shaking hands, like good friends.

Offensive to all who remember
What Austria ever has been,

Still trampling out Freedom's least ember
Wherever its glimmer is seen.

To all who, for Italy feeling,
Would loose Austria's gripe from her throat;
Who would listen to Hung'ry's appealing,
And lend her a hand 'gainst the Croat.

To all who, by history's warning,
Have learnt to believe that the night
Must still be at odds with the morning,
As darkness is hostile to light.

To all who in gen'rous aversion,
Hold tyranny, perjury, lies,
Priest-craft, state-craft, and crushing coercion
Of minds, bodies, hearts, heads, and eyes.

Yes, "*Offensive*," whate'er its conditions,
Any treaty with Austria must be.
But this has "*defensive* provisions."
"*Defensive*" of what? Let us see.

Defensive of France or of Britain?
Thank God, our defences we seek,

Not in lies acted, uttered, or written,
Whether Russ, or Pruss, Austrian, or Greek.

Our defences are those that environ
Free hearts that to free hands appeal—
Our navies' hard oak and hot iron,
Our armies' cool heads and cold steel.

Still your treaty we own, is "*defensive*"
Of Austria's ill-gotten gains,
Which the Hapsburg has found it expensive
To defend at his own cost and pains.

Defensive of rights of possession,
(Sole rights that e'er Austria has known):
Defensive of lawless aggression,
That shakes on a tottering throne.

Defensive of frontiers Gallician,
Of Hungary's corn-bearing plain;
Defensive of winnings Venetian,
And Lombardy's vine-clad campaign.

To command of the Danube we'll hoist her,
Give her aid if a subject rebels:
So Austria swallows the oyster,
And gives France and England the shells!

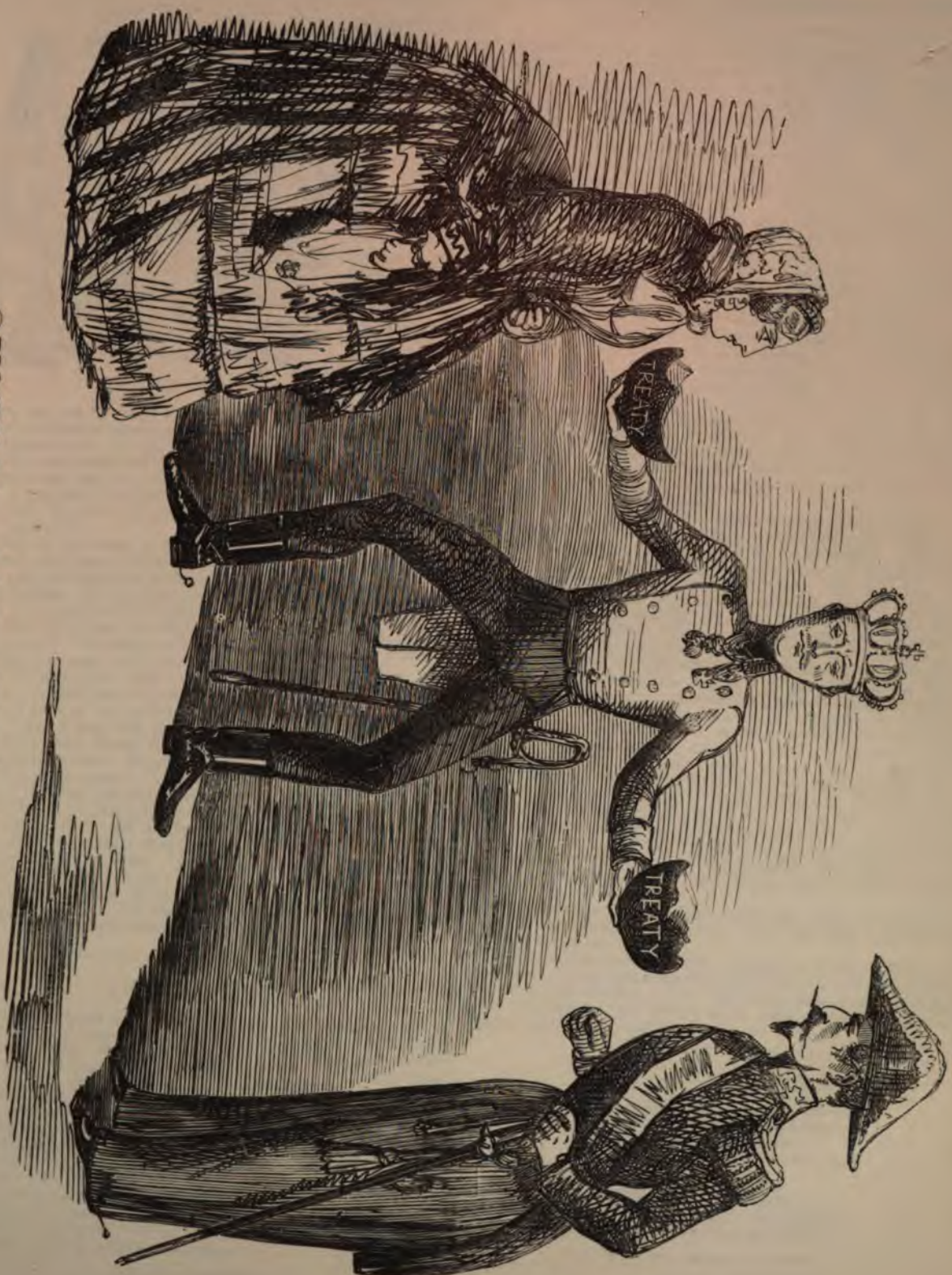
A Bright Future.

ACCORDING to the doctrines of MR. BRIGHT the Quaker, and the Peace Society, all war is wrong, and therefore war against an armed gang of brigands is wrong. If, then, those doctrines were put into practice, the country might be ravaged by troops of banditti, and there would be no means of putting the robbers down. So the consequence of carrying out Peace principles would be that the Peace would be broken with impunity: and as there would be nobody at home to preserve the Peace, in order to restore it, somebody would very soon come from abroad.

The Coming Man.

WE have received news of this most important and invisible individual. He was already on his way—he was coming as fast as he could come—he had actually got a peep of the present Age, but was so disgusted with the little he did see, that he immediately went back again.

THE RUSSIANS AFLOAT.—On the part of the Russians, the battle of Inkermann may be said to have partaken of the character of a naval engagement in so far as the combatants were half-seas over.



OYSTRIA AND THE SHELLS.

DECEMBER 16, 1854.]

THE WAR AND THE BUMBLES.



THE parochial patriots are coming out again in full force, or rather in full feebleness. The vestry of St. Pancras echoes once more with the declamations of dissentients, and the Board Room of Marylebone vibrates with the eloquence of the parochial malcontents. Whenever there is a "crisis" the Metropolitan vestries begin to indulge in those irrelevancies which lead them to neglect their own proper business, and set them off on a Quixotic inquiry into the merits of Ministers, instead of adhering to their proper province of controlling parish expenditure. The parochial patriot gets so inflated with the idea of his own importance that he feels himself a statesman instead of a vestryman, and he asks indignantly what is going on "out of doors," a pompous question we should like to answer literally, by saying, that "they are just going round with the afternoon's milk, and crying 'muffins.'"

The War is, of course, a fine field for the senators of the Vestry Room, and poor LORD ABERDEEN is being spattered with the patriotic mud of parochial invective, at least once a week in at least two of the London parishes. We are continually nauseated by reports of speeches in which we are told of the "attitude Marylebone must assume," and "the position St. Pancras must take up," in "the present state of things in the Crimea." We recommend the vestrymen, most of whom are respectable tradesmen, to be satisfied with assuming a graceful "attitude" while waiting on their customers, and taking up a becoming "position" behind their respective counters.

It is very kind of the parochial patriots to think of "serving their country;" but if they will, for the present, content themselves with serving those who favour them with orders, their country will be equally obliged to them. We are sometimes afraid from their language, which is full of allusions to "honourable members" and "this side of the house" that the Vestrymen have all gone mad, and imagine themselves the House of Commons, nor should we be surprised at their treating one of their own resolutions as an Act of Parliament, and speaking of it, as chapter so-and-so, of the 4 and 5 of NICOLAY, or the 6 and 7 of D'LEFANGER. If these sort of fooleries continue we shall really feel disposed to get somebody to act the part of a parochial CROMWELL, and dissolve the parochial parliament at one fell swoop, by ordering the Beadle, who we believe is always in attendance, with his cocked-hat and brass-headed staff, to "take away that bauble."

A BACK-HANDER.

In this country there is a strong tendency in things to start up the more you try to put them down, and in fact if a thing is really good there is no quizzing it out of its vitality. We have occasionally indulged in a good humoured joke at the expense of our rusty fusty friend BACH, the great composer of innumerable *Ops*, and whose sundry *Schezzis* in A, B, or C, are anything but A B C work to those who conscientiously try to "render them." Such however is the tenacity with which the *virtuosi* keep in what may be called the BACH ground of the musical world, that a "BACH Society" has sprung, or rather toddled, into existence. This society we believe invites an audience, and has such a thorough-going way of BACH-ing its friends, that there is nothing to be heard but BACH during the whole evening. We shall expect to find the BACH enthusiasm ultimately reaching such a height that the BACHITES will be satisfied with nothing less than a BACH attic in which to hold their meetings.

LAW OF WAR.—The siege of Sebastopol, having in prospect a breach, may be regarded as a suit for breach of promise.

A SEWER READY-MADE.—Brick over the Thames.

AFTER SUPPER AMUSEMENT AT BERLIN.

"Carry MASTER CLICQUOT to bed."—*Variation of Shakespeare.*

CICERO says that nobody dances sober. From this rule, of course, are to be excepted individuals of the feminine gender. Ladies have a sufficient motive for dancing. It is the only exercise, worthy of the name, that they ever take. In dancing, moreover, they carry out the principal end of their education, which is to present the most attractive outward appearance possible. A dancing-girl is a display of a pretty figure in elegant attire and graceful attitudes. A dancing-man is a comical object. He would, indeed, be an exhibition entirely pitiable, but for the circumstance that he has, in England at least, a partner usually more or less pleasant, with whom a waltz or a polka is an allowable romp. For this cause he does not mind pointing his toes, and kicking his heels, and revolving about an apartment with his coat-tails flying behind his back, and before men and angels. It is nice to be unwise in the right place, and the right place is made by one's company. The softer sex delights in stultifying the sterner a little; as that QUEEN OF LYDIA did HERCULES. Mythology says that he spun by her side among a train of women. So does a gallant Guardsman, or other hero, spin away with his OMPHALE for the evening, looking no less absurd but rather more so, than his prototype in the Lion's skin. He is ridiculous but blest. A man simply dancing is simply ridiculous. The greater the man the more ridiculous. Fancy a Judge, or the LORD CHANCELLOR dancing; particularly in their robes. Imagine the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY figuring as *cavalier seul*, or CARDINAL WISEMAN pounding the floor in the College Hornpipe, or the REVEREND DR. CUMMING, at Balmoral or Buckingham Palace, footing it to the tune of "*Tullochgorum*." Imagine these grave and reverend signiors dancing?—you cannot; except dancing after supper, and that would bring us back to CICERO.

At the Palace of Berlin, however, after supper, they appear to do as the Romans did, if the *Patres Conscripti* exemplified the converse of the Ciceronian aphorism. The world has been credibly informed that PRINCE KARL OF PRUSSIA was joined the other day in holy Matrimony with the PRINCESS MARIA ANNA OF DESSAU. The solemnity was preceded and followed by divers ceremonies of a different nature, being neither solemn nor suitable, with the exception of the discharge of numerous guns; music which, under the existing circumstances of Europe, may be admitted to have been serious and appropriate. The rest of the nuptial rites consisted of mummary and flunkeyism, more or less brilliant, whereof the climax was, according to the *Times*, "a polonaise, or torch-dance, performed by twelve Ministers of State, with wax-tapers in their hands." This might be called the Polonaise of POLONIUS; the rather that, as it came directly after the wedding supper, the dancers probably exhibited more signally than usual, the senile phenomena of "most weak hams." It is said that the Ministers were twelve. To their Sovereign they probably appeared twenty-four. The example of these advisers of Prussia's Majesty was, we are further told, followed by the "King, and all the Princes, the Bridegroom, the Queen, and all the Princesses." Again comes the question, Is it possible to imagine great people making themselves such great fools? Yes; not only possible—the thing was done. However, in conformity with what CICERO says, it was not done till after supper.

What a mess they must have made with their candle-grease!—especially the King, if his Majesty's hand has been rendered as unsteady as his policy.

Any doubt that may exist about the nature of the influence under which these Royal hymeneals were celebrated, is removed by the fact that, by way of winding up this excessively jolly evening, the Bride's garter was cut up into pieces, which were distributed as wedding favours among the company.

King Stephen with a Difference.

KING CLICQUOT was the worse for beer;

His cups will cost him but a crown;

He holds the flagon all too dear;

For that they call the sovereign, loon.

He is a wight of base renown

For toying to a great degree;

'Tis drink that pulls the country down,

So change the swipes-pot for the tea.

AMMUNITION FROM CHINA.

As instancing the enthusiasm in providing for the wants of the Army which inspires all ranks, it may be mentioned that the Grocers are sending out Gunpowder.

A DECIDED MONOMANIAC.—A man has been taken up for stealing a copy of the *Morning Advertiser*.



VERY MUCH TO BE PITIED.

1st Undergrad. "WELL, FRED, FLOORED THE QUESTIONS?"

2nd Undergrad. "NO, HANG IT! WHAT CAN A FELLOW DO WITH TWO MEN ON EACH SIDE WHO DON'T KNOW MORE THAN HIMSELF, AND A CONFOUNDED EXAMINER BEHIND PREVENTING HIM LOOKING AT HIS POCKET-BOOK!"

THE WAR EXHIBITIONS.

SINCE ASTLEY'S gallantly led the way with the *Battle of the Alma*, and gained the heights of popularity, as well as the heights before Sebastopol, the example has been followed by numerous caterers for the entertainment of the public; and there seems to be no investment so profitable as the investment of Sebastopol. The war is not confined to the Crimea, but it has been carried into the very heart of England, and has even found its way to Clifton, whose walls bear the marks of some tremendous broadsides, which have been poured into the place, with the hope of taking it by storm, and laying siege to the pockets of the inhabitants. The war now being waged in the West is a sort of counterfeit of the war in the East; and while, at the Crimea, we have England's war with the Czar, we find at Clifton "GOMPERTZ'S war with Russia." It appears from GOMPERTZ'S printed declaration of war, that he has for twenty years been engaged in hostilities—on canvas—with the enemies of this country; for, "stimulated by the general appreciation of his war with China, and, on a prior occasion, that of the Cabul passes," he has, it seems, gone to war with Russia on a scale of magnitude and an extent of canvas far exceeding his former achievements.

We wish that England were as triumphant with her stores and ammunition as GOMPERTZ is with his paint pot and his few "brushes" with the enemy. The facility with which GOMPERTZ lands his troops in the Crimea "elicits," as we are informed by himself, "the most enthusiastic and simultaneous expressions of approbation," and we can well understand how the enthusiasm reaches its height when GOMPERTZ brings his war with Russia to a conclusion by the "ultimate triumph of the allied armies." With such a result before us, we wonder there is not a cry of "GOMPERTZ for Premier," in place of ABERDEEN, and indeed of the two men, the views of the former will the better bear canvassing.

In the explanatory bill that forms as it were the programme of the war, our friend GOMPERTZ gives a succinct account of the policy of the

SONG FOR THE ALLIED ARMY.

To the Celebrated Tune of "ÇA IRA."

Le Czar ira, Czar ira, Czar ira
A tous les diables, oui, je le répète,
Le Czar ira, Czar ira, Czar ira;
Malgré les All'mands, tout réussira.

A Sébastopol on le ross'ra,
Comme à Inkermann et à l'Alma.
Le Czar ira, Czar ira, Czar ira,
Au diable par la baïonnette;
Avec vitesse il fuira.

Le Czar ira, Czar ira, Czar ira
A tous les diables, oui, je le répète,
Le Czar ira, Czar ira, Czar ira;
Malgré les JOHN BRIGHTS, tout réussira.

Quand URQUHART, jadis, du Czar nous parl'
Comme un prophète, il prédit tout c'la.

Le Czar ira, Czar ira, Czar ira
Au diable avec tout' sa famille.
Le Czar ira, Czar ira, Czar ira.

Des alliés tout s'accomplira;
Jamais le Turc on n'abaissera;
Plus haut qu'avant on le relèvera.

Le Czar ira, Czar ira, Czar ira
A tous les diables, oui, je le répète,
Le Czar ira, Czar ira, Czar ira;
Malgré Veuv' CUCQUOT, tout réussira.

Pendant la guerre, aucun ne trahira.
Anglais, Français, l'un l'autre soutiendra.
S'il voit un Russe, haro on criera:

Le Czar ira, Czar ira, Czar ira.

Que l'on fasse à Vienne ce qu'on voudra.
Le patriotisme lui répondra:
Les neutres ont cœurs de femmes;
L'alliance toujours vaincra!

Oui! l'Czar ira, Czar ira, Czar ira
A tous les diables, oui, je le répète,
Le Czar ira, Czar ira, Czar ira;
Malgré les All'mands, tout réussira.

NEW READING.—"When Greek meets Greek, then comes the THUG of War."

CZAR, which we are informed was of such a nature as to render hostilities—and of course GOMPERTZ'S panorama—utterly inevitable. NICHOLAS is therefore denounced as being responsible for the frightful shedding of blood—and consumption of paint—which has come to pass; so that on his head will fall the whole of the consequences, including bombs, ten-pouuders, paint-pots and paint brushes, which England's—and GOMPERTZ'S—war with Russia have called into powerful activity



NEW JEWEL FOR THE FOURTH OR
OF

RUSSIAN BRAVERY,
IN HONOUR OF THE PRINCES
MICHAEL AND NICHOLAS,
WHO WON THEIR SPURS AT THE
FLIGHT FROM INKERMANN

THE LORD CHANCELLOR AND THE SECOND COLUMN OF THE "TIMES."



INCE the LORD CHANCELLOR takes cognisance of love letters, and commits young gentlemen to the Queen's Prison for writing them, we beg to call his lordship's attention to the evidently amatory communications which are daily made through the second column of the *Times* newspaper. If "LEONORA" is a ward in Chancery, it is high time that "LEOPOLD" should be locked up, and, indeed, we are not sure that our distinguished contemporary of Printing House Square is not guilty of a contempt of court in aiding the process of unauthorised love-making by throwing open his columns, to those who pledge their faith and perform other similarly absurd freaks through the medium of an advertisement. We perceive that the CHANCELLOR refused to let a young man out of durance the other day until he had placed all letters he had received from the object of his adoration in the hands of his lordship. Possibly the communications might have been partly contained in a file of the *Times*, where, if couched in cyphers, they would have afforded his lordship a series of "nuts to crack," with his port, during the approaching Christmas. If LORD CRANWORTH should find any difficulty, we flatter ourselves we are rather clever at getting at a kernel through the hardest shell, and we shall be happy to place at the disposal of the Court of Chancery, our own intellectual nut-crackers. As a specimen of our abilities we beg to call the attention of the CHANCELLOR to the following from the *Times* of November 30, which is probably intended for the eye of some ward of the court whom we are perhaps saving from the grasp of some needy, greedy, and seedy adventurer by the course we are now taking—

FROM AIBARA.—Thyt llawr ng, I mntch ngd, bthv mdyr yfirt tknww
hwt—urm rtmthn vr! I dhpv dhrv yuef duenyr castney.—Idl f myhr tfrnt!
Lvt mnd schd vtnms thvt 'arwd.—*Times*, Nov. 30.

If the writer's motives are as easily seen through as the clumsy enigma he has concocted, we think we might safely leave him to be dealt with by even the dullest of guardians. We give the obvious translation of the above rather transparent piece of protestation—

FROM ARABIA.—They tell you wrong. I am not changed, but have made every effort to know where you are; you are more to me than ever! I do hope and have every confidence in your constancy. Idol of my heart, fear not! Live for me, and such devotion must have its reward.

A QUERY FOR THE WAR OFFICE.

ONCE upon a time, it is said, there was a Brigadier-General in India. GENERAL NOTT was his commander-in-chief. GENERAL NOTT sent to the Brigadier an order to advance with the troops under his command. The Brigadier sent answer that it was impossible—no doubt for some excellent military reason. GENERAL NOTT sent back to the Brigadier a repetition of his order. With it was a letter informing the Brigadier that a duplicate of the order had been sent to his second in command, with directions, if the Brigadier still declined to advance, to advance the Brigade and bring the Brigadier along with it under fixed bayonets. So runs the story. *Mr. Punch* would respectfully ask the DUKE OF NEWCASTLE if he has ever heard it. And if he have, does he know the name of the Brigadier? And if he know, would he oblige *Mr. Punch* by informing him whether that Brigadier now commands a division of the army of the Crimea, and, further, whether, if anything happen to deprive that army of the services of LORD RAGLAN, the routine of service, which would entitle this Brigadier to the command in place of LORD RAGLAN, would be followed?

Justice to the Enemy.

RUSSIAN exaggeration of the numbers of the Allies who beat them at Alma and Inkermann, may not be entirely wilful falsehood. After the raki and rum with which the Cossacks were primed for fighting, no doubt they saw two Frenchmen and as many Englishmen for every one.

LAW v. PHILOSOPHY.

A MAN, it is said, is either a fool or a physician at forty, and it appears by a recent decision of LORD CAMPBELL, that a man is either a fool or a philosopher when the tax-gatherer calls. "Given t, a, x , to find a philosopher" is a problem which has been recently solved by that learned judge, *in re* the Cambridge Philosophical Society. We should be sorry, however, to come to the conclusion pointed at by the decision mentioned, as we do not wish to be classed with the conscience-stricken maniacs who are continually sending voluntary contributions to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. But whichever view is taken of the matter, it is pleasing to know that the payment of a few shillings by the philosophers of Cambridge (long life to them) will not be a very heavy blow, if indeed it be considered even a great discouragement to the cause of Science. MR. ADAMS, who is doubtless on the eve of discovery of a new planet, will discover it notwithstanding, and he will, we know, be among the first to rejoice if the contributions from his Alma Mater hasten in any degree the subjection of the Great Bear.

MR. JUSTICE WIGHTMAN asks, "what are the primary objects of a Society which spends more money in newspapers than in philosophical publications." Without stopping to enquire how far that will depend on the relative price and numbers published of each class (if there are two classes) let us ask a question or two. What is News? Do only fools read newspapers? The philosopher who was "caught" eating the "delicacies of the season" replied in answer to the sneer of an acquaintance, "Do you suppose that all the good things were meant for the fools," and *Punch* begs to ask, Do you suppose that newspapers were meant only for fools? Do newspapers never philosophise? Does *Punch* never philosophise? And, besides, do not the so-called philosophical journals contain news? The announcement in the "*Philosophical Transactions*" of the next discovery by MR. HIND of a new star (ξ Hippopotami he may call it) will be as much "news" as is the announcement in the newspapers that any one is giving Vulgar Burlesque, or "starring" it in the east. Or suppose the following to appear in the *Chemical Gazette*—

"NEW METHOD OF PREPARING MONODITETRETHYLOMETHTLOPROPYLAMYLAMONIUM.—The proper materials are placed in a suitable apparatus, raised to the required temperature, and the heat continued as long as necessary; when the object is attained, the process is stopped; the result is 'thrown' on a filter—'plunged' into a water-bath, and, if the operation is not successful, pitched to the deuce."

Would not this be news? Perhaps it may be objected that the stuff with the long name is a non-isolated radicle; but surely if there is any wisdom in the wigs of the Bench, it will be admitted that the mere title of the recipe makes every atom of it equivalent to news. In conclusion, it may be well to observe, that while we object to the inference that no philosophers read newspapers, though such inference be made by all the judges, even the holder of the Great Seal—we would strongly impress upon the various philosophical Societies, that now that the Sinews of War are so much required, every one ought to pay his whacks.

WHAT WILL THE GERMAN'S FATHERLAND BE?

WHAT will the German's Father-land	How brave 'twill be, if Father-land
Be, if the Germans fail to stand	Have bard and sage, chained hand
Against encroaching Russia's	to hand,
might,	Off to Siberia marched in packs,
And skulk aloof, afraid to fight?	The lash resounding at their backs!
The upper hand if Russia gain,	For Fatherland, the sight how
The Czar will rule in Allemagne;	fine,
And Fatherland, ere long, will be,	Not merely Left of all the Rhine,
What Poland is to Muscovy.	But far beyond it, by-and-by,
Should France and England over-throw,	To see the Gallie Eagles fly!
All by themselves, the tyrant foe,	Germans! the Fatherland disowns
Then Fatherland will take the	A helpless brood of stocks and
chance,	stones,
To be whatever pleases France.	Adopting sons who understand
	How to defend their Fatherland.

The Way the Cat Jumps.

THE admirable behaviour of our troops is a great triumph for those who advocated the abolition of flogging in the army. Now that corporal punishment is in a great measure discontinued, the soldier gets scarcely any stripes except for good conduct.

A COLULDEUR.

(By a Gentleman with a cold in his head.)

WHEN is a pot-boy likely to become a soldier?—Whel he's goilg to cry-beer (*Crimes*).



AWKWARD PREDICAMENT.

"HERE! BIJOU! HERE! I CAN'T STOP THE DOG—I KNOW WHAT MY WIFE'LL DO—'LOST, £5 REWARD!' AND IF HE CATCHES THE THINGAMY, I SHALL BE HAD UP FOR WHAT'S-A-NAMIN WITHOUT A LICENCE."

OUR BRAVE NAVVIES.

HURRAH for bold LORD RAGLAN, and valiant GENERAL BROWN,
And the brave men who fight under them to put a Tyrant down.
No end of glory to them all; of honour and renown
To those who live: to them that fall an everlasting crown.

As loud a cheer give, England, to the Navvies' gallant band,
Who have gone to lend our warriors a stalwart helping hand.
These to their work with shovel and crow-bar as true will stand,
As those to theirs with bayonet, with rifle, or with brand.

To hew out the highways of Peace was heretofore their trade;
Trust we the road to Conquest shall now by them be made.
Their pickaxe at the Upas Tree of Russia will be laid,
And they'll dig at the foundations of the Tyrant with their spade.

That Tyrant, brutal NICHOLAS, who rules by force and fear,
Has he for subjects working men who hold their country dear?
In Russia are there any on his side to volunteer?
How many Navvies have they there to match our fellows here?

England needs no Conscription which peasants must obey;
Her sons go forth to fight for her when they are free to stay:
And many more will follow where the Navvies led the way,
And may they, for a good day's work, receive a good day's pay!

The Heir with not many Friends!

A NEWSPAPER paragraph informs us that the estates of a certain noble family are about to be "brought to the hammer." As we read the announcement we could not help thinking how many estates there are, which by being brought to the hammer are taken away from the Ninnyhammer.

RUSSIAN PROVERB.—Your Raki makes the best soldier.

THE BISHOP OF EXETER'S DEAD WALL.

EVERYBODY admits that a line ought to be drawn somewhere; but few probably are of opinion that a churchyard is the place for drawing a line between one set of people and another. Among those few appears to be the BISHOP OF EXETER. According to the *Globe*, the Burial Board of Great Torrington, Devonshire, cannot get the Bishop to consecrate any portion of their cemetery, because the ground is divided merely by a carriage-road. The Bishop wants a wall, and

"If cemetery walls are not erected, not only all round the grounds, but across them, so as to make two distinct burial-grounds, the Bishop will not allow Churchmen, throughout his wide diocese, to have any ground, under the new statute, in which they may bury their dead according to the rites of their own church."

The BISHOP OF EXETER does not seem to have that faith in the efficacy of consecration that his antecedents would induce most people to give him credit for. Is he unaware that the heroage withers on that part of a burial ground which has not received episcopal benediction? that the sun never shines and the rain and the dew descend not on the unblest earth, insomuch that no turf is possible on the graves of Dissenters? Does he not consider that a sufficient distinction? On the other hand can he not see that a brick wall does not, in fact, secure the division which he desires? It merely separates the bones of one denomination of Christians from those of another. It does not prevent the softer parts of their old worn-out frames from commingling in the form of those gases which they are resolved into, and ascend in the air. What are the exteriors which we leave behind us in the world but cast-off apparel? And what, O Bishop! is the use of building a wall to separate old clothes? And is this the time for making such a distinction, when Roman Catholic, Presbyterian, and Churchman are interred side by side at Inkermann?

THE QUAKER'S COLOURS.

THE BEST WAY OF DYING FOR ONE'S COUNTRY:—Dyeing Drab.

THE MISSING DESPATCH.



"THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE presents his compliments to Mr. Punch, and begs to place at his disposal the following despatch from F. M. LORD RAGLAN, which by an accident, over which the Duke had no control, has not been hitherto made public."

"WAR OFFICE, DEC. 11. 1 P.M."

Head Quarters, Camp before
Sebastopol, Dec. 1, 1854.

MY LORD DUKE,

My previous despatches (Nos. 60 to 69) having been written immediately after the actions to which they respectively refer, were necessarily imperfect in details. I believe, however, that they will be found wanting in none of the particulars on which information is demanded by the forms of the Service.

In compliance with the rule usually followed in such communications, I have hitherto considered it my first duty to bring under the favourable notice of your Grace, for the well-merited recognition of the Country, the admirable conduct of every member of my personal staff on all occasions, the indefatigable exertions of all the Generals commanding Divisions and Brigades, and the manner in which these exertions have been seconded by all the members of all the personal staffs of all these Generals, without a single exception. I cannot charge my memory with any omission in this respect, though for my fulfilment of this pleasing duty, I take no credit to myself.

Intimate as I am with the Officers serving on my own staff (most of whom I have the pride of counting among my own relations or near connections), sharing with them not only the labours and dangers of the field, but the few hours of enjoyment and repose which the hardships of the campaign leave at our disposal, it is but natural I should bear ample and cheerful testimony to the accuracy and speed with which these Officers have carried my orders, their admirable horsemanship, their agreeable social qualities, the readiness with which they have borne unwonted privations, and their coolness under the hottest fire. Under these circumstances, it would have been unpardonable in me not to have assigned to these Officers the first place in all my official communications. The General Officers serving under my command, have, no doubt, been actuated by similar feelings (prompted by motives as creditable to all parties, and by services as conspicuous), in bringing so prominently forward for favourable consideration the names of the officers composing their respective staffs.

No General and no Staff Officer having been left unnoticed, it may have been thought that my duty, as the medium for directing attention to eminent services, had been fulfilled.

It has, however, been represented to me from quarters entitled to respect, that some notice of Officers in lower grades of the army would be neither injurious to the Service, unacceptable to your Grace, nor displeasing to the country.

The names of even some Non-commissioned Officers and Privates have reached me, as having done their duty under difficult circumstances, in a manner to merit particular mention.

I am aware that, in venturing to bring under your Grace's favourable consideration the names of merely Regimental Officers, possessing no claim of hereditary rank or social distinction, and still more in descending to the ranks for conspicuous examples of heroism and self devotion, I am departing from precedent in a way many may think inexpedient and even hazardous. But I humbly venture to suggest that the conduct of the British army throughout this campaign, has been such as to justify me in a wide deviation from rule, and I do not apprehend that any danger is to be feared from the course I am about to take.

The conduct of the Artillery, both in the batteries and the field has, throughout the campaign, been beyond praise, and I subjoin a list of Officers who have especially distinguished themselves.*

I have already repaired the oversight by which I had omitted, till my last despatch, all mention of CAPTAIN MAUDE, of the Horse Artillery, whose severe wound in the action of the 25th, has, for a time, deprived the army of one of its ablest and most energetic officers in this

* Here follows the list given in the Gazette of the 12th inst., as promoted.

arm. The Officers of the same arm, whose names are appended, have, on every occasion, shown themselves worthy of the utmost confidence, and I beg to recommend these Officers to your Grace's most favourable consideration.

It is difficult for me to describe my obligations to LIEUTENANT-COLONEL DIXON, to whose resistless energy in bringing up his two eighteen pounder guns in the Battle of Inkermann (in connexion with the timely charge of the division of GENERAL BOSQUET), I attribute the decision of that well-fought day in our favour. Nothing could exceed the stubborn courage of the whole British Army in that unparalleled encounter with overwhelming numbers. It was an action, the glorious result of which can be but little attributed to my own dispositions as Commander-in-Chief, or to the unwearied services of my personal staff, any more than to those of the Generals of Division or Brigade, or their several staffs, all of whom I have already recommended to your Grace's most favourable consideration for their conduct on that occasion. It was essentially a struggle of regiments, not a combination of masses, and was decided, not by strategy, but by the personal prowess of regimental officers (both Commissioned and Non-commissioned), and the unparalleled steadiness of the British private soldier.

In the case of the Guards' Division, this characteristic was particularly conspicuous. Owing to the wound which, early in the action, disabled GENERAL BENTINCK, and the employment of his ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE in other parts of the field, these splendid troops were for some hours left, virtually without a General Officer in command, but I am bound to say that, thanks to COLONEL URTON, the want did not seem to be felt. The noble young men, to whom were entrusted the colours of the different regiments, and their covering Sergeants, supplied a rallying point to the shattered battalions, and every Officer engaged covered himself with honour.

I have not hitherto had an opportunity of visiting the camp of this Division, but the moment I can find leisure to do so, I propose (if your Grace do not consider the proceeding injudicious) to take an opportunity of thanking them for their heroic defence of the redoubt, which formed the key of our position on the right.

I hope (subject to your Grace's approval) to be able to offer the same recognition of the merits of every regiment engaged. Meanwhile, besides the Officers whose names are annexed, I would earnestly recommend to notice the services of CAPTAIN ELLISON of the Fusiliers, who, with admirable presence of mind, suggested to his men the use of stones, when their ammunition was exhausted; and those of a Sergeant of the Coldstreams, who, single-handed, captured sixteen Russian soldiers, but whose name I omitted to enquire when I encountered him conducting his prisoners to the rear, with the unpretending air of a man who had performed a simple act of duty. Your Grace will pardon me for adding, that a Commission could not be better bestowed than on this Sergeant, should I eventually succeed in discovering him.

The limits of a despatch will not allow me to particularise examples, when not to be a hero was to be conspicuous, and it is extremely difficult to arrive at names, with which I have no familiar or habitual connection. But I beg to add as many of these names as have reached me.* I cannot refrain from recommending to such consideration as can be bestowed on a Private, JOSEPH COULTER (whose regiment you may ascertain by reference to his letter published in the *Times*), who (as I find from the public prints) after receiving two serious wounds, maintained his place in the ranks, and finally carried out of the field, in various parts of his person, four Russian bullets and the fragment of a shell.

The mention of this man's name recalls to me that of SERJEANT SULLIVAN of the 30th regiment, specially brought under my notice for his conduct in the action of the 26th, by GENERAL SIR DE LACY EVANS, but omitted from my despatch forwarding the report of that distinguished officer. I have reason to believe that the rank of the Service to which SERJEANT SULLIVAN belongs would appreciate any favour which can, consistently with propriety, be shown to that person, and that it might even prove of value in stimulating the private soldiers, who are by no means so insensible to the motives of hope and pride as by my previous experience, I had been led to anticipate. I believe that the recognition of the services of this rank of the Service might be carried further without disadvantage. If a certain number of commissions were placed at my disposal to be given to highly distinguished non-commissioned officers, I venture to suggest that young men of a superior class, both in social standing and intelligence, might be attracted to the Service.

The conduct of PRIVATE WHEATLEY, in throwing an unexploded shell over the parapet of the battery in which he was stationed, has already received its reward—a gratuity of £5. But it has been suggested to me that there are some, even in the ranks, who are more sensible to honour than to money. And if some reward of merit could be discovered (akin to the French cross of the Legion of Honour) accessible to Privates as well as Officers, there are not wanting persons who maintain that the distinction would be eagerly sought and highly prized by the common soldier, and that even Officers would not shrink from accepting it. I only submit this, however, with great deference, for your Grace's consideration.

To the Officers of the Medical Service, the army and the country owe a deep debt of gratitude, which some day, I hope, will be paid, and which is the heavier, as the convenience of these Officers, both personal and professional, cannot always be consulted. Meanwhile, I would humbly recall to your grace the act of self-devotion to which ASSISTANT-SURGEON THOMPSON of the 44th regiment fell a sacrifice after the action of the Alma.

That Officer (as your Grace may perhaps remember) volunteered to remain behind on the field, for the purpose of succouring the wounded Russians, accompanied only by his servant, PATRICK MAGRATH. For five days these two, unaided, buried the dead, comforted and relieved the wounded, braved the dangers of marauding Cossacks, and all the privations which circumstances rendered inevitable, such as want of food, fuel, medical stores, and shelter. To the hardships then encountered so nobly DR. THOMPSON fell a victim, having been carried off by cholera soon after joining his regiment at Balaklava. I have not inquired whether DA. THOMPSON has left behind him any relations or connections dependent upon him. Your Grace may be able to ascertain this: if he have, and the rules of the Service do not interpose any obstacle, I venture to suggest that some slight mark of your Grace's appreciation of an act of heroism which some consider one of the most sublime of the many to which this campaign has given occasion, would neither be misplaced in relation to the Service itself, nor begrudged by the British Nation. I would also beg to recommend PATRICK MAGRATH for promotion, if he be still alive.

If your Grace should consider that I am not introducing a dangerous innovation, in devoting to the humbler grades of the Service so large a space as I have done in this despatch, I shall endeavour in future, to obtain information, through Divisional, Brigade, and Regimental Officers, acts of conspicuous daring or intelligence, and shall take the liberty of bringing them occasionally under your Grace's

notice, and through your Grace under that of HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY, and the Country. I cannot but feel, however, that some further excuse may be required for so bold a departure from established practice. I think such excuse may be found first, in the stimulus that this practice may give to recruiting for the regular army; and secondly, in the effect that a more habitual recognition of the services of Regimental Officers and Privates, may have in depriving the Correspondents of the daily newspapers of a plausible plea for the length and minuteness of their communications.

The publicity given by these communications to the movements and arrangements of the Allied Forces, is often very inconvenient. A fuller and freer official recognition of merit, might often check the unofficial proclamation of it, and I cannot think, after the fullest consideration I have been able to give the subject, that the efficiency of that portion of the army on whom fall the most harassing duties of the war would be impaired, were more space given in the Commander-in-Chief's despatches to their services, and less to those of the Staff—though I should much lament if the latter should not, on all occasions, be most fully recognised.

I can never forget that the best blood of England is being freely poured out on the heights before Sebastopol, but I know that plebeian blood, not less heroically shed, mingles with its stream; and I humbly submit that the names of those who, side by side, face death on the field, may, without indecency, stand associated in the same despatch. Waiting your Grace's instructions on the point above,

I have the honour to be,

Your Grace's most obedient servant,

RAGLAN.

To His Grace the Duke of Newcastle.

NOTE.—Mr. Punch is glad to see that this admirable despatch has already produced its effect.

REMONSTRANCE WITH THE TOAD AND RAVEN.



H! you are quite right my dear Toad: what you croak is perfectly true, Raven. Certainly we have not been so successful in the war as we could wish. Sweaborg, in fulfilment of our anticipations, should have surrendered when NAPIER held up his finger, and Cronstadt should have fallen before the flourish of his walking stick. The victories of Alma and Inkermann ought not to have been gained, because the battles ought never to have been fought. MENSCHIKOFF and his army ought to have been seized with a panic at the sight of the red coats, and to have bolted as fast as they were able, leaving all their guns and ammunition

behind them. The walls of Sebastopol, had they accomplished our hopes, would have crumbled at the blast of the British bugles. LORD RAGLAN would have kicked down Fort Alexander with his foot, and GENERAL CANROBERT would have blown up Fort Constantine with a puff of a cigar. No doubt we are much disappointed by the fact that the flags of the Allies are not at this moment flying over St. Petersburg, and that the CZAR, having been obliged to eat dirt and abdicate, is not now residing at the Star and Garter. That our desires in these particulars have not been gratified is very vexatious.

However, suppose the Russians had razed an immense fortification, in course of construction at John O'Groats; that they had burnt a vast quantity of pitch and tar accumulated on our northern coasts; that they had swept our flag from the seas, and shut up our fleets in our harbours; that they had captured no end of our merchant vessels; that they had effected a descent, in large force, on Malta, and were maintaining their position there, besieging Valetta, having done an immense deal of mischief to the place, and being certain to take it unless we put forth the whole might of the Empire, and very likely indeed to take it in spite of that. Suppose they had already thrashed us handsomely on our own territories, with enormous slaughter, in two pitched battles, wherein every extraneous advantage was on our side, and in one of which our numbers exceeded theirs in the ratio of five to one. In short, suppose we had changed places with Russia: should we like our position better than we do now, or would our opinion of ourselves partake more decidedly of the nature of small beer? And would you croak less or more?

Britannia, my Toads, is under circumstances of trial; circumstances requiring an effort, my Ravens. But may we not venture to say, on the whole, that Britannia—in her present interesting condition—is as well as can be expected?

A GREAT MAN.

LORD DERBY has called NICHOLAS a "great man." Still, a great man; although misusing his resources. Well, he is a great man, in the like sense that MOLOCH was a great idol. DAGON, too, was another great idol: and yet, tumbling flat upon his fish face, he had his head and hands dismembered. The "elephant is a great lord," chants the Hottentot in his respect for the dead brute when, reverently approaching the carcass, the savage cuts off the great lord's trunk. The bear is a great bear; for which reason let us do our best and speediest, if not to knock him on the head, at least to cut—even to the roots—his carnivorous claws.

A Bible Hero.

MR. BRIGHT has discovered in NICHOLAS a great patron of the Bible! At the Rochdale Auxiliary Bible Society, the pacific member for Manchester was very much hurt that the REV. HUGH STOWELL had spoken somewhat irreverently of the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA: it was too bad. Consider the pious sacrifices of NICHOLAS! Why, he had remitted the duty upon Bibles imported into Russia to the amount of between £300 and £400; and should be spoken of respectfully as a subscriber to that amount.

Tattoo £ s. d. upon the body of Satan, and there is a man in drab breeches who will drop down upon his knees before him!

Shells that Won't Shell Out.

COMPLAINTS have reached our ears that the Shells in the Crimea are not up to the mark, or at all events, when they do get up to the mark at which they are aimed, they do very little damage. It is said that when they reach the ground, they won't explode, and that when once discharged they appear as if released from further service. It is rather unfortunate that the shells should be made of such strong materials that they will not break, a state of things that must be equally creditable to the manufacturer and satisfactory to the enemy.

Better for Mixing.

MR. SIDNEY HERBERT believes that in our allied battles—"while we shall be acquiring the dash of the French, the French will be acquiring the firmness of the English." The Right Hon. Secretary might as well have said—"While we shall be acquiring the feathers of the eagle, the French will be acquiring the bones of the lion." Can men change their nationalities by rubbing coats together? In such way, can red make blue, and blue red? But these Right Hon. Secretaries are privileged to talk unlike philosophers.

THE WAR PUFFS.



advertisements. We select a few of the richest specimens:—

TOFFY FOR THE TROOPS.

"MR. EDITOR,—Amid the horrors of war, our gallant fellows will probably be thinking of the sweets of home, and I beg, therefore, to state that our firm is willing to place one hundred ounces of our Everton Toffy at your disposal for the troops in the Crimea. Our Toffy is packed in ounce papers for the convenience of the public, to whom it is sold at a penny per packet, and it will perhaps be satisfactory to the friends of our heroes in the East, to know that their leisure moments are soothed by some of our superior sweetstuff.

"Your obedient servants,

"LOLLIPOP AND CO."

CIGARS FOR THE CRIMEA.

"MESSRS. SHADRACK, Brothers, present their compliments to the Editor, and having just received a large consignment of real Havannahs, of a superior description, now selling at their London shop at 3d. a-piece—(a reduction on taking a quantity)—are prepared to place one pound of those goods in the hands of LORD RAGLAN for distribution among the most distinguished of his brother officers. In order to celebrate the glory of the achievements of our brave army in the East, MESSRS. SHADRACK, Brothers, propose to give the article above mentioned the name of the RAGLAN Cigar, and those of the public who may wish to show their sympathy with our brave army by smoking the same cigars, may be furnished with them at the price above mentioned. MESSRS. SHADRACK, Brothers, have not taken this course from any motive of ostentatious generosity, but simply from a feeling which induces them to think that the smoke of their cigars will be an agreeable mitigation of the horrors of the smoke of the enemy."

PRESERVES FOR THE ARMY.

"MR. EDITOR,—Anxious as we all must be for the preservation of our gallant heroes in the East, I think it is the duty of each to do his best, and I for one am willing to make my share of the sacrifice. Much will depend on the provisions within their reach, and it is clear that nutritious articles, such as potted soups, and jellies, in which I deal, would be very acceptable. Hoping that my offer will be followed by others, I am prepared to pack up six dozen of my potted beef (usually sold at a shilling, and fairly worth fifteen pence), at ninepence per pot, which will give me about one fourth the usual profit on my capital invested. As most of my money is locked up in gallipots, I cannot pretend to offer cash, but I am ready with my mite in the way I have mentioned.

"I would offer, at a little above cost price, some few Westphalia Hams, of which I have lately received a large consignment in a highly satisfactory state, but I fear that the public demand for them at sevenpence a pound would exhaust my stock before a shipment could be effected. My Jams I do not propose to send, as I think they might be damaged in the transit, and I shall therefore continue to retail them at ninepence per pot to the public in general.

"Yours, and my Country's,

"JOSEPH JELLYBOY."

TOOTH-POWDER FOR THE ALLIES.

"SIR,—Among the necessities of our noble warriors encamped on the heights of Sebastopol, it has occurred to me that a desideratum

which may not have been hitherto supplied is that of an efficient, agreeable, and innoxious DENTIFRICE. Our ODONTOLEUCOPOION combines these qualities, besides imparting a delightful fragrance to the breath, and I shall be happy to deliver a ton of it to the Government for the gratuitous supply of the army in the Crimea. Sold, otherwise, in boxes at 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., and 3s. 6d. each, at the emporium of your humble servants,

"High Holborn, Dec. 1854.

MAYBUG AND SON."

P.S. The ODONTOLEUCOPOION is the only acknowledged preservative of the teeth and gums.

A BLESSING TO THE NERVOUS.

"RESPECTED PUNCH.—A Clergyman of Oxford University having discovered a remedy by which he has cured himself of a nervous or mental disease, offers, from benevolence rather than gain to cure others now in the Crimea. Directions will be given and medicines sent to the Seat of War, gratis, the Government affording the means of transport. Anxiety, tremors, to which the bravest are sometimes liable, giddiness and confusion of the head threatening derangement of operations, with blushing, the consequence of failure, are effectually prevented by this never-failing specific, for which application should be made to

"DR. MILLIS WOZELEY."

"Dec. 1854. St. Giles Street, Bloomsbury."

"P.S. ELEVEN CHAPTERS ON NERVOUS and MENTAL COMPLAINTS are published at DR. MILLIS WOZELEY'S Residence."

NO WOODEN LEGS WANTED.

"PUNCH.—It grieved me much to hear that the troops at Sebastopol were in want of medicines and dressings. I have placed at the disposal of MR. SIDNEY HERBERT a waggon-load of my PILLS, which will supply the place of the former, and an equal quantity of my OINTMENT, which will be all that will be required for the latter. I feel that if I could contemplate the sufferings of our soldiers without freely offering them that miraculous remedy by which all complaints and diseases whatever may be infallibly cured, I should be unworthy the name of

"Temple Bar, Dec. 1854.

PROFESSOR GULLOWAY."

"P.S. It may be as well to state that for the astounding Cure of a most obstinate complaint, I possess a most flattering testimonial received from the EARL OF ALDBOROUGH."

The above specimens of patriotism which advertises not itself, will perhaps suffice: we can only add, that if the soldiers of LORD RAGLAN's army have got tired of their rations, DE POMPADOUR will be most happy to give them lots of his delicious *Revalenta Arabica*: and, in order that all may be enabled to masticate it, MR. SNAGGS, the Dentist, is ready to supply them plentifully, on the same terms, with an Entirely New Description of Teeth.

THE SCHOOLMISTRESS IN KNIGHTSBRIDGE.

We benevolently afford our circulation to the subjoined, that originally appeared in the *Times*:—

ST. PAUL'S, KNIGHTSBRIDGE.—WANTED, after Christmas, an experienced SCHOOLMISTRESS, for the Infant School. Address the Hon. and Rev. R. LIDDELL, 33, Wilton Crescent.

The candidate, it is said, will be expected satisfactorily to answer the following questions:—

"Can you teach girls to make artificial flowers for the feast of St. Barnabas and other feasts?"

"Can you instruct girls in chanting and 'intoning'; the said intoning to sound as through a Roman nose?"

"Are you a judge of fresh eggs, and eggs not fresh; in order that, on the election of low churchwardens, you may purchase eggs at the lowest price, and the best profit to the good cause?"

"Give the recipe of a cake for High Teas as held in Belgravia."

Infinitesimal Warfare.

OUR Ministers are wrong if they imagine they can allay the War that is raging in the Crimea by Homœopathy. We doubt if Sebastopol is to be reduced by homœopathic doses. LORD ABERDEEN's prescription would, doubtless, be "a billionth of a grain of gunpowder, and a quintillionth of the infusion of lead. The latter to be worked up into a pill, of the size of a small bullet. The two to be well mixed, and given to the Walls of Sebastopol three times a day." We can only assure his matronly Lordship that after all there is nothing like the regular old practice; and, in a desperate case like the present, the larger and the more frequent the doses, the quicker will the complaint disappear.



THE THEATRE OF WAR.

A PRIVATE BOX FOR ENGLAND'S DEAR BOYS BEFORE SEBASTOPOL!

THE GREAT DEBATE NUISANCE.

WE confess we did not like the aspect of the *Times* on the morning after the assembling of Parliament. It is bad enough for the country to be at war with Russia, but it is an aggravation of the evil to find an attack made upon our patience by thirty-nine columns drawn up in close order before us, at our very breakfast table. Finding it hopeless to stand against such an overwhelming display of heavy and misty material, such a massive charge of lead and smoke, we retired at once under the shelter of a light column of advertisements.

We must really request LORD PALMERSTON to show his impartiality by calling on the Houses of Parliament to consume their own smoke, just as he would deal with any other factory; and thus he might put an end to the noxious trade of speech-making. We can assure his Lordship, that with so much Parliamentary smoke before us at our breakfast, we always suffer from the vapours. We do not see any great difficulty to be overcome in this case, for surely, when we find honourable members sometimes ready to eat their own words, they would not hesitate to consume their own smoke, or in some way get rid of the disagreeable result of their own speeches.

The Scotch Sunday Cab.

THE following touching incident is narrated in the *Caledonian Mercury*:-

"While a cab was conveying an infirm lady to church yesterday morning the driver was heartily hissed by a number of passengers in one of the leading thoroughfares of the new town."

An infirm woman on her way to church hissed! Oh, Scotch piety! is not thy symbol a goose?

WOMEN AT THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.

It is found that women make the best clerks for the Electric Telegraph. Very rarely, indeed, are they at fault. The only difficulty is, to prevent each young lady at either end of the line from having the last word.

A POCKET LAVATER.

In the account of a sanguinary miscreant given by a contemporary, we are informed that—

"The desperate character of the assassin may be gathered from the following list of articles found upon him:—A pair of pistols (the barrels about six inches long) 24 cartridges, some percussion caps, a dagger, having a blade nine inches in length, 84d. in money, and a corkscrew."

The first four of the above items, certainly, indicate that the gentleman on whose person they were found was a ruffian of some determination. That his character was of a desperate nature is strongly suggested by the pistols, the cartridges, the percussion caps, and the dagger. But it does not appear quite so plainly that his desperate character could in any measure be gathered from his possession of eightpence-halfpenny in money, unless it could be proved that the sum he had in his pocket was all he had in the world. The corkscrew would rather intimate that this was not the case: as it is an implement which a person only worth eightpence-halfpenny would be likely to have no occasion for. Perhaps, however, the preachers of total abstinence will consider that anybody must be in a desperate state who carries a corkscrew.

Blood of the Grape.

In a sick soldier's letter from Scutari, he writes—that he has had, among other comforts, "a gill of port wine every day, which has somewhat pulled me up, after the quantity of blood I left at Balaklava." We understand that the Temperance people are about to assemble at Exeter Hall; calling the attention of the Government to the fact; and further expressing their confidence in the Ministry, so long as the soldiers being debarred of wine, the war shall be carried on at home through the usual pump.

DIVISION OF LABOUR.

It is calculated that if every well-to-do lady would only make and subscribe one flannel shirt for the men wintering in the Crimea, that the men will, on their part, be able to make a capital shift.



REMANDED.

J—y R—s—ll. "WELL, OLD BOY, WHAT LUCK?"

A—d—n. "WEEL, I'M JUST REMANDED TILL NEXT SESSIONS."

THE CHARACTER OF MENSCHIKOFF

(Judging of him from the absurd way in which he goes on at Astley's.)



N appearance MENSCHIKOFF is rather short, but a wonderful cocked-hat that he wears with an enormous *jet d'eau* of feathers that shoots up to some height, and then falls in green spray upon his shoulders, makes the Prince appear much taller than he really is. His coat is of a light malachite colour, and with proper military precaution it is buttoned close up to his throat, MENSCHIKOFF knowing very well that a General's first duty is to cover well his front. This spinach-coloured garment is elegantly

balanced with a pair of glittering epaulettes, as yellow and almost as big as birdcages, and which hang on each side of him like the paniers thrown over a donkey's back. His large breast is punctuated with every possible order, and these diamonds, stops and notes of admiration follow one another in a straight line in regular succession, like the long row of bells we see in a lodging-house, when, by accident, we go down into the kitchen. He wears jack boots worthy of a French Postilion, and has long buff-gloves that reach nearly up to his elbow, and which he is continually pulling back, as though he were afraid that, like the Russian soldiers, they were going every minute to run away.

The manner of PRINCE MENSCHIKOFF, we regret to say, is not much more dignified than his appearance. He storms, raves, blusters, and throws his arms and legs about as absurdly as the Uncle just arrived from India does in one of the fine old English comedies. He is most liberal too, with his stamps, counting you out at least a shilling's-worth at a time. In fact, it must be confessed that the General gives way to passion worse than any spoilt child. He shouts so loud that we should be very sorry to be his next door neighbour, and his behaviour to the servants is so brutal, that we wonder he ever can get one to stop with him. ST. VLADIMIR have pity on the poor fellow who has to pull off his boots, when the Prince happens to be in a passion—which, by the by, seems to happen pretty nearly all the time. His favourite way of impressing an order on the understanding of any one is by kicking him—a kick when the order is given, and another kick when the order is brought back executed. It is MENSCHIKOFF's customary method of salutation: instead of taking off his cocked hat to any one, he kicks him.

His humour is not considerable, but it is very peculiar. It consists principally in saying "Pooh! Pooh!" to everything that is uttered, and though the extreme facetiousness of this brilliant saying loses somewhat on constant repetition, still it comes in with great happiness at times, such as, for instance, when he is contradicting a lady, or haranguing the troops.

Another phase of his humour lies in giving utterance to statements of the most Siberian coolness, and advancing them as truths. Thus, a defeat is always paraded as a victory, and a drummer, who is taken prisoner, is instantly magnified into a Field-Marshal. Tens become hundreds, hundreds soon grow into thousands, and the loss of a picquet is equivalent with him to the slaughter of an entire army—of course, when the loss is on his own side. These propensities, however, are very diverting, and in a country where all, from the EMPEROR downwards, are represented as habitual liars, the one man who stood up for the truth whilst every one else was lying, would certainly appear very singular, and would probably be put down.

However, the worst point in MR. MENSCHIKOFF's character is his inveterate cowardice. You do expect bravery in a Commanding General, and we always thought MENSCHIKOFF was brave, but it is no such thing. He is only a *brave Belge* in his bravery. The sound of cannon, to which you would imagine he had got by this time tolerably well accustomed, sets him off shaking worse than any closet of china, and the sight of an English or French uniform makes him vanish with a speed that is highly comical. If he hears the enemy is coming one way, he runs instantly in the opposite direction, and the only wonder is that he remains in the Crimea at all.

We can only say, that if PRINCE MENSCHIKOFF is the great simpleton,

the great blackguard, the great coward, the great liar, the great nin-compoop, that he is so plainly represented at Astley's for our amusement to be, he decidedly deserves a large share of the kicks he is so liberal in distributing to others.

THE MODEL BAL MASQUE.

THAT pleasant *réunion* of the respectable classes, and the better orders morally as well as socially, the annual *Bal Masqué* at Drury Lane, came off under the auspices of M. JULLIEN, this year, with all its customary gaiety tempered by refinement. Amid the merry, but decorous throng, we noticed several families of professional gentlemen and tradesmen, as well as persons of higher rank; and many men, whom we personally knew, had brought their sisters. The costumes were such as are usually seen at a fancy-dress ball; but, generally speaking, of a less violent and obtrusive character: and exhibited, in their fit, materials, and workmanship, the appearance of having been made for the occasion, rather than that of being hired from a Masquerade Warehouse. This circumstance deprived that contact with the wearers, which is inevitable in a crowded assembly, of the unpleasantness necessarily communicated by garments that have been worn by all manner of persons in every imaginable condition, and that have most probably been stewing under an oleaginous heap of frippery, in the repository of a Hebrew inattentive to cleanliness.

Many of the young men wore plain black suits and white ties: and though some of those youths, thanks to the early closing movement, may have been linen-drappers' assistants, a greater proportion evidently were of the aristocracy, and not a few, who abstained from actually dancing, had all the appearance of curates. A Bishop occupied a private-box among the spectators.

Some of the characters were very cleverly sustained, and lively, yet polished repartee, attended with genial, but never boisterous, mirth, was the order of the evening. The general tone of the assembly was that of perfect ease, and perfect propriety; the unrestrained and correct expression of amiability and animal spirits. The refreshments were of an exquisite quality, and a mild and innocent nature. Subdued and quiet magnificence was the pervading character of the decorations. The utmost urbanity prevailed, and after a light and moderate supper, the company separated at a comparatively early hour.

It is a pity that an opportunity of enjoying this delightful and unobjectionable species of entertainment is not more frequently afforded to young men, desirous of combining an evening's rational amusement with improvement in the graces, and exercise in the courtesies and decencies of life.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL FOR THE CRIMEA.

O CHIVALRY of England! ye lion-hearted men,
Encamped upon the heights above the Russian Robber's den,
If not a merry Christmas, a glorious one at least,
You'll spend while on those cold bleak hills you hold your slender feast.

But not a man amongst you can more heartily desire
Here with his friends that he could be beside a blazing fire,
Than we do, safe at home, who eat our pudding and our beef
In peace—thank you, and such as you brave fellows and your chief.

Officers of Distinction.

WISDOM at Head Quarters has decorated our Officers with distinctive uniform and plumes of white feathers. This arrangement answers its purpose very well by day, but it is of no use at night. Therefore, in any military operation that has to be performed after dark, it would be advisable that every British Officer should wear a lighted lantern on the top of his helmet or cap, and also a blazing bull's-eye on his left breast. Thus the Officer, by night as well as by day, would bid the enemy defiance, and dare his ability to hit the target or send a shot through the bull's-eye.

Charley's (not) my Darling.

SIR CHARLES NAPIER in his telegraphic address to the electors of Marylebone, takes for his watchword "War to the knife with Russia." It is all very well for "Old CHARLEY" to talk about "War to the Knife," just as he is about to "cut it."

PIGS FOR A WRONG MARKET.

NINETY tons of pig-lead, shipped for Prussia, have been stopped, to the dismay of his Majesty, as contraband of war. SHAKESPEARE speaks of the "mobled Queen." Future commentators (the race is equal to anything) may read—"Pig-lead King."



A REHEARSAL!

"NOW, DON'T YOU 'URRY THE HANDANTY (*Andante*) THIS TIME, YOUNG FELLER!"

THE WESTMINSTER REPRESENTATION.

WHEN we say that Westminster may be justly complimented on the excellence of its representation, it will be found that we intend to pay no compliment to its present representatives in Parliament. The representation to which we allude has not been ensured by the electors of Westminster, but by the "elections" of Westminster School, where the *Eunuchus* of TERENCE has been lately represented in a very able and efficient manner.

The *Eunuchus* has been generally described as a comedy, but we think it may be classified, with greater fitness, under the category of broad—exceedingly broad—farce. Its breadth is indeed far more noticeable than its depth, for the plot is of the shallowest, and the only deepness we can find, is that of the scampish man-about-town, *Gnatho*, upon whom the weight of what is called the "comic business" principally devolves. We say emphatically "weight," for the levities of the part are not a little ponderous, and rather lead us to suspect that the ancient Roman audience had but feeble powers of appreciating a joke.

Viewed indeed as a dramatic composition, we cannot understand by what process of vitality the *Eunuchus* should have not only survived its night of first production, but have maintained its existence through near a score of centuries to "be received with applause" in this enlightened nineteenth. The plot is indescribable (at least in these pages) and were it not for the life which the youthful actors somehow manage to throw into them, half the jokes which enliven it would, we fancy, fall as dead as the language in which they are written. In short, there is no principle, and but little interest: and the only really striking situation in the piece, is that where *Parmeno* gets his ears boxed.

Nevertheless, its intrinsic merits notwithstanding, the play has been revived at Westminster with complete success. And perhaps it is lucky for us that we possess a LORD CHAMBERLAIN, for such is the fashion just now for translating anything that has been anywhere successful, that we should probably soon be having the *Eunuchus* "adapted from the Latin," but inasmuch as it would puzzle the cleverest "old Westminster" to translate the *Eunuchus*, so that decent ears might listen to it, we think we may rest satisfied that its soporific witticisms will be confined, appropriately, to the dormitory at Westminster, where their production once a twelvemonth, for a season of three nights cannot, certainly, do much harm, and may tend in some degree to the prevention of that puerile dulness which "all work and no Play" is proverbial to ensure.]

IGNORANCE (*Coalheaver reading the newspaper to companion*).—Vot's orse de combat, BILL? Is it a war-'orse?

THE ARTIST CROSSING SWEEPER.

THE Artist Crossing Sweeper continues to attend at his studio opposite St. James's Palace; but we regret that the patronage of the *cognoscenti* is not as yet commensurate with the results of genius. He is, however, beginning to be recognised by "the profession," and we saw him the other day surrounded by a small party of brothers of the brush—or besom—who were regarding "the anchor," (which he had completed in a relief of thick mud) with intense interest. We trust that the youthful genius, who has been the first to apply the arts to the ordinary street refuse, will soon attract the eye of some friend to talent, who will take it by the hand, and drag it out of the dirt at the first convenient opportunity.

We cannot help thinking that the same taste which directs the birchbroom might be applied with success to the pencil, and though we do not mean to claim for our young protégé the future of a JOSHUA REYNOLDS, we feel that the actual condition of a *Jack Rag* is hardly worthy of his merits. His favourite design at present is the anchor—the emblem of Hope—which we trust is not destined to be dashed by the rude waves of adversity, or the chilling winds of neglect which are perhaps less endurable.

A Task for the Enemy.

FROM the enormous length of most of the speeches on the Address, it appears that Parliament means to go on talking this Session as heretofore. At the present time, the length of Parliamentary speeches may perhaps be excused, on the ground that not only are their hearers and readers bored by them, but the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, also, has the trouble of reading them through. It is sincerely to be hoped that every debate will sicken him, and give him a headache.

TWIN KNIGHTS OF THE BATH.



GENERAL CANROBERT is made Knight of the Bath with his companion-in-arms LORD RAGLAN. HER MAJESTY binds the two heroes together with the same blue riband: the same bit, for both are cut, as we are assured, from the same piece. Of a marvellous texture is this same riband.

"The worms were hallow'd that did breed the silk."

Worms fed on French mulberry leaves: and the raw silk imported to Coventry.

"And it is dy'd in mummy, which BELLONA Conserved of heroes' hearts."

No less true is it, that a couple of centuries ago, while France and England were cutting each other's throats—

"A sibyl that had numbered in the world,
The sun to course two hundred compasses,
In her prophetic fury wove the work."

And now it binds CANROBERT and RAGLAN; and NAPOLEON and NELSON as they wander through the shades—NAP's arm affectionately about NELSON's shoulder—laugh and talk about this blue riband alliance.

We are heartily glad that this grace has been done to our gallant ally. We hardly know what compliments we are next to interchange; unless, indeed, it be thus. When Sebastopol shall have fallen, and when the war shall have ended, we propose as a consummation that CANROBERT be made an English duke, and RAGLAN a French prince. The Duke of Windsor—and the Prince de St. Cloud!

A MOST DESIRABLE INVESTMENT.—The Investment of Sebastopol by the Allies.

THE GHOST OF COBBETT TO THE EARL OF ABERDEEN.



“ABERDEEN.—Just look here, will you? I have been reading your Speech. When I say *your* Speech, I mean that which *you* concocted, and which CRANWORTH, your precious Chancellor, presented to the QUEEN that she might read it to the Lords, Commons, Women, and Reporters, on Tuesday last. The QUEEN, of course, had nothing to do with the composition, and though you, with your national impudence, will accuse me of disrespect to *her*, you *know* that I mean nothing of the kind. I am writing to *you*, and about *you*, Old Woman.

“You never had so good an opportunity of writing a Speech in which strong things could properly be said in a strong manner.

You might have blown a trumpet, and have set English blood in a flame with the music. You have preferred to squeak upon a penny whistle, and to squeak out of tune. The Speech is the very worst that ever was delivered. However, I shall confine myself to a notice of its bad grammar.

“You cannot get through the first line without a Scotch mull.

“‘I have called you together at this UNUSUAL period of the year.’

“What do you mean by *that*, eh? Why is the period of the year unusual? Is it unusual to have winter, or to have December, or to have a twelfth of December? The *period* is not unusual. What I suppose you meant was, that it is unusual for Parliament to meet in December. Then why could you not say so? Why not have written, ‘The *period* (slipslop) at which I have called you together (a vulgar phrase) is an unusual one.’

“Well, you go on—

“‘That by your assistance I may take such measures’ [With your assistance] ‘as will enable me to prosecute the great war in which we are engaged with the utmost vigour.’

We are *not* engaged in the war with the utmost vigour. What you mean is, that you want measures by means of which the war may be prosecuted with the utmost vigour, not that you *do*, but you wished QUEEN VICTORIA to say that you *do*. Then why not write down for her what you meant?

“‘I cannot doubt that you share my conviction of the necessity of sparing no effort to augment my forces now engaged in the Crimea.’

“This is not ungrammatical, but a weaker, sloppier phrase for the description of a strong act was never devised. But you cannot long adhere even to such English as that.

“‘The exertions they have made’ [mean writing—why not have said, which my soldiers have made?] ‘and the victories they have obtained are not exceeded in the brightest pages of history.’

“How can exertions and victories be exceeded in pages? Exertions (you had better have made a few) are the *acts of men*, pages are *paper*, and it is sheer slipslop which brings them together as if they were things of the same nature. What you meant, was, that ‘the brightest pages’ (Minerva Press) ‘of history record nothing exceeding in merit and glory the exertions,’ &c.

“‘The hearty and efficient co-operation of the brave troops of my ally, the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH, and the glory,’ &c.

“Co-operation with whom or what? Do you mean that the troops co-operated with each other? Of course they did, but you do *not* mean that. But you do not say with whom they co-operated. Why not have said that they co-operated with ‘my forces?’ Because you write like a Lord, that is to say, abominably.

“But this co-operation with nobody

“‘Cannot fail to cement still more closely’ [than what?] ‘the union which happily subsists between the two countries’ [what two?]

“Slipslop, again! Do you know what cement is? Or do you know what a union is? A union means an accomplished fact, to use Gallican jargon. How can more cement be used *after* a union? My bricklayer’s apprentice could teach you better.

“‘I have also concluded a treaty with America, by which SUBJECTS of long and difficult discussion have been adjusted.’

“Even an American would have written better English. Abjunct a subject! QUESTIONS, you meant, I presume.

“‘I trust that other matters [mean, again,] of great INTEREST and importance to THE general well-being will not be neglected.’

“Interest to the general welfare! I do not entirely approve of flogging, I strongly disapprove of flogging women (*your* friend and *ally*, the Austrian, thinks differently), and I should shudder to flog an Old Woman. So you are safe. But such a sentence ought to ensure to a lad of fourteen, a whipping which would make even your House of Lords cushion no easy seat. ‘Subjects (again) of interest to the general welfare!’

“Now, ABERDEEN, do not, with your impudence, say that I find fault for the sake of finding fault. I can praise when people deserve praise. The last paragraph in your Speech is very decent, and I believe that BILLY GLADSTONE wrote it. The statement that *Parliament* exhibits the example of a united *people* would be rubbish but for its clever subtlety, which implies (a lie) that *Parliament* represents the people. The last sentence is vulgarly clumsy, ‘*thus*’ and the ‘*trust*’ having no connection. But the sentiment is unexceptionable, so I quote the passage:—

“‘I feel assured that in the momentous contest in which we are engaged you will exhibit to the world the example of a united people. Thus shall we obtain the respect of other nations, and may trust that by the blessing of God we shall bring the war to a successful termination.’

“I trust that we shall. But we shall not, while the country tolerates you as Prime Minister.

“I remain, ABERDEEN,

“Gridiron Cottage,

“Lethe Bank.”

“Yours, disrespectfully,

“WILLIAM COBBETT’S GHOST.”

THE SONG OF THE CRESCENT.

To the celebrated Tune of “Au Clair de la Lune.”

Au clair de la Lune,
Un joli complot,
Le Czar prend sa plume
Pour écrire un mot.
“La Turquie est morte,
Ou n’en faut que peu,
A moi donc la Porte,
Protégé de Dieu.”

Au clair de la Lune,
Répond la Turquie:
“Je me moque de ta plume,
Et de toi aussi.
Deux braves voisines
A moi sont unies,
De toutes rapines
Jurées ennemies.”

Au clair de la Lune,
L’aimable ABERDEEN
Frappe sur le “Tune”
De God Save the Queen.
Et la France apporte
Aussi son secours,
Pour sauver la Porte
De ce vieux Pandour.

Au clair de la Lune,
On n’avance que peu,
Mais déjà la plume
A fait place au feu.
En s’battant de la sorte
Je n’sais c’ qui arrivera,
Mais quant à la Porte,
Czar tu n’es pas là.

L’AMI PIERROT.

The Question is—Why do they do it?

A PARISIAN Critic, possessed of no mean allowance of brain, and gifted with the longest beard, lamenting lately over the fearful increase of Tragedies, is at a loss to account for the strange infirmity. He cannot understand how so many human beings can be found year after year to do it when they might so easily avoid it—for of all easy things in this world he cannot imagine anything easier than *not* to write a piece in five acts!

A Great Man in his Own Way.

A NOBLE Lord considers that the CZAR is a great man, but going in a wrong direction. Certainly, NICHOLAS is remarkable for that greatness which was conspicuous in JONATHAN WILD THE GREAT. That he is going in a wrong direction is more than doubtful: there is no question that he is going to his own place, except that everybody’s question is, where can he expect to go to?

FLANNEL FOR THE CRIMEA.

LADY DUNTZE having forwarded 150 flannel vests for the Crimea, has been pronounced by an Exeter sergeant, to be “an elegant brick.” The sergeant is right. Such bricks make the most glorious firesides.

A Very bad Cause.

AFTER the lame display of MR. SIDNEY HERBERT the other evening on behalf of his chief, the cause of LORD ABERDEEN may be described as the cause for which SIDNEY fell—or rather floundered—in the field of Parliamentary discussion.



ANOTHER BIT FROM THE MINING DISTRICTS.

1st Collier. "SURREY, DUST THEE KNOW THE BISHOP'S COMING TO-MORROW?"
 2d Do. "WOT'S THAT!"
 1st Do. (emphatically). "THE BISHOP!"
 2d Do. "OI DON'T KNOW WHAT THEE MEAN'ST, BUT MOY BITCH, ROSE, SHALL PIN HER!"

THE LIFE PRESERVER.

SIR JOHN MANDEVILLE tells us of divers isles in the Perilous Valley that is a part of the golden cloud-land of PRESTER JOHN. Now beyond this vale is a great isle inhabited by giants. And these giants have been seen to board ships, taking men out of them and bringing them to land, "two in one hand, and two in the other, eating them going, all raw and alive." Even as men would peel the pulpy flesh of a new fig. Men built of mere flesh and blood, the mortar unmixed with any grain of fancy, may shake the head at this story. We believe it to the letter: we cannot but do so; for every week here, in the Perilous Valley of London, the fog-and-smoke-land of Presbyter VICTORIA, do we not see men—giants of Mammon—eating other men; holding them in either hand, as they would hold a bunch of radishes, and munching them raw and alive as they would munch and swallow that pungent vegetable?

Did anybody ever hear of the Life Preserver insurance office? One FLIGHT is the beneficent projector thereof; and at the present hour benevolently insures the lives of borrowers. Very precious must be their lives, seeing what they pay for them. It was proved last week in court that FLIGHT (in the case of ALLEN, the recalcitrant defendant)—

"Usually charged 10 per cent. per annum for loans, and then there was a policy [in the Life Preserver Office], which he retained possession of as security. He had had many transactions with the defendant, and on the 9th of July, 1853, the defendant applied to him for an advance of money, and according to witness's ledger the transaction was as follows:—The defendant gave him a bill for £100, for which he received a cheque for £84 9s. 6d., a receipt for the second year's premium on policy, No. 770, and witness charged him two guineas and a half for discount, after the rate of 10 per cent. A further condition was that he should purchase two Polberro mining shares at the price of 25 guineas each."

The Polberro is supposed to be a mine of virgin gold; the mine remaining virgin up to the present time! A hard-hearted jury confounded the plaintiff, by finding a verdict for the defendant. Reader, drop a tear for Mr. FLIGHT!

KING FRITZ.

(DEDICATED TO M. CLICQUOT.)

KING FRITZ is a poor old fellow,
 He sits where the beakers shine,
 And he raises his hand—so mellow
 That he spills half the CLICQUOT wine.
 Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! for the CLICQUOT wine!
 For the CLICQUOT wine.

The Scholar forgets all his learning,
 The Sovereign his People's woes:
 And the bloom of the grog is burning
 Like fire in his ruby nose.
 Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! for the CLICQUOT wine!
 For the CLICQUOT wine.

There lies he, what drink has made him,
 His eyes have forgot to shine:
 He calls, where his cups have laid him,
 For a draught more of CLICQUOT wine.
 Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! for the CLICQUOT wine!
 For the CLICQUOT wine.

"Oh, come to a poor old fellow!"
 He shrieks, whilst his eyes run brine,
 "Anraise him an' lesgetmellow
 Wize a draughtmore o' CLICQUOT wine.
 Hooshaw! hooshaw! hooshaw for zhe CLISHQUOT wine!
 For zhe CLICQUOSH wine!"

"THE BRIGHT POKER."

MR. BRIGHT's Russian letter will, after all, it is said, do good; inasmuch as it has stirred up the manly hearts of Manchester to the work of patriotism and charity. More money, it is expected, will in the end be obtained, by virtue of the Muscovite missive. What says GÖTHE—we believe a favourite author of MR. BRIGHT's?—

"The adversaries of a good cause are like men who strike at the coals of a large fire. They scatter the coals, and propagate the fire."

After this manner may the member for Manchester, by his blow at the fund, prove himself no other than a—Bright Poker.

A PRIZE CITY—WHEN THEY GET IT.—MENSCHIKOFF has promised his troops, that if he once gets Constantinople, he will instantly deliver it up to Cossack and rapine.

We cannot, however, dismiss the matter without offering our mite of admiration to the genius that thought of the "Life Preserver," as the name of an insurance office. *Curiosa felicitas!* But we have no doubt that as with every other genius, FLIGHT will have a list of imitators. After the Life Preserver, will inevitably come the Garrotte—the Revolver—the Bowie Knife—and the Hocus.

A REWARD.—FRANCIS ROBERT BERTOLACCI.

WHEREAS, one FRANCIS ROBERT BERTOLACCI has declared himself the Auditor of the Duchy of Lancaster, *Mr. Punch* will bestow upon any one giving in fair round hand an answer to the following questions, one copy of his *Almanack* for 1855, printed on best parchment in letters of effulgent gold:—

Who is FRANCIS ROBERT BERTOLACCI?—What is the size of his feet since they have got into J. C. LOCKHART's shoes?—How did he acquire the name of BERTOLACCI? Is it of Italian growth; or a vegetable of the Heralds' Office? By what means did the aforesaid BERTOLACCI endear himself to the loaf-and-fish-giving minister? Was it by mere merit? Or was it by spell or incantation? If by the latter, will FRANCIS ROBERT BERTOLACCI state the terms (private and confidential) of the secret?

All communications must be forwarded to *Mr. Punch's* office before New Year's Day.

A Good Thing by W. B.

A FLOURISH of trumpets—of silver trumpets, too; not brass—for MAJOR BERESFORD. He has moved for a bill to relieve effects of officers killed in the Crimea from the succession duty. Very good! The country owes something to men whose wills are proved not only in ink, but in their life-blood.



REHEARSING FOR THE CRIMEA IN ST. JAMES'S PARK.

"NOW THEN, MATE, HERE COMES AN ORFINCEER. MAKE READY, PRESEND HARMES!"

PASS TIME OF THE PEERS.

THE other evening a considerable portion of the time of the House of Lords was occupied in the discussion of the important question, whether a noble Lord's argument had been properly described as "absurd," and whether some other noble Lord had been really guilty of uttering "degrading" and "debasing" sentiments. It seems to us rather immaterial whether their Lordships were right or wrong in abusing one another; but it is undoubtedly wrong that they should waste what is usually termed "the time of the country" in an enquiry whether the coarse language used by the Peers was appropriate to the objects against which it was directed. Their Lordships may rest assured that the nation does not insist on any explanation, but will be perfectly satisfied, to take it for granted that both sides thoroughly deserved all the abuse they got from each other.

The discussion went off into an, if possible, still more unprofitable discussion, as to "what would have been the late SIR ROBERT PEELE's opinion" on some question or other. There will be no end to a debate if the opinions of dead statesmen are to be made the subject of a *post-mortem* examination, and the house may as well resolve itself into an inquest for the purpose of sitting on the debates of former days, if these subjects are to be disinterred for the guidance of living statesmen. The discussion on what SIR ROBERT PEELE would have thought might have been got rid of by an amendment, proposing a Select Committee to enquire and, if possible, ascertain, "What will MRS. GRUNDY say?"

A Safe Guess.

If the American President had to send his "Messages" by the Electric Telegraph, and pay so much for so many words, we guess rather that he would not make them so tarnation long.

A SPECIAL DEMURRER.—In spite of MR. SIDNEY HERBERT's contribution to the Ministerial defence fund, it is easy to prove that the Government has been guilty of some short-coming, as the reinforcements have been so long-going.

SIBTHORPE'S POSITION.

AMONG the few matters that tended to enliven what was in other respects a rather dull debate on the Militia Bill, the most amusing incident was the inquiry of COLONEL SIBTHORPE what would be his position after the passing of the measure. LORD PALMERSTON recommended the "home circle" to the gallant Colonel, as his most appropriate sphere of usefulness. Certainly, "SIBTHORPE at home," offers a rich field—much richer than the battle field—for the contemplation of those who are familiar with the gallant Colonel's peculiarities. We are quite sure, nevertheless, that he would act with becoming bravery before a foe, and, indeed, the daring nature of his charges must be pretty well known to the Members of the Government. With characteristic straightforwardness these charges are always face to face, and he is not one of those who are addicted to the cowardice of wounding an enemy, or more properly speaking, an opponent when his back is turned.

We admire the tact with which the Colonel effected a diversion in his own favour, for when told that the best place for him was his own home, and by implication that he ought to be in bed instead of in the House of Commons, he discharged one of those pieces of light artillery which are always sure to tell, by giving notice, that "on a future occasion he should take an opportunity of moving the Reduction of the Salaries of those who sit on the Treasury Benches." This shell, thrown into the Government ranks, produced the usual explosion of laughter, which continued holding both the sides of the House for a few seconds, and enabled the gallant Colonel to retreat under cover of his own fire.

The Recruiting Serjeant Abroad.

It is currently remarked among the medical students, that in introducing foreign bodies into the system of England, great care must be taken to prevent constitutional irritation.

THE QUEEN'S SERVICE.—Will the Britannia metal, of which the Queen's Service is exclusively composed, stand fire any the better for a little German plating?

ST. CRISPIN IN THE CAMP.—Now we have no more Wellingtons in the Army, we are going to adopt Coburgs.

MR. BRIGHT'S NEW WORD.

ACCORDING to the *Morning Post* MR. BRIGHT says that

"The populace are running red-hot after something that will turn out to be a Will-o'-the-Wisp and a delusion."

In urging on the war, MR. BRIGHT means. But what does he mean by the Populace? We did not know that there was such a word in MR. BRIGHT'S book. Is it possible that he means those whom he used to denominate the People? Does he intend to say that they are now running after a Will-o'-the-Wisp who used to run after himself? Having fallen out with his friends, does he now abuse them and call them names? Or has a large fortune come to him, or has his right to some peerage in abeyance turned up that he now speaks so contemptuously of the Masses and the Million—termed more correctly the upwards of Twenty Million? Really we may expect shortly to hear MR. BRIGHT calling the British Public the ΟΙ ΠΟΛΛΟΙ, the Herd, the Vulgar, the Great Unwashed, the Mob, the Riff-raff, the Tag Rag and Bobtail. MR. BRIGHT ought to get himself proposed at the Carlton Club, and introduced at Almack's.

Many a demagogue discovers that the Demos is a Populace when it has burnt him in effigy.

Disraeli for "All Eyes."

THE orangemen of Dublin avow and declare that—

"All eyes are now turned towards MR. DISRAELI."

Have oranges eyes, then? Or do oranges look with the eyes of potatoes?

THE BRAVE GERMANS.—Some fear that the German soldiers about to be added to our forces will not stand fire. One thing is certain—they will all have been accustomed to stand smoke.

RED DOVES.—It is sometimes asked, "Where is the Peace Society?" The most influential Peacemakers are now encamped before Sebastopol.



"WELL! I CAN NOT SEE THE BEAUTY OF SUCH OVER-FED ANIMALS FOR MY PART."

SUGGESTION FOR MATRIMONIAL ADVERTISERS.

ONE thing was forgotten by the gentleman who put the following advertisement into the *Morning Post* :—

MATRIMONY.—A GENTLEMAN, good-looking, aged 28, possessed of an income of £300 per annum, is desirous of meeting with a Lady of respectability, and possessing an income of at least £100 per annum. Being himself of an amiable disposition, he has no doubt that, to a Lady of congenial habits, he is in a position to offer a comfortable and happy home. His intentions are straightforward and honourable, and his moral character will bear the strictest investigation. The utmost secrecy will be observed.

This gentleman forgot to stipulate that a full length photograph of the party desirous to treat with him should accompany her tender. A lady "possessing an income of at least £100 a year," is an article of such demand in the market that any goods of the kind remaining on hand may be presumed to be damaged or defective. Much needless negotiation would be precluded if the hundred pounds desirous of adding themselves to the three hundred would transmit a correct likeness of themselves to that sum. What a pretty collection of miniatures three hundred, or the gentlemen who corresponds to the amount, would get!

To advertise for a wife of £100 a year, indeed, would be a capital way to obtain a gallery of natural caricatures. Every ugly variety of the nose, irregularity of the mouth, aberration of the eyes from the axis of vision, deflexion, contortion, emaciation, or tumefaction of the figure; every species of disfigurement and blemish: would be illustrated in the replies to such an advertisement. All hope of beauty would be out of the question for the author of the above: the ruddiest ringlets, with tolerable form and features, *plus* £100 per annum, are quoted at far above £300 ditto. Grey, in combination with venerable good looks, would be his only chance: or the semblance of youth, exhibited by the sun-picture, would be found, on inspection of the original, to be due to a fallacy contrived by a TRUEFIT.

A Puff Clothed in 40,000 Great Coats.

SOME of the papers have been publishing with an amount of iteration that smacks of the advertising columns—an account of an offer to supply 40,000 great coats—at cost price—for the troops in the Crimea. The offer was, in spite of its magnanimity, declined by the Government, who had already contracted for a supply of coats, and therefore the 40,000 at cost price will have to remain on hand.

We do not exactly see the grounds on which the "thanks of the Government" have been given to a tradesman, for an offer by which nothing has been obtained, and MR. SIDNEY HERBERT in conveying them, has only illustrated the old saying of "thank you for nothing."

PRUSSIAN MAXIMS.

DELAYS are anything but dangerous.
Never do to-day what can be done as well to-morrow.
The kettle that's boiled too quickly boils over.
The line of beauty is a corkscrew.
Distance lends enchantment to the view—especially of a field of battle.
Champagne à Discretion is the better part of Valour.
The man who does not fight, has his hands free to hold the coats of those who do—and to run away with them if he pleases.
If your neighbour's house on each side of you is on fire—what matter?—it's all the easier for you to make the pot boil.
Anything for a life of peace and quietness!

THE FATE OF THE THETIS.

GRAHAM to CLICQUOT gives—sure GRAHAM does—
A British frigate for two poor gun-boats.
Does CLICQUOT want a larger vessel still
Than those great cups which he is wont to fill?

Yet, than a Ship 'tis true no gift could be
More suitable to CLICQUOT's Majesty,
Who is of Ocean such a jolly rover,
That he is always sailing half-seas-over.

Question for the House of Commons.

WE have no acquaintance with the pleasures of a military life, but COLONEL SIBTHORPE has much, and perhaps the Colonel will inform anybody who may ask him, whether, in the practice of fortification, at least when fascines are used, there is not something very fascinating.

A POST-MORTEM PUFFER.

SOMEBODY advertises a "Resilient Boddice or Corsaletto di Medici." We should think this must be a very inconvenient article, for inasmuch as "Resilient" means leaping up again, the Boddice in question must be one that it is difficult, if not impossible, to keep in its proper position. The term "Corsaletto di Medici" is rather puzzling, for if it is meant to be suggestive of the beauty of form of the VENUS DE MEDICI, we are perplexed by the recollection that the Venus alluded to wears no "Corsaletto" of any kind, or any "boddice," "resilient," or otherwise. The advertisement contains an "opinion of the press" on the high authority of the "Editor of the *Courier*." Considering that the "*Courier*" has been dead these eight years, the office of Editor must be a bit of a sinecure; and, indeed, we should like to see the shadowy being who fills it, for though a newspaper might possibly exist without an Editor, we cannot fancy the existence of an Editor without a journal. The Editor of the *Courier*, however, seems to have been so impressed, during his actual Editorship, with the value of the Resilient Boddice, that now in the days of his Editorial ghosthood, he wanders about exclaiming (in the words of the extract), "All whom we have any influence over shall in future wear them." We should really like, by way of curiosity, to have a return of the names of all over whom the Editor of the *Courier* (a journal which died eight years ago, and sold its own carcass, by anticipation, to the *Globe*)—has "any influence."

SIX OFFICERS ROLLED INTO ONE.

TALK of the work our troops have to do in the Crimea!—what is that to the spiritual labour which has to be performed by the Reverend gentleman named in the following paragraph from the *Daily News*?

"A PLURALIST.—THE REV. C. A. THURLOW, who has just been appointed to the Chancellorship of Chester diocese, has at present on his hands the duties of the following offices:—Rector of Malpas (worth £1000 a year), prebendary of York Cathedral, rural dean of Malpas, canon of Chester, and chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury."

Fancy the same officer being Commissary, Colonel, Major, Captain, Adjutant, and Aide-de-camp. If he discharged the duties of all these commissions effectually, perhaps he would not enjoy too high a remuneration in receiving the pay of each. The same may be said of the officer in the Church-Militant, who is supposed to do the duties of half-a-dozen clergymen. But is that supposition tenable? Can the Reverend gentleman divide himself into six, retaining his vitality as if he were an earthworm: or can he preach or officiate in so many places at once? If so, we must not quarrel with the Pope for expecting us to believe prodigies and propositions which are contrary to common sense.

THE DENOMINATION OF KING CLICQUOT.



CLICQUOT was not this monarch's original name. If you wish to discover that, see *Punch's Pocket-Book for 1855*, "Sovereigns of Europe," page 2. It is generally known that the name of CLICQUOT was given to his Majesty by his Majesty's Imperial Brother-in-law, by reason of his Majesty's extreme fondness for the exquisite, but intoxicating, beverage so denominated.

It is not, however, generally

known that NICHOLAS, besides being the Godfather who gave KING CLICQUOT that name, was also the priest who christened him thereby.

But as NICHOLAS has created himself Pope of the Greek Church—and he really is the successor of PETER—it is not at all wonderful that he should have taken it upon himself to perform the priestly operation of christening, which we suppose he did in the case of CLICQUOT, according to the rite practised by young ladies in christening ships. That is to say, that NICHOLAS, in christening his royal relative, CLICQUOT, flung a bottle of the wine so called against his person. NICHOLAS is subject to fits of frantic rage; like the bull, and other brutes. In one of these he has been known—as an eyewitness states—to transfix, with his sword, the foot of an officer who had offended him, and pin it to the ground. To such a potentate it would be a mere trifle to throw bottles. He has since pooh-poohed CLICQUOT in the most contemptuous manner; and CLICQUOT has endured this insolence with such meekness that, there can be no doubt he would stand any outrage at the hand of NICHOLAS, or even at his foot.

But, strangely enough, although CLICQUOT has been twice christened, there is good reason to believe that if his own feelings had been consulted in the matter of christening, he never would have been christened at all.

Some years ago CLICQUOT came over to this country: on the occasion of a grand christening, by the by. Perhaps the external splendours attendant on the ceremony, savoured, to his thinking, too much of pomps and vanities, and thus impressed his mind with an objection to it. However, if we remember rightly, KING CLICQUOT, about this time paid a visit to Newgate in company with a celebrated Female Member of the Society of Friends, and thus accompanied went down upon his knees then and there, and performed his devotions in a public manner, much less, it is to be feared, to the edification, than to the astonishment, of the beholders.

It is impossible not to recall this remarkable demonstration on the part of CLICQUOT in connexion with what might be called the extremely pacific tendency of his late policy, if that policy, by reason of its timorousness and indecision had not mainly contributed to bring on the war. Still Peace was his object: Peace at any price—except a pecuniary price. NICHOLAS, besides having nicknamed him CLICQUOT, calls him the Angel of Peace. This brings us back to CLICQUOT's christening, with the reason why we apprehend he had rather not have been christened, which must now be apparent. Take his sympathetic exhibition at Newgate with that which he is now making, to the admiration of MR. BRIGHT and MR. CORDEY, and the scorn of Europe. Put this and that together, and then say if it is not clear beyond all controversy that KING CLICQUOT is—a Quaker!

This conclusion is strengthened by the fact that the influence which at present actuates his Majesty occasions on his part phenomena corresponding to those which were manifested by the primitive Quakers, and procured them that title. His vacillation or quaking of purpose is notorious.

Our own correspondent is instructed to observe the costume worn by KING CLICQUOT at his next appearance in public: for we expect that he will soon display himself in his true colours, namely drab ditto, without buttons, and with a broad brimmed hat.

One qualification, however, must be added to the inference that CLICQUOT has turned Quaker. Not long ago, as all the world knows, he ran up against an apple tree in his orchard, and barked his nose. From

this, besides other false steps, and courses of an indirect and devious kind, the conclusion is inevitable that, if KING CLICQUOT has joined the Society of Friends, his MAJESTY is what is termed a Wet Quaker.

RELIEF FOR THE DESTITUTE.

It is the beautiful theory of the law that every destitute person in this country may claim relief; but the most charming theory may often have its beauty marred by very ugly features. A destitute person may indeed claim relief, just as a pauper may order a dinner at the London Tavern, but the claim in the one case may meet with as little attention as the order in the other. The principle adopted in some of the metropolitan parishes with regard to destitution, is simply to drive it away, and if poverty were a wolf at the door, there could not be greater anxiety to keep it off than is usually displayed by the authorities at a workhouse. A family of starving infants supplies the materials for an active game of "None of my child," between the relieving officers of neighbouring parishes. "You don't belong to us," cries Saint George, "you must go to Whitechapel;" and, on arrival there, the weary applicant perhaps hears the repudiation by Whitechapel of a burden that is re-directed to Rotherhithe.

Supposing the place for relief to be at last reached, the question arises of what relief shall be given. This is a subject for the discretion of the relieving officer; but, judging by some recent police reports, this "discretion" is sometimes exercised in a very remarkable manner. A few days ago a destitute female applied at the door of a metropolitan workhouse at seven o'clock on a cold winter's evening, and wanted a night's lodging. The relieving officer, in the exercise of his "discretion," offered "a piece of bread" as a substitute for shelter. The ideas of a relieving officer are no doubt original; but we should like to ask him, if he is a married man, what he would think of the wag who, in the event of his (the relieving officer's wife) being out shivering in the cold at seven o'clock on a winter's evening, should offer her a portion of a loaf by way of shelter and bedding. If a slice of bread is facetiously proposed as a substitute for a mattress, and a piece of crust is humorously offered instead of a roof, we can only say the joke is the very worst it was ever our misfortune to light upon.

We heartily commend SIR ROBERT CARDEN, for having inflicted a penalty on a relieving officer who had presented "bread" to a poor destitute creature, without a place in which to lie her head on a winter's evening. The officer paid the penalty "under protest," and if he relies upon some quibble of law, we do not doubt he will find some learned authority or other to agree with him in maintaining any absurdity that will exempt him from the legal liability to support a pauper not "belonging to the parish." Great credit is due to SIR ROBERT CARDEN for the boldness with which he adopted the side of common sense and common humanity, at the risk of finding Common law opposed to him. If the relieving officer should bring his action, SIR ROBERT may appeal with confidence to the Superior Court of his own conscience, in which, at all events, his good action will be quite justified.

DANGERS OF FINE WRITING.

In these days of common sense "fine writing" is rather a dangerous experiment. We experienced the truth of this the other day, when perusing a rather spirited, but somewhat inflated letter, signed W. NAPIER, we came to a passage, which, at the first glance, read to us as follows:—

"Makes England snore and stare like a warehouse in the midst of cartage."

Having taken a second look at this rather stunning sentence, we found it to run thus:—

"Makes England snort and start like a war-horse in the midst of carnage."

If a more familiar style of expression had been adopted, and the writing had not been quite so fine, this little mistake would probably not have happened.

OUR FULL COLONELS.

In the course of the Debate on the Militia Bill our friend SIBTHORPE exclaimed that he "had the honour of being a full Colonel." We were aware that the Colonel was tolerably full of something or other, for there is not a night passes without his showing that he is full even to brimming over in the House of Commons. Fulness may be accomplished in various ways, and BACON says, "that learning makes a full man;" though we doubt if this is the way in which the gallant Colonel's "fulness" has been acquired. Considering the amusing part he takes in the performances of the house, we think the programme might be headed appropriately with the words—

COLONEL SIBTHORPE

CRAMMED TO SUFFOCATION—CONTINUED OVERFLOWS!



UP TO WEIGHT.

Stout Party. "AHEM! I WANT TO HAVE A LOOK AT THE HOUNDS TO-MORROW! DO YOU THINK YOU HAVE GOT ANYTHING THAT WOULD CARRY ME?"

Stable Keeper. "WELL, SIR! I THINK I HAVE TWO BROWN OSSES—AND A OMNIBUS AS PERHAPS MIGHT DO IT!"

SERJEANT KITE.

THEY'RE nobly consistent, these Statesmen of ours,
In begging Recruits from all neighbouring powers;
And assert the great principle, thanks to whose aid
Their own Coalition was easily made.

You've only to pocket your private opinions,
You Germans, Greeks, Spaniards, Danes, Poles, and Sardinians,
You Belgian, you Switzer, you Dutchman, you Finn,
Come, join the QUEEN'S Service, and take the QUEEN'S tin.

Your betters have done it—some folks had their views
About Franchise, Reform, Oath, School, Ballot, and Jews,
About Taxes, State-Churches, and Social Conditions—
But *à bas* with all that, when we make Coalitions!

Come, Pole, take the coin. What you want, we dare say,
Is to fight for the kingdom crowned thieves tore away—
You'd better be practical, list, if you've sense:
You cannot get Poland, you can Eighteenpence.

Hi! *Sprechen Sie Deutsch?* Here! you, Student VON KROUT—
You want a Republic, like PLATO'S, no doubt.
Put that in your pipe, man, and fall into rank.
"But for what?" For your money—it's safe as the Bank.

Come, Spaniard, enlist. Here's the cash. Join the herd. }
What, all the blue blood in blue flame at the word?
"Not be coupled with those you've professed to despise.
And for gain?" You're a Donkey. Some Dons are more wise.

Now, Greek! True, for Scio and Cyprus's sake
You abhor the fierce Turk—but the drachmas you'll take?
Aye, you've not a scruple—on you we rely,
You're ours, till some new, better bidder shall buy.

Here, Russian deserter, your kopecks and gun,
And blaze at the cause from whose ranks you have run.

Of course. Why it's not the first time we've been told
How "later convictions have modified old."

You Dane, though we gave you our *Eau-de-Vie* NAN,
You can't forget NELSON—we've shewn that we can.
Well, we don't ask your love, flabby son of a skate,
Take our side, and the money, and help where you hate.

Come, tender your service, you consciences tough.
KING MAMMON'S drum beats, and all scruples are stuff;
To expedite things in our grand Expedition
We'll send my LORD RAGLAN an armed Coalition.

If in taking of places it only can do
As well as some people in sticking thereto,
MR. RUSSELL will write—(and how well he will do it!)—
"I am happy to say that SEBASTOPOL *fuit*."

No Mercy for Palmerston.

COLONEL SIBTHORPE concluded one of his numerous speeches on the Foreign Enlistment Bill with these remarkable words:—

"The conduct of Ministers was underhand, low, dirty, mean, cowardly, unworthy of Englishmen. Save and except the SECRETARY OF STATE FOR THE HOME DEPARTMENT, they had no proper feeling. With that exception, the Lord have mercy on such a set."

We regret this burst of almost truculent antipathy to LORD PALMERSTON, for we beg to ask, what has he done to render him an exception to the mercy which is asked by COLONEL SIBTHORPE for the other members of the Cabinet?

INCONSISTENCY OF THE DERBYITES.

It is rather odd that the political party which includes W. B. should have opposed the Foreign Enlistment Bill. They, at least, could hardly have been expected to object to the services of a mercenary band.

HOW TO MAKE YOURSELF INVISIBLE.—Go into the Police.



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